This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

Per. 2705 d. 407/33

THE

Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT,

AND

INSTRUCTION:

CONTAINING

ORIGINAL ESSAYS;

HISTORICAL NARRATIVES; BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS; MANNERS AND CUSTOMS; TOPOGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTIONS; SKETCHES AND TALES; ANECDOTES;

SELECT EXTRACTS

FROM

NEW AND EXPENSIVE WORKS;

POETRY, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED;

The Spirit of the Public Journals;

DISCOVERIES IN THE ARTS AND SCIENCES;

NEW FACTS IN NATURAL HISTORY,

&c.

VOL. XXXIII.

LONDON:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY J. LIMBIRD, 143, STRAND.
(Near Somerset House.)

1839.

PREFACE.

How delightful the task of gleaning the flowers of literature—of tracing the motives of actions to their original source—of portraying characters—of exploring the beauties of Nature, and investigating the ingenuity of Man! and thus to form a Treasury of the Mind, from whence such sweets may be extracted as tend to enlarge the intellectual powers, and render life useful and happy. Such has been the humble but zealous aim of the Editor in compiling these, the pages of THE MIRROR.

In the Antiquarian and Topographical departments, we trust, our pages have been illustrated with notices and views of objects of much interest; embracing, also, the manners and customs of Society, not only in England, but in all parts of the civilized world; and we need not remind our readers what a mass of materials are yet to be found, in the chronicles, local annals, sports, and amusements of society—developing traits of national character as numerous as they are interesting and important, but which have hitherto been uncollected, owing to their being almost solely in private libraries of rare and curious literary treasures. Having the advantage of availing ourselves of many such precious depositories, we fondly hope to enrich our future columns with numerous valuable, rare, and curious notices. Among the Engravings, we call the attention of our readers to the following, nearly *the whole of them from Original Drawings, taken expressly for* THE MIRROR, *and which are not to be found in any other work:* Interior and Exterior of the New Synagogue, Great St. Helen's—Grey Street, Newcastle—Albert Durer's Residence—Interior and Exterior of Linton Church—Linton Free-School—The Eastern Institution—Two Views of Old Chelsea Bun-House—Entrance to St. Olave's Grammar-School—Southwark Tradesmen's Tokens—and the New East End of the Guildhall, London.

Fully impressed with the truth, that "the noblest employment of Man is to study the works of his Creator," we have been rather prodigal of our original papers and copious extracts, relative to Natural History; feeling assured they would be acceptable to our readers, and also enable us to keep pace with the present thirst for Botanical knowledge, which, to the advantage of society, now forms a prominent study in our seminaries, particularly in those for the

instruction of the female sex. This endearing branch of science will always form a prominent feature in our work. On the discovery of the Photogenic Drawing, we lost no time in producing a fac-simile of the effects of this very pleasing and astonishing art, and which called forth such undivided approbation. Copious instructions for attaining that accomplishment were also given, in a manner, we trust, perspicuous and satisfactory.

It would be an idle waste of time to dilate on the vital importance of Arts and Manufactures to England; we have, therefore, to as great an extent as our limits would allow, given such notices, not only of their progress at home, but also in other countries. Among the Engravings devoted to Scientific Purposes, we may mention those of the *Aellopodes* and the *Accelerator*, both furnished by the respective ingenious Inventors; as also the Six Views of Mr. Hampton's Balloon and Parachute; the Fac-simile of Photogenic Drawing; and that ingenious specimen of science and mechanical art, the Modelled View of Hecla.

To such of our readers who have not leisure, or perhaps inclination, for studying lengthened chapters, we have devoted many of our columns to short, but we ardently trust, amusing pieces of information —agreeable to the original plan of THE MIRROR.

The Editor cannot, in justice to himself, refrain from thus acknowledging the very kind assistance proffered him by numerous literary friends, not only in valuable communications, but also by the liberal offer of the use of their various private libraries; and he earnestly begs to assure them, he highly appreciates such powerful support. To the numerous and increased Correspondents, also, his sincere thanks are due, and which he begs of them to accept.

In conclusion, the Proprietor wishes to remark, that THE MIRROR will continue to be conducted *on the same plan that it has been from its commencement;* and he also assures his patrons, that no expense or trouble will be spared, in order that the work may keep pace with the greatly increased patronage of its friends, and the advancing state of Literature in England. Among the many intended improvements, the next Volume will be printed off an entire new type, from the foundry of Messrs. Miller and Co., of Edinburgh.

MIRROR OFFICE, STRAND,
June 26, 1839.

W. Roffe sc.

Sir Edward Earle Lytton Bulwer Bart. M.P.

Ed. Bulwer

London 1841 Strand

SIR EDWARD EARLE LYTTON BULWER, BART.,

M.P. FOR LINCOLN.

THIS clever and accomplished writer, is the son of General Bulwer, and descended from an ancient and wealthy family in Norfolk, in which county he was born in 1803. His father dying in 1806, the care of his early youth devolved upon his mother, who sent him to complete his education at the University of Cambridge, where he gained a prize for a poem on sculpture. His first production was entitled *Weeds and Wild Flowers*, a collection of poems, published in 1826; and was succeeded, in 1827, by another metrical attempt, *O'Neil, or the Rebel.* Neither these, nor his first prose work, a novel, entitled *Falkland*, which appeared in 1827, attracted particular notice.

The life of an author is to be found in his works; for it is from them we can form a pretty good estimate of his private feelings, his virtues, or his foibles: few other materials in general do the memoirs of authors contain, unless it be a heart-rending recital of disappointment and want. But the life of Sir E. L. Bulwer, Bart., fortunately presents none of these points. Born in the lap of affluence—nurtured with all the care concomitant with the life of a gentleman; blessed with a bountiful and classical education; and endowed with wealth—he came forth as an author, not in the hopes of gaining a competency, but for fame, and love of the Muses. It is, therefore, solely *as an author* that we mean to speak of Sir Edward: for it is as such that he will live in the page of English history.

It has been well observed, that "no one can deny to Mr. Bulwer a foremost place among the names which do honour to modern literature. His readers may vary in their preferences—one may like the lively and actual satire of *Pelham;* a second prefer the poetic imagination of the *Disowned;* a third, the deeper conception and dramatic effect of *Paul Clifford:* but the very fact of these preferences shows how much there is from which to choose."

His Pelham, in 1828, was much read, and gained the author great celebrity: in the preface to the second edition of which, he thus explains the grounds whereon he founded his work:—"It is a beautiful part in the economy of this world, that nothing is without its use; every weed in the great thoroughfares of life has a honey, which observation can easily extract; and we may glean no unimportant wisdom from folly itself, if we distinguish while we survey, and satirize while we share it. It is in this belief, that these volumes have their origin. I have not been willing that even the common-places of society should afford neither a record nor a moral; and it is, therefore, from the common-places of society that the materials of this novel have been wrought. By treating trifles naturally they may be rendered amusing, and that which adherence to *Nature* renders amusing, the same cause also may render instructive: for Nature is the source of all morals, and the enchanted well, from which not a single drop can be taken that has not the power of curing some of our diseases. * * * * I have drawn for the hero of my work, such a person as seemed to me best fitted to retail the opinions and customs of the class and age to which he belongs;

a personal combination of antitheses—a fop and a philosopher, a voluptuary and a moralist—a trifler in appearance, but rather one to whom trifles are instructive, than one to whom trifles are natural—an Aristippus on a limited scale, accustomed to draw sage conclusions from the follies he adopts, and while professing himself a votary of Pleasure, in reality a disciple of Wisdom."

In 1833, his *England and the English* appeared: a work rather political, and in which he was severe on the aristocracy of our country; yet it contained many excellent remarks devoid of that pestiferous subject—politics. In speaking of amusement, he gives the following just and sensible opinion:—"Amusement keeps men cheerful and contented—it engenders a spirit of urbanity—it reconciles the poor to the pleasures of their superiors, which are of the same sort, though in another sphere; it removes the sense of hardship—it brings men together in those genial moments when the heart opens and care is forgotten. Deprived of more gentle relaxations, men are driven to the alehouse,—they talk over the actions of their superiors."

On the character of the English people, Mr. Bulwer has the following judicious remarks:—"I think I need take no pains to prove the characteristic of the English people—a characteristic that I shall just touch upon, viz., their wonderful spirit of industry. This has been the saving principle of the nation, counteracting the errors of our laws, and the imperfections of our constitution. We have been a great people, because we have always been active; and a moral people, because we have not left ourselves time to be vicious. Industry is, in a word, *the* distinguishing quality of our nation, the pervading genius of our riches, our grandeur, and our power. Every great people has its main principle of greatness, some one quality, the developing, the tracing, and feeding, and watching of which, has made it great. It must be remembered how finely Montesquieu has proved this important truth, in the *Grandeur et Decadence des Romains*. With France, that principle is the love of glory; with America, it is the love [name] of liberty; with England, it is the love of action—the safest, and most comprehensive principle of the three, for it gains glory without seeking it too madly, and it requires liberty in order to exist."

On Detraction, Mr. Bulwer thus expresses himself:—"Shakspeare has spoken of detraction as less excusable than theft; but there is yet a nobler fancy among certain uncivilized tribes, viz., that slander is a greater moral offence than even murder itself; for, say they, with an admirable shrewdness of distinction, when you take a man's life you take only what he *must*, at one time or the other, have lost; but when you take a man's reputation, you take that which he might otherwise have retained for ever: nay, what is yet more important, your offence in the one is bounded and definite. Murder cannot travel beyond the grave—the deed imposes at once a boundary to its own effects; but in slander the tomb itself does not limit the malice of your wrong: your lie may pass onward to posterity, and continue, generation after generation, to blacken the memory of your victim. The people of the Sandwich Islands murdered Captain Cook; but they pay his memory the highest honour which their customs acknowledge: they retain the bones, (those returned were suppositions,) which are considered sacred; and the priest thanks the gods for having sent them so great a man. Are you surprised at this seeming inconsistency? Alas! it is the manner in which we treat the great! We murder them by the weapons of calumny and persecution, and then we declare the relics of our victim to be sacred!"

In 1831, his *Eugene Aram* appeared, in 3 vols. It is decidedly the most finished of Mr. Bulwer's productions. An admirably wrought-out story, of which we never lose sight, gradually rises in interest, till the feeling becomes equally intense and painful. There are scenes, in the third volume especially, superior in power and effect to any thing he has yet done. Eugene Aram is a fine, and most original conception. In this graphically-told novel are many papers displaying great pathos, and powerful imagination. Amidst the display of guilty actions, the author has checkered the melancholy scene with the following description of Autumn :—"Along the sere and melancholy wood, the autumnal winds creep, with a lowly but gathering moan. Where the water held its course, a damp and ghostly mist clogged the air; but the skies were calm, and checkered only by a few clouds that swept in long, white, spectral streaks over the solemn stars. Now and then, the bat wheeled swiftly round, almost touching the figure of the student, as he walked musingly onward. And the owl, that before the month waned many many days, would be seen no more in that region, came heavily from the trees, like a guilty thought that deserts its shade. It was one of those nights, half dim, half glorious, which mark the early decline of the year. Nature seemed restless and instinct with change; there were those signs in the atmosphere which leave the most experienced in doubt whether the morning may rise in storm or sunshine. And in this particular period the skie's influences seemed to tincture the animal life with their own mysterious and wayward spirit of change. The birds desert their summer haunts, an unaccountable inquietude pervades the brute creation, even men in this unsettled season have considered themselves more (than at others) stirred by the motion and whisperings of their genius. And every creature that flows upon the tide of the universal life of things, feels upon the ruffled surface, the mighty and solemn change which is at work within its depths."

How deliciously beautiful is our next extract:

"If there be any thing lovely in the human heart, it is affection! All that makes hope elevated, or fear generous, belongs to the capacity of loving. For my own part, I do not wonder, in looking over the thousand creeds and sects of men, that so many religionists have traced their theology,—that so many moralists have wrought their system from love. The errors thus originated have something in them that charms us, even while we smile at the theology, or while we neglect the system. What a beautiful fabric would be human nature—what a divine guide would be human reason—if Love were indeed the stratum of the one, and the inspiration of the other! what a world of reasonings, not immediately obvious, did the sage of old open to our inquiry, when he said the pathetic was the truest part of the sublime! Aristides, the painter, created a picture in which an infant is represented sucking a mother wounded to the death, who, even in that agony, strives to prevent the child from injuring itself by imbibing the blood mingled with the milk. How many emotions, that might have made us permanently wiser and better, have we lost in losing that picture!"

Mr. Bulwer published his *Last Days of Pompeii*, in 3 vols. in the year 1834. Like most of this gentleman's productions, it is replete with fine imaginings; but perhaps the most interesting character in the work, is the Blind Flower Girl—a personification worked up with heart-rending incidents, displaying the greatest intensity of feeling. Amidst many pleasing ideas, is the following, on Natural Loveliness.—"Is nature ordinarily so unattractive?' asked the Greek,—'to the dissipated—yes.'—'an austere

reply, but scarcely a wise one. Pleasure delights in contrasts; it is from dissipation that we learn to enjoy solitude, and from solitude, dissipation.' 'So think the young philosophers of the garden,' replied the Egyptian; 'they mistake lassitude for meditation, and imagine that, because they are seated with others, they know the delight of loneliness. But not in such jaded bosoms can nature awaken that enthusiasm which alone draws from her chaste reserves all her unspeakable beauty; she demands from you, not the exhaustion of passion, but all that fervour from which you only seek, in adoring her, a release. When, young Athenian, the moon revealed herself in visions of light to Endymion, it was after a day passed, not amongst the feverish haunts of men, but on the still mountains, and in the solitary valleys of the hunter.'"

Rienzi, the last of the Tribunes, was published in 1836. In vol. xxvii. of the *Mirror*, will be found copious notices of this work.

Mr. Bulwer came before the public as a dramatic author in 1836, in the production of a play, *The Duchess de la Valliere*. It was not well received by the critics, who described the plot as devoid of dramatic interest, and the language deficient in imagination and effect.

In 1837 appeared his *Ernest Maltravers*, in 3 vols. This work contains a few fine thoughts—original ideas; but it is also festered with language that we grieve to think came from the pen of the subject of this memoir.

Exclusive of the above enumerated works, Sir Edward has produced several others, particularly the dramas of the *Lady of Lyons*, and *Richelieu*, both successful productions.

In 1838 the Queen was pleased to create Mr. Bulwer a baronet of the United Kingdom.

It is rather strange that a gentleman of Sir Edward's literary attainments can find time to attend his parliamentary duties, he being member for Lincoln. With politics (thank Heaven!) we have nothing to do; but it may be as well just to notice that Sir E. Bulwer is what is termed a Liberal. In the Senate he does not form a prominent character, seldom addressing the house.

His lady has lately given a specimen of her literary acquirements, in a novel, called *Cheveley, or the Man of Honour*, which the reader may perhaps recollect called forth some epistolary correspondence. We are ignorant as to whether Sir Edward has any family by this lady.

His brother, Mr. H. L. Bulwer, who was formerly member for the borough of Marylebone, is now Secretary of Embassy at Paris.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 930.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1839. [PRICE 2d.

INTERIOR OF THE NEW SYNAGOGUE, GREAT ST. HELEN'S.

THE NEW SYNAGOGUE, GREAT ST. HELEN'S.

THE profound and philosophical Montesque remarks — "All civilized nations dwell in houses; thence the idea naturally arose in the minds of men to build a house for GOD, in which they might adore Him, and seek Him; both in their fears and their hopes. Nothing, indeed, can be more consoling to the hearts of men, than to assemble in one place, where they all, with one accord, give utterance to those supplications which their wants, and a sense of their weakness, dictate." This observation is subjected to the correction of a divine, who says, "It would be more true, and also more becoming, to state, that the necessity of instructing mankind, of recalling them to a sense of their duties and obligations, and of preaching to them the doctrines of their creed, first gave rise to the idea of building a house for GOD." Here are the opinions of a philosopher and a divine, respecting the cause which has led mankind to build a house for GOD. We do not intend to examine the merits of either. Suppose it was revealed and declared to the chosen people of GOD, as contained in those solemn writings of which they have been the chosen depositories, "Let them make me a sanctuary that I may dwell among them." (Exodus, xxv. 8.) This sets the question at rest, and disposes at once of the opinions of the philosopher and the divine. It was not because the Israelites dwelt in tabernacles; nor because they stood in need of instruction, that a sanctuary was erected; but it was at the express command of GOD, that manifesting there, as He was wont, the visible symbols of his presence and his power, a standing miracle might declare the uncontrovertible evidence of the truth of their religion and its history. When Jerusalem's lofty temple was laid low, and the plough turned up the holy ground on which it once stood, and the Jews were driven forth a nation "scattered and peeled," his synagogue became to the son of Abraham what his temple had been heretofore. The following are the reflections of a pious Jew on the subject.* "When the Jew enters the portals of the synagogue, the feelings that take possession of him are those of awe and veneration for that invisible Sovereign, whose presence he is permitted to approach. While performing his devotions, he is penetrated with humility and gratitude, and bows with resignation to that just doom, which has exiled him and his fathers from that sanctuary which had been the glory of his nation. His stay in the synagogue is marked by that decorum, which becomes him who stands in the presence of Omnipotence. No idle talk, no mundane ideas interrupt and disturb the train of his thought, by which he strives to elevate his soul unto contemplation of the Deity. He feels and knows that the place is sacred; and that it is his duty not to violate its sanctity: and though banished, a wanderer, and perhaps despised, his mind is imbued with sacred feelings, analogous to that of those who worshipped of old on Moriah's brow; and the place of his worship becomes to the Jew, though mean in comparison to the temple, the "sanctuary of the Lord."

There are in London about eleven synagogues; the chief one, the German, is in Duke's Place, Hounsditch, in the midst of the Jewish population. The approaches are rather uninviting; but when once reached, the place, the worship, the people, and all the associations connected with their awful and sublime history, more than repay the visit. The Sabbath commences at sunset on Friday, when the synagogue is opened; and again at ten o'clock on Saturday morning. The singing, handed down from the temple-service, and the chanting of the law, said to be the manner in which it was revealed to Moses, is deeply affecting and interesting. The Jews, and the officers in attendance, are most kind and polite to strangers. The interest of the visit is enhanced, by procuring a Jewish prayer-book, with the English translation on the opposite page. Strangers are reminded not to take off their hats as they enter: it is an abomination to the Jews, who worship with their heads covered. Surely no one, on departing from such a scene, but will evince a holy impatience for the return of this people to their own land, and their exaltation amongst the nations; which will be fraught with the most eventful and glorious consequences to the whole world.

The preceding Engraving is a faithful representation of the *Interior*† of the New Synagogue,‡ Great St. Helen's: the ceremony of consecrating this edifice sacred to the Jewish religion, took place on Thursday, September 13, 1838; about 1,000 persons being present. At a few minutes after two o'clock, the chief rabbi (Dr. Hirschel,) and the officiating rabbins having taken their places, the consecration anthem was given. The introductory symphony was performed very skilfully by the instrumental band, accompanied by the choruses. The high priest then entered the door of the synagogue, followed by the wardens and other honorary officers of the congregation, carrying the sacred scrolls of the law. The doors having been opened, the chief rabbi and the bearers

* Hebrew Review, October, 1835.

† A view of the *Exterior*, with description, will appear in our next number.

‡ The congregation located for several years past in Leadenhall Street, where they had been established about eighty years, and was always known as the "New Synagogue."

entered, and proceeded along the aisle to the ark, which, with respect to the cardinal points and relation to other objects, occupies a position similar to our high altar or communion table. During this time the choristers sung an impressive hymn, and at the conclusion of the chorus the procession proceeded to circumambulate the synagogue seven times, and during each circuit a psalm was chanted by the reader and the congregation with great effect.

When the last circuit was completed, the persons in the procession separated into two lines, one on each side of the ark, when the readers, the principal singers, and chorus, sung a psalm of David; after which the chief rabbi, standing before the ark, delivered, in Hebrew and English, an appropriate address on this occasion, so interesting to the Jewish people; after which the venerable man read a long prayer in behalf of the people of Israel; after which the consecration anthem was given, the words by the late Dr. H. Hirschel (father of the present chief rabbi). Then the secretary read a list of the donations bestowed towards defraying the expense of the synagogue; after this a hymn, composed by Professor Hurwitz, was sung with choruses. This was followed by an impressive prayer for the Queen and royal family, sung by the whole congregation. The finale was a Hallelujah Chorus, which was equally effective. The whole closed by the performance of the afternoon and evening service. On ordinary occasions the daughters of Zion are kept out of view, in the Asiatic fashion, but on this occasion, although the ladies were all in the galleries, yet the ingenuity of the architect has contrived a handsome screen, so tastefully perforated that the fair sex could see clearly all that was passing below, and at the same time those below could easily discover that the Jewish females of our time might vie with those so much admired in ancient times.

The interior of the synagogue is characterized by considerable lightness and loftiness; the height from floor to ceiling of centre nave being 45 feet; the entire length from the entrance to the back of the ark is 72 feet; the extreme width 54 feet; the width of the centre nave 32 feet.

The ark consists of a semi-circular recess and domed head, decorated with Corinthian columns and painted glass windows. This part is designed with especial reference to the Jewish worship, and is intended to form the chief attraction of the interior. The steps, paving, and pedestals are of marble; the latter supporting rich brass candelabra. Light Doric piers and pilasters, in imitation of porphyry and verd antique, sustain an appropriate entablature of light Italian Doric with dentils, the metopes enriched with paterae and stars alternately, richly gilt; this order, which goes round the circular part of the ark, sustains a light Corinthian order. The recesses for the law are inclosed with massy circular mahogany doors, and are fitted up in the interior with crimson silk; a rich velvet curtain, with gold fringe, is drawn over and partly conceals the doors and recesses. The Corinthian columns and three-quarter columns are in imitation of Sienna marble; the capitals, white and relieved in gold, with festoons of fruit and flowers, connecting the same; the ornaments of the Corinthian entablature are also enriched in gold; there are three semi-circular windows of richly-painted glass, by Mr. James Nixon; the centre window containing the name JEHOVAH in Hebrew characters, also the tables of the law. The windows are painted with rich arabesques, any sort of figure being inconsistent with the Hebrew worship. On the frieze of the Corinthian order, in large Hebrew characters, is an inscription, importing, "Know in whose presence thou standest!" and on each side of the ark are panels containing a prayer for the Queen and royal family, in Hebrew and in English. The whole composition of the ark, which is 44 feet high by about 25 feet wide, is crowned with a semi-dome, panelled with five rows of octagon panels, with rosettes in each. The ladies' galleries are supported by Portland-stone piers of a novel design, combining strength with lightness; these support a light Doric entablature with a Corinthian order above, of the same description and proportions as decorate the ark, only without the decoration of painting or gilding; above the Corinthian order is a lofty attic, with semicircular windows. All the windows are of ground-glass, with coloured margins and appropriate dressings. The ceiling is divided into 30 central panels, having each a massy flower. At the north end is a semi-circular arch corresponding with that of the south end, in which is a large painted glass fan with rich border, also painted by Nixon.

Between the columns of the ladies' gallery is a rich and light railing of wrought brass work. All the seats throughout the building are of wainscot varnished. There are no pews, as in churches, but benches with lockers. Each seat is numbered, and a moveable flap is provided for the books.

The platform is also of wainscot, and is raised four steps at the four angles, and pedestals supporting four rich brass candelabra, similar to those at the ark; in the front of the platform are the seats of the principal officers of the synagogue. There are no other seats between the platform and the marble steps of the ark.

MAB'S CROSS.

A LEGEND OF LANCASHIRE.

(*For the Mirror.*)

Come forth,—come forth—ye vassals all,
Sir William's banner streams afar;
And rouse you up at honour's call,
To seek the Holy war.

And on they troop, both squire and knight,
And serf, and vassal low,
To dare the Saracen to fight,
The Infidel to bow.

Weep, Lady Mabel, weep no more,
In safety soon returning,
From distant Syria's palmy shore
The crescent proudly spurning.

Again shall Bradchaigh's banner float,
Wide waiving from the turret high;
And echo from some haunt remote,
To his shrill bugle's note reply.

Far o'er the bounding waters bourne,
They go from Haigh's sequestered bowers,
Where Lady Mabel long did mourn,
While slowly crept the lagging hours.

For there no more at dawn of day,
Did the hoarse stag-hounds' bark foretell;
That wending to the woods away,
Sir William sought the forest dell.

Nor when still evening's gathering veil,
Was on the dark old woods reposing,
Where the sweet night-bird told her tale,
As the long summer day was closing.

His well-known step no longer falls,
His stately step no more is seen;
But round his own ancestral walls,
The very path-way now is green.

And years pass'd by—from Holy land
He comes not—came not,—wherefore tell,—
The bravest of that gallant band.
They told her that Sir William fell.

And bitterly did Mabel sigh,
And long the silent tear did flow,
From her lov'd home condemned to fly,
Or smile upon Sir William's foe.

Sir Osmund wed, and 'scape the storm,
That threatened on her house to fall;
Oh, how unlike the stately form,
That once was ruler in that Hall!

* * * * *

And she is now Sir Osmund's bride,
A tearful melancholy thing;
Seeking her broken peace to hide,
Her wounded heart's corroding sting.

Her suffering meekly borne, subdued,
Her alms, her piety, her woe,—
From vassal and from soldier rude,
The tear of pity forc'd to flow.

It was a summer holiday,
Bright on old Haigh the sunbeams shine;
But Mabel's thoughts are far away,
With her dead lord, in Palestine.

To 'scape awhile from goading thought,
She calls the weary wanderer near,
Her alms the poor and wretched sought,
And bless'd her bounty with a tear.

Among them stands a Palmer grey,
Lonely and travel-toil'd was he;
A wanderer for many a day,
From regions o'er the billowy sea.

He ask'd not alms, he only pray'd,
A message for her ear to bring;
And Mabel, trembling and afraid,
Saw on his hand a silver ring.

The ring—it was Sir William's token,
The voice, thrilled to her heart with pain;—
"Mabel!"—the magic word was spoken,
"Bradchaigh returns to thee again!"

Now from the tower his banner flies,
And merrily, merrily, peal the bells;
Away the base one distant flies,
And gladness in each bosom swells.

And Mabel hailed her banish'd one,
And smiles were chasing tears away;—
Still expiation must be done,
For broken faith, these legends say.

Her peace of mind again to bring,
To lull remorse, the worst of foes,
From conscience take its venomed sting,—
A daily pilgrimage she goes.

And where you mouldering cross is seen,
Still bearing Mab's forgotten name,
There have her weary footsteps been,
For daily there the pilgrim came.

Go seek their tomb, an effigy,—
Of cold grey stone two forms recline;
Their names alone you there may see,—
Such dark oblivion waits on time![*]

Kirton-Lindsey. ANNE R.—

Why think that of misfortunes past
The cank'ring sore will ever last?
Oh no! when past affliction's hour,
More softly falls blest hope's sweet show'r;
Of angry storms the course when run,
More gaily shines the setting sun.

C. S.

OLD ENGLISH WASSAIL SONG.

In the ancient play of Kynge Johan, recently published by the Camden Society, from a MS. discovered among the municipal papers of the town of Ipswich, the following curious relic occurs. It is probably the oldest Wassail song in our language, and was of course unknown to Ritson, who (Ancient Songs, vol. i. xlvii. edit. 1829,) gives a sort of dissertation on Wassail and drinking songs. Kynge Johan was the production of John Bale, Bishop of Ossory, and the M.S. which is in his autograph, may be referred to the middle of the sixteenth century. The song is as follows:—

Wassayle wassayle, out of the mylke payle,
Wassayle wassayle, as whyte as my nayle,
Wassayle wassayle, in snow frost and hayle,
Wassayle wassayle, with patriche and rayle,
Wassayle wassayle, that muche doth avayle,
Wassayle wassayle, that never will fayle.

H. K. B.

[*] The incidents of the foregoing tale are to be found in an old tradition of Lancashire, which further states, that "Sir William pursued Sir Osmund Neville, and slew him at a place called Newton, in single combat." Returning in safety, he lived with his lady at Haigh Hall to a good old age. They lie buried in the chancel of All Saints, Wigan, where, carved on the tomb, their effigies still exist, the rarest of the monumental antiquities in that ancient edifice. * * * The Lady Mabel's hurt spirit was too sorely wounded to be at rest. For the purpose of what was then deemed an expiation of her unintentional offence, she performed a weekly penance, going barefooted from Haigh, to a place outside the walls at Wigan, where a stone cross was erected, which bears to this day the name of "Mab's Cross."

MOTION AFTER DEATH.

A work of great interest to the medical profession, is about to issue from the press. It consists of a complete course of Lectures on Medicine, by one of the most celebrated physicians and popular lecturers of the metropolis; — Dr. Elliotson. Hitherto his lectures have been known to his professional brethren only through the medium of imperfect reports in the medical journals; but,—thanks to Mr. Butler, the enterprising medical bookseller and publisher,—they are at length about to appear, for the first time, in a dress corresponding with their merit. The editing of the work has been confined to Dr. Rogers;—a gentleman everyway qualified to do it justice. Having had an opportunity of inspecting the work in sheets, we have made some extracts, which we think likely to prove of general interest to our readers. The following relate to that malignant pestilence,—Cholera Morbus.

"After death from Cholera, one very remarkable phenomenon presented itself; which was, that the temperature of the body was *higher* than during life. Another very remarkable circumstance, was a twitching of the different muscles of the body, after the person was completely dead. The fingers, the toes, and every part of the face, were seen to move. Observations of this description were made on two persons;—the one a Caffre, and the other a Malay. The former died twenty hours after the first seizure;—the complaint baffling the most powerful remedies. In fifteen minutes after he expired, the fingers of the left hand were observed to move; then the muscles of the left arm were contracted in a convulsive manner; and similar motions were slowly propagated to the muscles of the chest. The muscles of the calves of the legs contracted in like manner; bundles of their fibres being drawn together in a tremulous knot. The muscles of the inside of the lower extremities were forcibly contracted, in a vermicular manner. The muscles of the face and lower jaw were similarly affected; and, finally, those of the right arm, and right side of the chest. These motions increased in extent and activity for ten minutes; after which they gradually declined, and ceased twenty minutes after they began.

"With regard to the Malay, about fifteen minutes after he expired, the toes began to move in various directions; and the feet were made to approach each other. Muscular contractions were speedily propagated upwards, along the limbs; which were turned slowly inward, so as to approach each other, and again outward;—the whole of the lower extremities moving on the heels, as on pivots. These motions proceeded upwards;—producing a quivering in the muscles. In five minutes the upper limbs began to be similarly affected. The fingers were extended, and often rigidly bent inwards; and pronation and supination of the hand were steadily, though slowly, performed. The same quiverings were observed as in the lower limbs, and extended to the muscles of the chest and back. The muscles of the face moved; and the head was observed to shake. The total duration of these appearances was half an hour. By moving or pricking the arms or limbs, these contractions were rendered stronger, and were again renewed when they had ceased.

"I have noticed the temperature rise before death; and still more after it. I may also mention that, in a case in which there was very great blueness of the skin, no sooner had the patient expired, than the blueness diminished; and, in an hour, there was nothing of the colour to be seen. There was a twitching of the muscles after death; so that one finger would be drawn in, and then another; and the lower jaw would move up and down; and you might see a quivering of the muscles of the lower limbs."

Our readers will no doubt be reminded, by the foregoing details, of those motions produced in bodies recently dead, by the agency of galvanism. We shall add a few more particulars respecting this fearful disease.

"It was thought, in India, that the natives suffered from it more than the Europeans. Thousands of natives perished near Bombay; while of the Europeans, who had good food, and good clothing, only six were affected. It was found to attack those who had the worst diet, were the worst clothed, and were worst off in all respects. It was found to prevail at all temperatures and all seasons; in *healthy* and in *unhealthy* situations; both in *dry* and in *moist* places. It prevailed in spite of the monsoons; and not only in every direction of the wind, but likewise in all hydrometric states of the atmosphere. There was great doubt whether it was contagious or not. Some thought it proceeded where there was no communication, just as well as where there was. It was found to stop suddenly, without any apparent reason, and then to go on again. It was said to have broken out in the Mauritius, three thousand miles from a place where it had prevailed; but it was after a vessel had arrived from that spot. It turned, at last, towards Europe; and proceeded, pursuing a north-westerly direction, till it reached this country. The particulars observed here and on the Continent, perfectly agree with those observed in India;—namely, that the poor have been affected much more than the rich; and that those who are the worst fed, clothed, and lodged, have all suffered in the greatest degree. We have a striking example of this, when we

contrast its ravages in London, with those it made in Paris. Here the greater part of the people are well-fed;—better fed than in any other part of the world. They eat more flesh; and that flesh is of such a quality, as is scarcely to be found in any other country. Besides this, they are better clothed, and more comfortable; and instead of trashy wines, they have good sound ale and porter, and malt-liquor of all kinds. But in Paris the air is bad; the people have very little water; and the water, for the purposes of consumption, is very bad. The inhabitants are crowded together (I know not how many families in a house) with little ventilation. The streets are narrow; and, together with this, the houses are dirty. The people live on what we, Englishmen, consider to be "trash;" not roast-beef and mutton; but all sorts of dishes made up of bread and vegetables, with a little meat boiled in water to colour it, or to give it a flavour; and they drink, not good beer, but thin wine; and we all know that this disease has committed infinitely greater ravages there, than it has here.

"With regard to the *fatality* of the disease, it was observed, in India, that much good was done by medical treatment. It is said that, at Bombay, there were fifteen thousand nine hundred cases. Of these one thousand two hundred took no medicine; and all died; but where medicine was employed, the deaths were much reduced. With respect to the treatment in this country, I cannot but think that if all the patients had been left alone, the mortality would have been the same as it has been. If all the persons attacked with cholera had been put into warm beds, made comfortable, and left alone,—although many would have died who have been saved,—yet, on the whole, I think the mortality would not have been greater than after all that has been done. No doubt many poor creatures have died uncomfortably, who would have died tranquilly if nothing had been done for them. I tried two or three kinds of treatment. It was found vain to attempt to warm patients by hot air applied *externally*; and I got two of them to *breathe* hot air. I had a tube passed through boiling water; so that they might inhale hot air; but they both died."

We conclude with a fact for the Temperance-Society. "It was well ascertained in London, that not only those who were badly off, and in bad health from some other disease, but those who were in the habit of drinking spirits, were very liable to the disease. I do not know that such an observation was made in India; but I presume that drunkards suffered there, as well as here. In Europe, however, it is an undoubted fact, that that portion of the lower order who had everything calculated to keep them in good health, but who indulged in spirit-drinking, were sure to suffer; and this has been observed with regard to other diseases. However well persons may be off, yet if their body be enfeebled by drinking, they are rendered increasingly liable to the disease."

THE ORIGIN OF FINGER-NAPKINS.

From the French.

The Celts used to wipe their fingers on the bundles of hay which served them for seats; and the Spartans placed on the table, by the side of each guest, a piece of crumb, that he might wipe his fingers thereon. The first finger-napkins that were made in France, were manufactured at Rheims, and presented to Charles VII. on the occasion of his coronation. They did not become common till the reign of Charles Quint; and Montesquieu assures us, that it was but in his time that finger-napkins were brought into general use by the gentry. "Finger-napkins," says Venekelmann, "were not known at Rome; they were not introduced till much later; and then it was the custom for every one to bring his own cloth." "No one," says Martial, "brought a napkin for fear of having it stolen; but, what did Hermogene? He absconded with the table-cloth." Before Rheims manufactured linen napkins, they used to wipe their hands with a sort of worsted cloth. Travellers of the last century, who have visited the country of the Samoyedes, report that the use of cloths and of finger-napkins was unknown to them, also that of handkerchiefs, and that, as a substitute, they always had by them a provision of the scrapings of birch trees, when they ate or perspired; these scrapings were used to wipe themselves with, "and," says Bruis, "they consider it a filthy habit to omit the frequent use of them." M. D. M.

COAL MINES.

Formation, Working, and Ventilation.

Seated around the bright hearths of England, fed as they are with huge blocks of coal, how few of her merry people trouble themselves to imagine what depths have been delved, what labour has been undergone, what dark places of the earth have been routed and ransacked, to furnish their quiet homesteads with the warmth and blaze of this invaluable commodity. Presuming therefore to guide them through these gloomy abodes, and to acquaint them with the wonders of these subterranean caverns, we shall proceed to show how stratum heaped upon ponderous stratum is perforated by the skilfulness and activity of man, and how, in situations so perilous, that little animated being contrives to live and move, and have his being. Coal is generally found to lie in

seams varying from three to six feet in thickness; these seams consist of different varieties of coal, the two principal of which are the bituminous, or caky coal, and slaty, or coal which does not cake. The bituminous coal moreover generates much greater quantities of carburetted hydrogen than the argillaceous coal. These seams or stratifications, instead of being smooth and continuous, are liable to great dislocations and interruptions. The number and extent of these dikes or slips affect in a great degree the generation of the carburetted hydrogen. In the operation of working the coal, there issues from it a continual sort of hissing noise, especially where it abounds with inflammable gas. The coal on being split is found to be very porous, which is the more easily perceived on its being magnified: in these pores the bitumen is secreted, and in those pores also it is supposed the gas is contained, either in a state of very high compression, or else in a liquid state, which contains a still greater quantity of gas in a smaller bulk. It is generally found that the quantities of gas are in proportion to the size and number of the cavities. The gas emitted in consequence of the porosity of the coal, the slip-dikes, or cracks in the strata, act as tubes or pipes to collect and convey the extricated gas to different parts of the coal-field. These divisions of coal have also the name of backs, and these backs form magazines of gas of larger or smaller extent. In these places the coal is more easily separated than the solid coal, for approaching one of these backs, the pressure of the internal gas throws off by its sudden outburst a great portion of the coal adjoining it, but it is far more dangerous to the workmen. Now the grand object of the superintendent of these works, is to preserve the lives and health of the workmen from the dreadful effects of these gaseous disruptions. The most serious attention is therefore to be paid to the proper ventilation of the mines. This is the most important feature of the whole. On this point we shall therefore engage the notice of the reader, and show how the combination of gas and water is overcome by one or two methods of ventilation. The first case gives us proof of a master-mind. The mines in question were more surcharged with gas than any ever known; when the coal was first struck, at a depth of 180 feet, it was highly charged with water, which flew out in all directions immediately. A large river which passed near the coal-pit was crossed by the outburst of the gas. From this the water boiled similarly to that of a steam-engine boiler, and if flame had been put to it would have spread over the river like what is commonly called setting the Thames on fire. If unquenched, a river thus ignited would burn for weeks and months. So terribly was this coal charged with gas, that no sooner was it struck than it appeared to throw the whole mine into a regular state of mineral fermentation. The gas reared directly it was freed, going off like the report of a pistol, and bursting pieces of coal off the solid wall. The noise which the gas and water made in issuing from the coal was like a hundred thousand snakes hissing at each other. The working of such inflammable mines was no unalarming thing, but its terrors were thus counteracted. Two pits were first sunk, one was called the engine pit, and was employed for lifting up water and drainage: the other for the raising of coal. These pits were united with a headway at the bottom, and a hogshead was placed nearly at the top of the engine pit, with holes bored at the bottom of it. The water lifted up by the engine was then turned into this hogshead: it ran out again as it were from a cullender in all directions about the shaft, and thus created a regular water-blast: the air ascended the engine-shaft with the water, and returned rapidly up the upcast shaft. Having sunk to the bottom of the coal, the next object was to drive a waygate in a right line to the outbreak of the coal in the crop: to ventilate it an air-course was cut in the side of the waygate, in the solid coal, about two feet high and about two feet wide, and the front was built up with bricks and mortar very tightly. The fresh air consequently went up the air-course and formed a current over the men; it blew on them, and mixing up with the gas, diluted it sufficiently to prevent its being explosive. At the outburst a little shaft was sunk eight or ten yards deep, and thus the ventilation of this formidable pit was completed. This was, in its day, a very fair expedient, hit upon at the spur of the moment: though it is one which would not suit many other cases. Better organized and more improved systems have now come into use, which we shall examine and explain. There are one or two technicalities which we beforehand elucidate. There are the terms "the upcast" and "the downcast-shaft:" the down-cast shaft is that by which the currents of atmospheric air are introduced into the mine: the upcast-shaft is that by which the vitiated current makes its exit. The "air-course" is a general term, and means that the current of air is circulating: the remaining thing is called "splitting the air" or dividing the current of air, which may be done to any extent. Up to the year 1760 a system was in vogue, which though good in some respects, was very faulty in others. Its great objection was that it ventilated very inadequately the pits, leaving the central part of the works, which was thencefrom called the "dead waste," totally unventilated. This defect has now ceased. The western district is then supposed to discharge so much inflammable air as to

render the circulating current explosive; it is therefore discharged into the upcast-shaft, while the other current passes through the eastern division, which is supposed not to discharge so much inflammable air as to load the circulating current to the firing point, and is carried to the upcast-shaft. Such is the method which is characterized by the latest improvements, and which required no uncommon degree of sagacity and perseverance to finally accomplish and perfectuate.

W. Archer.

THE CHINESE MANDARIN & THE CHRISTIAN MISSIONARIES.

Translated from the Italian.

In the early part of the reign of the Emperor Cam-Hi the Great, a mandarin of the city of Canton, hearing a great noise in a neighbouring house, sent to inquire the cause of it, and was informed that the uproar was occasioned by a Dutch chaplain, a Danish missionary, and a jesuit, who were arguing with great vehemence. The mandarin requested the favour of their company, and ordering tea and sweetmeats to be set before them, begged to know the cause of such wrangling, so unbecoming their characters as teachers of religion.

The jesuit replied, that to him, who was always in the right, nothing could be more painful than to argue with persons who were so perverse and obstinate as not to listen to reason; that, at first, he argued with the greatest coolness, but that, finally provoked by their perversity, he had lost all patience. The mandarin gently hinted the necessity of restraining argument by the rules of good breeding; remarked that, in China, men reasoned calmly; and requested to know the subject of their dispute.

"I appeal to your excellency," replied the jesuit;—"these two gentlemen refused to submit to the decision of the Council of Trent."—"I am surprised at that," said the mandarin; and turning to the two refractory disputants, addressed them thus:—"It appears to me, gentlemen, that you ought to respect the opinion of a great assembly; I am quite ignorant of the Council of Trent, but the collective wisdom of many must be superior to that of an individual; nobody should be so presumptuous as to suppose that in his head alone dwells universal wisdom—at least this is what our great Confucius teaches, and if you follow my advice you will submit to the Council of Trent."

The Danish missionary readily admitted the force of the mandarin's reasoning, and informed him that he and the Dutch chaplain had adopted the opinions of various councils held before the Council of Trent.

"Oh! if that is the case," said his excellency, "I beg your pardon,—"you may possibly be right."

"Well, then, are you two of the same opinion, and against this poor jesuit?"—"Not at all," exclaimed the Dutchman, "he holds opinions as absurd and extravagant as the jesuit."

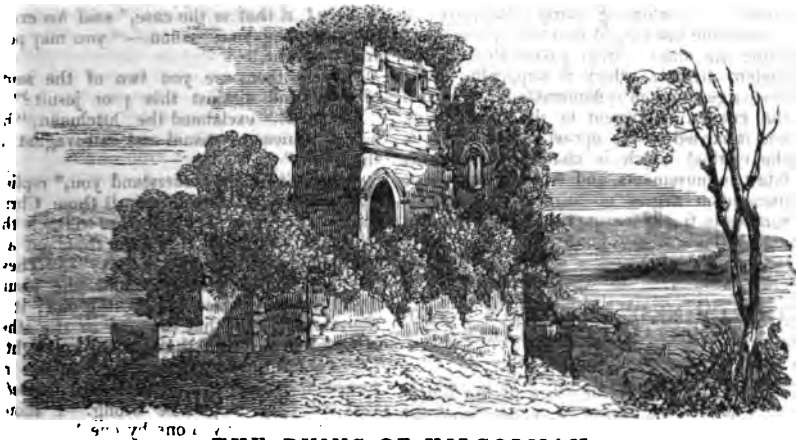
"I don't exactly understand you," replied the mandarin, "are you not all three Christians? Have you not come here to teach the Christian religion? How is it that you are not unanimous in your opinions?"—"These two are mortal enemies," said the jesuit, "and yet they agree in opposing me; it is therefore evident, that the one or the other must be wrong, and that I alone am right."—"That does not follow, my friend," returned the mandarin, "it is just *possible* that all three might be wrong.—I should much like to hear you one by one."

The jesuit delivered a long discourse, during which the other two exhibited, by their gestures, evident symptoms of compassion for his ignorance. The logic of the holy brother was completely thrown away on the good mandarin, who understood it not. After him the Dutchman took up the subject, and was regarded by his adversaries with pity and scorn. His reasoning, which, to himself, appeared as clear as any problem in mathematics, failed to enlighten the darkness of the mandarin's understanding.—The Danish missionary was not more successful.

The three disputants at length spoke together, and loaded each other with abuse. The honest mandarin could hardly pacify them,—he urged the necessity of toleration towards each other's opinions, upon the same principle that it had been extended to all of them by the religion of his country.

After leaving the house of the mandarin, the jesuit met a Dominican friar; he informed him that he had gained the victory, assuring him that truth would always triumph.—"If I had been there," replied the Dominican, "you should not have been victorious; I would have convicted you of falsehood and idolatry." The jesuit retorted, till, from words they came to blows. The mandarin, informed of their scandalous proceedings, committed them both to prison. An under-mandarin asked his excellency how long he wished to detain them in confinement?—"Until they agree," was the answer. "Ah! then," said the under-mandarin, "they must remain in prison for *life*—they never will forgive each other, I know them well."—"Let it be, then," concluded the good mandarin, "until they *pretend* to be reconciled."

M.



THE RUINS OF KILCOLMAN,

SPENSER'S RESIDENCE.

The Castle of Buttevant, now modernized and fitted up as the residence of Sir John Anderson, is built on a cliff above the river Awbeg, on which the town is situated. On this stream, about four miles further down, are the ruins of Kilcolman, the residence of Edmund Spenser, the poet. Of this truly interesting ruin, in which Spenser composed his "Faerie Queen," and where he received the visits of Sir Walter Raleigh, little now remains, save a single turret, and a few lonely walls upon a little elevation, beneath which flow the neglected waters of the Awbeg, or, as Spenser has named it, the

"Mulla, mine, where waves I whilome taught to weep;"

and where he describes himself as wandering in

"The coolly shade
Of the green alders by the Mulla's shore."

Kilcolman, with its castle, and 3,000 acres of the forfeited Desmond Territory, were conferred on Spenser, by Elizabeth; and here, having married (as he himself described her,) "a country girl of low degree," he continued to reside for near ten years, in compliance with the terms of the grant, which enjoined residence on his estates: this being one of Elizabeth's favourite schemes for tranquilizing Ireland by the location of English settlers. But the turbulent spirit of the Irish regarded little the peaceful pursuits of the gentle poet. In one of these wild commotions, excited by the Earl of Tyrone, his castle was fired by the Irish, and his infant child perished in the flames; when Spenser left Ireland. His name and his reputation seem now alike forgotten amidst the many scenes which he had contributed to immortalize. We sounded several of the peasantry to discover whether they knew anything of the poet, but in vain; the only answer in the affirmative was a characteristic one from our postilion, who, in return to our inquiry whether he had ever heard of Spenser, at Kilcolman, replied, "Is it Mr. Spenser, of Kilcolman, your honour? Troth, then, I can't just say that I ever tell of him; but I suppose he goes round by Doneraile way, for he never took horses at Mallow in my time, sir."*

Spenser was born in London, near the Tower, about 1553: he was of Pembroke-hall, Cambridge, where he graduated M.A. in 1576. His first publication, the "Shepherd's Calendar," appeared in 1576. In 1580, he accompanied Lord Grey de Wilton, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, as his secretary. In 1594, he married, being then in the forty-first year. This unfortunate poet arrived in England with a heart broken by misfortunes, and died in an obscure lodging in King-street, Westminster, 16th January, 1598-9, in the forty-sixth year of his age. He was buried in Westminster-Abbey, when several brother poets attended, and threw copies of verses into his grave; and a monument was afterwards erected over his remains by the celebrated Anne, Countess of Dorset.

("L. E. L.")

We cannot refrain deploring, with our readers, the loss of that charming and inspired writer, Mrs. Maclean (L. E. L.) As it is our intention to give a memoir of this gifted lady in our next, we shall now merely state, that about a year since, she married Mr. George Maclean, the present governor of Cape Coast Castle, whither she accompanied him; and fell a sacrifice to the pestilential climate of Sierra Leone, on the 15th of October last, a short time after her arrival on that fatal shore.

* Letters of the North.

New Books.

MEMOIRS OF CHARLES MATHEWS.*

By Mrs. Mathews.

[THESE are the first two volumes of Mr. Mathews's biography, and extend to the year 1818: two more, we presume, are intended to make the work complete. Although this rather inordinate measure may seem to imply an extent of adventure, little short of that which won the love of Desdemona, the reader must look for his gratification in something very different; and if he had the pleasure of knowing the subject of these memoirs in private or in public, he will be best pleased in proportion as he finds here reflected the memory of his past enjoyments. The biography of Charles Mathews, indeed, differed not materially from that of many in the same profession, and might have been told in a very short compass. He was born in 1776, of respectable and religious parents. His father was a bookseller in the Strand, who added to that vocation, the occasional labours of a Calvinist preacher: his mother was a member of the Church of England. Young Mathews was intended for the shop, but on quitting Merchant Tailors' School, his theatrical tendencies soon developed themselves, and accordingly we trace him, by the usual steps, up to the point at which he settles into the regular actor. There were times in his career, when darkness veiled his prospects, in which the eligibility of receding was impressed upon him, but he had made up his mind, and the event proved that he was right in treating the discouragements he met with as incident to his profession, and not consequent on his own deficiencies.

The beginning of the work is autobiographical, and there are many letters. Mathews' character upon the whole was an estimable one. He had no serious faults that we have discovered, and thrown as he was into very miscellaneous society, it is to his credit that he kept his moral principles pure, and his conduct irreproachable. His temper is said to have been irritable, but that was mere surface. We see no evidence of the petty jealousy so common among actors; on the contrary, he seems always to have felt the merits of others, and to have been sincerely pleased to acknowledge them. The extracts we shall make will better show the character of the work than any description; there is some evidence of 'making up,' so as to make anecdotes 'tell,' but this, if it be an objection, is characteristic of all theatrical biography.]

Mathews in infancy.—For a more exact description of my person, I have referred to my nurse, who was alive to tell the tale within ten years of the date hereof. She assured me that I was a long, thin, skewer of a child; of a restless, fidgetty temperament, and by no means regular features—quite the contrary; and as if Nature herself suspected she had not formed me in one of her happiest moments, the Fates combined with her to render me more remarkable, and finding there was not the least chance of my being a beauty, conspired to make me comical.

The agreeable twist of my would-be features was occasioned, as the above-named lady assured me,—indeed I have heard my mother with great tenderness and delicacy confirm it,—by a species of hysteric fits to which I was subject in infancy, one of which distorted my mouth and eyebrows to such a degree, as to render me almost hideous for a time; though my partial nurse declared my "eyes made up for all, they were so bright and lively." Be this as it may, certain it is, that after the recovery from this attack, folks laughed the moment they saw me, and said, "Bless the dear little dear! it is not a beauty, to be sure; but what a funny face it has!" The "off-side" of my mouth, as a coachman would say, took such an affection for my ear, that it seemed to make a perpetual struggle to form a closer communication with it; and one eyebrow became fixed as a rusty weathercock, while the other popped up an inch apparently beyond its proper position. The effects remain to this day, though moderated. "Wry-mouth" was a nickname applied to me when at school; and for the first seven years of my life, I was in the habit of holding my hand to my cheek to hide the blemish. What good or evil "was here wrapt up in countenance," or how far this may have interfered to direct my future pursuits, I do not attempt to say.

His first visit to the Theatre.—[It was an act of disobedience: he had taken advantage of his father's absence to accompany his friend Lichfield.] My companion and I have frequently laughed over the recollection of my frantic behaviour. He could not pacify me. He had long been initiated into the mysteries of the scenic art; but here was I at fourteen, at my "first play," which Charles Lamb has so beautifully described. The very curtain filled me with anticipations of delight;—the scenery, the dresses, the feathers, the russet boots, the very smell of the theatre, that mixture of orange-peel and oil, the applause in which I joined so heartily, as to bring all eyes and many remarks upon me, to the great scandal of my cicerone, filled my senses with delight. From that night my mind was in a state of spendid irritation; I could scarcely walk the streets without offering "my kingdom for a horse," to every pedestrian I met. *At night* I could not rest, Macbeth *did* "murder sleep;" and I recited Lear up three pair of stairs to a four-legged bedstead.

George Frederick Cooke.—Cooke, of whom

* Published by Bentley.

you have heard so much, has been here, (Dublin) these three weeks, and his merit has not been at all exaggerated; for I think him a most excellent actor, and one of the finest declaimers I ever heard. He came out in *Othello*, and was received with a vast deal of applause, though Othello was not his choice for a first appearance. He played it most delightfully, but I do not think it by any means one of his best characters. *Othello* was dressed in a modern suit of scarlet and gold, which I do not think has half so handsome an appearance with a black face as a Moorish dress. His address to the senate was spoken in a different manner from what I have heard it before, being more familiar, and indeed more natural, than the customary mode of delivering it. The more impassioned parts were wonderfully fine; nor do I think the second scene with *Iago* was ever better played. His second character was *Macbeth*, which is certainly superior to his *Othello*. He has played *Columbus*; *Ghost*, in "Hamlet;" *Friar*, in "Romeo;" *Eustace De St. Pierre*, and *Richard*, which is certainly his masterpiece. His figure and manner are much more adapted to the villain than the lover. His countenance, particularly when dressed for *Richard*, is somewhat like Kemble's, the nose and chin being very prominent features, but the face is not so long. He has a finely marked eye, and upon the whole, I think, a very fine face. His voice is extremely powerful, and he has one of the clearest rants I ever heard. The lower tones are somewhat like Holman's, but much harsher, and considerably stronger. The most striking fault in his figure are his arms, which are remarkably short, and ill-proportioned to the rest of his body, and in his walk this gives him a very ungraceful appearance. * * * I have the pleasure of living in the same house with him. He is one of the most intelligent men and agreeable companions I ever met with.

[The above critical portrait is of that sort which one feels to be a correct likeness, without having seen the original. In a subsequent letter, Cooke is again alluded to.]

I am extremely sorry to inform you that Cooke has enlisted. The regiment went to the Isle of Man about a week past. Daly (the Dublin manager, with whom he had had a quarrel,) would have been glad to re-engage him, but such was his pride, that he would rather turn soldier from real want than come to terms. If he does not get out of that situation, he certainly will be a great loss to the stage, for he is really an excellent actor. Many of the performers saw him in his military garb when he was going off; but he seemed to wish rather to avoid speaking to them, appearing quite melancholy. He was drunk when he enlisted. [Mr. Mathews adds.] The above circumstance in the history of this extraordinary man is not generally known. Such was his madness at all times while under the influence of drink, that no extravagance was too great for him to commit. Mr. Mathews once witnessed a quarrel he fell into during one of his excesses, with a low man in some public place; whom he at last invited to fight. The man declined, under the pretence that Cooke insulted him because he (Cooke,) possessed more money than himself. Upon which Cooke indignantly emptied his pockets, and threw all the money he probably had in the world into the fire, exclaiming, as he resumed his boxing attitude, "Now, you vulgar scoundrel, we are upon equal terms!"

Mathews's first marriage.—In the summer of 1797, Mr. Mathews met at the house of a mutual friend, a young lady about his own age, of very prepossessing manners, and of superior mind. It was said that the "gods had made her poetical," and that she was otherwise a person of elegant attainments. These young people became very intimate; and though friendship in such cases is not believed in by people of experience, I have been assured by both of the parties that their acquaintance begun and continued upon that basis alone, for some time. One day, however, the young man, in a *tête à tête* with the interesting orphan, (for such she was,) in a pensive mood, was drawn into a hearing of her history. She was the daughter of a physician, Dr. Strong, of Exeter, who, by a concurrence of wayward events, became embarrassed, and died almost penniless, leaving his only child upon the compassion of friends. She, however, was too proud to lead a life of dependence, and settled herself in a school, instructing a limited number of young ladies from the stores acquired by her education, laid up by her parents as resources for her own happiness in the position in society she was originally intended to take. With this best dowry that a child can boast of, she was enabled to obtain some of the comforts which it was at first hoped she might enjoy, without using her mental gains for their purchase; and at this period she was labouring in her vocation, and highly esteemed by all who knew her. The story of her helpless youth, and her honourable struggles, which allowed her a bare support, made an impression upon the somewhat romantic youth. He was not in any degree heart-touched; but *pity* is confessedly akin to love, if not nearly related. He had merely called upon Miss Strong for an hour's lounge on a day of non-rehearsal, without more intention or expectation than civility and kindness created; but after an hour's stay, he left her presence as her *affianced husband!* As he walked towards his lodging, he asked himself what could have induced the offer he had made to this amiable

girl?—and he found no answer in his *heart*. He was neither "in love," nor "pleased with ruin;" and yet he had plunged into the one without any of the sweet inducements of the other. Well, what was done could not be undone. He had listened to her woes, and admired her character; and in the enthusiasm of youth and the moment, he had offered to protect the young creature against further toil and care. He had settled to marry a person without sixpence, and undertaken to provide for her upon the splendid expectancy of twelve shillings per week! and this without what is called *being in love!*

That his intended wife was at that period deeply attached to him, every moment of her after-life indisputably evinced; and it is no mean praise of her husband, under the circumstances of their union, that he not only never divulged the delicate secret of his having inconsiderately and inadvertently made her the offer of his hand, but throughout her married life he treated her with every kindness and attention. Nor do I believe that, except to his second wife, (whom he *really* loved,) he ever committed the truths of his dispassionate feelings towards his devoted Eliza. [This is very well told, but there is something assumed. Mr. Mathews *might not* have been in love, and there are theories about loving twice, into which we shall not enter; but certainly he entered into the engagement, not upon the splendid *expectancy* of twelve shillings a-week, but upon a well-grounded expectation of rising in his profession. We shall resume our extracts in a future number.]

THE MURDEROUS BATTLE OF GROKOW,

BETWEEN THE POLES AND RUSSIANS.

The battle of Grokow, the greatest in Europe since that of Waterloo, was fought on the 25th of February, 1831, and the place where I stood commanded a view of the whole ground. The Russian army was under the command of Deibitsch, and consisted of one hundred and forty thousand infantry, forty thousand cavalry, and three hundred and twelve pieces of cannon. This enormous force was arranged in two lines of combatants, and a third of reserve. * * Against this immense army the Poles opposed less than fifty thousand men and a hundred pieces of cannon, under the command of General Skrzynecki. At break of day, the whole force of the Russian right wing, with a terrible fire of fifty pieces of artillery, and columns of infantry, charged the Polish left, with the determination of carrying it by a single and overpowering effort. The Poles, with six thousand five hundred men, and twelve pieces of artillery, not yielding a foot of ground, and knowing they could hope for no succour, resisted this attack for several hours, until the Russians slackened their fire. About ten o'clock, the plain was suddenly covered with the Russian forces issuing from the cover of the forest, seeming one undivided mass of troops. Two hundred pieces of cannon, posted on a single line, commenced a fire which made the earth tremble, and was more terrible than the oldest officers, many of whom had fought at Marengo and Austerlitz, had ever beheld. The Russians now made an attack upon the right wing; but foiled in this, as upon the left, Diebitsch directed the strength of his army against the Forest of Elders, hoping to divide the Poles into two parts. One hundred and twenty pieces of cannon were brought to bear on this one point, and fifty battalions, incessantly pushed to the attack, kept up a scene of massacre unheard of in the annals of war. A Polish officer who was in the battle told me that the small streams which intersected the forest were so choked with dead, that the infantry marched directly over their bodies. The heroic Poles, with twelve battalions, for four hours defended the forest against the tremendous attack. Nine times they were driven out, and nine times, by a series of admirably-executed manœuvres, they repulsed the Russians with immense loss. Batteries, now concentrated in one point, were in a moment hurried to another, and the artillery advanced to the charge like cavalry, sometimes within a hundred feet of the enemy's columns, and there opened a murderous fire of grape. At three o'clock the generals, many of whom were wounded, and most of whom had their horses shot under them, and fought on foot at the head of their divisions, resolved upon a retrograde movement, so as to draw the Russians on the open plain. Diebitsch, supposing it to be a flight, looked over to the city and exclaimed, "Well, then, it appears that, after this bloody day, I shall take tea in the Belvidere Palace." The Russian troops debouched from the forest. A cloud of Russian cavalry, with several regiments of heavy cuirassiers at their head, advanced to the attack. Colonel Pientka, who had kept up an unremitting fire from his battery for five hours, seated with perfect sang-froid upon a disabled piece of cannon, remained to give another effective fire, then left at full gallop a post which he had so long occupied under the terrible fire of the enemy's artillery. This rapid movement of his battery animated the Russian forces. The cavalry advanced on a trot upon the line of a battery of rockets. A terrible discharge was poured into their ranks, and the horses, galled to madness by the flakes of fire, became wholly ungovernable, and broke away, spreading disorder in every direction; the whole body swept helplessly along the fire of the Polish infantry, and in a few minutes was so completely annihilated,

that, of a regiment of cuirassiers who bore inscribed on their helmits the "Invincibles," not a man escaped. The wreck of the routed cavalry, pursued by the lancers, carried along in its flight the columns of infantry; a general retreat commenced, and the cry of "Poland for ever" reached the walls of Warsaw to cheer the hearts of its anxious inhabitants. So terrible was the fire of that day, that in the Polish army there was not a single general or staff officer who had not his horse killed or wounded under him; two-thirds of the officers, and, perhaps, of the soldiers, had their clothes pierced with balls, and more than a tenth part of the army were wounded. Thirty thousand Russians and ten thousand Poles were left on the field of battle; rank upon rank lay prostrate on the earth, and the Forest of Elders was so strewed with bodies, that it received from that day the name of the "Forest of the dead." The Czar heard with dismay, and all Europe with astonishment, that the crosser of the Balkan had been foiled under the walls of Warsaw. All day, my companion said, the cannonading was terrible. Crowds of citizens, of both sexes, and all ages, were assembled on the spot where we stood, earnestly watching the progress of the battle, sharing in all its vicissitudes, in the highest state of excitement, as the clearing up of the columns of smoke showed when the Russians or the Poles had fled; and he described the entry of the remnant of the Polish army into Warsaw as sublime and terrible; their hair and faces were begrimed with powder and blood; their armour shattered and broken, and all, even dying men, were singing patriotic songs; and when the fourth regiment, among whom was a brother of my companion, and who had particularly distinguished themselves in the battle, crossed the bridge, and filed slowly through the streets, their lances shivered against the cuirasses of the guards, their helmits broken, their faces black and spotted with blood, some erect, some tottering, and some barely able to sustain themselves in the saddle, above the stern chorus of patriotic songs rose the distracted cries of mothers, wives, daughters, and lovers, seeking among this broken band for forms dearer than life, many of whom were then sleeping on the battle-field.—*Stephens's Travels.*

CURE OF THE WOUNDS IN CATTLE.

A PORTION of the yolk of an egg, mixed with the spirit of turpentine of Florence, will cure the most aggravated wounds of domestic animals. The part affected must be bathed several times with the mixture each day, when a perfect cure will be effected in forty-eight hours.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

The Public Journals.

JACK SHEPPARD.

[We have read, with great pleasure, the first part of Mr. Ainsworth's new romance of Jack Sheppard.* It displays much graphic truth and beautiful sentiment; told in nervous language, pleasingly delineating the mysteries of life. The following extracts are from the admirable and powerfully-written tale of

The Widow and Child.]

On the night of Friday, the 26th of November, 1703, and at the hour of eleven, the door of a miserable tenement, situated in an obscure quarter of the Borough of Southwark, known as the Old Mint, was opened; and a man, with a lantern in his hand, appeared at the threshold. This person, whose age might be about forty, had something of the air of a mechanic, though he, also, looked like one well-to-do in the world. In stature he was short and stumpy; in person corpulent; and in countenance, (so far as it could be discerned,) sleek, snub-nosed, and demure.

Immediately behind the individual answering to the above description stood a pale, poverty-stricken woman, whose forlorn aspect contrasted strongly with the man's plump and comfortable physiognomy. Dressed in a tattered black stuff gown, discoloured by various stains, and intended, it would seem, from the remnants of rusty crape with which it was here and there tricked out, to represent the garb of widowhood—this pitiable creature held in her arms a sleeping infant, swathed in the folds of a linsey-woolsey shawl.

"Well, good night, Mr. Wood," said she, in the deep, hoarse accents of consumption; "and may God Almighty bless and reward you for your kindness! You were always the best of masters to my poor husband; and now you've proved the best of friends to his widow and orphan boy."

"Poh! poh! say no more about it," rejoined the man hastily. "I've done no more than my duty, Mrs. Sheppard, and neither deserve, nor desire your thanks. And such slight relief as I can afford should have been offered earlier, if I'd known where you'd taken refuge after your unfortunate husband's—"

"Execution, you would say, sir," added Mrs. Sheppard, with a deep sigh, perceiving that her benefactor hesitated to pronounce the word. "You show more consideration to the feelings of a hempen widow, than there is any need to show. I'm used to insult as I am to misfortune, and am grown callous to both; but I'm *not* used to compassion, and know not how to take it. My

* In Bentley's Miscellany. No. 25.

heart would speak if it could, for it is very full. There was a time, long, long ago, when the tears would have rushed to my eyes unbidden at the bare mention of generosity like yours, Mr. Wood; but they never come now. I have never wept since that day."

"And I trust you will never have occasion to weep again, my poor soul," replied Wood, setting down his lantern, and brushing a few drops from his eyes, "unless it be tears of joy. Pshaw!" added he, making an effort to subdue his emotion, "I can't leave you in this way. I must stay a minute longer, if only to see you smile."

So saying, he re-entered the house, closed the door, and, followed by the widow, proceeded to the fire-place, where a handful of chips, apparently just lighted, crackled within the rusty grate.

"You've but a sorry lodging, Mrs. Sheppard," said Wood, glancing round the chamber, as he expanded his palms before the scanty flame.

"It's wretched enough, indeed, sir," rejoined the widow; "but, poor as it is, it's better than the cold stones and open streets."

"Of course—of course," returned Wood, hastily; "anything's better than that. But, take a drop of wine," urged he, filling a drinking-horn, and presenting it to her; "it's choice canary, and 'll do you good. And now, come and sit by me, my dear, and let's have a little quiet chat together. When things are at the worst they'll mend. Take my word for it, your troubles are over."

"I hope they are, sir," answered Mrs. Sheppard, with a faint smile and a doubtful shake of the head, as Wood drew her to a seat beside him, "for I've had my full share of misery. But I don't look for peace on this side the grave."

"Nonsense!" cried Wood: "while there's life there's hope. Never be downhearted. Besides," added he, opening the shawl in which the infant was wrapped, and throwing the light of the candle full upon its sickly but placid features, "it's sinful to repine while you've a child like this to comfort you. Lord help him! he's the very image of his father. Like carpenter, like chips."

"That likeness is the chief cause of my misery," replied the widow, shuddering. "Were it not for that, he would indeed be a blessing and a comfort to me. He never cries nor frets, as children generally do, but lies at my bosom, or on my knee, as quiet and as gentle as you see him now. But, when I look upon his innocent face, and see how like he is to his father,—when I think of that father's shameful ending, and recollect how free from guilt *he* once was,—at such times, Mr. Wood, despair will come over me; and, dear as this babe is to me, far dearer than my own wretched life, which I would lay down for him any minute, I have prayed to heaven to remove him, rather than he should grow up to be a man, and be exposed to his father's temptations—rather than he should live as wickedly and die as disgracefully as his father. And, when I have seen him pining away before my eyes, getting thinner and thinner every day, I have sometimes thought my prayers were heard."

"Marriage and hanging go by destiny," observed Wood, after a pause; "but I trust your child is reserved for a better fate than either, Mrs. Sheppard."

"Goodness only knows what he's reserved for," rejoined the widow in a desponding tone; "but if Mynheer Van Galgebrok, whom I met last night at the Cross Shovels, spoke the truth, little Jack will never die in his bed."

"Save us!" exclaimed Wood. "And who is this Van Gal—Gal—what's his outlandish name?"

"Van Galgebrok," replied the widow. "He's the famous Dutch conjurer who foretold King William's accident and death last February but one, a month before either event happened, and gave out that another prince over the water would soon enjoy his own again; for which he was committed to Newgate, and whipped at the cart's tail. He went by another name then,—Rykhart Scherprechter I think he called himself. His fellow-prisoners nicknamed him the gallows-provider, from a habit he had of picking out all those who were destined to the gibbet. He was never known to err, and was as much dreaded as the gaol-fever in consequence. He singled out my poor husband from a crowd of other felons; and you know how right he was in that case, sir."

"Ay, marry," replied Wood, with a look that seemed to say that he did not think it required any surprising skill in the art of divination to predict the doom of the individual in question; but whatever opinion he might entertain, he contented himself with inquiring into the grounds of the conjurer's evil augury respecting the infant. "What did the old fellow judge from, eh, Joan?" asked he.

"From a black mole under the child's right ear, shaped like a coffin, which is a bad sign; and a deep line just above the middle of the left thumb, meeting round about in the form of a noose, which is a worse," replied Mrs. Sheppard.

"You may see the marks on the child yourself, if you choose, sir," urged the widow.

"See the devil!—not I," cried Wood impatiently. "I didn't think you'd been so easily fooled, Joan."

"Fooled or not," returned Mrs. Sheppard mysteriously, "old Van told me *one* thing which has come true already."

"What's that?" asked Wood with some curiosity.

"He said, by way of comfort, I suppose, after the fright he gave me at first, that the child would find a friend, within twenty-four hours, who would stand by him through life."

"A friend is not so soon gained as lost," replied Wood; "but how has the prediction been fulfilled, Joan, eh?"

"I thought you would have guessed, sir," replied the widow, timidly.

"Well, my dear, I've a proposal to make in regard to this babby of yours, which may, or may not, be agreeable. All I can say is, it's well meant; and I may add, I'd have made it five minutes ago, if you'd given me the opportunity."

"Pray come to the point, sir," said Mrs. Sheppard, somewhat alarmed by this preamble.

"I *am* coming to the point, Joan. The more haste, the worse speed—better the feet slip than the tongue. However, to cut a long matter short, my proposal's this:—I've taken a fancy to your bantling; and, as I've no son of my own, if it meets with your concurrence and that of Mrs. Wood, (for I never do any thing without consulting my better half,) I'll take the boy, educate him, and bring him up to my own business of a carpenter."

The poor widow hung her head, and pressed her child closer to her breast.

"Well, Joan," said the benevolent mechanic, after he had looked at her stedfastly for a few moments, "what say you?—silence gives consent, eh?"

Mrs. Sheppard made an effort to speak, but her voice was choked by emotion.

"Shall I take the babby home with me?" persisted Wood, in a tone between jest and earnest.

"I cannot part with him," replied the widow, bursting into tears; indeed, indeed, I cannot."

"So, I've found out the way to move her," thought the carpenter; "those tears will do her some good, at all events. Not part with him!" added he aloud. "Why, you wouldn't stand in the way of his good fortune, surely? I'll be a second father to him, I tell you. Remember what the conjurer said."

"I *do* remember it, sir," replied Mrs. Sheppard, "and am most grateful for your offer. But I dare not accept it."

"Dare not!" echoed the carpenter; "I don't understand you, Joan."

"I mean to say, sir," answered Mrs. Sheppard in a troubled voice, "that if I lost my child, I should lose all I have left in the world: I have neither father, mother, brother, sister, nor husband—I have only *him*."

"Give me till to-morrow," implored she, "and if I *can* bring myself to part with him, you shall have him without another word."

"I don't think he would leave me, even if I could part with him," observed Mrs. Sheppard, smiling through her tears.

"I don't think he would," acquiesced the carpenter. "No friend like the mother, for the babby knows no other."

"And that's true," rejoined Mrs. Sheppard; for if I had *not* been a mother, I would not have survived the day on which I became a widow."

"You mustn't think of that, Mrs. Sheppard," said Wood, in a soothing tone.

"I can't help thinking of it, sir," answered the widow. "I can never get poor Tom's last look out of my head, as he stood in the Stone-Hall at Newgate, after his irons had been knocked off, unless I manage to stupify myself somehow. The dismal tolling of Saint Sepulchre's bell is for ever ringing in my ears—oh!"

"If that's the case," observed Wood, "I'm surprised you should like to have such a frightful picture constantly in view as that over the chimney-piece."

"I'd good reasons for placing it there, sir; but don't question me about them now, or you'll drive me mad," returned Mrs. Sheppard wildly.

"Well, well, we'll say no more about it," replied Wood; "and, by way of changing the subject, let me advise you on no account to fly to strong waters for consolation, Joan. One nail drives out another, it's true; but the worst nail you can employ is a coffin-nail. Gin Lane's the nearest road to the churchyard."

"It may be; but if it shortens the distance, and lightens the journey, I care not," retorted the widow, who seemed by this reproach to be roused into sudden eloquence. "To those who, like me, have never been able to get out of the dark and dreary paths of life, the grave is indeed a refuge, and the sooner they reach it the better. The spirit I drink may be poison,—it may kill me,—perhaps it *is* killing me:—but so would hunger, cold, misery,—so would my own thoughts. I should have gone mad without it. Gin is the poor man's friend,—his sole set-off against the rich man's luxury. It comforts him when he is most forlorn. It may be treacherous, it may lay up a store of future woe; but it insures present happiness, and that is sufficient. When I have traversed the streets a houseless wanderer, driven with curses from every door where I have solicited alms, and with blows from every gate way where I have sought shelter,—when I have crept into some deserted building, and stretched my wearied limbs upon a bulk, in the vain hope of repose,—or worse than all, when, frenzied with want, I have yielded to horrible temptation, and earned a meal in the only way I

could earn one,—when I have felt, at times like these, my heart sink within me, I have drank of this drink, and have at once forgotten my cares, my poverty, my guilt. Old thoughts, old feelings, old faces, and old scenes, have returned to me, and I have fancied myself happy,—as happy as I am now." And she burst into a wild hysterical laugh.

"Poor creature!" ejaculated Wood. "Do you call this frantic glee happiness?"

"Its all the happiness I have known for years," returned the widow, becoming suddenly calm, "and it's short-lived enough, as you perceive. I tell you what, Mr. Wood," added she in a hollow voice, and with a ghastly look, "gin may bring ruin; but as long as poverty, vice, and ill-usage exist, it will be drunk!"

"God forbid!" exclaimed Wood fervently; and, as if afraid of prolonging the interview, he added, with some precipitation, "But I must be going: I've stayed here too long already. You shall hear from me to-morrow."

The Gatherer.

Curran's Description of a speech made by Serjeant Hewitt.—The learned Serjeant's speech put me exactly in mind of a familiar utensil in domestic use, commonly called an *extinguisher*:—it began at a point, and on it went, widening and widening, until at last it fairly put the question out altogether.

Spartan Oath.—The following is a curious specimen of the laconic manner in which state business was despatched amongst the Spartans (translated from the Latin):—"We that are as good as you, constitute you our king, and if you defend our liberties, we will defend you; if not, not."

An Irish gentleman, who certainly preserved most patriotically all the richness of his original pronunciation, had visited Cheltenham, and during his stay there acquired a most extraordinary habit of perpetually lolling his tongue out of his mouth!—What can he mean by it?" said somebody to Curran.—"Mean by it," said Curran, "why, he means if he can, *to catch the English accent.*"

An observer has made the calculation, that there are in France 1,700,843 doctors, and that there are about 1,400,631 patients. On the other hand there are 1,900,403 lawyers, and 998,000 clients only. So that if the odd 902,403 lawyers do not fall ill with grief and disappointment, 900,192 doctors will have to "stand at ease." H. M.

He who cheats the man that confides in him, in a witty manner, may make us laugh at his jests, and half disarm our anger; but reflection soon imposes him our contempt and indignation.—*Fry.*

Sterne says, positiveness is a most absurd foible; for if in the right, it lessens our victory; if in the wrong, it adds shame to our defeat.

One night an order of Mr. Sheridan's was stopped at the box door of Drury-Lane Theatre, and pronounced a forgery, because the door-keeper *could read it!*—*Mathews.*

Public Benefactors.—Every one can, and should do something for the public, if it be only to kick a piece of orange-peel into the road from the foot-pavement.

A fisherman of Valery-sur-Somme lately caught in his nets one of those strange fishes called syrens. The head and the breast bear a striking affinity to those parts in the human frame; and when the creature stands in the water at half length, it really looks like a woman. It has been dispatched to the Museum of Natural History, and will, it is hoped, reach its destination alive. H. M.

Terrible effects of Cannibalism.—At the Haihunga, where many hundred families assembled, I requested Kahika, from a feeling of curiosity, to point out to me a single family whose relatives had all died natural deaths; but he stated he could not even allude to a party who had not a melancholy tale of cannibalism to relate, whereby their friends had suffered, or who had not also partaken of the blood of their enemies; and added, but for the frequent fires that take place in villages, and consequent destruction of so many of the native antiquities, scarce a family existed in the country that would not possess at least the bone of an enemy, worked up either as a whistle or a bracelet, ear-ornament or fish-hook.—*Polack's New Zealand.*

Obstinacy of a New Zealand Chief.—I had at one time a fowling-piece by me, that had not been cleaned or discharged for six weeks previously. A silly servant, in my absence, had put an additional charge within it; Kawika, an elderly chief, saw me take up the piece, intending to extract the charges, and have it cleaned, but he entreated hard that I would let him discharge it. In vain I told him how long since it had been loaded; he was obdurate, neither would he allow me to extract a single charge; as he had possession of it, it was in vain to contest the point; he fired, the gun kicked, as it is technically termed, and knocked him down. He arose bleeding, "'twas from the nose," and demanded payment for his hurt, and the bad conduct of my piece, I gave him the price, viz., a head of tobacco.—*Ibid.*

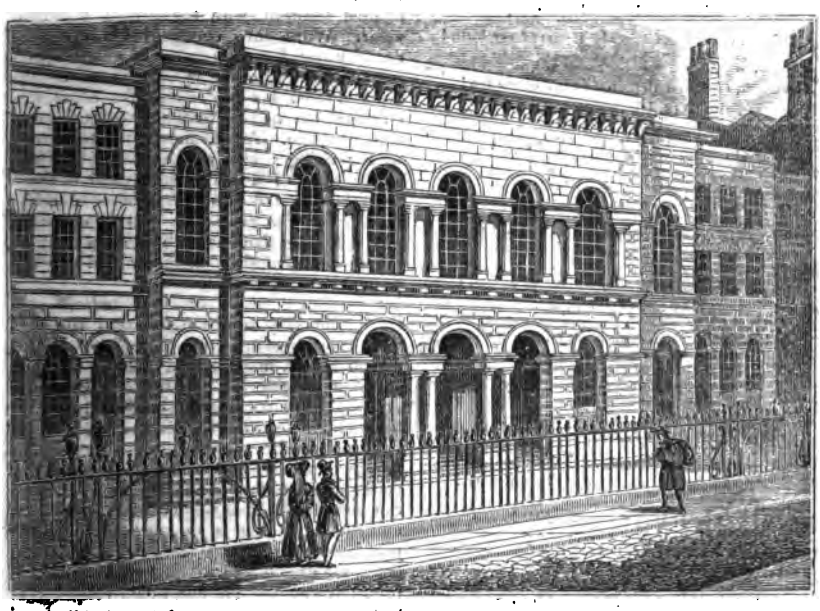
LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.—In PARIS, by all the Booksellers.—In FRANCFORT, CHARLES JUGEL.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 931.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1839. [Price 2*d*.



THE EXTERIOR OF THE NEW SYNAGOGUE, GREAT ST. HELEN'S.

These splendid buildings occupy a site of freehold ground, where formerly stood a range of warehouses belonging to the East India Company; they comprise, in addition to the Synagogue, a large open vestibule, with offices, entrances, and staircases to the ladies' galleries, a large vestry or committee-room on the one pair, 42 feet by 21 feet, and two separate residences for the reader and secretary. The first stone was laid on the 10th of May, 1837.

The façade is of Italian architecture, and extends about 110 feet from east to west. The centre is occupied by a spacious open vestibule, with coupled Tuscan columns, supporting three arches. Within the vestibule on either side are marble lavacatories for the hands, and opposite are the three doorways leading to the interior of the building.

The upper part of the façade consists of seven large windows, with semi-circular heads, giving light to the large vestry-room and staircases. On each side of the central mass are the entrances to the ladies' staircases and galleries. The houses for the officers of the Synagogue form the two wings. The centre part is crowned with a bold cornice and blocking of Portland stone, being a modification of the well-known Vignola cornice.

The effect, when lit up, must be particularly grand and imposing; and although the light will certainly detract from the splendour of the painted windows in the ark, yet, as it is observed in the *Architect's Journal*, that if a few gas-burners were placed before them on the outside, they would show to even greater advantage than by day, and would diffuse a brilliancy and glow over the upper parts of the recess.

It is owing to the kindness of Mr. Davies, the architect, of Devonshire-square, that we have been enabled to lay before our readers the authentic particulars of the above noble structure in this and the preceding number.

Mr. Davies also lately erected the Marine Insurance Company Façade, Cornhill; and Messrs. Rothchild's splendid Commercial Buildings, St. Swithin's Lane.

THE LAND OF MY BIRTH.

" England, with all thy faults I love thee still!"

(*For the Mirror.*)

Britain! verdant, far-fam'd Isle,
How I love thy people's smile!
Happy are thy sons, and free,
Sons and heirs of Liberty!
Native oaks thy forests bear,
Future "wooden walls" to rear!
Plenty marks thy rural plains,
Honest hearts thy fleet maintains!
Land of my forefathers! Home of my birth!
Fairest art thou of the nations of earth!
Long may thy sons flourish,—the sons of the free;—
Hail, hail, far-fam'd Britain, fair isle of the sea!

Britain! Yes, I love thee still,
Memory tunes thy every rill;
Golden grain thy valleys bear,
"Hearts of oak" thy produce share!
Science nerves thy people's will,—
Commerce aids thy people's skill!
Public good thy laws proclaim;—
Britain! honour'd be thy name!
Land of my forefathers! Home of my birth!
Fairest art thou of the nations of earth;—
Long may thy sons flourish;—the sons of the free;—
Hail, hail, far-fam'd Britain, fair isle of the sea!

Britain! happy, peaceful land,
Long may Heaven thy guardian stand!
Treasure, then, each peaceful hour,—
Rest not, but increase thy power!
Sleep not, for the foe is nigh,—
Sleep not, while the war-whoop cry
Tingles in thy people's ear,
List! prepare! disdain to fear!
Land of my forefathers! Home of my birth!
Fairest art thou of the nations of earth!
Long may thy sons flourish,—the sons of the free,—
Hail, hail, far-fam'd Britain, fair isle of the sea!

Britain! may the demon war
Perish 'neath thy conquering ear!
Wasted be the hostile pow'r,—
Sacred be thy battle hour!
Thine are sons, whose fair renown
Nations fear and worlds must own!
Great art thou! thy sons are free,—
Empires own their bravery!
Land of my forefathers! Home of my birth!
Fairest art thou of the nations of earth!
Long may thy sons flourish,—the sons of the free;—
Hail, hail, far-fam'd Britain, fair isle of the sea!

GEORGE.

THE BEAUTEOUS FAIR.

(*For the Mirror.*)

I saw a face—in the faint light
Of the moon's pale midnight glare;
And a tear glist'ning dim'd the sight
Of the eyes of "The beauteous fair."

I saw the smooth breast, and it heaved
Forth a sigh in the open air;
And felt as it flew it relieved
The heart of "The beauteous fair."

I thought that the sweet lips did move,
And silently breathe forth a prayer
For him whom she dearly did love,—
The choice of "The beauteous fair."

I thought that a footstep approach'd,
And fancied another was there;
But nought on the quiet encroach'd,
Save the sighs of "The beauteous fair."

Again, and a sweet gentle breath
Broke over the stillness of air;
Again it was quiet as death.
But where, oh where—"The beauteous fair"?

Her pure spirit had fled this earth,
And wing'd its way to regions—where
Her soul so pure receiv'd its birth,
As heaven now's "The beauteous fair!" H.S.

THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS CHANCE.

Translated from the French.

(*For the Mirror.*)

As a young man of fashionable appearance was turning the corner of the Rue de Seine, he suddenly stopped, and, raising his glass, began to examine an old painting, hanging against the wall, with the air of a connoisseur. While thus engaged, his eye accidentally rested on the figure of a lad respectably dressed, standing in a dark corner—one hand covered his face, while the other was stretched out to receive the contributions of the charitable. At this moment two females were passing; one was enveloped in the ample folds of a plaid cloak, and a thick veil, through the latter of which one could distinguish the clear blue eyes of a young girl, sparkling like two brilliant stars through the gloom of night; the other had the appearance of a waiting-maid.

"Lend me some money, Ninette," said the young lady who had observed the boy, "I have forgotten my purse."—"Well! and so have I, mademoiselle, I have, but just sufficient to pay for crossing the Pont des Arts.—We must give you something another time, child," continued the soubrette, to the youthful mendicant as she passed on.—"No, no—lend me what you have," replied her young mistress, laying hold of her arm; "we can go over the Pont des Tuileries."—"But, mademoiselle, that is so much further, and you know how uneasy madame is when we are too late—there! it is just striking two at the Institute."—"An additional reason that you should lend me your money quickly," added the young lady, in a tone of slight impatience. The two sous were dropped into the thin pale hand of the little fellow.

The young man who had been examining the picture, observing this interesting scene, directed his glass towards the lady, as she hastened away to make up for lost time, and in stepping over the wet pavement with the grace of an elegant Parisian, exhibited a foot and ankle of faultless symmetry. But, turning the corner formed by the quay at this place, she was soon out of sight. He then approached the little mendicant, who still held the two-sous piece, and placed in his hand a five-franc.

The poor little fellow, on discovering the amount of the donation, was quite overcome by feelings of gratitude—"Oh! you are very good, very kind, sir!—this is just as much as we want to pay our lodgings; without it our landlord would have turned us out, and my father must have slept in the street to-night.—Oh! sir, you have saved his life." And the poor fellow leant against the wall for support.—"What is your father doing, my lad?" said the young man, in a compassionate tone.—"Nothing, sir; he was a coachman, but was disabled by an accident,

and now he can do nothing; while my mother lived she worked for him; but since her death, we have been obliged to pawn our furniture, and I can do nothing. I have come out to-day in despair to beg.—Oh! how painful it has been—I can never do it again, but, mon Dieu! to-morrow will come, would that I could work!"—"And why not, my lad, you express yourself well; I suppose you can read and write?"—"O yes, sir, and cast accounts also; my mother taught me."—"If your father has no objection, you shall be my servant, and I will provide for him too." The poor lad, overwhelmed with gratitude, burst into tears, and could with difficulty express a wish that his benefactor would come and see his father. They turned into the Rue Mazarine. "My name," said the little fellow, "is Thom, I shall be fourteen next Easter," and he stood on tiptoe in order to appear to the best advantage; "I promise to be very careful, attentive, and faithful; I can bear hunger without inconvenience—I am used to it. You can pay my wages to my father, after deducting the five francs which you gave me, and then, you know, I shall not have received charity."—The young man smiled.—"I shall thus do for thy poor old father, what he did for me when I was helpless. Is not this right, sir?—But here is the house. Excuse me if I walk first, sir, the passage is dark." He led his benefactor through a winding passage, and up numerous flights of steps, until they arrived at a miserable garret, where they found the old coachman lying on a wretched pallet, surrounded by all the appearance of extreme poverty. He, of course, readily consented to the proposition of M. Amadée de Tainville, to take Thom into his service, and himself to the hospital of Rochefoucault.

Thom, equipped in a handsome livery, waited on his master the next evening, to ask if he had any further commands for him, and if he had acquitted himself to his satisfaction. "Quite so," was the reply—"Are you content with your new situation?"—"Oh! yes, sir,—there is but one thing that troubles me now,—If I could but thank the pretty girl that gave me the two sous yesterday."—"How do you know that she was pretty," said his master eagerly.—"It was her voice, sir,—oh! that sweet voice still sounds in my ears; I should know it a hundred years hence, if I were to live so long.—And, when I think," continued he, "that she preferred going round the Pont des Tuileries rather than refuse to assist the unfortunate! Perhaps I should not have attracted your notice, if it had not been for her.—But I hope to see her again." And a tear of gratitude rolled down his sunken cheek. Amadée de Tainville sighed, and dismissed Thom for the night.

As the waiting-woman and her young mistress turned the corner of the street in which they resided, a post-chaise dashed by them, and suddenly compelled them to draw up against the wall. "How late you are, Antonine," said M. Darblay, a grave and worthy magistrate of the *Cour Royale*, in a tone of reproach; "your cousin arrived unexpectedly in your absence, and the ambassador with whom he travels to Naples, having only allowed him time to change horses, he was obliged to leave Paris without seeing you. You are not yet personally acquainted with him, my child, and I wished to introduce you to each other before he set out for Italy, where he is to remain six months."—"I beg your pardon, my dear papa," said Antonine, breathless with running, "but it was * * * —"Is your aunt worse, than?" exclaimed Madame Darblay, eagerly.—"No, dear ma, she is much better, but it was * * * Oh, I'll tell you another time; at present, let us talk of my cousin Gustavus."

About six months after this, M. Darblay was sitting one morning in his great arm-chair at a round table, strewed with books, albums, and journals of all sorts. An open letter, bearing the post-mark of Naples, lay before him; Madame Darblay, seated by his side, held some embroidery, but her labours had evidently been suspended by something of greater interest.

"So your nephew, madam, declines to become my son-in-law; he has broken the connexion which his father and myself were so anxious to form, by marrying a stranger. I wish him every happiness, but I regret his marriage; the prospect of uniting him to our family was the hope and consolation of my old age."—"Antonine is still very young," replied Madame Darblay, timidly, "and your rank in society, and her own inestimable qualities, will procure her a better husband than Gustavus; but here comes Antonine," added Madame Darblay, hastily seizing the letter, and putting it in her pocket.

Antonine approached her mother gaily, but soon perceived by her countenance that something disagreeable had occurred; and, although she possessed the entire confidence of her parents, she would not increase their embarrassment by unseasonable questions. She, therefore, in order to withdraw their thoughts from the subject, whatever it might be, sat down at the piano, and, after preluding with great taste and delicacy, executed a slow and melancholy movement, from which she passed rapidly to a gay and lively air * * * Dinner was announced, and M. Darblay, who had now recovered his habitual cheerfulness, led his wife and daughter into the dining-room.

During the afternoon, while M. Darblay was enjoying his usual "siesta," Antonine and her mother walked in the garden; and the latter, after some hesitation, addressed

her daughter on the subject which appeared to press so heavy on her mind.

"Antonine, my dear, your cousin Gustavus is married!—you must think of him no more."—"It will not be difficult to comply with your request, my dear mother, as I have never seen my cousin," replied Antonine, calmly—"I only saw the post-chaise in which he departed for Italy."—"If Gustavus had known your merits," continued Madame Darblay, "he would not have renounced the engagement his father had made for him on his death-bed; therefore I excuse him. You arrived ten minutes too late! Singular chance!" added she, with a sigh.—"And if you knew the cause of that *chance*," said Antonine, gaily.—"My dear," returned Madame Darblay, recollecting herself, "there is no such thing as *chance*,—it is God who directs all things; and, what we call chance, is happy or unhappy, according as the cause that has produced it is good or bad."—"Oh! make yourself easy on the subject then—the *cause* was good. It will be all for the best. Who knows if I should have been happy with my cousin?"

The steam-boat, "la Ville de Corbeil," was on the point of starting from the quay de la Greve; the deck was crowded with passengers, and the smoke ascended from its funnel in a thick, black column, when a young man, followed by a servant carrying a portmanteau, alighted from a cabriolet, and jumped on board as the bell rang. The noise and bustle of starting having subsided, and each passenger having arranged himself with a view to his comfort during the short voyage, some began to read the poetry of de Lamartine; others were engaged with the morning papers; but the greater number were leaning over the side, staring vacantly at the boiling foam occasioned by the wheels, as if listening to the grumbling of the gently gliding wave for being impeded in its course towards the sea. Things were in this state when a heavy splash was heard at one end of the boat, and, immediately afterwards, a cry of "My father!"—My father is drowning!—Help!" A voice at the other extremity responded, "That's her voice, sir!' Another splash was heard, and, in a few seconds, two men were seen in the water, one of whom, who appeared to be an expert swimmer, supported the other with some difficulty. The boat was stopped, and the drowning man and his preserver were, with the assistance of ropes, taken on board; where the former soon recovered, under the tender care of his wife and daughter.

The "Ville de Corbeil" continued its voyage, and the passengers resumed their former occupations.

M. Darblay had a summer retreat on the banks of the Seine, not far from Corbeil, to which he sometimes retired from the active duties of his office. It was to this retirement he was going on the present occasion, when, approaching incautiously too near the side, he fell overboard. As soon as he could speak, he eagerly asked to whom he was indebted for his life?—"To M. Amadée de Tainville," answered Thom, who was very officious in rendering every assistance to M. Darblay.—"Amadée de Tainville!" echoed M. Darblay, "your father was my most intimate college friend!" added he, offering his hand; "but the military life he embraced separated us, and he fell on the field of battle. I am glad chance has made me indebted to his son for my life."—"*Chance!*" murmured Antonine, with her eyes full of tears.—"Might I ask the object of your voyage?" said Madame Darblay, "This question is not prompted by cold and idle curiosity, as you may readily imagine, but by the most lively interest in one to whom I owe so much!"—"The truth is," answered de Tainville, "that I have no further object than a simple excursion in the environs of Paris." The Ville de Corbeil had by this time, arrived at her destination. Madame Darblay, having first consulted her husband's looks, pressed de Tainville to do them the honour of accepting the hospitality of their country residence for a few days. Amadée accepted the offer without much hesitation; and, giving his arm to Madame Darblay, he led her on shore. Antonine followed, leaning on the arm of her father; and Thom and the waiting-woman, carrying the hand-boxes, brought up the rear.

On a fine summer evening, some months after the events related above, the family of the Darblays, having ordered chairs to be carried to the terrace in front of their house, which commanded a view of the Seine, were enjoying the cool evening breeze, and admiring the rich landscape before them, softened by the last feeble rays of the setting sun. Antonine, who was sitting on her mother's knee, appeared thoughtful and melancholy; her eyes were alternately directed to her father and the river.—"Antonine," said her mother, "what is the matter with you? If you are unhappy at the thoughts of your approaching marriage, say so; there is still time to withdraw."—"Oh! I am not unhappy, but I am always melancholy when I look at the dark stream which winds along so tranquilly; I think of the frightful moment when it had nearly swallowed my dear father,—and then I think of his preserver! Oh! how I thank you for allowing me to love Amadée de Tainville."—"De Tainville is a noble fellow," interrupted M. Darblay, "and he is rising rapidly in his honourable profession;—I should be proud of such a son; and I therefore bless the chance that has given him to me as a son-in-law."—"*Chance!*" repeated Antonine with an air of abstraction, "mamma says there is no such thing; that every thing is directed by the hand of God!"

The morrow was a joyful—a solemn day;

it was that of the marriage of Antonine Darbly and Amadée de Tainville. The neighbouring peasants had been invited to participate in the festivities, and were assembled in the court; the domestics, dressed in their best, and decorated with white favours, occupied the ante-chamber,—Thom alone was absent. Amadée, accompanied by his friends and relations, anxiously awaited his affianced in the drawing-room. She entered, leaning on her father's arm. The beautiful bride, enveloped in the graceful folds of a white veil, and resembling the figure of an angel surrounded by clouds, was presented to the friends of the bridegroom by her father, and Madame Darbly, on her part, introduced de Tainville to his new relations. The bridegroom, seizing the hand of Antonine, conducted her to the deep recess of a large window, the curtains of which were partly drawn, and, removing them, exhibited the figure of a mendicant. It was Thom dressed as when he asked charity in the Rue de Seine, and holding in his hand a tw-o-sous piece. Antonine, after a little hesitation, recollected Thom, and, turning to Amadée, demanded an explanation of this scene.—"It is thus you have always appeared to my imagination;—since that day I sought you every where, but without success, till the fearful moment when Thom knew your voice." Madame Darblay, observing the emotion of Antonine, approached to know the cause of it.

"Ah! my dear mother!" cried Antonine, hiding her face in her bosom, "you are right,—*there is no such thing as chance!*"

M.

[In commencing, with the New Year, a new volume of The Mirror, the Proprietor and Editor are anxious, by giving it a new feature, to evince their gratitude for the unwearied patronage that has uniformly been bestowed upon it; and they conceive they cannot better meet the advance of improvement now manifesting itself in every branch of publication, than by furnishing

A SERIES OF ORIGINAL ARTICLES,

both in prose and verse, on all such topics as may be likely to prove most interesting and entertaining to the general reader. They commence with a First of a Series of Originals, Songs, written expressly for this work by Mr. Moncrieff, whose dramatic productions have so long been favourably known, and whose compositions of a similar nature in the Old Monthly, and other first-rate periodical works, some of which have been lately quoted in this publication, have been so much admired by the public. Other articles by popular writers are now in a course of negociation, and will successively appear, rendering the Mirror, together with its other claims, equal to the most favoured publications of the day.]

THE WAITS.*

WRITTEN BY MR. MONCRIEFF,

For the Mirror.

GLEE.

Come join with me, my jovial mates,
Let us sing a pleasant rhyme,
In praise of the Waits, the merry merry Waits,
Of the jolly Christmas time!
Oh how I love, all joys above,
To be woke in the mid of night,
In my snug bed lying,
By the gay Waits playing,
Foretaste of Heaven's delight.
While all is gloom and snow without,
And ever and anon they sing timely out,
"Good morning my merry masters and mistresses all,
We hope you will not forget the poor Waits' call!
Past Twelve o'Clock!"

* The admirers of the good old custom will be pleased to know, that those "*Harmonious* Blasters" of the night, *The Waits*, have this season been more general in their visits than ordinarily. In no parish of the metropolis have the "worthy inhabitants" had to wait for the Waits, but have, on the contrary, uniformly been waited upon by them. A copy of the gratifying notice subjoined was regularly left at all the houses in the aristocratic parish of St. George in the West, where Royalty itself, but for its absence at Brighton, might have had its "gentle slumbers" stolen upon by these "wandering melodists," notes of melody awakening sweet echo, on the dull, and solemn hours of the night, and again, been lulled to repose with the soothing Candanza of their "Lullaby."—It is painful, however, to reflect upon the possibility of the worthy quartetto, Messieurs Violin, Trumpet, Clarionet, and Harp, having been defrauded of their just rights by base pretenders to the "magic wand of Apollo;" but it is to be hoped that the precaution of the card, with "the seal and stamp thereon," will put all to rights. The Candanza to *Rory O'More*, *Murphy's Weather Eye*, and *Jenny Jones*, must have been a rich treat. The following is the notice referred to:

THE PARISH WAITS.

(In the original here the royal arms appear.)

"To the

Ladies and Gentlemen Residing in this Parish.

Ladies and Gentlemen, with sensible recollection of your past patronage on your wandering melodists, the Christmas Waits, we beg to offer our best compliments on the approaching festival, and trust to merit that liberal diffusion of your favours, which has enlivened and cheered our hearts for a series of years. We hope our notes of melody awaking sweet echo on the dull and solemn hours of the night has stole on your gentle slumber, and again lulled you to repose with the soothing Candanza of the Lullaby.

Violin	J. Paton.
Trumpet	W. Abbot.
Clarionet	R. Moy.
Harp	T. Moy.

In respectfully taking our leave, we beg to remind you, that some who are pretenders to the magic wand of Apollo, will attempt to impose on your liberality, and defraud us of your favours, it may be necessary to say that we will produce our card, containing the names as above, with seal and stamp thereon.

*** Please to have the kindness to ask for the card with the seal and stamp thereon, before you make any contribution."

How soft, how clear, the sounds we hear,
Through the dreamy midnight given,
So sweet they break on the ear, we wake
As 'twere from death to heaven!
In some blest dream ourselves we deem,
For old tunes bring back old times,
The treasured, the past,
Too dear to last,
In the soul-waking memory's chimes.
Then, while to loving arms we creep,
Rejoic'd we've still so many hours to sleep,
They cry,—
"Good morning my merry masters and mistresses all,
We hope you will not forget your poor Waits' call!
Past One o'Clock!"

As the whistling winds play a symphony,
Midst the pause of the pattering rain;
Like an angel visit of peace and glee,
Breathes some well-remembered strain.
It comes, a joy, without alloy,
Save the less its spell to break,
Till we huddle the clothes,
Further over our nose,
And another turn we take!
With a prayer for those of less happy fates,
And dream sweet dreams of the merry merry Waits,
As they cry,—
"Good morning my merry masters and mistresses all,
We hope you will not forget your poor Waits' call!
Past Two o'Clock!"

Then from neighbour's to neighbour's house they stray,
And to sleep again we bow;
While the sounds, in the distance, die away,
And we lose them, we know not how.
As they finely depart, in the echoes of the heart,
How sweet breathe those shadowy sounds.
At morning we deem
Them but some pleasant dream,
To which memory joyfully bounds.
Then join with me, my jovial mates,
In praise of the Waits, the merry merry Waits,
While they cry,—
"Good morning my merry masters and mistresses all,
We hope you will not forget your poor Waits' call!
Past Three o'Clock!"

Manners and Customs.

SKETCHES OF PARIS.—No I.

Our Avant-propos.

Since opposition has so agreeably manifested itself on the high seas, and steam-boats running between Boulogne and London at five shillings a-head, have opened what the advertisements term a great facility of communication between England and France, our own watering-places have become gradually deserted, as those on the other side of the British Channel have increased in favour. This, accordingly, during the summer months, leads somewhere about nine hundred people per week to Calais and Boulogne, (but chiefly to the latter place,) sometimes to bathe, sometimes to be out of the way, but more frequently to watch the oddities of foreign customs, and on their return say they have been in France; during which time they attend the Boulogne theatre regularly, in order that if they afterwards witness in London an adaptation (there are no translations now,) of any of the plays there represented, they may be enabled to say "they saw it on the Continent."

But of these same nine hundred "travelling English," however, there is a large proportion that having tarried at Boulogne a week, get struck with enthusiasm when they hear the conducteur's horns and postilions' whips, as the "Aigle" and "Hirondelle" diligences to Paris start every morning from their offices in the Rue de l'Ecu, in their metropolitan stations in the Place de la Bourse and Rue St. Honore; and think as they are so far advanced on the way, and have still some loose cash left, they may as well *see* Paris, especially as such an opportunity may never occur again. Accordingly, their places are taken by the "*commissionnaire*" of the hotel where they are staying; the young men go perched up in the "*banquette*," because they can smoke, and see the country; the ladies, in the *coupé*, because it is genteel; and the servants and children (if there are any,) travel very comfortably behind in the *rotonde*, furnished with a basket of provisions, to save their dining at Abbeville at three francs a-head, off soup, resembling lamp-oil and hot water shook together, sour wine, meat burnt to cinders, and hard apples and pears, all of which must be bolted if you do not wish to be left behind.

And now having finished a tedious journey of twenty-four hours, on long straight broad roads, divided into three partitions, of which the middle one is pavement and the two outside mud, bordered by thin melancholy trees, which seem to belong to the same spare genus as the French pigs, (and they are more like greyhounds than porkers;) having, we say, finished their journey, behold them at Paris, in an expensive hotel, and paying a little more than twice as much as they ought for everything they buy. Their demeanour is extremely eccentric also, and the newly-come English can always be *marked* at Paris. The first street they know the name of is the Rue St. Honore, and the first shop is Galignani's, because they go there to buy a Paris Guide—a book of great use, it is true, to strangers, but some of its descriptions rather over-painted. Well, then, they settle to stay a week at Paris, because they have read a plan for seeing that city in seven days; they admire the paintings and sculptures at the Louvre; have a *fiacre* to the Luxembourg, because they do not know the way; walk along the Boulevards to see the shops, and wonder there is not the perpetual fair going on there they have read of; get filled with album and firescreen sentimentality on seeing the monument of Abélard and Heloïse at Pere la Chaise; and having expressed their astonishment at the Bourse, Palais Royal, Arc de l'Etoile, Madelaine, Pantheon, and especially the column in the Place Vendome, they stretch out their excursions to St. Cloud

and Versailles, acknowledge we have nothing like them in our works in England, and finally go to the French opera, because they recollect in the Drury Lane pantomime the new ballets were always described as produced at the Académie Royale de Musique.

At the Cafés and Restaurants they are equally astonished. They dare not go at first by themselves, but engage a friend who knows what dishes to ask for; and afterwards, when they have their *demi-tasse*, their wonder is unbounded, because the *garçon* always pours out the coffee so abundantly in the cup as to make it run over into the saucer, and performs the same curious manœuvre with the petit verre of brandy. And finally, having seen all they can in the time, they buy cart-loads of trumpery, most of which is seized at the London Custom-house, from careless packing, and looking frightened on giving up their keys, and return home, having seized the opportunity for all their life to say they have been in Paris; and indeed they have, as far as its buildings, and a rapid and superficial glimpse at its manners are concerned, but there is much more behind the curtain that has escaped their observation. And to supply this void we have taken up our pen, in the humble wish of making these slight sketches stand in the same relation to Galignani's Guide, as the talented pencillings of our own Phiz have stood to Boz have been to the Picture of London—sketches of life and manners, and not of bricks and mortar. And do not, gentle reader, think us presumptuous or conceited, in openly avowing our endeavour to resemble the style of the author of the Pickwick Club;—we are well aware *he* stands alone, but we pray thee regard us as young pupils, endeavouring to imitate the work of a great master—with what success we leave you to determine. We shall not worry you with statistics or dates: we shall not tell you in what year the Louvre was built, when the Tower of Nesle was pulled down, when Notre Dame was whitewashed, and who placed the statue of Henri IV. on the Pont Neuf—all this you can find in books: but we will strive to show you how our fellow-creatures move and act in the gayest capital in the world. And we are not writing from imagination, neither are they penned in a carpeted room, with a coal fire in our own country, but we date them from our *appartement meublé*, in the Rue de Vaugirard, with a tiled floor, three logs of wet wood sulkily bursting on the hearth refusing all the efforts of an asthmatic pair of bellows to burst into flame, and a fine view of the towers of St. Sulpice, crowned with their telegraphs, and surrounded by innumerable chimney-pots, from the windows.

And thus, gentle reader, having given you an outline of our intentions, we respectfully make our bow. If you have not been to Paris, we may perchance give you a little idea of its wonders; and if you have—why perhaps even then we can tell you something new. And so accept our right good wishes for a happy season; and if you are paying us the compliment to be reading these outpourings of our mind and five-sous inkstand, to a Christmas circle, let me conclude, in the words of old Chaucer, with the English wish of "God spede all this fayre companie."

KNIPS.

COAL MINES.

Breeding-Fire.—Its Formation and Consequences.

FROM the Alpha to its Omega, from the beginning to its end, the miner's work is fraught with perils and dangers. If he but approach a hitherto untouched section of coal, the first stroke of his axe may perhaps give vent to a turbo, or whirlwind of imprisoned gas, whose pernicious effects may overpower his life: and when his work is finished, and he walks over ground strewn only with the apparent fragments and relics of his former labours, he unsuspectingly treads upon a floor, which, like to that on which Satan trod, is of "burning marl." We allude to that which is known to miners by the phrase of "breeding-fire," an account of whose formation follows. After the side of a work has been excavated, a great quantity of small and refuse coal is left behind: in this it is that the breeding-fire is engendered. In addition to these heaps of coal and rubbish, there are partings in the coal, bituminous schist, which, when left, gets into the mitte, and begins to heat like a hot-bed, or like a new hay-rick, as it presses together, till it fires by spontaneous combustion. This combustion, not being so immediate but that it will allow the workmen time to retreat, and not being so bad as to overcome vitality, nevertheless hinders them from working, and indeed rather endangers the mine than the men. This breeding-fire, when once enkindled, is often so difficult to be extinguished, that it is sometimes obliged to be drowned in water. It appears to be caused chiefly by the agency of water and the decomposition of the minerals. This, when by the falling of the roof the rock presses upon one of these particular heaps of refuse coal, and a little water drops upon it to damp it, (for decomposition goes on far more rapidly when water is admitted,) the steam first

---

In applying the epithet "widely-renowned" to the clever writer, we have not acted without reason. Over the way to the east saturn we had an appointment with a friend at Milan, and while wandering round its splendid cathedral, and beguiling the time by inspecting the articles displayed on the stalls against its walls, we were much astonished at seeing a large portion handkerchief, bearing the jolly countenance of Old Weller, and underneath, in sound English letters, "Vell Samivel my boy, how are ye?"

arises exactly like the steam of a hot bed. From this embryo, or incipient fire, the rest becomes so heated as speedily to ignite. The deeper the pit in which this collection of fragmentary matter lies, the greater likelihood is there of its taking fire more violently; for it is a very curious fact, agreeing with the observations of natural philosophers, that the temperature appears to increase about one degree of Fahrenheit for every twenty yards in depth, and would seem to furnish at least one argument in favour of the idea of a central fire. At the present day, however, we are glad to report that few perish by this fire, since it generally gives preliminary notice of its outbreak. In fact there are three who perish by the after-damp to one by the fiery ignition.

It would be well indeed for the workmen, if all other coming evils were equally ceremonious in apprizing them of their approach. It sometimes does indeed happen that timely notice is received, and the precipitation of the masses is not instantaneous. At such times, when a pillar of coal is about to fall, the best admonisher of the danger is Nature herself. When a piece of coal is on the point of falling, it makes a low crackling noise, just like the gentle noise of breaking a stick. Little pieces of coal, called the fore-runners, are generally heard to fall. The person who first hears the notice, (and their ears are very quick,) cries out immediately, "Listen," and everything is perfectly still: there is a death-like silence instantly, and upon continuance of the crushing of the coal, the men withdraw. This notice, however, is not in every case given, for masses frequently fall down without notice in the first instance, and accidents most commonly arise from this circumstance. Notice too of danger is in many cases afforded by the lamps of the miners, and by particular smells and odours, apprizing the miner of the existence of the pernicious gases. This is the case, both with the safety lamp and the naked candle, for the flame of both becomes lengthened, and in cases where the air is very noxious, the lamp indicates proximity to the danger by going out.

It would be of infinite advantage to mines if they could be lit without candles or lamps at all, and several modes have been tried: phosphoric lights, fish in a state of incipient putrescency, and various other schemes; but none of these proved effectual. At length a discovery was made by accident, which partially removed the difficulty, bringing into operation the principles of reflection. A carpenter, who was working at the top of the engine pit with a new hand-saw, turned it by accident to such an angle, that it reflected a pencil of the sun's rays down the shaft. The people who were working there were alarmed beyond measure: they thought it was another fire: they thought the flash of the rays from the saw was an explosion: on investigation, the true cause of their alarm was discovered; the bright hand-saw operated as a mirror, and this gave the idea of the application of mirrors. Thus, supposing a shaft required repairing after an explosion, the method of proceeding to use the mirror would be in this way. A person would be placed upon the top always when the sun was shining, and the mirror placed at a certain angle, so as to throw the rays of light down the pit; the light so thrown down is sufficient to do the work, while the sun is shining: and the inflammable air arising from the workings below, which would not allow of lamps or lights, finds the sun's rays unexceptionable. On arriving at the bottom, and progressing into the dark, the experiment of reflectors is adopted: small mirrors are then used, which catching the pencil of rays from the surface, by the first mirror, thus throws the light to some distance, and this can be so governed as to throw the rays of light upon even a nail-head, or any minute object of that kind, but they are not got with effect beyond the first angle. This is one of the methods lately adopted, and is worthy of great praise. The accidents in mines, by the strict cautions now taken, are becoming much less frequent, though great amelioration is yet needed. The worst accidents are those which cannot, by reason of their nature, be anticipated, or foreseen. Such are those arising from falling portions of the roof—from the air collecting in cavities out of which the coal has been worked, and from unbroken fields of coal, and from former wastes. Others are attributable to carelessness on the part of the miners themselves. Due circumspection and rigid vigilance will greatly diminish the number, and indeed render them of rare occurrence. Such a consummation is most devoutly to be wished for. W. Alderson.

A TRANSLATION OF

THE SONG OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.*

(*For the Mirror.*)

ADIEU PLAISANT PAYS DE FRANCE.

Oh! lovely France, farewell, farewell!
My country dear,
Where many a year
In youthful bliss I loved to dance.
Farewell for ever happy days;
The ship which parts our loves, conveys
But half of me—one half behind
I leave with thee, dear France, to prove
A token of our endless love,
To bring the other to my mind.

Wm. Tasse.

* Vide *Mirror*, vol. xxxii. p. 394.

THE FABLE OF THE CAT AND THE TWO SPARROWS.

A cat lived in the greatest friendship with a young sparrow, and no wonder, for they were of the same age, and had, from their birth, occupied the same apartment. The bird often provoked his companion by pecking her with his beak, which she returned only by fondling him with her paws. The cat always spared her friend, never chastising him save in jest; and even then, she was very scrupulous not to make use of her talons. The sparrow, less circumspect, dealt heavy blows with his beak; but puss, like a sage and discreet individual, made allowances for these familiarities; for one should never seriously give way to anger among friends. As they had been intimate from their earliest youth, the force of habit maintained peace between them, and their frolics never had an angry ending. At length a sparrow, residing in their immediate vicinity, came to visit them, and was soon the inseparable companion of petulant dick and of sage puss. The two birds shortly fell out, and puss took part in the quarrel. "This stranger!" she exclaimed, "is behaving mighty prettily, to insult my friend. Is the sparrow of another to be the death of our's? No! by all that is feline!" and joining the combat, she seized and devoured the intruder. "Really!" exclaimed miss puss, "there is a most exquisite and delicate flavour about these sparrows!" This profound reflection occurred to her often afterwards, till, no longer able to restrain her appetite, she fell upon and made a meal of her friend.*

Venerable Relic.—In the very ancient ecclesiastical structure called King's Chapel, at Islip, in Oxfordshire, formerly stood a stone font, which was used, as tradition affirms, for the baptism of Edward the Confessor, more than 800 years ago. It has long been displaced, and now occupies a far less pious position in the gardens of Sir Henry Brown, who resides not far off, at Nether Roddington, and affords free access to this antiquarian curiosity.

* Extracted from "Fables by the most eminent British, French, German, and Spanish authors," illustrated by numerous engravings, after original designs by J. J. Grandville, now publishing by Tilt. We hail this work as extremely opportune in its production, possessing an affluence of the richest efforts of the various artists employed. We have long considered a selection of the best fables from the most esteemed authors of all countries, a most desirable object, and have the good fortune to see this desire borne out to its fullest extent. The excellence of the typographic portion, the fineness of the paper, and the quantity, render this certainly one of the cheapest and most entertaining publication of the day.

Biography.

L. E. L.

At a time when every valley was ringing, and every hill re-echoing with her minstrelsies; when the Helot in his homestead, and the lordly Archon in his gilded room, were equally charmed with the melody of her songs, Greece was suddenly struck with panic and astonishment at hearing that the enchantress of their days had, in a fit of delirium, ended her existence;—that, from the pinnacle of a steep rock, Sappho, the Poetess, had plunged, and perished in the gulf below.

The gloomy and melancholy feeling which spread over Greece, is repeated at this moment in our own land. Another Sappho, the amiable Mrs. Maclean, better known in the literary world as "L. E. L," under distressing circumstances, was found dead in her apartment shortly after her arrival at Cape Coast.

Of this fair being, who, while she breathed the breath of life, was universally admired in the sphere through which she moved, endeared to every one around her by the affability and amiableness of her manners and conversation, every incident, which is at all connected with her life, cannot but be entertaining. Of those who have led literary lives, the most difficult task the biographer has to encounter, is the general paucity of information to be collected relating to the earlier period of their lives,—a period when, as yet, they were unknown to the world, and when their talents were confined within the limited round of their acquaintance.

To that bright quarter of the earth to which we alluded above, her spirit, in its early years, seems to have been much attached. This we gather from a circumstance which was told to the reminiscent by a highly veracious and respectable lady of literary pretensions, who was well acquainted with her, and in whose family she had long been a delightful visitant. Though simple in itself, we cannot but think that it evinces the bent of a powerful mind, desirous of attempting great and noble subjects, and seeming, at that premature age, already marshalling itself for mighty things.

It was at the latter part of the day, when the family were sitting at dessert, and discoursing upon various subjects, that the embryo Poetess was one of the company. She had long been observed to have been thoughtfully inclined, or, rather, lost in a sort of abstract mood. All on a sudden, to the no inconsiderable surprize of the assembled family, she sprang up instantly from her seat, and, with flashing eyes and uplifted arms, exclaimed, "O that I were a Spartan."

From this minute circumstance may be traced the tendency of her mind to subjects of a courageous and heroic nature; and those that are acquainted with her works well know that their predominant characteristic is the chivalrous or Spartanesque spirit which they breathe. Her mind is ever revelling amid scenes of gallantry and knighthood,—plumed minstrels and harped love-songs,—valorous knights and high-born ladies.

Our readers will remember, that, at the appearance of her Poem, entitled "The Vow of the Peacock," the edition was embellished with a fair frontispiece, representative of the amiable Authoress herself. Her appearance, indeed, was most prepossessing; her figure was what might be comprehended by the phrase "most lady-like," and her attire was altogether beautiful for its simplicity and elegance. The same lady who favoured me with the foregoing anecdotal reminiscence has described her to me, (as she knew her in her younger years of a somewhat different cast of figure and style,) as being rather round of figure, with a very healthy, rosy countenance, generally full of smiles and happiness; possessing a voice, not of a musical treble, but of a deep, or rather, melodious barytone. In after years, however, what from studious habits, and a quiet sedentary disposition natural to a literary life, there is no wonder that she should have become more delicate of frame.

We have before mentioned this name, dear to every lover of literature, in juxtaposition with that of Sappho, and, in more instances than one, do we think that their lives and peculiarities assimilate. The majectic march, observable in the Sapphic compositions, is exactly answerable to the stately pace which some of the verses of L. E. L. assume. Hers, too, like her impassioned predecessor, are full of fire, and energy, and melting sweetness. We would have given a third part of a kingdom to have had any of Sappho's subjects purposely composed on by L. E. L. We are convinced it would have been like the reflection of a face in a mirror—they would have been one and the same—the similarity would have been so great. Let any one first read Sappho's fragmentary Ode on the "Extasies of a Lover," and then recall the impression which the spirited poems of L. E. L. have left on his mind, and we feel persuaded they will acquiesce in our opinion, the general features bear so close a resemblance.

And, in the circumstances of their decease, there is, indeed, a greater similitude than may at first be apprehended. Both seem to have anticipated their death. The last letters, written by Mrs. Maclean, breathe a melancholy air. The phrase which Sappho employs at the conclusion of the Ode before cited, (the Raptures of a Lover,) of "τεθνάκην δ'ολίγω 'πιδεύης," indicating that

the wanted little of dying," or, that her death was but a short way off, was exactly of the same nature.

A lady of such brilliant talents, so distinguished an ornament to her country, should never have quitted a soil where she had passed all the flattering season of her life, for a climate so pre-eminently infested with swamps, fevers, and pestilence. Her marriage,—her love, as in the case of Sappho, impelled her into that gulf in which she has perished.

Meantime, blessed be her gifted spirit, while the tears of regret will be the incense which shall sorrowfully fall upon the altars which she has raised for herself, in the bosom of every intellectual son and daughter of the land.

W. ARCHER.

MEMOIR OF MRS. GEORGE MACLEAN,

KNOWN AS "L. E. L."

"Thinly what is lent,
Makes the returning more dear."

This richly-gifted being" was the daughter of an army agent, and niece of the late Dr. Whittington Landon, Dean of Exeter, and Student of Worcester College, Oxford, (who took a sincere interest in the welfare and fame of his matchless relative.) Having had the misfortune to lose her father when very young, and her brilliant talent soon becoming manifest, she appeared before the world, while little more than a child, as an enthusiastic and delightful literary labourer. Her earliest efforts were made in the pages of the *Literary Gazette*. "To her honour, it must be added," says the Editor of the *Athenæum*, "that the fruits of her incessant exertion were neither selfishly hoarded, nor foolishly lavished away, but applied to the maintenance and advancement of her family." In an existence so devoted to literary pursuits as that of Mrs. Maclean, few incidents can be expected that will interest the general reader, her life is to be found in her writings,—they are the best evidence of the glorious use she made of the invaluable time that was allotted her. Among her principal poetical works were—"The Vow of the Peacock," "The Troubadour,"—"The Golden Violet,"—"The Improvisatrice," and "The Golden Bracelet." Her latest published lyric, "The Polar Star," written while at sea, appears in the current Number of the *New Monthly Magazine*; and this beauteous composition is a splendid proof of what she was capable of, and doubtless would have accomplished in the new scenes of life upon which she was entering, had it pleased GOD to have prolonged her life.

The three novels, by Miss Landon,—"Francesca Carrara,"—"Ethel Churchill,"—and "Romance and Reality," are delightful stories of sentiment and gay life, and attest her powers as a prose writer.

In the year 1838, Miss Landon having married Mr. George Maclean, governor of Cape Coast Castle, sailed for that pestilential climate in the month of July, and reached her destination some time in October, and her decease, as we have stated, (vide p. 9,) took place on the fifteenth of the same month. A few days before her dissolution, Mrs. Maclean addressed several communications to private friends and to persons connected with literature in England, briefly descriptive of her new position, and touching on her future plans for the acquisition of fame. Of these, the last she was ever permitted to sign, and which was actually conveyed by the same vessel that brought the melancholy intelligence of her sudden death, is full of hope and feeling.

The following extract of a letter from the Rev. Thomas Freeman, Westleyan missionary at Cape Coast, conveyed to the public the first intelligence of the melancholy cause, which deprived England of one of its brightest literary characters.

"Cape-Coast Town, October 16, 1838.

"Here I would gladly close my letter, but, alas! alas! I feel it my painful duty to record the awfully sudden death of poor Mrs. Maclean—not occasioned by any sickness peculiar to this climate, her general health having been very good from the day she landed until yesterday morning, when she was found dead in her room, lying close to the door, having in her hand a bottle which had contained prussic acid, a portion of which she had taken, (as was proved by the surgeon,) the remainder being spilled on the floor. She had been seen, a short time before, in apparent good health and spirits. A letter was found, which she had written to a friend in Scotland, dated the same morning, in which she expresses herself as satisfied and pleased with Cape Coast and its inhabitants, and as finding every thing here much better than she had expected. (She told me the same eight or ten days ago, or thereabouts.) On the body being thus found, a jury was immediately summoned, composed of the European merchants of the town, (I was not among them,) and the nature of the evidence given was such as they considered would authorize them to give a verdict to the following effect:—'It is thought that she was seized with spasms in the stomach, (with which she was often troubled, being subject to them,) and took an over-dose of prussic acid, as she was found dead on the floor of her bed-room, close to the door, with the small bottle in her hand. It is supposed that she took an over dose, which killed her.' Mr. Maclean had been very ill with the same complaint, (the spasms,) while she only felt

them for a short time at once, not enough to make her ill. Indeed, whenever I have seen her, (which was often,) she always appeared in high health and spirits. We all deeply deplore the event."

We cannot more appropriately close this brief sketch, than in the following words of the editor of the *Literary Gazette*—they are written with a feeling of the deepest and most sincere regret—the pure outpourings of a wounded heart—and do alike honour to the writer and the lamented object of his grief—"To express what we feel on her loss is impossible—and private sorrows of so deep a kind are not for public display:—her name will descend to the most distant times, as one of the brightest in the annals of English literature; and whether after ages look at the glowing purity and nature of her first poems, or the more sustained thoughtfulness and vigour of her later works, in prose or in verse, they will cherish her memory as that of one of the most beloved of female authors, the pride and glory of our country while she lived, and the undying delight of succeeding generations. Then, as in our day, young hearts will beat responsive to the thrilling touch of her music; her song of love will find a sacred home in many a fair and ingenuous bosom; her numbers, which breathed of the finest humanities, her playfulness of spirit, and her wonderful delineation of character and society—all—all will be admired, but not lamented as now. She is gone; and, oh, what a light of mind is extinguished: what an amount of friendship and of love has gone down into the grave!"

GALLUS;* OR THE DOMESTIC MANNERS OF THE ROMANS,

IN THE AGE OF AUGUSTUS.

THE above work, by Professor Becker, of the University of Leipsic, was lately published in that city, by Fleischer: it is a production of vast research and learning; illustrative of the "Life" of the Roman People. As the work will shortly appear in London, we shall merely, for the present, quote a few extracts from those parts which treat of the *Libraries*, *Books*, and *Booksellers*.

THE LIBRARIES.

"That an extensive library should form part of the house of a learned and eminent Roman poet, is what might be naturally expected, and to take no notice of it would be rather an extraordinary omission. However, we should doubtless make a great mistake were we, either with reference to ancient or modern times, to draw from the presence of a costly collection of books a favourable conclusion as to the scientific knowledge or literary acquirements of the owner. What in the early periods of Roman history was felt to be a want only by a few learned individuals and patrons of learning, became gradually an object of luxury and fashion. The most ignorant then wished to appear learned, and every man of *ton* aspired to the possession of a rich library, though he might never look into a Greek poet or philosopher, perhaps never read even the titles on the rolls, and derived all his gratification from the outward appearance of his collection.

"A very different use was certainly made of their libraries by Cicero, Atticus, Horace, the elder and the younger Pliny, and the same may be presumed of Gallus. At all events, that a library was in his time regarded as a necessary sort of furniture, may be inferred from what is stated by Vitruvius, who treats of it as of any other division of a house. According to his direction, libraries should look towards the east. With respect to their arrangement in other respects, we have obtained further means of forming a judgment by the excavation of Herculaneum, which led to the discovery of a library with its rolls. Around the walls of this apartment were cupboards of little more height than a man, in which the rolls were deposited. There was besides in the middle another row of cupboards, which divided the room into two parts, so that the sides only formed passages. The apartment was therefore tolerably well suited to the preservation of books, but not to the perusal of them on the spot. A small room might thus be made to contain a considerable number of rolls, and accordingly it appears that in general the ancient libraries did not occupy much space. That discovered in Herculaneum was so small, that a man with extended arms could almost reach from the one wall to the other.

It is uncertain whether the Romans kept their books in open repositories, close wall cupboards, or *armarium* (a press, or locker.) Juvenal expresses the word *foruli* (shelves;) while others say *columbarium*, (literally a pigeon-house: what we now designate pigeon-holes. Indeed some authors assert the books were deposited in what were called scrinia (caskets wherein jewels were kept.)

"After Asinius, Pollio placed the portraits and busts of celebrated men in the library, which he made public; the example began to be followed in private libraries. Of this there is an interesting confirmation in *Mart.* ix., where the poet in the first epigram sends the inscription for his portrait to Avitus, who wished to give it a place in his library.

* CORNELIUS GALLUS, a Roman poet, was born about 69 B.C. at Forum Julii, but whether in Gaul or Italy is uncertain. He was intimate with Virgil. Augustus employed him in his war against Anthony, and rewarded his services with the government of Egypt. This elevation proved unfortunate; for being charged with peculation and conspiracy, his property was confiscated, and he was condemned to exile; in consequence of which he put an end to his existence in his forty-third year.

"A great number of slaves of the class *librarii* (transcribers) were employed in various bibliothetic services. The term indicates in a general sense every thing which has relation to the act of writing and MSS. and they were therefore also merely called *scribæ*. Under this name, however, they are to be distinguished from the *scribæ publicæ*, who were *liberi* (ingenuous,)—(free,) and formed a particular order of their own; and next from the *bibliopolæ*, (a bookseller,) who were also called *librarii*; and who had with the *librarii* of the libraries a sort of business intercourse, whence naturally arises the idea of the sale of works transcribed on their account. Among the transcribers were some whose occupation was to relieve library students from the burden of making extracts, the fittest for the business were short-hand writers—those stenographists of antiquity whose dexterity is perhaps unsurpassed by the moderns: they had a method also of secret writing by changes and transpositions of letters.

"It appears that, when the old Roman text began to be converted into a running hand, those who adhered to the ancient formal uncial character were called *antiquarii*, with as much propriety as that name was given to the writers who designedly selected antique, or obtuse and profound subjects.

"The *librarii* were, however, not only transcribers, but also bookbinders, if that word can be applied to rolls. Respecting their occupations, see the following dissertation on

BOOKS.

"The material on which works were chiefly written was the fine bark of the Egyptian papyrus. By manipulation and bleaching it was brought to such perfection in the age of Augustus, that the fabric which had before been the best, became only the third in quality, while the first rank was then occupied by that which was named *Augustus*, after the Emperor; and to the next sort was assigned the name of *Livia*. There were several manufactories of the article in Rome. Pliny enumerates altogether eight sorts, the lowest of which, the *emporetica*, (brown, or packing paper,) could not be used as writing-paper, and was only fit for packing.

"The narrow strips of paper, only about the width of six fingers, as found in Herculaneum rolls, pasted together, became *paginæ*, *schedæ*, (a page, or leaf of a book; but, according to Martial, it signifies the last strip of the roll.) The rolls varied in breadth, as, of course, they did in length. The Herculaneum rolls are in general the width of a Neapolitan palm, (three inches,) but some are narrower.

"After the discovery of Eumenes of Pergamus, the most practical material, next to papyrus, was parchment; the use of which, however, was very limited, as it was probably much the dearest. Though writings on leather, or even on silk, are mentioned, they must be regarded as belonging either to the imperfections of the more early, or to the singularities of the latter times, or perhaps nothing of the nature of books is meant.

"The ink used in writing was a kind of Indian ink prepared from lampblack. What Winkelman says agrees pretty well with this. —'The Herculaneum manuscripts are written with a kind of black pigment, very much resembling Chinese ink, but which has more body than the common ink. When the manuscript is held against the light, the character appears somewhat elevated. That such was the nature of the ink is proved by some found in an inkstand.' We must also conclude from what appears in Persius, though the scholiast denies it, that the fluid secreted by the *sepia* was used for writing.

"The ancients do not seem to have been acquainted with any artificial sympathetic ink, by which the writing might be made to appear after a particular treatment, known only to those instructed in the secret. However, they were no strangers to the use of some natural substances, such as milk or vegetable juices, in effecting the same object.

"A reed, the best kinds of which are brought from Egypt, Guidus, and the Anaitian Lake, was used instead of the pen now commonly employed, and it was cut in much the same manner.

"In one of the frescos discovered in Herculaneum, there is such a *calamus* (a reed) lying across an inkstand.

"The writing was, frequently at least, divided into columns, between which lines were drawn, probably with a red colouring matter. In the Herculaneum rolls these lines appear white, for which the circumstances under which they were found will readily account. A book had its title both at the commencement and the end.

"According to the regular practice, the *charta* or *membrana*, (paper, or thin skin,) had writing on one side only.

"The custom with regard to unimportant or valueless writing, as for instance that consumed by children for practice in the course of their education, was to use no new material.

"These *opisthographa* (paper, &c., written on both sides) were besides used for notes, memorandums, selections, or even essays, of which clean copies were afterwards to be made. When a book was held to be of no value, its contents were washed entirely out, and the paper served for a new manuscript, which was then called *palimpsestus*. The back or blank side of books were stained with cedrus or saffron colour, doubtless to protect them from moths and worms.

"On the book being completely filled with

writing to the end, it is probable that the stick or reed on which it was to be rolled, was then usually attached to the last page or strip. These reeds, which are to be seen in the Herculaneum rolls, do not stand out from either end, but have their extremities within the superfices of the cylinder's base. They are supposed to be the *umbilici* (middle) of the ancients.

"A small stick was passed through the tube, which formed, as it were, the axis of the cylinder, and to the two ends which projected beyond the disk, ivory, gilt, or painted knobs were affixed. These knobs are precisely the *cornua* or *umbilici* (corner and middle.)

"Previously, however, the bases of the roll were carefully cut, smoothed with pumice-stone, and coloured black. It is here worthy of remark that the pictures discovered in Herculaneum and Pompeii present nothing that can be considered as properly resembling these knobs, and that even no trace of them is found in the Herculaneum manuscripts.

"For the better preservation of the rolls, they were wrapped in parchment, which was coloured externally with the fine yellow of the *lutum lutea*.

"Finally, the title, *titulus*, *index*, was appended; and it was written on a narrow slip of papyrus or parchment, with a deep red colour, *coccum* or *minium* (scarlet or vermillion.) It is, however, not so easy to determine where this ticket was placed. Winkelmann's reference to a ticket hanging from the roll, as in Herculaneum paintings, is not satisfactory; for this circumstance does not correspond with the citation to be made from Tibullus. What appears to be most reasonable is to suppose with Schwartz that the ticket was placed upon the top of the roll.

"Winkelmann does not admit that the rolls were bound, at least there was no trace of any fastening to be found in Herculaneum.

"To conclude, I must not omit to mention, that it was usual to have the author's portrait painted on the first page.

THE BOOKSELLERS.

"When a decided taste for domestic and foreign literature began to spread, and the possession of a library became indispensable to the learned, or those who affected to appear learned, it was in the natural course of things that some individuals should make it their business to satisfy the new want. Copies of the laws were sold by the *librarii*. Under Augustus, the relations of the trade became still more palpable, and Horace names the brothers *Sosii*, by whom his poems were sold. These *librarii* transcribed books themselves, and kept assistants for the more rapid multiplication of copies. They were also called *bibliopolæ*, iv. 71. xiii. Their business appears to have been considered entirely mercantile; wherefore requisites for the labour were valued more than correctness.

"Authors, therefore, who wished to favour their friends, read the copies which were made for them, and corrected the blunders of the transcribers. Mart. xiii. 3.

"In Martial's time the *librarii* or *bibliopolæ*, had their shops (*tabernæ*) for the most part round the Argiletum. There were, however, some in other places, namely, in the Vicus Sandalarius. There the titles of the books for sale were hung up at the shop-doors, or, if the *taberna* was under a portico, on the adjoining pillars.

"The price at which books were sold appears really moderate, especially as the expenses of external ornament must be included in the charge.

"In what relation the booksellers stood to the author is not one of the least interesting of the questions connected with this subject. An opinion has prevailed that the ancients wrote only for honour and reputation, and never thought of obtaining any pecuniary reward for their literary labours. If however, this may be regarded as in general true, more particularly in the earlier times, still there is no reason to doubt that in certain cases authors obtained a positive profit from their works. If Plautus and Terence sold their comedies to the Ædiles, it cannot be regarded as extraordinary, that other authors should accept remuneration for their labours. The elder Pliny was offered by a private individual 40,000 sesterces (80,000 francs) for his *Commentarii Electorum*. This, it is true, was not the offer of a bookseller, but such transactions between them and authors are often indicated by Martial; as, for example, when he directs those who wished to obtain his poems by presents or by loan, to go to the bookseller and buy them; and elsewhere he speaks of poetry as a miserable occupation, and of the scantiness of the remuneration compared with that obtained by other productive employments; and complains that he was nothing the richer for his epigrams. This, however, does not exclude the idea of some sort of bargain with a bookseller; and it, indeed, is not conceivable that Martial should, without obtaining any advantage to himself, look on like an indifferent spectator, while Tryphon, or Secundus, or Pollius, was driving a thriving trade with his poems, for many books could not fail to prove very productive articles of commerce. Besides, there were booksellers, not ony in Rome or Greece, and wherever Grecian learning had found a home, but Roman literature was spread through the few civilized provinces. On this account Horace says of a good book, "*trans mare curret*;" and for the same reason Martial found readers in Gaul and Britain."

The Public Journals.

[The following graphically-written *tableau* is extracted from the last number of *Nicholas Nickleby*, wherein the hero of the tale is entering "The Great Metropolis" on the top of a stage-coach.]

"They rattled on through the noisy, bustling, crowded streets of London, now displaying long double rows of brightly-burning lamps, dotted here and there with the chemists' glaring lights, and illuminated besides with the brilliant flood that streamed from the windows of the shops, where sparkling jewellery, silks and velvets of the richest colours, the most inviting delicacies, and most sumptuous articles of luxurious ornament, succeeded each other in rich and glittering profusion. Streams of people, apparently without end, poured on and on, jostling each other in the crowd, and hurrying forward, scarcely seeming to notice the riches that surrounded them on every side; while vehicles of all shapes and makes, mingled up together in one moving mass, like running water, lent their ceaseless roar to swell the noise and tumult.

"As they dashed by the quickly-changing and ever-varying objects, it was curious to observe in what a strange procession they passed before the eye. Emporiums of splendid dresses, the materials brought from every quarter of the world; tempting stores of every thing to stimulate and pamper the sated appetite, and give new relish to the oft-repeated feast; vessels of burnished gold and silver, wrought into every exquisite form of vase, and dish, and goblet; guns, swords, pistols, and patent engines of destruction; screws and irons for the crooked, clothes for the newly-born, drugs for the sick, coffins for the dead, and churchyards for the buried—all these jumbled each with the other, and flocking side by side, seemed to flit by in motley dance like the fantastic groups of the old Dutch painter, and with the same stern moral for the unheeding restless crowd.

"Nor were there wanting objects in the crowd itself to give new point and purpose to the shifting scene. The rags of the squalid ballad-singer fluttered in the rich light that showed the goldsmith's treasures, pale and pinched-up faces hovered about the windows where was tempting food, hungry eyes wandered over the profusion guarded by one thin sheet of brittle glass—an iron wall to them; half-naked shivering figures stopped to gaze at Chinese shawls and golden stuffs of India. There was a christening party at the largest coffin-maker's, and a funeral hatchment had stopped some great improvements in the newest mansion. Life and death went hand in hand; wealth and poverty stood side by side; repletion and starvation laid them down together."

WESTMINSTER HALL, DURING THE TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS.

On the 13th of February, 1788, a day which will be ever memorable in English annals, Mr. Burke appeared in Westminster Hall, at the bar of the House of Lords, as the appointed organ of the House of Commons, to open the articles of impeachment; and the accounts of all cotemporaneous narrators concur in the representations of splendour and interest which were presented by that important occasion. Let us imagine that august scene! Let us suppose ourselves in that noble Hall, on which the lapse of centuries has conferred an additional interest to what is derived from its architectural magnificence, crowded with all that was illustrious by rank, power, and intellect; with the delegated and concentrated greatness, as it were, of the empire, there assembled, to hear the complaints of a people, separated from us by thousands of leagues, and by every conceivable variety of language, manners, and religion, and whose only claim to the attention of the congregated judges, arose from their dependent weakness, and their supposed miseries and oppressions! Let us imagine that assembly, listening with breathless silence to the lawful eloquence of Sheridan and Burke, while denouncing the crimes of tyranny, depicting its horrors, and exposing its consequences with such searching power, that the gathered multitudes shook with sympathetic terror, and trembled at imaginary spoliations and visionary murders, as if committed under their eyes;—the greatest efforts of those great men, thus concentrating their mighty talents to the cause of Liberty, and laying them as a votive offering on the sacred altar of justice!

It is in vain to look at the whole compass of history for a spectacle more imposing. The prosecution of Verres, on the complaint of the people of Sicily, like that of Lord Strafford, for his government in Ireland, (which are the only proceedings in ancient or modern annals that I know of at all analogous to it,) referred to tyrannies of a much less extensive kind; to misconduct of delegated rulers over neighbouring islands of the mother state, and over a people whose complaints could easily reach the seat of imperial government. The prosecution of Verres was soon discontinued; and the orations of Cicero, which remain for the pleasure of mankind, are full of invectives which were never pronounced, and may be regarded as merely rhetorical compositions. The impeachment of Lord Strafford, indeed, was carried to a complete and successful termination, and the great Wentworth expiated his apostacy on the scaffold, while affording an additional proof of the little faith that "should be placed in Princes." But

the charges against him, though weighty, were few; the evidence was not complicated or multitudinous, and the trial was of manageable extent, and was concluded in a reasonable period.—*From an admirable Lecture on the Writings and Character of Burke, by A. A. Fry, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn.*

The Gatherer.

Funeral of the Pretender.—The following account of the funeral of the Pretender, who died December 30, 1765, is extracted from a letter, dated Rome, January 30, 1766:—The pretender being dressed in royal robes, with the crown upon his head, the sceptre in his hand, and upon his breast the arms of Great Britain, in gold and jewels, was carried in private to his own parish church, and laid upon a bed of state, above which was a throne suspended from the ceiling: on the top of the throne were the figures of four angels holding the crown and sceptre; and at each corner a figure of death looking down. From the canopy were suspended four large pieces of drapery of purple silk, on which, at the distance of every six inches, was a row of gold lace, lined with white fringe; this drapery was parted, and hung to the capitals of four columns on each side of the church, which was hung with black cloth, enriched with ornaments of gold. The church was full of chandeliers, with skeletons holding wax tapers. After laying three days in state, during which period none were allowed to enter except the Italian princes and the English, he was carried, upon the same bed of state, to St. Peter's, to be buried. The procession proceeded in the following order: the children of the different schools; twelve companies, of fifty men each, in ancient and different dresses, with tapers; about one thousand friars of different orders, with torches; the singing boys of St. Peter's, dressed in purple silk gowns: and about fifty canons, singing hymns. Round the body was the English College, and four cardinals upon mules, covered with purple velvet trappings; the chevalier's servants, in twelve coaches, lined with black velvet, closing the procession. W. G. C.

A Florentine, of the name of Carletti, introduced the use of chocolate into Italy: it passed from Spain into France with Anne of Austria, queen of Louis XIII., and it was not till the latter end of the 17th century, that the manufacture of it became at all general in France. H. M.

Character of the people of Berlin, by a Prussian.—"Berlin is a scene of constant intrigue. We don't all drink, we don't all pray—but we all intrigue. From the prince to the peasant, each has his *affaire d'amour* in hand, and we care very little if all the world know it."—*Gleig.*

A hardy seaman, who had escaped one of the recent shipwrecks upon the coast, was asked by a good lady how he felt when the waves flashed over him? He replied, "Wet, madam, very wet."

The following legend, relating to the statue of St. Januarius, at Pozzoli, near Naples, is given by a modern traveller:—"The [illegible] in one of their expeditions [illegible] Naples, having wantonly [illegible] by breaking off its nose and carrying [illegible] the wind began to blow so violently [illegible] found it impossible to put to [illegible] some of them said that they [illegible] owing to the resentment of the [illegible] would not be appeased as long as [illegible] in their possession; whereupon a council was held, at which it was determined to throw it into the sea, which they had no sooner accomplished than fine weather immediately succeeded, and they set sail for their own country. In the meantime a number of artists had endeavoured to repair the image with a new nose, but neither art nor force could fasten one on; at length some fishermen took up the original nose in their nets, but not knowing what it was, they threw it again into the sea; nevertheless, the nose continued to offer itself to their nets in whatever place they were fishing. At last, one of the fishermen having suggested that it might be the nose of the saint, they applied it to the statue, to examine whether it fitted, when it immediately, without any cement, united so exactly, as scarcely to leave any appearance of its having been detached. W. G. C.

The original mode practised of Advertising.—In the early part of the reign of Elizabeth, it was customary, when any person had lost any property, or in want of any, or had articles for sale, to affix a bill on one of the doors of St. Paul's church. The advertisements were always headed with the word "*Siquis*," (from *Scil. invenerit*, to find.)

"Sawst thou ere *Siquis* patch'd on Paul's church doore,
To gaine some vacant vicarage before?"

Decker, in his Guls Horne Booke, says, "The first time that you enter into Paules, pass through the body of the church like a porter; yet presume not to fetch so much as one whole turne in the middle ile, nor to cast an eye on *Siquis* doore, pasted and plastered up with serving mens supplications, &c."

It is not perhaps generally known, that the first house ever numbered in London was the one abutting east of Northumberland House, Strand.

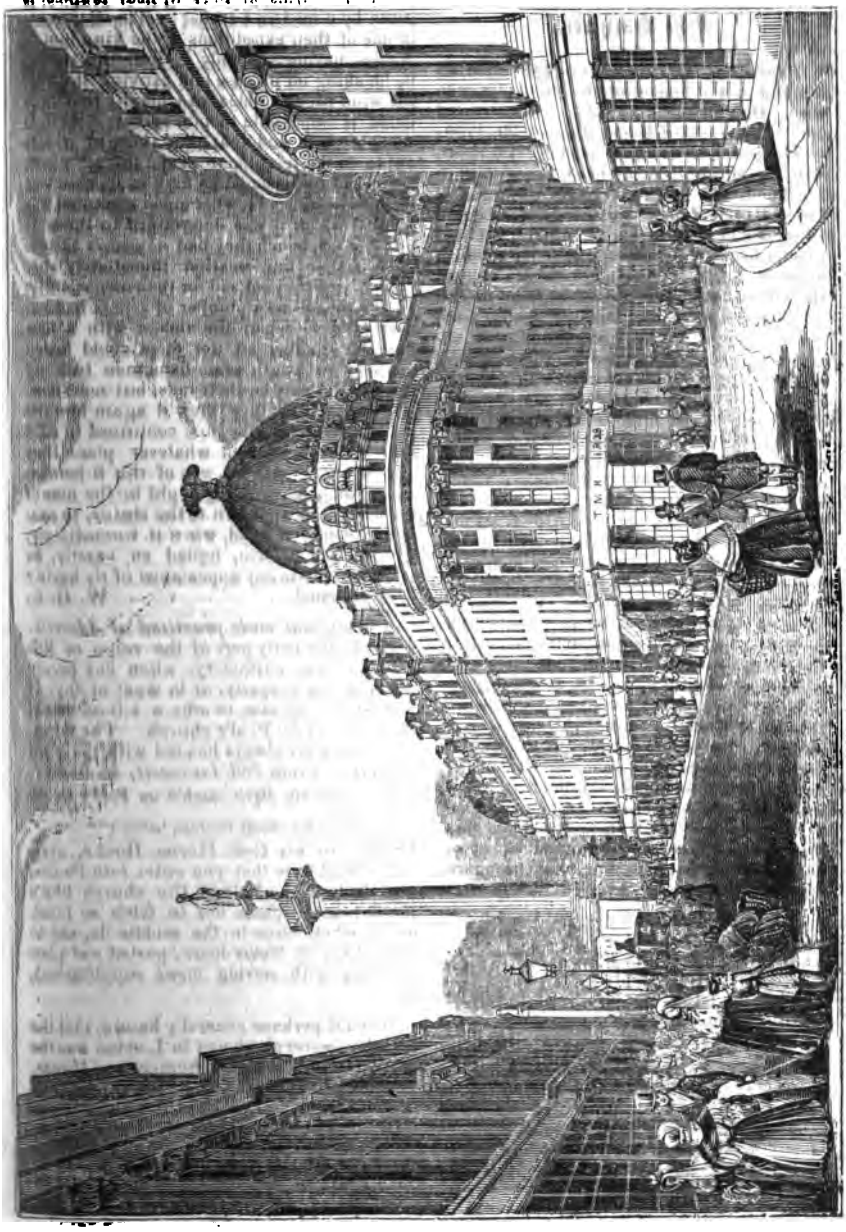
LONDON: Printed and published by J. Limbird, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.—In Paris, by the Booksellers.—In FRANCFORT, by JUGEL.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 932. | SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1839. | PRICE 2d.



GREY STREET, NEWCASTLE.

GREY STREET, NEWCASTLE,

Owes its present magnificent appearance, principally to the splendid talents of the architect, Mr. Grainger, who, by his exertions, has produced a street, certainly not inferior, in point of architectural beauties, to any in England: indeed it is by many persons considered to be without a rival in the world; as a street of business, surpassing Regent-street, London, for the classical richness and diversity of its architecture; but what may tend to give it a decided advantage, is that the fronts of the houses are of solid stone, and not of brick faced with stucco.

The Central Exchange, with its rich Corinthian front, and splendid cupolas, with the gorgeous bronze plumes sculptured on their summits, form objects worthy of great admiration; but, however rich the outside of this building may be, it is eclipsed by its magnificent interior, presenting a semicircle surrounded by twelve pillars of the Ionic order: the light of this immense building is obtained through rather more than ten thousand square feet of glass in the sides of the roof, and the crown of the dome, which has an exceeding striking effect when viewed from below. During the recent assemblage of the British Association at Newcastle, the meeting was held in this Exchange, which furnished accommodation for nearly six thousand persons. Here also are the exhibition rooms and offices of the North of England Society for the Promotion of the Fine Arts; and to the honour of the Newcastle people, as liberal patrons of those arts which tend to harmonize the mind, and soften down the asperities of man, numerous fine specimens of painting and sculpture, many of them being the works of native artists, have here been exhibited; together with a rich display of models for steam machinery, and for the construction of bridges on railways. The pile of building, known as the Northumberland District Bank, and the Branch Bank of England, also in Grey-street, has all the appearance of a grand palace. And as a beautiful and appropriate termination to this magnificent street, is the colossal statue of Earl Grey, erected at the point of entrance to Grey-street and Grainger-street.*

Sykes, in his "Local Records," says, under date 1580, that an ancient house, now called Anderson-place, in Pilgrim-street, Newcastle, was built by Robert Anderson, merchant, (out of the offices, and nearly upon the site of the Franciscan Priory.) In this house King Charles I.† was confined, after having surrendered himself to the Scots, at Newark; and on its site part of Grey-street was built.

Newcastle has been distinguished as the birth-place of many eminent characters: among whom, are the celebrated Dr. John Scot, usually called "Duns Scotus," who received his education in the Franciscan priory just spoken of; Dr. Nicholas Durham, the zealous opponent of Wickliff: he resided in the priory, in 1360; Elstob, a learned Saxon antiquary and divine, born 1673, died 1714; and his sister, Eliz. Elstob, born 1663, who was also eminent for great knowledge of Saxon literature; she died 1756. Dr. Grey, born 1694, died 1771. Mark Akenside, poet and physician, born 1721, died 1770. Bourne, historian, died 1733. The Rev. J. Brand, born 1743, died 1806. Dr. C. Hutton, the celebrated mathematician, born 1737, died 1823. John Scott, Earl of Eldon, Chancellor of England, born 1751; and William Scott, his brother, Lord Stowell, born 1745. Lord Collingwood, born 1748, died March, 1810. Bewick, the engraver, resided in Newcastle from 1767, till his decease, December, 1795.

* An engraving of this statue is given in the 32nd vol. of the *Mirror*, page 305.

† 1646 (May 13.) "The king was no where treated with more honour than at Newcastle, as himself confessed. His majesty is said to have lodged at the house now the property and residence of Major George Anderson, a room in which retained the name of the king's bedchamber. In this stood a bed of very antiquated fashion, said to have been the identical one upon which the unfortunate monarch had passed several anxious nights; this was preserved until an incurious domestic removed and sold it as lumber, whilst the present proprietor, who is passionately fond of the antique, was abroad on his travels. Every exertion was used to recover this ancient and stately bed, but without effect. Whilst the king was here his coachman died, as appears by the following entry in St. Andrew's register:—"December 6, 1646—Hugh Brown, buried the 6 day, in the church, the king's kouchman, *i. e.* coachman." There is a popular tradition, that the king attempted his escape from this house by the passage of Loch Burn, which runs through the centre of the town, and that he had got down as far as the middle of the side, when he was caught in his attempt to force the iron grate at its outlet. A ship was said to have been in readiness to receive his majesty. In consequence of the above attempt at escape, a guard of soldiers was placed at the door of his majesty's chambers, both within and without, that deprived him not only of his formal liberty, but also destroyed his future quiet and repose. That the king meditated an escape, receives confirmation from the following, quoted by Chambers in his History of the Rebellions in Scotland, from a memoir of the Sutherland family. About the middle of December, Robert Leslie, brother to Lieutenant-general Leslie, came from the king out of Newcastle, with letters and a private commission to the Marquis of Huntley, showing that his majestie had a mind to free himself from the Scots armie at Newcastle; and if he might escape, he would come to him in some part of the north of Scotland; and therefore, desired him to have in readiness what force he could make." In 1647, an agreement was made between the parliament of England and the Scottish army, that the former should have possession of the king's person, and that the latter, on the receipt of £200,000, should quit the kingdom of England; commissioners were deputed from London to receive the king, and convey him from Newcastle. On the 28th of January, the Scottish army having received the price of the king in six-and-thirty covered waggons, delivered his person to the English commissioners, and immediately returned to their own country, where they were disbanded. The commissioners, with his majesty, set out from Newcastle on the 3rd of February."—*Sykes's Local Records*, pages 99—101. *Edition* 1833.

SONG FOR THE NEW YEAR.

(For the Mirror.)

Lay's merrily ring the New Year in,
And have no thought of sadness;
'Tis right we should a year begin
In joyousness and gladness.
Oh, let us not refuse to smile,
But with a gladsome feeling,
Let's welcome in the New Year, while
The Old Year's knell is pealing!
So merrily sing the New Year in,
And have no thought of sadness;
'Tis right we should a year begin
In joyousness and gladness.

What though we may have tasted grief
In the year that's just departed;
That is no cause in my belief
To make us now sad-hearted.
We cannot o'er life's changeful way
Pass without knowing sorrow,
And though we may be sad one day,
We rarely are the morrow.
So merrily sing the New Year in,
And have no thought of sadness;
'Tis right we should a year begin
In joyousness and gladness.

Yes, thanks to the all-gracious Pow'r
Who our live's length doth measure,
Care doth not always on us lour,
We sometimes clasp sweet pleasure.
And so the year whose birth this night
So cheerily we're singing,
To most of men joy and delight
As well as care is bringing.
So merrily sing the New Year in,
And have no thought of sadness;
'Tis right we should a year begin
In joyousness and gladness. S. H.

LIFE IN DEATH.

Indeed you do me wrong,—I merit not
These hard censorious eyes and dull regards.
Because I have not wept, or sighed, or raved,
Or sat in a mute madness, though I knew
That she, whom we so loved, is gone away.
I have lost nothing, why then should I weep?
She is to me the same she ever was,
A never-ceasing presence, a life-light,
In the dark watches of the pleasant night,
Or some far darker passages of day.

If I would weep, or mourn her fancied loss,
The silver fire, that swells from her calm eyes,
Leaps up my tears, and tells me she is here:
If I am sick at heart, she sits beside me,
And lays the velvet back of her white hand
Upon my cheek, to ask if all be well,
Or parts the hair upon my heated brows.
Since that one instant, in itself a life,
When, as commissioned messengers, my eyes
Went to her, and brought back into my soul
A gift, the greatest of all possible gifts
Which God-empowered man can give to man,
A notion of the absolute beautiful:
Since then, all nature has been one to me,
One with impregnated with her sole spirit;
I feel the ambient sweetness of her breath
In flowering rosiers and the woods of spring;
Her voice is gushing from the nightingale;
There's not a cloud that walks the unsullied air,
But takes from her its majesty of gait,
Persephone was made to show how she could move.
I do not say, that when I saw her lie
Hushed to cold sleep by nature's lullabies,
(The music that plaintive nurse eternally
Sings as she rocks to rest her dearly loved;)
I did not for one moment stare aghast,
And know the blood stood still about my heart;
Till soon the wailers left me there alone,
And in the quiet of the gloom I saw
The blessed image, moving, ministering,
By me, about me,—just as heretofore.
Oh ye who talk of death, and mourn for death,
Why do you raise a phantom of your weakness,
And then shriek loud to see what ye have made?
There is no death to those who know of life—
No time to those who see eternity.

[From *Mr. Monckton Milnes' Poems**—a string of pure and sparkling gems of English poesy.]

"The warrior lies down in the grave, and the peaceful man seeks his repose in the bosom of the earth."

Why stiffen those features! why cold is that brow!
Bright soul of the hero! where, where art thou now?
Thou art past, like the wild wave that lashes the shore,
One moment tremendous, one moment no more.

In silence departed, thou meek son of peace,
Thy labours are o'er, and thy troubles shall cease;
To worth and to virtue the tribute is paid,
And sorrow no more shall thy slumbers invade.

Blest, blest are ye both, for the struggle is past,
Ye have reach'd the bright haven of safety at last;
And the place of your future rest ever will be
The abode of the Seraph, the spotless and free.
C. S.

GEORGE II. AND HIS SON FREDERICK, PRINCE OF WALES.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

The quarrel between the sovereign and his son, is supposed to have originated in the countenance which the latter gave to the party in opposition to the measures of government; it was carried on by the king with a rancour (descending to personality) unknown to the modern disputes of royalty. The prince had a separate establishment at Norfolk-House, which was the chief resort of the disaffected to the party in power: no persons visiting the prince were allowed to come to the court of the sovereign. It is stated as a fact that, when the prince died, a messenger was sent to inform the king of the circumstance, who was at the time playing at cards with a large party at the palace; with true German *sang froid* he continued the game to the end, and then communicated the intelligence to his mistress, the Duchess of Kendal, who was playing at another table, by calmly telling her that "*Fritz was dead*," but made no motion to interrupt the amusements; the duchess, with more feeling and delicacy, immediately broke up the assembly. The following letter was given to me as one in the handwriting of the king, but I have reason to doubt the truth of the allegation; nevertheless, it bears the marks of being a rough draft of it, being altered and interlined, and from its apparent age, there is no doubt of its being written at the time of its date, 1737; there are some grammatical errors in it, which may possibly arise from its being the production of a foreigner, the king was known to be but indifferently skilled in the English language.

* Moxon, London.

I have transcribed it *verbatim et literatim*, if you think it worthy a place in your entertaining miscellany. WM. TOONE.

"The professions you have lately made in your letters of your particular regard to me, are so contradictory to all your actions, that I cannot suffer myself to be imposed upon by them. You know very well you did not give the least intimation to me or to the Queen that the Princess was with child, till within less than a month of the birth of the young Princess; you removed the Princess twice in the week, and immediately preceding the day of her delivery, from the place of my residence, in expectation, as you voluntarily declared, of her labour; and both times, upon your return, you industriously concealed from me and the Queen every circumstance relating to this important affair; and you at last, without giving any notice to me or the Queen, precipitately hurried the Princess from Hampton Court in a condition not to be named; after having thus, in execution of your own determined measures, exposed both the Princess and the child to the greatest perils, you now plead surprise, and your tenderness for the Princess, as the only motive that occasioned these repeated indignities offered to me and the Queen, your mother. This extravagant and undutiful behaviour, in so essential a point as the birth of an heir to my crown, is such an evidence of your premeditated defiance of me, and such a contempt of my authority, and of the natural right belonging to your parents, as cannot be excused by the pretended innocence of your intentions, nor palliated or disguised by specious words only; but the whole tenour of your conduct for a considerable time has been so entirely void to all real duty to me, that I have long had reason to be offended with you, and until you withdraw your regard and confidence from those by whose instigation and advice you are directed and encouraged in your unwarrantable behaviour to me and the Queen, and until you return to your duty, you shall not reside in my palace, which I will not suffer to be made the resort of them who, under the appearance of attachment to you, foment the division you have made in my family, and thereby weaken the common interest of the whole; in this situation I will receive no reply; but when your actions manifest a just sense of your duty and submission, that may induce me to pardon what I at present most justly resent. In the mean time, it is my pleasure that you leave St. James's, with all your family, when it can be done without prejudice or ill-convenience to the Princess. I shall for the present leave to the Princess the care of my granddaughter, until a proper time calls on me to consider on her education. G. R.

Hampton Court, Sept. 10th, 1737.

N.B. The Princess was delivered of a female, named Augusta, at St. James's, on the 31st July, and the Prince and his family, in consequence of this letter, removed on the 14th September to Kew. The Prince died 20th March, 1751.

Manners and Customs.

SKETCHES OF PARIS.—No. II.

A Fête.

WE had been some few weeks at Paris, and gone the round of all the usual sights, when our attention was arrested one morning, on our way to breakfast in the Rue de la Harpe, (where we regaled ourselves every morning with a basin of *café au lait*, a *petit pain*, and a boiled egg, for ten sous,) by a large placard upon the wall where the play-bills were generally pasted up, headed *Fête de l'Etoile*, and followed by the announcement that on the Sunday, Monday, and Thursday following, a fête would be held on the grass-plot beyond the Triumphal Arch, at the end of the Champs Elysees, when various games would take place, and there would be a ball in the evening. Now, as our idea of a fête had always been confined to a race between two balloons, a hundred thousand additional lamps, the Ravel family, and other attractions to be "more fully announced in the bills of the day," we were anxious to see what sort of amusement this would turn out to be; so taking our station in an omnibus, about six o'clock in the evening of one of the appointed days, we were put down at the Barriere de l'Etoile, and marched up the slopes to a scene of gaiety which fully answered our fondest anticipations of what Paris was.

It will not do to say it resembled an English fair, because there were neither farmers, pigs, nor charity-boys, among the gay and really happy-looking throng; neither were there the tin boxes on the top of sticks to be thrown at; but there were shows, stalls, and games going on in all directions, so novel and so different to aught we had seen before, that our attention was arrested at every step. The first thing that struck us on entering the ground was a stand about five feet high, on which were arranged divers little images of plaster of Paris, and at the top was a revolving piece of machinery, embellished with birds of the same material. We were allowed to fire pellets of clay from a cross-bow, at the aforesaid images, at the rate of four shots for a sou, and from a distance of about twelve or fourteen feet; and having had the satisfaction of knocking off the head of a giraffe, and seriously damaging a parrot, we passed on to the next game, which had another piece of mechanism displayed for the same end. Here was a figure of a soldier on horseback, as large as life, and on hitting a small target

on his breast with the pellet, a grim Bedouin rose from behind, and appeared to be threatening him. Others were fashioned like castles and forts; but the most amusing, and that which attracted most customers, was a representation of the city of Constantine, where, on hitting the great gates, a number of Arabs rushed out, hotly pursued by French soldiers. We next came to a miniature canal, along which a small steam-boat was plying by clock-work; on arriving at the end, its prow struck a lever, which released a ball placed on the top of a castle, and this ball, after performing various evolutions in and out the windows and doors, finally descended into a large round tray, having holes of various colours on its surface, in one of which it rested. You had the privilege of setting the steam-boat off yourself, by payment of a sou, (for the games are all the same price,) and during its voyage you named your colour. If, by luck, the ball took the right one, you became the fortunate possessor of six cakes: if not, of course you lost. This game was varied at the different stalls, but all had the same end, viz., the six cakes, which were very deceptive in their appearance, having certainly more air in their composition than flour and sugar. Gambling in any way for money is strictly forbidden by the police; you may, however, pay for your chances at these games, and lose it equally fast. But the drollest game of all, and one which drew a hearty laugh from us, was a sort of tilting match, taking place under the trees at the side of the ground. A large mask, with most ludicrous features, and nearly three feet long, was tied before you, to prevent your seeing; and furnished with a lance, you had to walk forward from a given point, and hit a large target placed at the extremity of the lists. It appeared excessively easy, but there were few who succeeded; and their endeavours, added to their odd appearance, were exceedingly ridiculous. Some shot off at once to the right, amongst the trees; others to the left; but the majority, after getting on very well for a little way, became confused, wavered, and generally returned nearly to where they set off from. The only person who seemed to understand it was the man himself, who kept the lists, and when the mask was placed on him, (which it often was, to incite others,) he contrived to walk straight up to the target. If you succeeded in hitting it, the prize was a small whip, a knife, three metal spoons, or a picture representing some imaginary incident in the life of Napoleon, that never happened, framed and glazed. But the shows were the chief attraction, and certainly an odd assemblage of strong men, fencing-ladies in Roman dresses, large snakes, and savage Indians, had collected together. We paid to go into one which promised amusement from the pictures outside, and we were certainly not disappointed. [illegible] some very excellent conjuring, that beat our conjectures altogether: next was the performance of a French Hercules, who suffered himself to be tied up by his heels, and then held heavy weights in his teeth, until his face became quite purple; and the exhibition concluded by the manœuvres of some learned birds. These poor objects were all asleep in a cage when we entered, but on being awakened, they presented a most ragged assemblage of featherless little bullfinches, in cocked hats and small red coats, with swords and guns tied round them. They drew carts, marched, fired cannon, and sat down to dinner; and when they had finished, walked very orderly into their cage one after another. This was enough, we thought, for two sous. There were also "ups and downs" and "roundabouts" on the same model as in England; but the only difference was, that grown-up people were revolving in the chairs, and on the hobby-horses, instead of children, but evidently with the most intense spirit of enjoyment.

And now we turned towards the ball, which was gradually being illuminated by handsome lamps suspended all round. Five sous was charged for entrance, and on gaining the *salon* we were indeed astonished. So tastefully fitted up, such order, and so different to the vulgar jostling of the "Crown and Anchor," at Greenwich fair. Figure to yourself, reader, an enormous tent, say one hundred feet long, supported by gilt pillars, and surrounded by trophies and tri-coloured flags, with pretty festoons of red, blue, and white calico all round. The floor was neatly boarded, and in the centre an excellent orchestra of a dozen musicians, was performing all the favourite and most popular waltzes and quadrilles of Paris. An extra demand of five sous was made for each time you danced, and you were at liberty to ask any fair one your choice might fall upon. The utmost order prevailed; indeed, if any one transgressed the rules of politeness, he was immediately shouldered off by the municipal guards in attendance. It is true, this was all very proper for the sake of order, but we must confess we did not like the appearance of so many grim soldiers in a ball-room. There are no public amusements of any kind in France without them, and their fierce mustachios and tiger-skin helmets, contrast oddly with the gaiety around.

The refreshment department of the ball was well arranged. There was not the immense bar which we see at the Greenwich fair and Egham Race-course dancing assemblies, covered with cold boiled beef, ham, fowls, bottled porter, pipes, and crockery; but then there was a small tent aside from the grand one for lemonade, *sirop de groseilles*, wine, coffee, and Rheims biscuits, which had an

air of refinement never met with in England at meetings of this kind. Dancing was the sole object of the evening, and dance they did, and so did we too, (as soon as we had got over our thorough English idea that every body was looking at us,) and we can safely say, we enjoyed ourselves much more that evening than we had done at many parties in London. And then the practice in French conversation which it affords. You can speak so easily, so fluently to a pretty grisette, in the middle of a dance, and under the influence of a bottle of *Vin Ordinaire* at fifteen sous—it beats all the masters, believe us, on our honour, for we speak from experience. After every four quadrilles we had a waltz, extremely well executed by most of the parties concerned; indeed every species of dancing seems natural to them; and they have the politeness not to laugh at a stranger whose style is different, or what appears to them awkward, which indeed is often the case.

We amused ourselves here for about two hours; and then, finding all the omnibuses quite full, determined to walk home down the Champs Elysees, and we were well repaid. It was a lovely summer evening, and the distant lamps of the *marchands* among the trees gave a pretty effect to this favourite rendezvous of the Parisians. The asphalte promenades of the Place de la Concorde were quietly gleaming in the moonlight, and the last band of noisy students was returning from the *Chaumière*, as we reached home, much delighted with our fête. KNIPS.

WIT OF THE ANCIENTS.

FROM THE ORIGINAL AUTHORS; WITH REFERENCES.

(For the Mirror.)

ENNIUS, the poet, used to say that it was easier for men of wit to keep burning coals within their teeth, than good sayings *Cic. de Orat.* ii. 54. [In the original *bona dicta*, which was applied among the Romans, as *good things*, among us, to *facetiæ* or *witticisms*.]

A man once said to Aristippus, "In what respect will my son be the better for being instructed?" "At least," replied Aristippus, "he will gain this advantage, that he will not sit in the theatre as a stone upon a stone."—*Dioj. Laert.* ii. 72. [It appears that the seats in the Greek theatre were of stone.]

Philippus, a greedy and unprincipled fellow at Rome, being attacked by Catulus the orator, asked him *why he barked?* "Because," replied Catulus, "I see a thief."—*Cic. de Orat.* ii. 54.

As Diogenes was one day washing herbs for his dinner, Aristippus passed by, "Ah," cried Diogenes, "if you knew how to wash herbs, you would not be a dependant on kings." "And if you," replied Aristippus, "knew how to be a dependant on kings, you would not wash herbs."—*Dioj. Laert.* ii. 68, compared with *Hor. Ep.* i. 17.

Aristippus, being asked what he had gained by the study of philosophy, replied, "To be able to converse readily with all men."—*Dioj. Laert.* ii. 68.

Antisthenes, being asked the same question, replied, "To be able to converse with myself."—*Dioj. Laert.* vi. 6.

Brutus, an orator, who had squandered his patrimony, and sold, among other things, some valuable baths left him by his father, was one day pleading against a man defended by Crassus. Brutus, in the course of his speech, said that he was *sweating without reason*; meaning that he was labouring to prove what was already plain. "No wonder that you sweat," retorted Crassus, "for you have but just quitted your bath."—*Cic. de Orat.* ii. 55.

Largius had a mistress at Terracina, with whom Memmius took liberties. Memmius was of a character so morose, and at the same time so violent and passionate, as to give occasion to Crassus to spread a report that he had torn her in pieces. This report he spread in the following manner:—Coming from Tarracina to Rome, he was asked "what news?" "None," said he, smiling, "but that I observed the walls of the city chalked with the letters M. M. L. L. L." "And what do they mean?" inquired his hearers. "Why I asked a man of the city," said he, "and he told me that they meant *Morose Memmius Lacerated Largius's Limbs*."—*Cic. de Orat.* ii 59. [The words in the original form an Iambic verse:

Lacerat Lacertum Largii Mordax Memmius.]

THE PHILANTHROPIST.

(From the Russian.)

NICHOLAS STEPANOWITSCH ISCHORSKI, is a wealthy nobleman, living in the environs of Moscow, who, desirous of distinguishing himself, and handing down his name to posterity, lately erected an hospital for the benefit of the poor of the land. The governor of the province, not long ago, intimated to him his intention to spend the day at his mansion, and Ischorski, as may be supposed, delighted with this signal mark of deference, hastened to get everything in readiness to receive his guest.

"What a time I am kept waiting for this doctor!" said Tschorski, "Troschka, do you go and tell him I have been expecting him these two hours. . . . Oh! here he comes—My dear Jergei Iwanowitsch, what in the world has detained you so long?"

"My Lord, I crave your forgiveness," an-

swered the doctor, bowing to Rosslawlew and Suski, "I have been visiting the hospital."

"That is what I wanted to see you about. Well, is all in right order?"

"I believe so."

"That's well; that's well. My establishment, you know, has been much talked of, and we must not commit ourselves before his Excellency. Is the surgery clean and tidy?"

"Every thing is, as it always is, my lord."

"As it always is! There you go . . . . now, did not I tell you clearly enough? my dear fellow, did not I explain myself? To-day the governor will be here, and we must—do you hear me, my good fellow?—we must show the thing in its best light."

"I have had the honour of telling your lordship that every thing is in proper order."

"But, how is it in the hospital?"

"The floors and passages are washed—the linen is as white as snow . . . ."

"But, has care been taken to place over each bed, a ticket, indicating the kind of complaint?"

"Although that, my lord, is not very necessary, as the hospital contains but ten beds; yet, to please you, I have suspended three tickets."

"And are the inscriptions in Latin?"

"Both in Latin and Russian."

"Very well; and now how many patients have we?"

"At present, thank God, we have not one."

"Not one! not a single patient!" cried Ischorski, in the greatest consternation.

"No, my lord; the last one was dismissed the day before yesterday; it was Hias, the coachman."

"And what did you dismiss him for, eh?"

"Because he was cured of his disorder."

"And who told you he was cured? How did you know that? Bless me! not a single patient! Erect hospitals after that! come, that is very encouraging!"

"Well," said Surski, "what harm is there in that?"

"Harm! now, only just listen to him! You hear him. . . . . Not a single patient! Am I to show the bare walls to his Excellency? Well done, good doctor Jerzei Iwanowitsch, capital! upon my word, you have given me great satisfaction! Not one patient!"

"My lord, my lord, how can I help it?"

"How can you help it? Now just allow me to put you this question, 'What do you receive your salary for?' A thousand rubles per annum, board and lodging, and an equipage, and . . . not one patient, not a single one! Is that your behaviour? After all, I must say my sister was right when she advised me not to have a Russian doctor—doctor, indeed! not a single patient; dear, dear, oh dear! Upon my word you are a fine fellow; well done, Mr. Russian doctor!" But, cost what it may, I'll have a German doctor,—yes, sir, a German! We shall not want for patients then. Good gracious! not *one* patient! Gentlemen, you may laugh; it is nothing to you, you havn't an hospital, you havn't; and not a patient in it, dear, dear!"

"Well, Rosslawlew," said Surski, "I don't know what you will think of it; but don't you think we might as well sham sickness?"

"Brother, I beg you will desist from jesting upon this important subject."

"I mean it seriously though; I do indeed. The governor will certainly not think of feeling the pulse of the patients; the great point is, that the beds be not empty."

"The idea is not bad . . . stop, yes . . . Troschka, send Parfen to me directly."

Parfen made his appearance in less than two minutes. "I say, Parfen," continued the unfortunate Ischorski, "it is then true that we have not *one* single patient in the hospital?"

"Thanks to heaven, my lord, there's not one."

"Thanks to heaven, you blockhead! Parfen, you are a donkey, an ass?"

"Very good, my lord."

"Am I to go and show all the beds empty? Patients I must have and will have,—do you hear?"

"But, my lord, where am I to find them?"

"That's not my business—but I must have some,—so be quick."

"Very good, my lord."

"I say, though, Parfen, you do look really very much altered. Are you quite well?"

"Oh, yes, I'm quite well, my lord."

"You had better not neglect yourself, Parfen. Indeed, Parfen, you are not well."

"My lord, *I am* well—have mercy on me!"

"Very well, then; now don't lose any time—go, and be quick."

"But, my lord, suppose I find none willing?"

"You are not going to ask them, you stupid blockhead. Go, run all over the village, bring the first you meet with, whether he will or no. I suppose I am not master on my own grounds."

"No doubt of that, my lord; but would it not be better to bribe some one?"

"Oh! that is not a bad idea. But at all events, don't you go and take any but those of a sickly appearance. For the action of the dropsical we shall want a good, fat, stout fellow."

"Allow me, my lord; I could not propose a more fitting individual than the sexton: he is of a very respectable size."

"That's right, Parfen. Try to persuade him."

"For a rouble and a half, my lord, he will

sham sick, and even dead, if you please, for more than four and twenty hours."

"Give him a silver rouble then . . . but, I say, don't you know any one thin, spare, and gaunt, for a consumptive patient?"

"Somebody thin? let me see. Oh! the cobbler, Andros, has nothing but skin and bones; he will be just the thing. You would not find such another man in the whole country."

Very well, Parfen; come, you are a capital fellow; I am much obliged to you; only, get everything ready as soon as possible. Come, we have got two patients already; as for the others, you may choose them yourself. By-the-bye, don't forget to tell them to be as silent as possible whilst the governor is in the room."

"Very good, my lord."

"They must not move; and mind they have their nightcaps on;—tell them to groan pretty audibly."

"Very good, my lord."

"Now things and God speed you. . . . . You are laughing, Surski, I know it is ridiculous. But what would you have me do; I can't show empty rooms,—and I am extremely desirous of doing something to distinguish myself. To have erected an hospital,—that is something. When his Excellency will have seen it, who knows but he may not talk of it in higher circles; and what if the Emp. . . . . don't you see? now only fancy if I showed my rooms empty!"

(The company having arrived, after dinner the following scene took place.)

"Rosslawlew, only just look at Nicholas Stepanowisch, what a flurry he is in! What can be the matter with him? Ischorski, pray what is the matter with you?"

"The matter with me?" answered Ischorski, in a voice of despair, "nothing, nothing at all . . . unless it be indeed, that I am dishonoured, vilified for ever."

"What do you mean?"

"Well you may ask it! Saints in Paradise, suffer me to breathe! the fools! the scoundrels! the dogs! the . . . "

"You frighten me. What has happened?"

"A trifle, I told you, a mere trifle! all my pains, my expenses, my trouble, gone to the devil! The fool of a doctor, doctor indeed! he shall leave me this very day!"

"Ah, ah! it is all about your hospital, I see."

"My hospital! what hospital? I have not got any hospital . . . To-morrow I will have it pulled down, the cursed thing!"

"But, brother, do tell us the cause of all this anger."

"The cause? they have mortally grieved me, that's all. Only fancy then, I show my guests over the establishment; the hospital came in its turn, and we first visited the surgery; the company, of course, admired the order and cleanliness of the place. I was overwhelmed with compliments, 'I was,' they said, 'the benefactor of my country, an enlightened proprietor, and that the establishment did me the greatest honour, as well as to the empire, and so on. By-the-bye, we went into room No. 1, dropsical patients, "I introduce the gentlemen; good gracious, there lay consumptive Andros. I hastened them out, and then came room No. 2. The governor himself reads the inscription, "Consumptive patients." We entered, every body followed me; really, if I did not think I should have fallen, so struck was I with amazement; there lay that big, fat brute, Burkheim, the sexton. "How long have you been consumptive," asked his Excellency. "My lord, for more that two years," answered the donkey. "Poor fellow, you look very suffering, very." Every body burst out a laughing; I could no longer stand it, and here I am: what in the world am I to do? can you tell me?"

"Well, but what harm is there done?"

"What harm is there done? Suppose they should discover us?"

"Who will go and fancy that you hired patients at so much a day; say that the tickets were misplaced—that is all."

"Do you think then, that I could say . . . "

"Certainly, and laugh louder than all the rest put together."

H. M.

PREPARATION OF NEW ZEALAND FLAX.

FLAX is prepared in New Zealand by the females and slaves. The separating of the silky fibre from the flag-like leaf is thus performed: the apex is held between the teeth, a transverse section is then made through the succulent matter at that end with a common muscle-shell, which is inserted between that substance and the fibre, which readily effects its separation by drawing the shell through the whole of the leaf. It has been attempted in Sydney to withdraw the filaments from the leaves by maceration; but the large proportion of succulent matter rendered it impossible to effect the separation by decomposition in water, without *materially injuring the strength* of the fibre. Leaves of this plant are generally scraped as ready as cut, as the thick gum is inclosed at the lower part of the leaf, rising from either side in a pyramidal form, and adheres strongly when drying.—*Polack's New Zealand.*

POTATO CHEESE.—In Germany great quantities of this article are made, which will retain its freshness for several years, if kept in close vessels. It is prepared by boiling the potatoes, and reducing them, when cold, to a pulp, rejecting skins. Sour milk is added, or else sweet curd, with the whey pressed out, in the proportion of a pint to five pounds of pulp. It is kneaded several times, drained in small baskets, and simply dried in the shade.

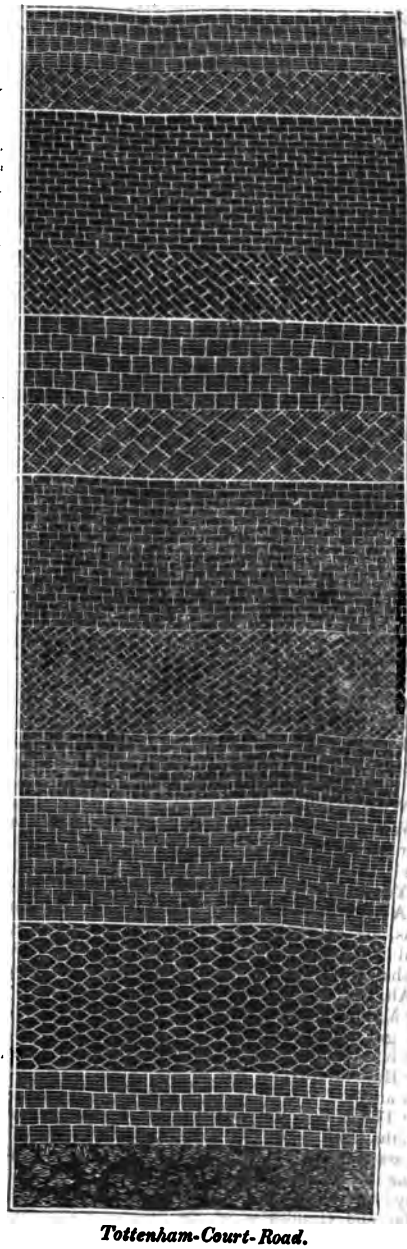
Arts and Sciences.

EXPERIMENTAL PAVEMENT OF OXFORD-STREET, LONDON.

This, doubtless the most extraordinary and novel undertaking which has ever been attempted in the annals of road-making, has lately been completed in Oxford-street. On Friday, January the 5th, the line of this great thoroughfare occupied by the various specimens of paving, extending from Charles-street to Tottenham-court-road, presented a most animated spectacle. Shortly after two o'clock, the Paving Committee, appointed by the Mary-le-bone Vestry, to superintend the arrangement of this work of art, headed by the parish beadles, passed over the ground, followed by twenty-one omnibuses, after which the road was thrown open to the public. The whole space between Charles-street and Tottenham-court-road is occupied by twelve different specimens, which are completed in the following order, commencing at Charles-street, viz., 40 feet of Robinson's Parisian bitumen, 24 feet laid in straight courses, and 16 feet diagonally; 74 feet of parish stone paving, 54 feet of which is laid in straight courses, the stones nine inches deep, and the interstices filled up with Claridge's Asphalte, the remaining 20 feet consisting of stones only 4½ inches deep, but laid diagonally, and filled up with the same composition; 60 feet of the Bastenne Gaujac bitumen, part laid in straight courses, and part diagonally; 135 feet of parish stone paving, divided into three sections in the following order,—1st, 70 feet of dressed Aberdeen granite, with concrete bottom, and the joints grouted with lime and sand; 2nd, 40 feet of the same laid diagonally; and 3rd, 25 feet of dressed Aberdeen granite, without concrete bottom, the joints filled in with fine gravel; this is followed by 50 feet of the Scotch asphaltum, which is entirely the produce of this country, laid down in straight courses; 60 feet of Mr. Stead's pavement of wooden blocks of a sextagonal form 12 inches deep, divided into three compartments—one prepared with Kyan's patent, part dipped in, and joints run with asphalte, and part without any preparation whatever; the last specimen, at Tottenham-court-road, is 60 feet of the Val de Travers bitumen, a portion of which consists of square blocks laid in straight courses, and the remainder consisting of a layer of clean Guernsey chippings, cemented together by boiling asphalte, run among them nearly to the surface, a face made with asphalte, merely showing the chippings here and there in patches. The whole work presented a most even and beautiful road. The portion, however, to which attention was more particularly directed, was that of the wooden blocks, the noiseless tendency of which made the vehicles passing along appear to be rolling over a thick carpet, or rug.

REPRESENTATION OF THE VARIOUS SPECIMENS OF THE PAVING.

Charles Street.



Tottenham-Court-Road.

New Books.

MEMOIRS OF CHARLES MATHEWS, COMEDIAN. BY MRS. MATHEWS.*

(*Continued from page* 12.)

MATHEWS's engagement with Tate Wilkinson, the eccentric manager of the York theatre, was an important event in his career. There are many notices of this oddity, scattered through these volumes, and they are all more or less amusing. The introductory visit is as good as any. Tate's habitual confounding of names is in pleasant contrast with his accurate remembrance of whatever bore upon the object of the interview; and the wits of the young aspirant seem to have got gradually sharpened by the rubs of his uncouth cross-questioner. "Tate was shuffling about the room with a small ivory-handled brush in one hand, and a silver buckle in the other, in pretended industry, whistling during his employment, after the fashion of a groom while currying and rubbing down a horse. His coat-collar was thrown down upon his shoulders, and his Brown George (a wig, so called, in compliment, I believe, to King George the Third, who set the fashion,) on one side, exposing the ear on the other, and cocked up behind so as to leave the bare nape of the neck open to observation. His hat was put on, *side* foremost, and as forward and awry as his wig; both were perched on his head very insecurely, as it seemed to the observer. He presented altogether what might be called an *uncomfortable* appearance.—"Good morning, sir," said Mr. Mathews.—"Oh! good morning, *Mr. Meadows*," replied Tate very doggedly.—"My name is *Mathews*, sir."—"Ay, I know," winking his eyes and lifting his brows rapidly up and down, a habit with him when not pleased; then, wheeling suddenly round, and looking at him, for the first time, with scrutinizing earnestness, from head to foot, he uttered a long-drawn "ugh!" and exclaimed, "What a maypole; sir, you're too *tall* for low comedy."—"I'm sorry, sir," said the poor disconcerted youth; but Tate did not seem to hear him, for, dropping his eyes and resuming the brushing of his buckles, he continued as if in soliloquy: "But, I don't know why a tall man shouldn't be a very comical fellow." Then, again turning sharply for a reinvestigation of the slender figure before him, he added, with gathering discontent, "you're too *thin*, sir, for anything but the apothecary in 'Romeo and Juliet;' and you would want stuffing for *that*."—"I am very sorry, sir," rejoined the mortified actor, who was immediately interrupted by the growing distaste and manifest ill-humour of the disappointed manager.—"What's the use of being *sorry!* you speak too *quick*." The accused anxiously assured him that he would endeavour to mend that habit. "What," said Tate, snappishly, "by speaking *quicker*, I suppose." Then, looking at Mr. Mathews, he, as if again in soliloquy, added, "I never saw anybody so thin to be *alive!!* Why, sir, one hiss would blow you off the stage." This remark sounding more like good humour than anything he had uttered, the comedian ventured, with a faint smile, to observe, that he *hoped he should not get that one*—when Tate, with affected or real anger, replied, "You'd get a great many, sir. Why, sir, *I've* been hissed; the great Mr. Garrick has been hissed; it's not very modest in *you* to hope to escape, Mr. Mountain."—"Mathews, sir," interposed the miscalled.—"Well, Mathew *Mountain*."—"No, sir,—" "Have you a quick study, Mr. Maddox?" asked Tate, interrupting once more. Mathews gave up the ineffectual attempt to preserve his proper name, and replied at once to the last question, "I *hope* so, sir."—"Why, (in a voice of thunder,) ar'n't you *sure?*"—"Ye-e-es, sir," asserted his terrified and harassed victim. Tate shuffled up and down the room, whistling and brushing rapidly, looking from time to time with evident dissatisfaction, if not disgust, at the object of his scrutiny: at last he seemed to have collected all his moral force, and after another pause, he demanded, "Pray, when did you have that paralytic stroke, Mr. Maddox?"—"I—I never had one at all, sir," said the now completely mortified youth; with difficulty restraining the tears which were making their way to his eyes; when Tate, giving him another earnest look, and, as if unconsciously drawing his own mouth awry, in imitation of the one which had suggested the last question, answered drily and significantly, in Mr. Mathews's tone of voice, as he turned away, "Oh, I thought you *had*." All this was inauspicious, and after the interview had lasted a few minutes longer, Tate strongly recommended the young man's return to his father and an "honest trade," as he said. All that could be gained by Mr. Mathews, was the manager's slow leave to let him enter upon his probation, and at least have a trial before final condemnation."

This was an unpromising commencement, nor were his early performances at this theatre, productive of much satisfaction to him; but time and perseverance at length overcame all obstructions. Our next extract is not strictly biographical, but, having shown Mathews in an embarassing position, we may as well introduce here Mrs. Siddons, under circumstances equally novel to that queen of tragedy and decorum.

"On one memorable night, during her engagement at Leeds, a *contre tems* of a ludicrous nature occurred, for which no part of

* Published by Bentley.

the audience was answerable. [The Leeds audiences were answerable for several.] The evening was excessively hot, and Mrs. Siddons was tempted, by a torturing thirst, to consent to avail herself of the only obtainable relief proposed to her at the moment. Her dresser, therefore, despatched a boy in great haste to 'fetch a pint of beer for Mrs. Siddons,' at the same time charging him to be quick, as Mrs. Siddons was in a hurry for it. Meanwhile the play proceeded; and on the boy's return with the frothed pitcher, he looked about for the person who had sent him on his errand; and not seeing her, inquired, 'where is Mrs. Siddons.' The scene-shifter, whom he questioned, pointing his finger to the stage, where she was performing the sleeping scene of Lady Macbeth, replied, 'There she is.' To the surprise and horror of all the performers, the boy promptly walked on the stage, close up to Mrs. Siddons, and, with a total unconsciousness of the impropriety he was committing, presented the porter! Her distress may be imagined; she waved the boy away in her grand manner several times, without effect; at last the people behind the scenes, by dint of beckoning, stamping, and calling in half-audible whispers, succeeded in getting him off with the beer, part of which, in his exit, he spilled on the stage; while the audience were in an uproar of laughter, which the dignity of the actress was unable to quell for several minutes."

Mr. Mathews's first marriage, we have seen, is supposed to have been the result more of pity than love; his second, if it did not originate, was certainly coupled with circumstances, which, though perfectly consistent with love, were dashed with an unusual mixture of the marvellous, some will say, the superstitious. The passages on this subject are too long for transcription; suffice it to state, that during the last illness of the first Mrs. Mathews, that lady took occasion to request the presence, at her bedside, of her husband and of a particular friend, a Miss Jackson, a young lady then performing at the York Theatre. After the usual civilities, the sick lady led the discourse to the probability of her approaching dissolution, and concluded some very suitable and grave reflections upon the state of isolation in which her husband would be left, by calling upon the two invited parties to pledge themselves to become man and wife when that event should take place. The proposition produced surprise, embarrassment, and distress, upon both; to consent to the proposition was, of course, out of the question; and the consequence was, very naturally, a greater degree of reserve and estrangement, than would have ensued if so strange a proposal had never been uttered. The lady, however, lived some months after; and when at last the patient sunk under her malady, the grief of her husband was as overwhelming as his regard for her had been sincere, and her devotion to him deep and anxious. But the desired second marriage—was that thought of? Not at all. But mark the influence of Queen Mab. About eight months after—on the same night—Mr. Mathews and Miss Jackson, they being far apart, dream, or have a vision—in the course of which, the departed lady appears, and sweetly smiling, holds forth her hand to each. The effect is irresistible—of Mr. Mathews it is said—"in shrinking from the contact with the figure he beheld, he threw himself out of bed upon the floor, where (the fall having alarmed his landlord,) he was found in one of those dreadful fits to which I have alluded. On his recovery from it he related the cause of the accident, and the whole of the following day he remained extremely ill, and unable to quit his room;" and Mrs. Mathews says that with respect to herself. "My impressions of this visitation (as I persisted it was,) were exactly similar to those of Mr. Mathews. The same sleepless effect, the same cause of terror, had occasioned me to seize the bell-rope, in order to summon the people of the house, which giving way at the moment, I fell with it in my hand upon the ground. The parties with whom we resided at the time, were perfect strangers to each other, and living widely apart, and they recounted severally to those about them the extraordinary dream, for such I must call it, though my entire belief will never be shaken that I was as perfectly awake as at this moment. These persons repeated the story to many before they were requested to meet and compare accounts."

In the following February Mr. Mathews made a profitable engagement with Mr. Colman, of the Haymarket Theatre, and in a letter to that gentleman, Mr. Mathews confides the secret of his intended marriage to Miss Jackson, for whom also he solicits an engagement. This marriage took place on the 28th of March, 1804—and shortly after Mr. and Mrs. Mathews made their appearance, for the first time, at a London theatre.

GOETHE, AS A PATRIOT.

GOETHE might have rendered himself as strong as Hercules in freeing his country from the filth it contains, but he merely procured for himself the golden apples of the Hesperides, of which he retained possession; and, satisfied with that, he placed himself at the feet of Omphale, where he remained stationary. How completely opposite was the course pursued by the great poets and orators of Italy, France, and England! *Dante*, a warrior, statesman, and diplomatist, *beloved and hated, protected and persecuted*, by mighty princes, remained withal unaffected

by either, and sang and fought in the cause of justice. *Alfieri* was a nobleman, haughty and rich, and yet he panted up the hill of Parnassus, to proclaim from its summit universal freedom. *Montesquieu* was a servant of the state, and yet he sent forth his "Persian Letters," in which he mocked at courts, and his "Spirit of the Laws," wherein he exposed the defects of the French government. *Voltaire* was a courtier, but he only courted the great in smooth words, and never sacrificed his principles to them. He wore, it is true, a well-powdered wig, and was fond of lace ruffles, silk coats, and stockings; but when he heard the cry of the persecuted, he did not hesitate to wade through the mud to their rescue, and with his own ennobled hands snatch from the scaffold the unjustly condemned victim. *Rousseau* was a poor, sickly beggar, and needed aid, but he was not seduced by tender care; neither could friendship, even from the great, produce a change in his principles. He continued proud and free, and died in poverty. *Milton*, whilst engaged in the composition of his divine poetry, forgot not, though in poverty, the necessities of his fellow-citizens, but laboured for liberty and right. Such men were also *Swift, Byron, &c.*; and such are, at the present moment, *Moore, Campbell*, and others. But how has *Goethe* exhibited himself to his countrymen and to the world? As the citizen of a free city, he merely recollected that he was the grandson of a mayor, who, at the coronation of the Emperor of Germany, was allowed to hold the temporary office of Chamberlain. As the child of honest and respectable parents, he was delighted when once a dirty boy in the street called him a bastard, and wandered forth in imagination (the imagination of a *future poet*,) the son of some prince, questioning himself as to *which* he might perchance belong. Thus he *was*, and thus he *remained*. Not *once* did he ever advance a poor solitary word in his country's cause—he, who from the lofty height which he had attained, might have spoken out what none other but himself could dare to pronounce. Some few years since, he petitioned their "high and highest Mightinesses" of the German Confederation, to grant his writings their all-powerful protection against piracy; but he did not remember to include in his prayer an extension of the same privilege to his literary contemporaries. Ere I would have allowed my fingers to pen such a prayer for my *individual* right, and *that* only, I would have permitted them to be lamed and maimed by the ruler's edge, like a schoolboy!

BÖRNE.

[*From a collection of interesting Romantic and Historical Tales, under the title of "Gleanings from Germany;" by J. D. Haus.*]

The Public Journals.

DESCENDING THE RAPIDS OF AMERICA.

In the various modes of water-conveyance to which the traveller on this globe is subjected, there is perhaps no one more curious than that of descending one of the great rapids of America, in a small bark canoe, under the command, as is customary, of two Indians; and the anxiety to witness this spectacle is, perhaps, not at all disagreeably spiced by that still warning voice of reason, which gravely admonishes the traveller that his undertaking, interesting as it may be, is not altogether divested of danger.

Besides the rocks, shoals, and snags which are to be avoided, unceasing attention must be given to the innumerable logs of hewn timber, which, having been wafted by the lumberers to the commencement of the rapid, are then left to be hurried for eight or nine miles towards their market, sometimes separately, sometimes hustling each other, sometimes floundering, and sometimes, if anything irritates or obstructs their passage, rearing up into the water until they almost reel over. As soon as a berth or clear place is observed between these masses of floating timber, the elder Indian, who is seated at the head of his canoe, his younger comrade being at the stern, and the passenger in the middle, calmly lets go his hold of the bank, and the two Indians, each furnished with a single paddle, immediately standing up, the frail band-box which contains them indolently floats until it reaches the edge or crest of the rapid, which is no sooner passed, than the truth rushes upon the mind of the traveller, that all possibility of stopping has ceased, and that this 'hubble-bubble, toil and trouble' must continue until the eight or nine miles of the rapids shall be passed.

In the apparent turmoil of this scene, in which the canoe is preceded, as well as followed by huge masses of timber, the slightest touch of which would annihilate it—the icy-cold judgment of the old Indian—his collected, but lightning-like decision—the simplicity and tranquillity of his red, beardless face; thatched over by his bluff-cut, black, lank hair—his total absence of fear or bravado—his immutable presence of mind—and, in places of the greatest possible noise and confusion in the waters, the mild tone of voice with which he softly utters to his young comrade the monosyllable that directs him to steer the stern of the canoe in the direction opposite to that which he gives to its head—form altogether a most striking contrast with the boisterous scene, the sudden kaleidoscope changes of which it is utterly impossible to describe—for one danger has no sooner been avoided than, instead of reflecting on it for a moment, the eye is at-

tracted to a second, as suddenly passed and succeeded by a third. Sometimes the canoe rapidly dashes over a sunken rock, or between two barely covered fragments, which to have touched would have been ruin—in avoiding them a snag is passed, which would have spilled the canoe had it impinged on it—sometimes the middle of the stream is the safest—sometimes the Indian steers close to the steep, rocky bank, where it becomes evident the velocity of the current is so great, that if the canoe were to be upset, its passengers, even if they could snatch hold of the bough of a tree, could not hang on to it, without being suffocated by the resistance which in that position they would offer to the rustling waters. Sometimes, at a moment when all is apparently prosperous, and the water on account of its greater depth or breadth, has become comparatively tranquil, some of the timber a-head, going down end foremost, strikes either against the side, or some sunken rock in the middle of the stream, in which case the tree suddenly halts, and, veering round, impedes the rest of the timber, until the congregated mass, forcing its way, thus clears the passage, perhaps just before the canoe reaches it. At other times, in traversing the stream to avoid difficulties, the pursuing timber approaches the canoe nearer than is agreeable. In some places the river suddenly narrows, and here, it is said, the waves are not only tremendous, but the whole character of the torrent seems to be changed, for the water apparently ceases altogether to descend the channel, doing nothing but as it were boiling and bubbling up from the bottom. In approaching this cauldron, the case seems hopeless, and often continues so until the canoe is close upon it, when the Indian's eagle eye searches out some little aqueous furrow, through which his nutshell vessel can pass, and, though his countenance is as tranquil as ever, yet the muscular exertion he makes to attain this passage will not, it is said, easily be forgotten by any passenger whose fortune it has ever been to observe it. As soon as the declivity of the rapids has ended, the water instantly becomes tranquil, the Indians sit down in the canoe, and on reaching the shore, one of them carries it on his shoulders during the remainder of the day.

It would, of course, be impossible for any vessel to ascend a torrent similar to that down which, by a digression not uncommon to the traveller in America, our readers have just unexpectedly been precipitated; yet on the St. Lawrence it is not unusual to see a steamer *climb* a rapid of very considerable violence. From the deck of a vessel in this situation it is very curious to determine, by the relative bearing of fixed objects on shore, the slow but sure conquest which the power of steam makes over the two elements of wind and water, both of which are occasionally seen combining to oppose its progress. In places where the current is the strongest, the ascent for a time is almost imperceptible; every moment it is expected that the vigorous strength of the steam will be exhausted by the untiring force of its adversaries; but no—the hot water in the long run beats the cold—the fire conquers the wind—and, though the liquid element is continuously slipping from underneath the vessel, and though the air in close column is unceasingly charging to oppose it, yet—'at spes infracta'—in spite of all these difficulties, the steamer triumphantly reaches the summit of the rapids, and then merrily glides forward on its course. [From an article in the number of the *Quarterly Review*, just published, nominally, 'on Railroads in Ireland,' but really upon the general effects, present state, and probable consequences of steam-travelling, whether by land or water. The whole article is highly deserving of public attention; the mere reader will be amused by it, and the practical man, in its facts and suggestions, will find much valuable *data* by which to regulate his patronage of particular schemes, with a view to the general benefit.]

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

Luther.—Peacock.—Southey.

THERE is a good deal to interest the general reader in the number just published. The article on "*D'Aubigné's History of the Reformation* in Germany, &c." places the character of the great reformer, Luther, in a very favourable light, at the same time making no attempt to veil either his faults or failings. Many little incidents in the biography of eminent men, highly illustrative of character, are often passed over by historians, and even biographers, as too trivial for the dignity of their vocation. M. D'Aubigné and his reviewer are of a different opinion, and bring before the reader a variety of details of this nature. We shall give an extract from a letter of Luther's, respecting the dismissal of a servant. He is addressing his wife: "We must dismiss old John with honour. We know that he has always served us faithfully and zealously, and as became a Christian servant. What have we not given to vagabonds and thankless students, who have made a bad use of our money? So we will not be niggardly to so worthy a servant, on whom our money will be bestowed in a manner pleasing to God. You need not remind me that we are not rich. I would gladly give him ten florins if I had them, but do not let it be less than five. He is not able to do much for himself. Pray help him in any other way you can. Think how this money can be raised. There is a silver cup which might be pawned. Sure I am that God will not desert us. Adieu." "Luther's pleasures (continues the Reviewer)

were as simple as his domestic affections were pure. He wrote metrical versions of the Psalms, well described by Mr. Hallam, as holding a middle place between the doggrel of Sternhold and Hopkins, and the meretricious ornaments of the late versifiers of the Songs of David. He wedded to them music of his own, to which the most obtuse ear cannot listen without emotion. The greatest of the sons of Germany was in this respect, a true child of that vocal land; for such was his enthusiasm for the art, that he assigned to it a place second only to that of theology. He was also an ardent lover of painting, and yielded to Albert Durer the homage which he denied to Cajetan and Erasmus. His are among the earliest works embellished by the aid of the engraver. With the birds of his native country he had established a strict intimacy, watching, smiling, and moralizing over their habits. "That little fellow," he said, of a bird going to roost," has chosen his shelter, and is quietly rocking himself to sleep without a care for to-morrow's lodging, calmly holding by his little twig, and leaving God to think for him."

Articles follow on "Wilkinson's Manners of the Ancient Egyptians"—"Southey's Poetical Works"—"Prescott's History of Ferdinand and Isabella."—"Tales by the Author of Headlong Hall." (*Peacock.*)—"Lister's Life of Clarendon"—"Reid on Storms," &c. The article on Peacock is a masterly and successful attempt to describe the characteristics of one of the wittiest and most original writers of the present time, and yet, strange to say, hitherto appreciated by but a comparatively small, though we need not scruple to add, discerning circle. The Edinburgh notice cannot fail greatly to extend it.

The article on Southey, written, we presume, by Lord Jeffery, is introduced by a retrospective reference to the period,—forty years ago—when the poet and his critic, then young enthusiasts in behalf of opposite poetic theories, first came into literary contact. Old asperities are now treated as obliterated by accessions of wisdom on both sides; and accordingly, not a grain of party feeling is suffered to alloy the honest expression of the reviewer's opinions, which, on the whole, manifest a strong sense of the poet's various talents. Southey's poem on the Holly-tree, written in 1798, has long been the delight of every body acquainted with them. The desire expressed in the concluding lines in anticipation of age:

> "So would I seem amidst the young and gay
> More grave than they.
> That in my age as cheerful I might be
> As the green winter of the holly-tree,"

is suitably and beautifully companioned by a poem in the late re-publication, written in 1829. Our readers will be glad to see it.

1829.

"That sense which held me back in youth
From all intemperate gladness,
That same good instinct bids me shun
Unprofitable sadness.

"Nor marvel you, if I prefer
Of playful themes to sing:
The October glade hath brighter tints
Than summer or than spring.

"For o'er the leaves before they fall
Such hues hath nature thrown,
That the woods wear in sunless days
A sunshine of their own.

"Why should I seek to call forth tears?
The source from whence we weep
Too near the surface lies in youth,
In age it lies too deep.

"Enough of foresight sad, too much
Of retrospect have I:
And well for me that I sometimes
Can put those feelings by.

"From public ills, and thoughts that else
Might weigh me down to earth,
That I can gain some intervals
For healthful, hopeful mirth.

"That I can sport in tales that suit
Young auditors like these;
Yet, if I err not, may content
The few I seek to please.

"I know in what responsive mind
My lightest lay will wake,
A sense of pleasure for its own
And for its author's sake.

"I know the eyes in which the light
Of memory will appear;
I know the lips which, while they read
Will wear a smile sincere:

"The heart to which my sportive song
The thought of days will bring,
When they and I, whose winter now
Comes on, were in our spring.

"And I their well-known voices, too,
Though far away, can hear
Distinctly, even as when in dreams
They reach the inward ear.

"'There speaks the man we knew of yore,'
Well pleased I hear them say,
'Such was he in his brighter moods
Before our heads were grey.

"'Buoyant he was in spirit, quick
Of fancy, blithe of heart,
And care and time, and change have left
Untouched his better part.'

"Thus say my morning friends, who now
Are in the vale of years,
And I, save such as thus may rise
Would draw no other tears."

The Naturalist.

One of the most singular appearances of the forest at Tucacas, arose from the number of a species of plant called Bejucas. These are everywhere seen stretching from the earth to the tops of the highest trees, like stays to the mast of a ship. Sometimes stretched perfectly tight, and twisted round each other in pairs, they resemble hempen cables, being quite regular as to thickness, and without a leaf or branch. They were of various thicknesses, from the smallest twine to six and seven inches in diameter. When young, they are applied to all purposes for which cordage

is used in England; in the woods the natives lash the beams and rafters of their houses with them; on the coast, the fishermen use them as ropes for their fish-crawls, which they sink many fathoms deep. I have seen trees of large diameter, when cut through with the axe, remain perfectly stationary, until these natural stays, which were supporting them on all sides, were cut away; and not unfrequently have riders been pulled from their horses by riding against one, which, from its tendril-like appearance, being not thicker perhaps than a quill, they expected to break.—*Hawkshaw's Reminiscences of South America.*

Lichens.—Many lichens, which fix themselves on calcareous rocks, such as the *Patellaria immersa*, are observed, in process of time, to sink deeper and deeper beneath the surface of the rock, as if they had some mode of penetrating into its substance, analagous to that which many marine worms are known to possess. The agent appears in both instances to be an acid, which here is probably the oxalic, acting upon the carbonate of lime, and producing the gradual excavation of the rock. This view is confirmed by the observation, that the same species of lichens, when attached to rocks which are not calcareous, remains always at the surface, and does not penetrate below it.

THE LAPACHO-TREE,

One of the natural productions of Paraguay.

The lapacho is not only the finest, but the most magnificent of all trees. English oak is very fine, but never to be compared to lapacho. From the solid trunk of one of these trees a Portuguese scooped out at Villa Real a canoe, which brought down to Assumption a hundred bales of yerba (that is, 22,500lb. of Paraguay tea,) several hides made up into balls and filled with molasses, a load of deals, seventy packages of tobacco, and eight Paraguay sailors, to manage the three masts and sails of the large, but yet elegantly scooped-out trunk of the lapacho-tree. Of this tree are constructed vessels which, when fifty years old, may still be called young. Their frame is not shaken, nor is their constitution debilitated by all the bumps they have on the sand-banks of the Paraná, nor by the searching rays of a tropical sun, nor by the "even down pours," as the Scotch have it, of tropical rains. * * * Of this lapacho, the grain is so close, that neither worm nor rot can assail it. The carts in Buenos Ayres, and all the rafters of the houses there, are constructed of it.

AN HIGHLAND FREEBOOTER.

John More, who lived in Durness, and rented a small farm near Dirrie-more, neither had, nor cared to have, permission to kill deer and game; but his whole time was devoted to poaching, and his wild mode of life rendered him an uncouth, but tolerated plunderer of the forest. Donald Lord Reay happening to pass near John More's residence one summer morning, determined to call and endeavour to reclaim him from his lawless propensities. He left his attendants at some distance, that he might ensure confidence on the part of his rude host. He found John at home, and told him that he called to get some breakfast. John was evidently proud of this visit, and pleased with the frank manner in which he was accosted, having been usually threatened by those in authority with imprisonment and the gallows. "Come in, Donald," said John, in Gaelic, "and sit on my stool, and you will get to eat what cost me some trouble in collecting." His lordship entered the hut, and was soon seated in a dismal corner; but John opened a wooden shutter that had filled up a hole in the wall, through which day-light entered, and revealed a tall black looking box, which was the only article in the house that could be used as a table. John bustled about with great activity, and, to his lordship's surprise, pulled out from the box two or three beautifully white dinner napkins. One of them was placed on the top of the box as a table-cloth, and the other spread on his lordship's knees. The fire, which glimmered in the centre of the room, was then roused, and made to burn more freely. This proceeding denoted that John had some provisions to cook;—from a dark mysterious recess he drew forth a fine gilse, already split open and ready for being dressed. By means of two long wooden spigots, which skewered the fish, and the points of which were stuck into the earthen hearth, the gilse was placed before the burning peats, and turned occasionally. Soon after a suspicious-looking piece of meat was placed over the embers; and when all was cooked, John placed it upon the box before his chief, saying,—"John More's fattest dish is ready:"—adding, that the salmon was from one of his lordship's rivers, and the meat the breast of a deer. Lord Reay asked for a knife and some salt; but John replied—"that teeth and hands were of little use, if they could not master dead fish and flesh; that the deer seasoned their flesh with salt on the hill, whilst the herring could not do so in the sea; and that the salmon, like the Durness butter, was better without salt. John produced also some smuggled brandy; and pressed his lordship to eat and drink heartily, making many remarks on the manliness of eating a good breakfast. The chief

thought this a good opportunity to endeavour to make a proper impression upon his lawless host; and, after having been handsomely regaled by plunder from his own forest, determined to act with such generosity towards More, as would keep him within reasonable bounds in future. "I am well pleased John, (said he,) that although you invade the property of others, you do not conceal the truth, and that you have freely given me the best entertainment that your depredations on my property have enabled you to bestow. I will, therefore, allow you to go occasionally to Fionavon in search of a deer, if you will engage not to interfere with deer or any sort of game in any other part of my forest." More could never tolerate any restraint, and his answer was begun almost before Lord Reay had finished his handsome offer. 'Donald, (said he,) you may put Fionavon in your paunch,—for wherever the deer are, there will John More be found."—*Scrope's Art of Deer Stalking.*

The Gatherer.

In July, 1766, a man having laid a wager that he would cross the Thames in a butcher's tray without any other assistance than his hands, set out from Somerset-stairs, and reached the Surrey shore in safety: he had on a cork jacket, in case of any accident. It is said that there were £14,000 depending on this feat, and that upwards of seventy boats full of spectators were present. W. G. C.

Unforeseen Cause of War.—The least foreseen causes of wars, has broken out within the last three years, nothing less than a schismatic difference between the natives in their religious opinions, between those who have placed themselves under the banners of the Westleyan Missionaries, and some new idolators, who term themselves disciples of Pápáhurihia. The Sabbath is fixed by these modern luminaries on the seventh day or Saturday. This novel credenda consists in a God of fire or Wero being president, and he has sent forth a prophet to work miracles, teach the people that the missionaries are cheats, and other similar silly tales.

This fiction, it is said, was invented by the master of a whale ship, which, if true, he must have been contemptibly wicked, to attempt to delude these people from the knowledge of a true God. That the prophet is a New Zealander there can be no mistake, as his affections are said to be equally affected towards discussing food, as polemics.—*Polack's New Zealand.*

A letter dated near the mouth of White River, in Arkansas, gives the following painful account of a remarkable conflict with a bear, Nov. 1838:—

"There was one of the deepest tragedies here two evenings ago that I ever heard of. Mr. Harris, the landlord in whose house I am now staying, went up the river to drive some cattle to a Mr. Kean's; on the way he and Kean saw a very large bear, which they shot twice, wounding him mortally, but not killing him. They then followed him with their dogs, and when they came to where he was, Mr. Harris went into the cave to get another chance to shoot him. The bear was behind a tree, and Mr. Harris and the animal met. Harris shot him the third time, but did not kill him. The bear caught him by the hamstring, and bit the large artery in two. Kean, who was loading another gun, ran to him, not being more than ten steps off, with his butcher-knife, to stab the bear, that now had Harris under him, but when he was aiming the blow, the bear saw him, and leaped at him. Kean sprung back, and Harris jumped from under the bear, ran fifteen or twenty feet, and fell. Kean said, 'Are your hurt?' 'Yes, I am killed,' was his answer. Kean then jumped between Harris and the bear, as the latter was rushing to another attack, and luckily shot him the fourth time through the body, which weakened the animal much, though he still fought with the dogs for some time. Kean ran next to Harris, saw his haggard countenance, begged him to speak, but the prostrate man expired in an instant."

Hatton Garden.—"1659, 7 June. To see ye foundations laying for a streete and buildings in Hatton Garden, design'd for a little towne, lately an ample garden."—*Evelyn's Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 306.

The first play-bill issued from Drury-Lane Theatre, was April 8, (Thursday,) 1663, with the *Humorous Lieutenant.* The play to begin at 3 o'clock precisely.

The actors' names were affixed to the characters they represented, for the first time, in 1663.

Some time ago (says the *Courier de Lyon*) a poor labouring man discovered in a block of wood from the Levant, a diamond of considerable size, valued at more than 150,000 francs. It should appear, that this diamond had been concealed in an opening made by incision in the tree when no more than five or six years of age; and that, by the rules observed in calculating the ages of trees, it had numbered about 35 or 36 years; so that this tree had held in its bosom this costly treasure more than a quarter of a century.

H. M.

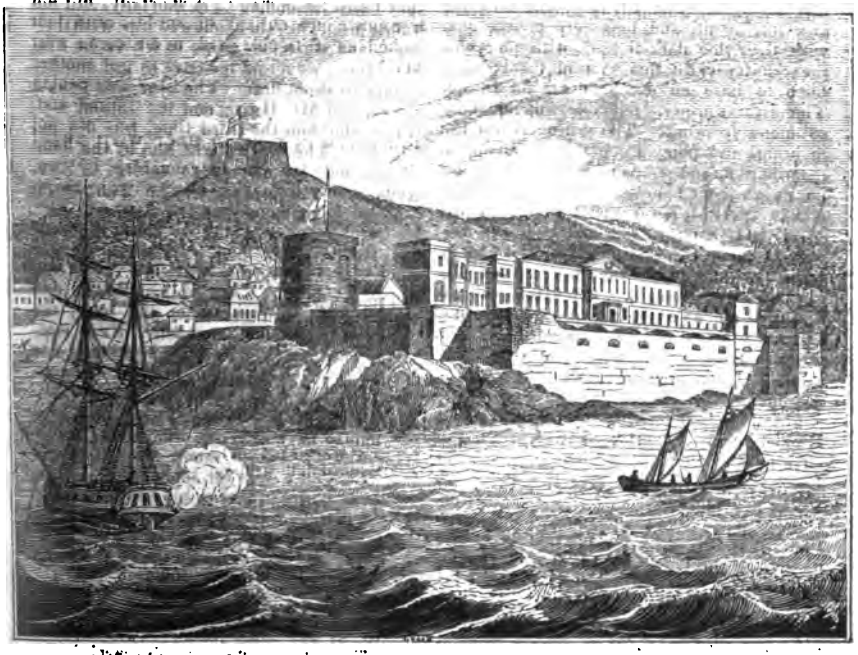
LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.—In PARIS, by all the Booksellers.—In FRANCFORT, CHARLES JUGEL.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 938.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1839. [Price 2d.



THE CASTLE IN WHICH "L. E. L." DIED.

The above engraving is a correct representation of Cape Coast Castle—the dreary abode, the strange and dismal place of sojourn, and the fatal spot wherein that gifted being, "L. E. L.," so melancholy closed her valuable life. As we feel assured every memento of that unfortunate lady possesses much interest, a fac-simile of her autograph is also subjoined.

A short time previous to her death, "L. E. L." wrote her friends a description of her new abode; making, poor lady! the best of her gloomy habitation: she says, "the castle is a building surrounded on three sides by the sea. I like the perpetual dash on the rocks—one wave comes up after another, and is for ever dashed in pieces, *like human hopes, that only swell to be disappointed.* We advance—up springs the shining froth of love or hope; 'a moment white, and gone for ever.' The land-view, with its cocoa and palm-trees, is very striking—it is like the scene in the Arabian Nights. The native huts I first took for ricks of hay, but those of the better sort are pretty white houses, with green blinds. The English gentlemen resident here have very large houses, quite mansions, with galleries running round. Generally speaking,

Dear Sir

Very truly yours obliged

L. E. Landon

the vegetation is so thick, that the growth of the shrubs rather resembles a wall. The solitude here is very Robinson Crusoeish. The hills are covered to the top with what we should call calf-weed, but here is called bush; on two of these hills are small forts built by Mr. Maclean. The natives seem obliging and intelligent, and look very picturesque, with their fine dark figures, with pieces of the country cloth flung round them; they seem to have an excellent ear for music. The servants are very tolerable, but they take so many to work. The prisoners do the scouring, and fancy three men cleansing a room that an old woman in England would do in an hour! besides, the soldier who stands by, has his bayonet drawn in his hand. Of a night, the beauty of the scenery is remarkable; the sea is of a silvery purple, and the moon deserves all that has been said in her favour. The salt lakes were first dyed a deep crimson by the setting sun, and as we returned, they seemed a faint violet in the twilight, just broken by a thousand stars, while before us was the red-light beacon."

Mr. Joseph Dupuis, in his "Journal of a Residence in Ashantee," 1814, says, the effects of the sunbeams are here oppressive to Europeans, and the absence of the sea breeze, which seldom sets in before ten o'clock, contributes much to exhaustion and indisposition, attended with fever; that they are obliged, so languid does the heat render them, to drink cold infusions of bark, and add the refreshing application to restore them. Is it any wonder that so gentle and frail a creature as "L. E. L." should sink beneath the vapours of such a soil of swamps, fevers, and pestilence? liable as she was to

"All the maladies
Of ghastly spasm, or racking torture, qualms
Of *heart-sick* agony."

Cape Coast Castle is the principal British settlement on the Gold Coast of the Gulf of Guinea: and is near the powerful kingdom of the Ashantees. The British trade with the Gold Coast of Africa was placed by charter, in the reign of Charles II., under the controul of the African Company, whose governor-general (the governor of Cape Coast Castle,) and council, managed the affairs of the settlement. It is well-known, when Sir Charles Macarthy was governor of Cape Coast Castle, he attacked the armies of the Ashantees, by whom he was killed, and his army totally defeated. They now, however, for the present, live on friendly terms with the British authorities.

A correspondent, in the *Times* of January 22, says, "'L. E. L.' was subject to the most violent spasms in the head and stomach; and when on a visit four years ago, she used laudanum so very carelessly, that Mrs. —— told her she would certainly poison herself. During the same visit, she received a letter from a gentleman, subject to similar attacks, telling her, "he had received great benefit from taking minute portions of prussic acid." Hence she determined to fly to it for relief; and there is no doubt she died through her carelessness. She was not a melancholy sentimentalist; she was a joyous creature, with a countenance radiant of smiles, and that looked as if trouble had never come near her."

SONG.

I'VE HOPED IN VAIN TO MEET WITH THEE!

BY ANDREW PARE,

Author of "The Queen of Merry England,"—"The Rocky Deep," &c. &c. &c.

(*For the Mirror.*)

I've hoped in vain to meet with thee,
Thro' years that seem'd a lifetime each;
But, ah! I fear that ne'er shall be,
Unless I first the bliss beseech!
I could not own my ardent flame,
Tho' wildly it consumed my breast;
Nor have I ever breathed thy name,
Tho' looks have all my *soul* express'd!

When first we caught each other's glance,
Our hearts enjoyed youth's sunniest gem;
But tho' our number'd days advance,
At least, *I* feel not less sincere!
Matured in thought—inured to care—
More fitted for the world's *soft* guile;
A long-admired and faithful fair,
Can better trust her lover's smile!

Then, gentle maiden! blame me not
If Fate has thus prolong'd our woe;
One hour thou hast not been forgot,
And there are reasons none can know!
Still do I live to think of thee,—
With longings for the blissful hour,
When thou shalt meet and smile with me,
Till death destroys affection's power!

A MORNING SALUTATION BETWEEN SOUL AND BODY.

BODY.

Tell me, my Soul, where hast thou been
Wand'ring the live long night?
What hast thou done, what hast thou seen,
In the course of thy silent flight?

SOUL.

I have been o'er the wide wide sea,
Have o'er the waters crost;
Seeking for ever so mournfully,
Her whom I have lost.
I have been to visit the silent tomb,
Where my hopes all buried lie;
Fairer flowers in my pathway bloom,
But dearer to me, tho' lost in gloom,
Are those that have pass'd me by.
I have been wand'ring all alone,
'Mid the ruins of happier days;
Fairy palaces overthrown—
Shining visions all scatter'd and gone,
Lost in the desolate maze.
I have been wand'ring I know not where,
Seeking for something that was not there,
Comfortless, void, and vain—
But I heard from afar the distant hum
Of the 'wakening multitude, and I come,
I come to thee again.

THE KINGDOMS OF NATURE.

The origin of Natural History may be referred to the infancy of the human species; for some knowledge of the kind was necessary for the preservation of life. Man, placed in the world naked and defenceless, was impelled by necessity, no less than by choice, to examine surrounding objects; and knowledge accumulated as society advanced. The knowledge of Nature may be regarded as the stem from which shoot, as branches, all the other kinds of human knowledge.

Natural objects are divided into two great classes:—*organic*, and *inorganic*. Organized bodies consist both of solid and of fluid parts; contain cells filled with fluid; inhale fluids and exhale others; are covered with a skin, called *epidermis*; and are produced by other bodies of the same kind;—so that they form part of a chain, reaching from the very origin of animals. They grow by taking food internally; and this, together with the function of reproduction, supposes an internal structure; consisting of organs adapted for their several purposes, animated by a vital power. Some organic beings live only a few minutes; others for centuries; but eventually all die. Inorganic bodies do not grow from internal deposition, or produce others; though they increase in size, and have a determinate form. They do not die; have no general covering; and their structure is arranged in plates (laminated). If the plates (or lamellæ) cross each other, cells are produced; but they are empty.

Organic bodies are divided into plants and animals;—the first having the power of being nourished by food, as well as the last; and also of producing other bodies like their own; but they do not possess sensation, or the power of moving at will. One great characteristic of animals is the possession of a stomach. This organ has been found in every animal which has yet been carefully examined;—even in those of which five millions exist in a drop of water. It has been the fashion to deny a stomach to animalculæ; but this is founded on mistake.

Here, then, we have the Three Kingdoms of Nature;—the *Animal*, the *Vegetable*, and the *Mineral*;—the two first being included in organic bodies, and the latter consisting of inorganic. The study of these kingdoms constitutes Natural History. It has been divided into five parts; comprehended in the sciences of Meteorology, Hydrography, Mineralogy, Botany, and Zoology. The variety of objects in nature is so great, that the studest is distracted when he attempts to grasp the whole. The globe is the result of a great process of oxidization and crystallization; and contains an extinct world of animals and plants, different from those which are at present living on its surface. In order to communicate their observations to others, naturalists began to class objects according to their resemblances; and, after dividing them into Kingdoms, they have subdivided them into Classes, Orders, Genera, Species, and Varieties. Two arrangements have been adopted; one called *natural*, and the other *artificial*. The latter is useful only for ascertaining the *name* of any object; for it gives no information respecting its nature and properties. Cuvier's is a beautiful natural system of the Animal Kingdom; and the foundation of a natural arrangement of the Vegetable Kingdom has been laid by Jussieu and others. The best artificial system is that of Linnæus. In Mineralogy (an infant science) both the natural and the artificial systems are yet imperfect.

That description of events which is called "history," is erroneous as applied to our present subject. The latter has two branches; one of which acquaints us with the various objects in nature, as they really exist; and is called "Natural *Description*;" while the other (or "Natural *History*," properly so called) comprehends the original state of natural objects, and the various changes they have undergone to the present time. Natural History is not to be regarded as a matter of idle curiosity; or merely as an elegant pastime, to be pursued as a relaxation after other pursuits. It *is* an elegant pastime, certainly; but it is *much more*; for to study it fully and deeply, requires active and attentive exercise of the mind. It furnishes a rich source of ideas for the poet. Witness Hesiod, Theocritus, Virgil, Lucretius, and, in later times, Milton, Thomson, and others. It is indispensable to agriculture and mining. The chemist ought to possess some knowledge of it, to enable him to discriminate the various substances that come under his examination. Much is yet to be done; for New Holland, Asia, and Africa, are almost unknown. We are but imperfectly acquainted with our own little kingdom; and we have no complete mineralogical or geological system. A knowledge of geology is often of great use to military officers. Even the great maps published by Government, are declared by Professor Jameson to be faulty; owing to the surveyors being ignorant of Geology. We take this opportunity of acknowledging our obligations to the unpublished lectures of this distinguished Naturalist, in the preparation of the present sketch; and we intend to borrow largely from the same source, in future communications on Natural History. By a knowledge of this interesting science, a traveller is enabled to seize and to communicate a more distinct view of the countries he visits, than he who, ignorant of the subject, has spent a whole life in them. The latter will find all waste and wearisome; where the former finds,—

"Tongues in the trees; books in the running brooks;
Sermons in stones; and good in everything!"

Organic are distinguished from inorganic bodies by certain phenomena which are called *vital*. It is not *one* of these phenomena, but the assemblage of the whole that is called "life." One of them is the property of resisting, within certain limits, the ordinary laws of matter. The next is that of changing other bodies into their own substance. This assimilation is termed, in vegetables, *absorption*; and, in animals, *digestion*. Another distinguishing phenomenon is the mode in which the constituent materials of organized bodies are disposed;—giving rise to different tissues or textures. Another relates to their origin and termination. They descend from other living beings; and all formed, at one period, part of other bodies; before they became capable of an independent existence. Their production is veiled in mystery; but their first appearance is in germs. It was once thought there was no exception to these rules; but the microscope, in the opinion of some philosophers, has lately rendered it doubtful in some cases. Once more, it is characteristic of organized beings (as we have already intimated) that their existence is terminated by death. They perish from the operation of internal and inherent causes.

All these characters are common both to animals and vegetables; but there are some by which they may be distinguished from each other. To animals are added sensation and voluntary motion; which are called *animal* functions; while the others are styled *vegetative*. It is true that motions *apparently* voluntary exist in the Vegetable Kingdom. The sensitive plant, for instance, shrinks from the touch; but all the motions of vegetables are to be explained on the principle of contraction from the application of a stimulus, without consciousness, and therefore without volition. In man, both the vegetative and the animal processes go on; but of the former (such as the formation of blood) we are not conscious. The same thing occurs in the reparation of an injury. If loss of substance be caused by a wound, it is repaired;—a new substance being arranged, without our being sensible of how it is done; or, frequently, whether it is done at all.

N. R.

Manners and Customs.

SKETCHES OF PARIS.—No. III.

The Omnibuses.

DECIDEDLY the omnibuses are the most convenient things in Paris. They are very agreeable in London, where you have a good *trottoir* to walk upon, and do not run the risk every instant of being mashed like a flea against the wall, but they are far more agreeable in Paris, with its large and perpetually flowing gutters, its uneven pavement, its narrow streets, its perplexing intricacies, and its loitering cabs and coaches. Since you may travel for threepence from Tivoli to Bercy, and from Belleville to Vaugirard, beating our long course between the Bank and Lesson Grove hollow, who would make such a journey on foot, especially in wet weather, when the forest of umbrellas in Paris quite bewilders you? *Bourgeois*, artists, merchants, nursery-maids, and even soldiers—in fact, all the world is to be found in the French omnibus. You only want six sous in your pocket at present to be able to ride from one end of Paris to the other.

One of the great advantages in these vehicles, decidedly superior to any arrangement we have with our own, is the following. There is a kind of understanding between the different companies, by which means you can get out of one omnibus and into another, without paying again, presuming the first does not go to the point you wish, and this is called *correspondance*. We will give a parallel instance of what would take place in London, if we followed the same plan. Suppose you want to go from Regent-street to the Elephant and Castle. There is perhaps no omnibus on this line, but you could go as far as New Bridge-street, and then quitting this, enter another coming from Islington, which would take you to the desired spot.

Do not think, however, that you gain much time by riding in Paris; there are always plenty of obstacles to a speedy journey. The perpetual getting in and out, the crowded streets, the stations of the correspondance—all lose many minutes in every hour. In the inside also you will meet with many disagreeables. You are sometimes much crowded; your fellow-passengers lean on you while they dispose of their eternal umbrellas; you will have a dirty foot placed on your boot, which you have just had polished on the Pont Neuf, at an expense of two sous; and if you have not unfortunately any small change, you will get for your nice five franc piece a perfect pile of copper coins, of those eccentric variations in dirt, figure, and dimension, which only French sous are capable of displaying.

Like the inhabitants of different countries, the internal physiognomy of these voitures vary according to the *quartier* which they traverse. In the omnibus which follows the line of the Boulvarts, you will generally find very nicely dressed companions, both gentlemen and ladies. Several females, and by no means the least pretty, will quit you at the Passage de L'Opera, to join the rehearsal at the Academie Royale de Musique, of *Les Huguenots*, or *Le Diable Boiteux*, according as their talents are for the chorus or ballet. If you push your journey as far as the Faubourg du Roule, divers grave persons will seat themselves by you. Old men of proud air and haughty carriage, with little bits of red ribbon in their

button-holes, showing that they are of the Legion of Honour, (which is well named, they being many,) do not disdain riding in an omnibus. You will likewise observe that all the passengers have gloves, and pass their fare to the *conducteur* with a cold salute. There is no noise, no conversation in these vehicles, nor are there many grisettes, or students—it is not exactly their quarter.

If you enter an omnibus running from the Porte St. Martin to the Chamber of Deputies, the picture varies much. In the middle of Paris, the travellers are of all stations. There are tradesmen, merchants, clerks, *lingeres*, and now and then an actress or two. They regard and examine each other closely as they enter, and give place with more complaisance. It is also a rare occurrence not to have a conversation established between two persons, even if there are five or six others between them. Their toilet is less carefully made, and there is more of the *never mind* in their manners. You will still see gloves, but they are not in the majority, and generally of that inferior order which you buy under the passages of the Palais Royal, and at the door of the Opera Comique, for twenty-nine sous a pair.

In the omnibus which goes to Père La Chaise from the foot of the Pont Neuf, you will meet many of our own nation—perhaps more than on any other line in Paris. You may know them at once by their square-toed boots, and by their not touching their hat on entering the voiture. They are much astonished at being requested to pay as soon as they are seated, and do not understand the correspondance at all, so that when they get out at the Place de la Bastille, where you change your omnibus, instead of entering the other at once, they are lost in admiration of the great model of the elephant, (which will form a fountain one of these days, when the French ships come in,) and thus lose their place, and so have to walk on to the cemetery, up a long narrow street, composed entirely of wine-shops, and tomb-stone cutters. On returning, they have different *souvenirs* of the cemetery. Some have the Letters of Abelard and Heloise, purchased at the porter's lodge—others have a guide to the monuments, which they intend to read for practice in French; but the greater number buy wreaths and garlands of everlasting flowers, which only being used in Paris to hang on the graves of dead relations, the French wonder what they can be going to do with.

But if you patronize one of the *Dames Blanches*, which run from La Villette to the Place St. Sulpice, there is again another change in the passengers. For your companions you now have carmen, *dames de la halle*, or market-women, artisans, and inhabitants of some of the wild regions without the barrier. As you approach the Rue St. Martin, several grisettes will enter, but they generally quit you on approaching the Quai St. Michel—doubtless to go towards the Rue de la Harpe. The chances are, you will be incommoded in this omnibus by parcels, baskets, plants, and provisions; and since the Italians have played at the Odeon, on account of the destruction of their own opera-house, more than once we have encountered a huge fiddle, or a trumpet in a green bag, especially towards evening. Nay, you may be placed between two fellow-travellers, one of whom will carry a goose, or some rabbits, on her knees, and the other a basket of oysters. Here you must place yourself as you can, keeping a tight hold of the strap which runs along the roof of the omnibus until you are seated, or you may plump down on some butter or eggs with the next jolt of the vehicle. We need scarcely add, there are few gloves to be seen in these omnibuses, but the loss of them is counterbalanced by divers pairs of wooden shoes; and caps appear to enjoy a great superiority over hats and bonnets. KNIPS.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTIONS.

ONE of the distinguishing features of the present age is the formation of associations either for the attainment or diffusion of knowledge, each object giving birth to its peculiar kind of institution. Thus we have for the *attainment* of knowledge (by this term we wish to convey to our readers the idea of *original* research,) such societies as the "Royal," the "Royal Astronomical," the "Geological," and others of a similar character, which are composed principally of members who devote themselves to the arduous task of investigating Nature, unfolding her laws, and contributing their share towards the erection of the vast pyramid of knowledge. On the other hand, we have various "Literary and Scientific Institutions," which are the means of *diffusing* the knowledge obtained by the industrious investigator of nature, among those individuals in whose minds a thirst for knowledge has been excited—indeed the Literary Institution both excites the mind to inquiry, and satisfies the thirst thus produced. We hail the establishment and increase of these institutions as a marked indication of the "change" that society is undergoing. A change that will introduce (as a beautiful writer remarks,) "pleasures of a higher order, and more akin to genuine happiness—social pleasures, and pleasures of the intellect that will open upon, and grow upon our brethren of the operative class. They will find pleasures in books — boundless, unimagined, inexhaustible, inexpressible pleasures." This is the direct tendency of such institutions, and they point out to us, in a manner not to be

mistaken the growing desire for knowledge that is every where discovering itself.

We have been led into these reflections in consequence of attending the opening of the METROPOLITAN INSTITUTION, now holding at *Salvador House, Bishopsgate-street*. The manner in which the *Conversazioné* was arranged, showed that the great object which the managers have in view, is to meet the wants of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood—the literary wants that have been created by the "advancement" of society—the scientific wants that have been produced by the great exertions made during past years for the advancement of science by the British nation. Literature, the Fine Arts, and Science, formed prominent features in the exhibition; thus each class of members found their peculiar tastes gratified. A portion of the literature of Egypt, consisting of copies of the inscriptions on the Rosetta Stone, and impressions from various Egyptian tombs, attracted considerable attention. Several of the paintings were very splendid, the *original* portrait of the Queen, painted by the express command of her Majesty, was a most interesting object; also Grace Darling and her father proceeding to the wreck of the Forfarshire; we also observed some beautiful sketches from nature, which were well executed.

The contents of the tables carried us back in imagination to periods "when man dwelt not upon the earth." Several geological specimens from the secondary and tertiary formations commended scientific research to the inquiring mind; and we have little doubt that the exhibition of the evening excited some ardent mind to pursue investigation; and it may not be too much to hope, that some future Humboldt may date his first aspirations for scientific fame from the opening of the Metropolitan Institution, as did the celebrated traveller observe, "that he was excited to scientific research by one George Wood." While the Geological received delight, the Entomological was gratified, by some very splendid insects from Brazil, and the searcher into the minute in nature experienced high gratification from the exhibition of three very powerful microscopes;—thus the Institution, as before observed, showed its readiness to meet the wants of society.

We should, however, be much wanting in our duty, were we to pass over the very excellent inaugural address, delivered in the theatre, by the President, Thomas Bell, Esq. F.R.S. F.L.S. &c. &c.; he dilated on the importance of the youth of the metropolis joining such an institution, and adverted to the frivolous, and even hurtful nature of many places of amusement which they would thus be prevented from attending: he also spoke of the library, and particularly urged the attention of the managers to the careful selection of works; he hoped it would not be a mere circulating library, but one that would be found of great advantage to the members, in consequence of the selection, which he was anxious should be made with judgment and ability; he was also desirous that it should be augmented by donations, and observed, that he had that evening set the example. The address was well received; and from its suitability to the occasion, we have little doubt of its proving of lasting benefit to the members.

The institution possesses reading and news-rooms, which are open from eight in the morning until eleven at night; the reading-room is well supplied with the quarterly, monthly, and weekly periodicals, also with new works, and the news-room with the morning and evening papers. Lectures are delivered weekly in the theatre of the Institution. On the 10th instant, Professor Vaughan delivered the first lecture, "on the connection between literature and the state of society in ancient and modern times." The Doctor very lucidly showed, that literature is an index to the character of the society that produces it; that the literature of a nation gives it a *lasting* existence, while a nation without literature is doomed to be forgotten—he remarked, that oriental literature is particularly characterized by its enforcing the requirements of religion; and that however absurd the religious systems of the East might have been, yet through the medium of literature, they had a beneficial effect upon mankind. The Professor then passed on to the literature of Greece, and spoke of Homer as choosing for his particular subject, "Man;" he contrasted the literature of Greece with the oriental on the one hand, and the Roman on the other, and particularly expatiated on the theatrical exhibitions of Greece, as compared with the exhibitions in the amphitheatre of Rome, the former being of a character more consonant with humanity than the latter, which exhibited the condition of the public mind, that could not be satisfied unless it feasted itself on the groans and agonies of the dying. He then took occasion to show the influence which these distinct characters exerted on the literature of the two nations. In the same way he contrasted the oratory and history of Greece and Rome, and then passed on to modern literature. Here the Doctor dilated on the influence which Christianity had exerted on society, and remarked that neither Greece nor Rome ever witnessed such a spectacle as his audience witnessed that evening. A number of persons of both sexes assembled to seek that intellectual gratification which is to be derived from literature; and he traced this to the bland and humanizing spirit of Christianity, which elevates the female mind to its just level in society. He then proceeded to make some observa-

tions on literary patronage, and remarked, that there had been three distinct kinds of patronage afforded to literary men. The patronage of the great and wealthy, which was prevalent previous to the days of Dryden and Pope. The patronage of the booksellers, which extended from the times of Dryden and Pope to our own boyhood; and lastly, the patronage of the public, which was the most important, as the growing taste for literature was now becoming so extensive, that a worthless book was soon forgotten, while one that commended itself to the feelings and sympathies of mankind lived in their estimation; therefore, if the audience wished to know the character of a book, the best answer is to read it. The Doctor closed the lecture with some very appropriate remarks relative to the Institution, as a means for the further cultivation of literature; and referred his audience to a large map of Europe and Asia, on which he pointed out the various spots where literature had flourished: he particularly directed the attention of his auditory to Greece, a spot that could scarcely be seen on the map; yet by its literature, that country had raised for itself an imperishable monument of greatness, and by this means far eclipsed the surrounding nations. He then briefly adverted to the evils that had been associated with literature, and put the inquiry, that if the case could be made out that more evil than good had resulted from literature, should we abandon it? No: let us rather increase the good, that it may overcome the evil. But it was well known that it could not be made out, and therefore we should go on increasing the good, and diminishing the evil; yea, using the weapons of the enemy against himself, and in this respect, as well as every other, "England expects every man to do his duty."

COAL MINES.

Every trade and profession has certain significant technicalities belonging to itself, which students find to constitute their chief difficulty on entering upon the study of them. The terms employed in music are at this day so numerous, that a volume has of late been published explanatory of its hundreds of phrases. If the law has its thousand, physic is embarrassed with its ten thousand. Descending from profession, we find every trade in like manner furnished with its own peculiar phrases and words. The miner has, perhaps, if not so great a multitude, yet as great a singularity in the phrases employed by him, as any of the foregoing. As soon as you enter a pit, your ear is assailed by volleys of words, which till then had never fallen on the auscultatory nerve.—"Blowers," and "brattices," "drifts dam-doors," "intake," along with a hundred other mining terms, constantly salute you; so that, were it not for the plain English words interspersed between, you might imagine yourself amongst a modern tribe of unintelligible Troglodytes. Yet there are some phrases of this modus loquendi which are more comprehensive, if not more poetical than the preceding. One phrase certainly flavours of refinement, and resembles the Greek method of personifying inanimate objects, and enduing stock and stone with powers of utterance and vocability. Thus, sometimes when the free circulation of the air is stopped, it naturally at such times passes by the nearest passage to the furnace, seeking to relieve itself at every crevice it can find. These stoppages are termed "callings," because if an interruption has taken place anywhere, the stopping begins to sing or call, that is, gives indication of an interruption in the air-course, and so does every stopping in the same line, all of them making a whistling noise; and the instant such an effect is discovered, the party discovering it, calls, "Holloa, there is something wrong, the doors are 'calling.'" Many other instances might be adduced of similar verbal peculiarities, the foregoing however serves as a specimen.

It appears that in some coal-mines the labour is unusually difficult, and instances have been known where men have rather thrust themselves where danger was momentarily impending, so that they might work with comparative ease. What are termed the "fiery pits," are those where danger is imminent, and where in five minutes the breath of life may be remedilessly taken away. Thus a workman has been known to go from a pit that was not fiery into one that was fiery; exclaiming at the same time, "I would rather be working at the other pit than at this, for it is such hard work": the coal being hard and gritty, and dreadfully difficult to work: but it was far less dangerous than the other, in consequence of being bad coal: he said, therefore, he would rather work in the fiery pit on account of the ease with which he worked than in the safe pit.

One of the most dangerous things attendant on an explosion in a mine, is the great quantity of carbonic acid gas which is left behind. It is rarely that a light can be kept in on its approach. Sometimes too it is so abundant, that, in the course of an hour, thousands of yards of space are filled with this gas. In parts of a mine strongly ventilated, black damp may be seen running in a parallel line close by the air-course, where it travels so rapidly, that no workman can keep a candle in. If a workman accidentally place his head less than a yard from the free current, he is almost sure to fall a victim to it, if not immediately removed. When a miner has been struck by the black-damp, they immediately run him to the air-pit or shaft, place him in the basket, and have him wound

up to the bank. The mode they then adopt to revive him is to cut a hole out of the earth at the surface, and place him with his face downwards: this generally, though not in every case, restores the checked animation.

Owing to the escape of inflammable gas, and the noxious state of the water, a stream underground in these pits may be caused to boil like hot water. At such times it is common for the females, the workmen's wives and daughters, to go down to the stream with the washing they have to perform for their families. After digging a hole in the side of the stream, about ten or twelve inches deep, they fill it with pebbles, stones, &c., and then put a candle to it: by this means they have plenty of boiling water without further trouble, or the expense of fuel.

It is a remarkable fact, affirmed by miners, that coal at the pit's mouth burns a great deal more freely and brilliantly, and the combustion is much better, than after they have had sea-voyages, as is the case with coals brought for instance from the North of England to this metropolis. This arises from the moisture of the coal. If all coal were to be dried in ovens, it would exhaust much the bitumen which it contains; it does not burn so freely and powerfully unless there is a bulk of it. One single coal will not burn at all; put two together and they assist each other; they reflect their own heat, and give it out to each other; but if these two coals are perfectly dry they will not burn so well. If coal for domestic use is put partly into a damp cellar and partly into a dry cellar, it will burn very differently in the same house, and the bitumen of the coal is best preserved by water or dampness. This fact is worthy of being noted by housekeepers.

It is curious to observe, how even in the subterranean recesses of these mines, the scale of rank and precedencies goes. The lowest grade are the trap-door keepers: boys who attend to the doors, to open and shut them to let the workmen in and out. The next in class and age are the "rolley-drivey," who are stouter boys, about twelve or fourteen years of age; there are drivers of horses, which convey coals from the crane to the bottom of the shaft. The next grade is that of boys called "putters," who fill the coal from the hewers; their ages vary from fifteen to twenty-three years. To these follow the miners themselves. Then comes the "deputy," who acts under the direction of the overman. Then comes the "under-viewer" who descends the mine daily to see that the mine everywhere is rightly attended to, and over him is the "viewer," or chief superintendant or manager. These together constitute the administration of a well-ordered and regularly-conducted coal-mine.

W. ARCHER.

The English Bijou Almanack, for 1839.

THE press have been so lavish in their praises of the *English Bijou Almanack*, that we are left without words to express *our* admiration of that interesting literary and pictorial *Morceau*. All that is left for us to say is, that it is a Gem, although "no bigger than an agate-stone on the fore-finger of an alderman," is nevertheless embellished with portraits of the Duchess of Kent, Lady Blessington, Madame Pasta, Duke of Wellington, Sir Thomas Lawrence, and Beethoven, with poetical effusions from the pen of our lamented "L. E. L.;" together with a complete almanack. Really this *little* chronicle is a *great* curiosity, and not unworthy of being placed in the library along with the mighty folio; for we must remember, that

> Nullam virtus respuit staturam;

besides, the poet also tells us

> To prize little things, nor think it ill
> That men small things preserve.

We shall transcribe the words of *The Farewell*, which L. E. L. wrote for this *tome* a short time previous to her leaving the "Home of her Fathers:"

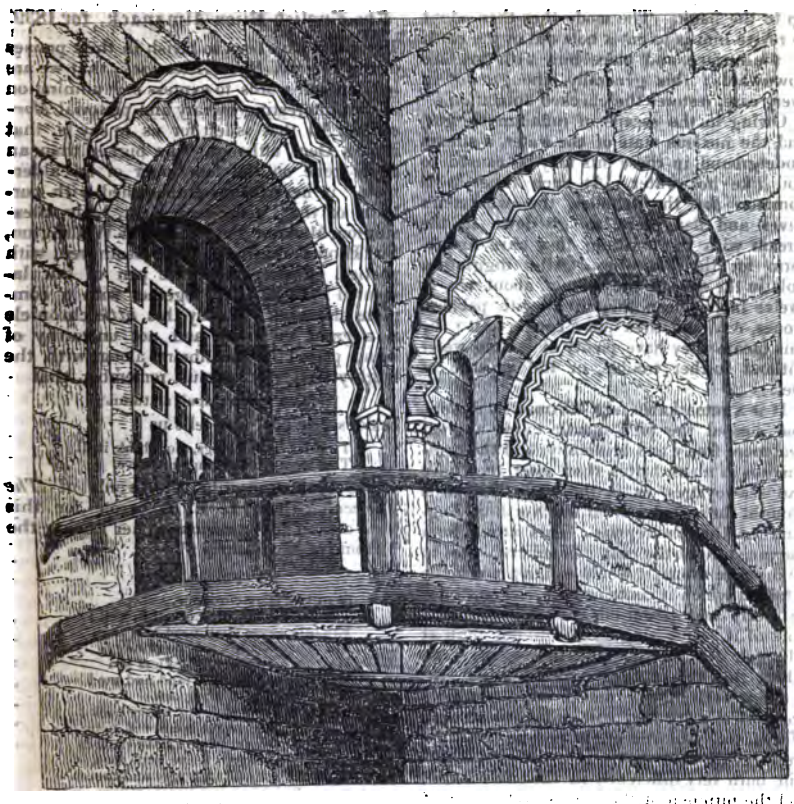
Farewell.

My little fairy chronicle,
The prettiest of my tasks,
Ere other eyes shall meet
Far other records writ be mine;
How many miles of trackless sea
Will roll between my land and me!
I said thine elfin almanack
Should call all pleasant hours back;
Amid those pleasant hours will none
Think kindly on what I have done?
Then, fairy page, I leave with thee,
Some memory of my songs and me.

KAVA TREE.

THE part of the valley which we visited was densely covered with the celebrated Tree, known in the South Sea Islands by the name of Kava, here also called, from its unpleasant taste, kauakaua, or bitter: its height is about twenty feet, with a leaf of bright green, similar to the laurel tribe; its leaves, when crushed, yield an aromatic fragrance. Several of the palm tribe raised their tall heads above the surrounding foliage.

One tree was pointed out, twice as large as to this spot, and stated by the natives, who accompanied me, and whose residences were at far distant settlements, on the coast, as growing only in this valley: it was in height thirty-five feet, with spreading branches, frondiferous, and of a similar colour to a species of phillanthus, that is found in large quantities near the beach. The tree is cuciferous, and bore at the time clusters of early berries, which, when in a mature state, are dried by the natives, and used as beads.—*Polack's New Zealand.*



THE PORTCULLIS IN ROCHESTER CASTLE.

"The massy portcullis' arch they pass,
The arch with its bars of brass,
The entrance long and low;
Flanked at each turn by loopholes strait,
Where bowmen might in ambush wait,
Before, an host should burst the gate,
Or sally on entering foe."

Lord of the Isles.

The figure of this ancient engine of military defence is rendered familiar to every inhabitant of the metropolis as the armorial emblem of the City of Westminster; and from its connexion with the latter, among the decorations of which period it was repaired by the Lancastrian monarchs, (whose badge it also formed, in allusion to the sovereignty of Castile, assumed by John of Ghent,) as at Henry the Seventh's Chapel.

The existence may be traced from a very remote period, and so extensively was it employed in the middle ages, down to the latest times of the feudal system, that most of the castles remaining in this country, and other parts of Europe, furnish instances of its use. The name is a mere corruption of the French *porte coulisse*, signifying a door sliding in a groove,* of which the Tower of London affords more than one example, where the ponderous frame, with its teeth of jagged iron, may be partly seen below the arch in the manner shown in the accompanying cut, which represents the portal of Rochester Castle, sketched during a recent visit to that august and venerable ruin. It is viewed from the interior of a smaller tower on the north side of the keep, "forming," says Mr. Britton, "a sort of vestibule to the chief entrance doorway to the first floor, and this is approached by a flight of steps, commencing at the western side, and returning round the corner." This part, as well as every other portion of the tower, was calculated to afford advantage and security to its inhabitants: for at the time of its erection, kings, bishops, barons, and all classes of society, were perpetually engaged in warfare, either foreign or domestic. Thus we find, on a careful examination

* *Vide* Britton's Dictionary, a most valuable work on the etymology and application of ancient terms.

mation of this fortress, that its walls, doors, windows, as well as the external stairs of approach, were designed and constructed to repel assailants, and to protect the inhabitants.

The first ascent was by a flight of twelve or thirteen steps, leading round the north-west angle, to an arched doorway, beneath which a flight of seven steps led forward to a drawbridge, that connected with the arched gateway to the entrance tower: this opened into the vestibule, between which and the keep there were no other avenues of communication than by a third arched passage in the thickness of the wall. This latter inlet to the body of the keep, was defended by a massive door and portcullis, the hinges and grooves of which remain; and in the roof are openings for the purpose of showering missiles on the heads of assailants. The portcullis, of which the windlass and attendants were concealed, seems to have been applicable rather as a precautionary device against surprise, (as the entrance could be thus closed when it might have been impossible to shut the gates,) than as a permanent barrier, it being inferior, in point of resistance to external force, to the solid studded gate, with its "beam, and bolt, and chain," which is in most instances found in connection with it. The *ruse-de-guerre* by which the castle of Linlithgow was forced by Binnock, a partizan of Bruce, in the early part of the fourteenth century, affords, in the language of Sir Walter Scott, a well-drawn portrait of the warfare of the period. "Accustomed to supply the garrison with forage, Binnock concealed eight armed Scots in his wain, which was apparently loaded with hay. He employed a strong-bodied bondsman to drive the waggon, and he himself walked beside it, as if to see his commodity safely delivered. When the cart was in the gateway, beneath the portcullis, Binnock, with a sudden blow of an axe which he held in his hand, severed the harness which secured the horses to the wain. Finding themselves relieved from the draught, the horses sprang forward; Binnock shouted a signal word, and at the same time struck down the porter with his axe. The armed men started from their concealment among the hay—the English attempted to drop the portcullis, or shut the gate; but the loaded wain prevented alike the fall of the one and the closing of the other. A party of armed Scots, who lay in ambush waiting the event, rushed in at the shout of their companions, and the castle was theirs."

Still further ingenuity would, however, have been required in some cases, as at Warwick Castle, which had two portcullises, at a considerable distance from each other; and at Carnarvon there were four.

Conisgsbro' Castle has been remarked as a singular instance of the omission of the portcullis; but Hurstmonceaux, and perhaps some others, are equally unprovided, the protection of a draw-bridge being probably deemed sufficient.

Anecdote Gallery

THE LATE MR. DELPINI, THE CLOWN OF COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

Many anecdotes are told of this celebrated master of posture and grimace, but none exhibits his eccentricity in a more ludicrous point of view than the following, which was one evening related at Brooks's by Mr. Sheridan, when the Prince and Duke of York, who knew Delpini well, were present.

It should be premised, that several members of the royal family, and particularly the Prince of Wales, had pressed Sheridan to procure the insertion of Delpini's name in the books of the *Theatrical Fund*, in order to secure a provision for his old age. Mr. Sheridan did all in his power to promote the object in question; but one grand difficulty was started in the course of the negociation, which even his influence could not well remove:—this was, that as Mr. Delpini was merely a clown, he could not be admitted; for the laws of the society forbade relief to any but such as were accustomed *to speak* on the stage. A remedy, however, was at length suggested, viz.:—that a few words should be written in the forthcoming pantomime, for Delpini to repeat; and thus he was to rank among the Garricks and the Kembles of the day.

The words in question were only *three* in number; and they were to be uttered by Delpini in the character of a Magician, at the instant that Harlequin and Columbine were in the act of embracing: they were—"*Pluck them asunder!*"

Big with the expectation of his pension, but more so with the importance of his new character, Delpini repeated the above short sentence on every occasion, for several weeks, and with every possible variety of accent and intonation.

There was not a performer in the theatre whom he did not apply to to hear him rehearse his part; so that, at length, every one voted him a complete *bore*.

The gentleman whose applause he was most anxious to obtain was Mr. Kemble; and, whenever he met him behind the scenes, in the passages, or in the green-room, he caught hold of him by the arm, or by a button, and held him fast, until he had repeated the *important words* with suitable gesture and action.

One night, as Kemble was standing beside the wing, helmeted and buskined as Coriolanus, and, with truncheon in hand, preparing to lead the Volsci forth to battle, Del-

pion as to his appearance, and that he addressed the Roman hero in the following terms:—

"Mr. Kemble, I am very glad I av found you, sare: you sal see me rehearsh my part."

"Not now," replied Kemble, "it is impossible, Mr. Delpini, do not you see that I am just going on the stage?"—"But," persisted Delpini, "I sal not detain you sare un moment; you sal see dat I pronounce von character, proprement, and vid de proper emphasis on de last vourd."

"Well, well," replied Kemble, pettishly, "begin, begin; I must go on the stage directly."—"I sal not detain you, sare," returned Delpini, as he leaned on his right leg and threw out his left at an angle of forty-five degrees. Then infusing into his countenance all the imitative rage which it was capable of expressing, he bellowed out, "Plock dich massondere!" Poor Kemble, the muscles of whose face had been screwed up to the most horrific pitch, felt his risible chord so tickled by Delpini's ludicrous pronunciation and manner, that, at that instant retending his cue of entrance, he was forced to turn his head aside from the audience for nearly a minute, before he could address his troops without laughing.

On the night when Delpini had to perform his part on the stage, it was worse and worse, he roared out, "*Massondere, plock at!*"

This ludicrous termination of his *arduous labours*, made the theatre echo with laughter, both behind and before the curtain; and poor Delpini retired behind the scenes in a state of discomfiture. However, being a little recovered, he said to several of the performers who came up to condole him, their sides shaking with laughter—"*Nevere mind, ladies and gentlemens: dose may laugh dat lose; I av win, and sal laugh to myself. I av gain de pension, by Gar! and I care noting at all for nobody!*"—The Clubs of London.

Arts and Sciences.

ON CONSTRUCTION, AND THE USE OF IRON.

Read before the Architectural Society, on Tuesday, Dec. 4, 1838, by R. E. Philips, Esq., Member.

The great end of all the arts is that of making an impression on the imagination and feeling. That imitation of nature frequently does this, I believe will be readily admitted; but that on some occasions it fails, I conceive will also be conceded; the true tests of the arts, therefore, does not rest solely upon the production of a true copy of nature, but whether it answers the end of art, which is to produce a pleasing effect on the mind. Architecture does not rank itself under the banners of an imitative art; but, like music and poetry, appeals directly to the imagination. There is in architecture an inferior branch of art, in which the imagination has no concern; it does not lay claim to its appellation as a polite and liberal art from its usefulness, or as an accessory to our wants and necessities; but from higher and loftier principles, we are convinced that a train of genius would render it capable of inspiring sentiment, and of filling the mind with great and sublime ideas. The influence of the fine arts upon the intellectual and moral character of a people, their utility and their value, as conferring upon a state in which they are justly appreciated as the highest proof of civilization, are considerations which cannot be too much entertained. Persons are too apt to regard the art of design as a mere elegance, as the sign of wealth rather than the production of wisdom, and as more the effect of pleasure than utility. It may be well for the members of our profession to consider what means and materials are in their hands, that may prove conducive to these ends, and whether this art has not in its power to address itself to the imagination by more ways than those usually adopted by architects. That the mere theoretical architect combines these qualifications, has not, I think, been proved in the buildings of the ancients, for I imagine that many of the deformities observable in the buildings of Greece and Rome have arisen from their ignorance of construction, and the modes adopted to supply that deficiency, some of which have been contrary to every rule of beauty and convenience. The strength and duration of their erections may, I think, be attributed to the goodness of the materials, and the quantity used, rather than any practical display of mechanical skill: and, at the same time, I cannot help regretting that at the present day, when the flourishing appearance of the arts would lead us to look for a display both of the one and the other, a sad deficiency exhibits itself, and especially when we are continually hearing the former decried, the latter so much commended.

To the Gothic architects we are considerably indebted for the unity of both, for in their works they exhibit a lightness, an art and boldness of execution, clearly proving that neither the singly practical or theoretical architect will ever exhibit to the mind a pleasing object for its contemplation, unless the union of the two becomes apparent to the imagination by the working of its effects.

England, perhaps, exhibits more than any other nation magnificent examples of these qualifications, equally admirable for the art with which they are executed, and the taste and ingenuity with which they are composed. I cannot here refrain from expressing a feeling of regret, that these structures, sacred to the soil, are not more considered, better understood, and held in higher estimation, and more encouragement given to our anti-

quarians in that peculiar branch, to undertake a correct publication of our ecclesiastical and domestic architecture, before ruin spreads its extending mantle, and preserve to after ages the remembrance of an extraordinary style, now fast sinking into oblivion, at the same time publishing to the world the riches of a great nation in the splendour of her ancient structures, and rendering a real service to the art of design.

That some of our modern architects have developed great skill and considerable knowledge in their erections, I candidly and joyfully confess; for instance, St. Paul's, and many other works of Sir Christopher Wren, present us with a display of numerous examples of admirable works, executed with so much art, that they are, and ever will be, studied and admired by all intelligent and researching observers.

"Those massy columns in a circle rise,
O'er which a pompous dome invades the skies;
Scarce to the top I stretched my aching sight,
So large it spread, and swelled to such a height."

To him and many others we owe great improvements in practice, especially in carpentry, which has been carried to a much higher state of perfection than by any other nation; and we are considerably indebted to many of our countrymen for several valuable books which have been published, explaining the various modes of conducting the several works, and enumerating the apparatus used, together with the properties and nature of materials adopted; and let me here bear an humble tribute to the periodicals which now monthly add to our store; to these, then, the various structures to be found in the United Kingdom, and elsewhere, must the architect devote much of his attention, in order to acquire and collect the rudiments of construction, and other branches of his profession, which practice, experience, and attentive observation alone will render him consummately skilled in.

Perhaps there is no material so much in requisition in buildings as iron; but yet so little attention is devoted to the parts thereof, that although capable of being converted to the most ornamental purposes, at the same time uniting stability with utility, it is made an eyesore, or, in many instances, a severe approach on the skill and ingenuity of the architect. The use and advantage of a thorough knowledge of the material will be best appreciated by those who seriously consider the dread effects of a failure in its application, as it would happen most likely when the consequences would be most serious; and, perhaps, there is no material which requires more the aid and assistance of science in its use, therefore the greater necessity for a constant study of its properties and capabilities. That very great improvements have been made in its application is every day more apparent, and which may be chiefly attributed to its great acquisition in manufacturing districts, and thereby produces additional reasons for a more minute cultivation of a thorough knowledge of its utility and value. Another reason for its adoption is on the score of economy, for although the opulence of the nation might warrant a supposition of prodigality in its public buildings, yet where thousands and tens of thousands are squandered in the most trifling, contemptible, and ridiculous model, yet, in respect to the arts, especially architecture, the public liberality has yet been seen only to extend to almost a mere nothings, a foundation certainly much too weak to sustain an edifice either creditable to the national taste or native genius.

The existence of pure iron was formerly questioned; of the fact that such pieces have been found, I believe there remains little doubt, indeed none at all, if we rely on highly respectable authorities. A large piece of native iron was found in South America, in 1783, by a Spaniard, which was found to be pure and soft iron, easily cut, and capable of being wrought without difficulty when heated, some portions of which are deposited in the British Museum, as specimens of the block. It has been likewise a matter of doubt whether the ancient Greeks, towards whom we generally look for authorities as to the early progress in the arts, were acquainted with the use of iron.

In the description of the games instituted by Achilles, on the death of Patroclus, translated by Cowper, we find the following:—

"The hero next an iron clod produced
Rough from the forge, and wont to task the might
Of King Ætion; but when him he slew
Pelides' glorious chief, with other spoils,
From Thebes conveyed it in his fleet to Troy."

Iliad.

If iron had been common among the Greeks, we may assume that a lump of the metal of the size described by the poet, or his translator would have been no unworthy prize of heroic contention; but as it is by no means clear that the knowledge of iron, for military purposes really existed, much less that the art of subjugating so stubborn a material was at that time known.

At what period the smelting of iron ore, so abundant in this country, was first undertaken, does not, I believe, appear. It will be readily admitted, by those conversant in early history, as well as by those who respect traditional probability, that the earliest uses to which it was devoted were probably weapons of warfare. Although a considerable degree of perfection appears to have been attained at a very early period in the working of iron, the art of casting articles immediately from the metal in its crude state, seems to have been either unknown or not practised till a comparatively late period. That it is fitted for every purpose in building is not asserted

especially considering the climate of England; but its usefulness for the support of great weights, exposed in situations subject to rapid decay, and for the prevention of fire, must be self-evident, as, in the latter case, we have seen several instances lately, which fully bear testimony to the correctness of this observation, where there is every reason to suppose, that, had not the brestummer supporting the front wall of the house been of iron, the same would have been precipitated into the street, and thereby, perhaps, a sacrifice of many lives. There have been instances of failures in the use of this material, which, perhaps, has much prejudiced the public mind against its adoption more generally in buildings; but yet these may have been cases where it has arisen from a want of a proper knowledge of its properties, and not from any defect in the material itself.

Persons are too apt to imagine that a large piece of iron must possess infinite strength, and the dimensions of the most important parts of structures are frequently fixed upon by guess, and from such causes ensues unpleasant consequences. The chief and principal object is to regard the fitness, strength, and durability, at the same time endeavouring to produce, with those qualifications, a pleasing effect, correctness of design, and lightness of parts, yet at no sacrifice to the stability of the erection. When it is considered that the parts of a building should assume any particular form or position, as well as stress, it will become obvious that something more than mere resistance to fracture should be calculated. In the evidence given before the jury on the failure of the Royal Brunswick Theatre, the architects examined on that occasion differed materially as to the application of iron for the purposes of roofs; yet there are many recent instances where iron roofs have been adopted with complete success. I might mention the roof over the fruit market at Covent-garden, where it is composed of iron and wood, that has a very light and agreeable effect; the fish-market at the Hungerford-market is wholly of iron, with street iron (? zinc) covering. In chapels lately erected, the cluster columns have been made of iron six inches diameter, cast hollow, with a screw core for their reception, and the height of which, I believe, are twenty-five feet; but yet, for the want of a little attention to these matters, every body must regret the bad effect which is produced by the introduction of iron girders, in chapels and elsewhere, without combining a spirit of design with that of utility, and perhaps economy; little or no attention is paid to the adoption of iron columns in shop windows, where they become necessary for the stability of the building, which, if properly considered, instead of forming a blot in the design, might be made conducive to its general good effect, and that without detriment to its stability or usefulness.

As regards the qualities of iron, we find the following recommendations:—White cast iron is less subject to be destroyed by rusting than the gray kind; and it is also less soluble in acids; therefore it may be usefully employed where hardness is necessary, and where its brittleness is not a defect; but it should not be chosen for purposes where strength is necessary. When cast smooth, it makes excellent bearings for gudgeons or pivots to run upon, and is very durable, having little friction; white cast iron, in a recent fracture, has a white and radiated appearance, indicating a crystaline structure, it is very brittle and hard; gray cast iron has a granulated fracture of a gray colour, with some metallic lustre: it is much softer and tougher than the white cast iron, but between these kinds there are varieties of cast iron having various shades of these qualities, those should be esteemed the best which approach nearest to the gray cast iron. Gray cast iron is used for artillery, and is sometimes termed gun-metal.

The utmost care should be employed to render the iron in each casting of an uniform quality, because in iron of different qualities the contraction is different, which causes an unequal tension among the parts of the metal, impairs its strength, and renders it liable to sudden and unexpected failures. When the texture is not uniform, the surface of the casting is usually uneven where it ought to have been even. This unevenness, or the irregular swells and hollows on the surface of a casting, is caused by the unequal contraction of the iron of different qualities.—[Extracted from the *Civil Engineer and Architect's Journal*, No. 16,—a work of great merit and utility.]

CURIOUS BEQUESTS.

(*From the Reports of the Commissioners on Charities.*)

BLAGRAVE'S CHARITY.

JOHN BLAGRAVE, by will, dated 30th June, 1611, devised to Joseph Blagrave, and his heirs, a mansion-house, in Swallowfield, and all other his lands and messuages in the parishes of Swallowfield, Eversley, and Reading, in the counties of Berks, Wilts, and Hants, under condition that the said Joseph Blagrave, and his heirs, should yearly and for ever, upon Good-Friday, between the hours of six and nine in the morning, pay 10*l.*, in a new purse of leather, to the Mayor and Burgesses of Reading, to the intent that they should provide that the same should be yearly bestowed, in the forenoon of the same day in manner following, viz.: twenty nobles to one poor maiden servant who should have served, dwelt, and continued in any one service within any of

the three parishes of Reading, in good name and fame, five years at the least, for her preferment in marriage; and to avoid partiality in the choice, he ordained that there should be every Good-Friday three such maidens in election, to cast and try by lot whose fortune should be: that of these three, one should be taken out of each parish, if it could be; and that every fifth year one of the three should be chosen from Southcote, if any there should have lived so long; and that there should be special choice of such maids as had served longest in any one place, and whose friends were of least ability to help them. That 10*s.* should be given on the same day to the preacher of St. Lawrence's, for a sermon; and that after sermon there should be 20*s.* given to threescore of the poorest householders of the said parish, who should accompany the maiden, to whom the lot had fallen, home to her dwelling-place, and there leave her, with her purse of 20 nobles. That the ringers should have 3*s.* 4*d.* to ring a peal till the said maiden reach home. That 20*s.*, parcel of the 10*l.*, be sent to the threescore poor people of the parish of St. Mary, and 6*s.* to 24 poor people of St. Giles's parish, 3*d.* a piece; and that the clerk of St. Lawrence and the youngest churchwarden should have each 3*s.* 4*d.*: with liberty to the said Mayor and Burgesses to enter in case of non-payment, and receive the rents for one whole year upon every such default.

The testator also gave certain interests in leasehold premises and annuities for years, to the said Mayor and Burgesses, for them to make provision for certain persons of testator's family; with directions to them to retain 200*l.*, to be bestowed in buying and pulling down the middle row of houses in the market-place at Reading, standing between the pump and the cage, to the intent that the market-place should be enlarged; and if they should purchase and pull down the same, within two years after his decease, that they should retain another 100*l.*, to build a covered walk on the south side of St. Lawrence's Church, 10 feet broad at the least, from the church porch to the west end of belfry, for the mayor and burgesses, and other people, to walk and sit dry.

The premises in the market-place were pulled down, and the middle row of houses removed, and the covered walk was erected in the place pointed out, and is still kept in repair by the corporation.

In respect of the first bequest, the sum of 10*l.* is yearly received from Sir Henry Russell, Bart., of Swallowfield Park, the owner of a considerable estate in that parish, which comprises the property formerly belonging to the testator.

Three girls are selected by the mayor and aldermen on Good-Friday morning, one from each of the three parishes in Reading. The applicants produce a certificate of a continued service, in one family, for five years at least. They each throw three dice, and the one who gains the highest number is announced as the "lucky maiden," and receives a purse containing the 20 nobles, 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* The person gaining this prize is not considered eligible to be elected to stand for either of the other charities of the same description.

The girl who throws the second highest number receives 4*l.*, and the third 3*l.* from Mr. Annesley's Charity hereafter mentioned. Every fifth year the Hamlet of Southcote is entitled to supply a candidate, and in that year the parish of St. Mary is excluded. The proceedings of the day are entered in the diary of the corporation.

At the same time 20*s.* is paid to the churchwardens of St. Lawrence, for the use of the preacher, the clerk, the ringers, and younger churchwarden, and 1*s.* is paid for the purse, and 8*d.* paid to the clerk of the Hall, (Town Clerk,) and 2*l.* 5*s.* is paid to the poor of the three parishes, 20*s.* to St. Mary's, 20*s.* to St. Lawrence's, and 5*s.* to St. Giles's, which is distributed at Easter, according to the directions of the will. The latter parish appears to be deprived of 1*s.* yearly, which is applied in the purchase of a purse, which ought to be furnished by the payer of the rent charge.

The form of procession and ringing home is now discontinued.

ANNESLEY'S CHARITY.

Martin Annesley, Esq., a very old member of the corporation, 18th August, 1809, addressed a letter to the mayor and aldermen, wherein, in allusion to the preceding charities, he stated, that from motives of kindness for the unsuccessful candidates on Good-Friday, he had, about twenty years before, been induced to make a small donation to alleviate their disappointment, and that it was his wish to make the same more secure and permanent than it then was; and also another benefaction of the same kind, which had been disposed of at the election of the mayor, but had lately been discontinued.

And he added, for those purposes, and to show his gratitude to the corporation, from whom he had received many marks of respect, it was his particular wish that they would accept the trust of this small benefaction, and permit him to transfer into their names the sum of 350*l.* stock, to be disposed of in the same proportions as his mite was on Good-Friday.

In another letter, dated 10th August, 1820, entered in the diary of the corporation, Mr. Annesley, after stating that Mr. Bonduy and Mr. Richards, by their deed, 10th April, 1755, had directed, that as the parish of St. Lawrence was much larger, and likely to produce a greater number of candidates than the parish of St. Giles, therefore every fifth

year no maid should be elected out of the parish of St. Giles, but two of the said three should be taken out of the parish of St. Lawrence, and one from St. Mary, expressed his opinion, that by the alterations in the population, the inhabitants of St. Giles, and consequently the servants, had become numerous as the parish of St. Lawrence, for which reason he wished, in every such fifth year, wherein by the above directions the parish of St. Giles would be excluded, that three maids should be elected out of the parish of St. Giles' only, to throw for his addition; and he particularly wished that no servant who should obtain, or even throw for his donation, should be precluded from the benefit they might be entitled to at any future election. Mr. Annesley died in 1822, having added to the amount of stock at first given; and there is now, in respect of this charity, the sum of 500*l.* three per cent. consols, standing in the names of the mayor, aldermen, and burgesses of Reading, and producing an annual dividend of 15*l.*, which is disposed of by the chamberlain, according to the directions of the donor.

On Good-Friday the sum of 4*l.* is paid to the second lucky maid who throws for Blagrave's Charity, and 3*l.* to the third. And on the last Monday in August, the same sums are paid in the same way to the second and third candidates, for the gift of Bondry and Richards; and the sum of 6*s.* is paid annually for four purses to contain the money given to the candidates. This disposition leaves the sum of 14*s.* a-year unappropriated; on which account, and in consequence of the temporary suspension of Bondry's and Richards's Gift during the time that charity was in debt, there is now a balance in hand in favour of this charity of 19*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*

The bulance may easily be reduced by making a small addition to each of the prizes for two or three succeeding years. P. Q.

TREACHERY OF A NEW ZEALAND CHIEF.

Mr. S. jun., a partner in a respectable firm in Sidney, engaged in the flax trade, established a settlement at Touranga, in the Bay of Plenty, and a branch station on the island in the Rotorua Lake, situated in the elevated plains in the interior. He had commissioned a European to purchase the dressed article from the natives. Mr. S., on arriving at one period at the station, was requested by the principal chief of the district to remove the trade to another village outside the lake, as the natives intended to change their residence near some plantations, at a distance from the island, and to carry flax to that isolated place, he added, would be too burthensome. Mr. S. complied, and on the following day superintended the removal.

A large canoe was brought expressly to remove the goods. About one-half the trading materials was disposed of in the canoe, when a scuffle ensued between the natives and the Englishman in the canoe. Mr. S., together with another respectable trader, hastened to his assistance, and perceived the natives around began to be troublesome. A powerful native attempted to drag Mr. S. into the canoe, and would have succeeded, if that gentleman had not hastily drawn a dirk to defend himself; this was wrested away, and the native would have overpowered him had not Mr. S. fortunately drawn forth a pistol and presented it; the ruffian then hastened away.

The poor man who was first assaulted in the canoe, was soon overpowered and thrown into the lake, when several muscular fellows threw themselves in after him, kept his head under water, and ripped up his stomach with knives. Mr. S. and his companion seeing his blood crimson the water, ran to the house, determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible. A crowd assembled of upwards of three hundred natives, who were infuriated, and attempted to draw them from the house, and tear them to pieces. The two traders presented their pieces, which kept for a few seconds these furies at bay, when about a dozen young chiefs rallied, and attempted to interfere and save them. This the savage multitude were not disposed to grant, when these protectors environed the hut, and determined to guard the Englishmen with their lives. The din and clamour was terrific, sufficient to appal the stoutest hearts. This lasted for full twenty minutes, during which the Europeans were kept in dreadful suspense; the hut they had taken shelter in was small, made of dried rushes, and the barbarians without, threw firebrands to burn them within the place, but they were as quickly plucked away by their young friends. These gentlemen heard the tumult among the savages arising from the distribution of the body of their murdered comrade, and heard the promises of the head chief, that all should participate in human flesh as soon as the white men were taken from the house.

After some time, the fury of the savages subsided in some degree, and the young protectors entered the hut, and brought the Englishmen forth. Mr. S. inquired why they had acted so unaccountably; he was told in answer, that he had no business to remove the trade from the island. On Mr. S. demanding from the principal chief if he had not done so at his request, no answer was given. He next requested to know what they required him to do; he was answered, "remove your goods when you please, we repent of what we have done, our anger is past," on which several chiefs

ran into the house and carried every thing that was left into the canoe. The goods that had been previously placed there had all been stolen; these were now mostly returned, and the natives deported themselves as if nothing had happened, except the principal chief, who approached the gentlemen, and cried *the lament* over them. This hypocritical wretch had been the sole cause of the disturbance. Mr. S. now demanded the body of his unfortunate countryman, but a very small portion of the *viscera* and an arm, was all he could recover. These remains were placed on the wretched hut, which was set fire to, and were speedily consumed, the trade was then taken to the mainland, and carried by the natives to the new plantation, but as early as an opportunity offered, the station was abandoned by the Europeans.—*Polack's New Zealand.*

The Gatherer.

A monk, who was a very ingenious man, and a good preacher, (says M. de Bernitz,) being at commons with the rest of his confraternity, among the different meats served at table, were a dish of cray-fish. The monk, who was telling some story, which he always did agreeably, and with many witty reflections, became silent all of a sudden, changed colour, grew pale, stared prodigiously, while the perspiration poured down all parts of his face, and he appeared in so languid a state, that he seemed ready to fall from his chair; but the superior had no sooner thrown upon his plate a large handful of cray-fish, than he recovered from his fainting fit, his spirits revived as if he had awoke from a profound sleep, and he commenced devouring with a surprising avidity the cray-fish, with their shells and claws, fetching at the same time deep sighs, and having a tremour in all his limbs, particularly in his hands. After he had thus satisfied his appetite, and was entirely come to himself, he declared that he had no idea of anything that had happened; but at the same time stated, that as he was one day preaching in a church that was common to the Catholics and Lutherans, he perceived a little boy at the church-door with a cray-fish in his hand, on which, he instantly felt the strongest emotion, and that he should have become speechless, if he had not quickly turned his eyes from the object, and ordered the door to be shut. He also said, that he could eat a hundred cray-fish, that he had even eaten more; and that he always experienced the same symptoms on seeing any, if he was not immediately desired to eat of them.

W. G. C.

Irish Canoes.—A short time ago, when the water was drawn off for the purpose of deepening a part of Lough Reavy, nearest the discharge pipes, three old canoes, of very antique appearance and construction, being apparently hollowed out of a single tree, were discovered imbedded in the mud.

The earliest supposed specimen of a royal letter, is a short note from Henry V. to the Bishop of Durham, 10th February, 1418. It is in the Cott. Coll. Brit. Mus.

In the minor correspondence of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, we find the following, amongst other etymologies:—Alkoran, Arab *al*, the, and *koran*, reading: the reading (like biblios, the book, the Bible)—Austria, a Latinised shape of the German, Osterreich; *oster*, east, and *reich*, kingdom.—Caravansera, Persian; *carwan*, a company of travellers, and *sura*, a house, or an inn.—Hindostan, Persian: *Hindoo*, black, and *stan*, place; the place of the blacks.—Mahommed, properly Mohammed; *Mohammadan*, blessed, or praised, from *Hamade*, to [illegible] or praise.—Otter of roses, Persian; *atar*, perfume. Silk, first wrought in the East, *silken*, a thread.

A man should be in the world what a [illegible] book is in a library, an object always [illegible] with interest and pleasure, and from [illegible] acquaintance we never fail to gain [illegible] —*Madame Campan.*

The Lamentation of a Mother.—Peter Hein, a Dutchman, rose from a cabin boy to the rank of an Admiral. In the moment of victory, in an action with the Spaniards, he was slain. Their high mightinesses sent a deputation to Delft, to condole with his mother upon the loss of her son. The simple old woman, who still remained in her original obscurity, answered the deputies, "I always foretold that Peter would perish like a miserable wretch that he was; he loved nothing but rambling from one country to another, and now he has received the reward of his folly."

Sleep.—Sleep suspends our misfortunes, and strengthens us, that we may the better support them when awake. It also refreshes the powers of both body and mind. It contributes to health when we are in sickness. When afflictions press upon us, those moments given up to sleep are the most happy of our existence.

A Secret is like silence; you cannot talk about it and keep it. It is like money; when once you know there is any concealed, it is half discovered. "My dear Murphy," said an Irishman to his friend, "why did you betray the secret I told you?" "Is it betraying you call it? Sure, when I found I was'nt able to keep it myself, didn't I do well to tell it to somebody that could?"

LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.—In PARIS, by all the Booksellers.—In FRANCFORT, CHARLES JUGEL.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 934] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1839. [Price 2*d*.

THE RESIDENCE OF ALBERT DURER, AT NUREMBERG.

Albert Durer, the eminent engraver and painter, was born at Nuremberg, in Germany, May 20, 1471. Having, while with his father, who was a goldsmith, made some progress with his pencil, he, at the age of twenty-six, exhibited splendid proofs of his great talents in engraving and painting; and the *Dictionnaire Historique* also says, "*Il savoir la Gravure, le Dessein, la Peinture, la Geometrie, la Perspective, les Fortifications,*" &c. &c.

He must be ranked as the most eminent of the early engravers on wood; which, in his time, was quite in its infancy, for the first engravings on blocks of wood appeared in 1376. It is uncertain who was the inventor of this ingenious art, and indeed it is probable that many of the specimens generally attributed to have been on wood, were engraved on metal plates. But, if the honour of the invention is not due to Durer, certainly that of making on copper is. Some of the very earliest specimens on wood are without the name of the artist; but as the art improved, the engravers placed their *monograms*, (being marks composed of their initials blended together,) on them. One Maro Antonio Raimondi, finding the great estimation in which Albert Durer's works were held in Italy, engraved a whole set of beautifully executed wood-cuts of Durer's, on copper, and forged his *monogram*, for which piece of

roguery he was punished, and obliged to efface the mark.—This incident in Durer's life gained him the acquaintance and friendship of Raphael.

Wealth and fame now flowed on Albert Durer: his works being eagerly purchased, at very high prices. His painting of St. Bartholomew was bought by Rodolph the Second, Emperor of Germany; and so highly did this monarch value it, that to prevent its taking harm, he had it brought from Venice to Prague on men's shoulders.

The engravings of Durer are very numerous; the two finest collections in the country being those in the British Museum, and in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge: the most admired productions are those of *St. Hubert at the Chase*, and *Melancholy*, which conveys the idea of her being the parent of Invention: in this, it is said, the "painter paints himself!" alluding to his melancholy state of mind, owing to his having such a termagant for a wife.

From the great regard in which he was held, for his genius and his natural eloquence, he was elected a member of the council of the city of Nuremberg, which office he filled, to the honour of himself and to the satisfaction of his countrymen. About this time, the Emperor Maximilian also conferred on him a pension, as a mark of his high regard and consideration. But, amidst all the public esteem, and his increasing wealth and fame, poor Durer had much private woe, that imbittered his cup of honour—he had a shrew for a wife. He bore his domestic troubles for some time; but the bitterness of his wife's temper rendered life insupportable; broke up his constitution; and hurried him to a premature grave. He died in his native city in 1528, in the 57th year of his age; and was buried in the cemetery of St. John at Nuremberg.*

A statue of Albert Durer, by the Prussian artist, M. Rauch, has lately been erected at Nuremberg.

THE OFFICE OF CORONER.

THE Coroner is an ancient officer by the common law of England, being said, in one of the earliest treatises, to have been ordained, together with the sheriffs, to keep the peace of counties when the Earls gave up their wardship. By the statute 3 Edw. I., c. 10, they are required to be knights; and by the 28 Edw. III., c. 6, they must be "of the most meet and most lawful men of the county." By the 14th Edw. III., "no coroner can be chosen unless he have land in fee sufficient for the county, whereof he may answer to all manner of people." No peculiar qualification is now required. Coroners of counties are elected under the statute 28 Edw. III., by the freeholders in the county court; the election takes place by virtue of an ancient king's writ, returnable to Chancery. If the election is not determined upon by the freeholders present, the sheriff shall take a poll, which may continue open for ten days, (Sunday excepted.) The expenses of the sheriff at the election are to be paid, in equal proportions, by the candidates. After the election is declared, the coroner takes an oath of office before the sheriff.

Coroners, although elected for life, are liable to be removed, either by being incompetent to perform the duties of the office, or by age or infirmity; they are liable also to be removed on conviction of extortion, misdemenour in their office, or wilful neglect of duty. The coroner has authority to assemble a jury, to inquire how parties came by their death. If a coroner makes an inquisition of death, without himself and the jury viewing the body, the inquisition is wholly void. Previous to the Magna Charta, coroners had power to hear and determine felonies. For every inquisition taken in any place contributing to the county rates, the coroner is entitled to a fee of twenty shillings, and also to ninepence for every mile he is obliged to travel from his usual place of residence for the purpose of taking it. By the act, 6 and 7 Will. IV., the coroner is empowered to order the attendance of legally-qualified medical practitioners, and to order payment to such practitioners. The borough coroners are to make an annual return to the Secretary of State of all inquests of death taken by them.

* There is an engraving of his tomb in the *Mirror*, vol. iv. p. 401.

A SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

(*For the Mirror.*)

FAREWELL! Ah! speak the parting word
Farewell! we meet again;
Tho' it's a word that's often heard,
When souls depart for Heav'n.

Yet think not, love, that I no more
Shall see thy dear sweet face;
For when the battle's rage is o'er,
Thy footsteps, love, I'll trace.

Farewell! my love, again,—Farewell!
Why heave that bitter sigh;
For who the coming day can tell,
Save God alone on high.

The day will come, and with it bring,
Its thousand joys or cares;
An eye may weep, a voice may sing,
Or muse itself in prayers.

Remember not the parting tear,—
Forget the parting sigh;
Nor let sad grief the lustre tear
From off thy deep blue eye.

Then say "farewell," and speed thy way,
Beneath the tranquil sky;
For bright and calm will be the day,
When we, love, meet on high.

ROSA-SILVA.

HYMN TO LOVE.

SWEETEST source of earthly joy,
Solace kind of human care,
Love, thou smiling, wanton boy,
Hear, oh, hear, a votary's prayer!
To cheer a poet's humble cot,
Oh, quit thy blissful seats above;
Haste to bless my lowly lot,
For what is life, without thee, LOVE?

Cheeks that mock the morning rose,
Smiling lips and eyes of fire,
Bosoms white as mountain snows,
Hearts that burn with pure desire—
Bless with these my longing arms,
I'll envy not the powers above;
'Tis these that give to life its charms,
For what is life, without thee, LOVE?

Biography.

WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM.

(From authentic Sources.)

WILLIAM of Wykeham was born at Wykeham, in Hampshire, in 1324, in the 18th year of the reign of Edward II. It is generally supposed that he took his name from the place of his birth, according to a custom much in use in those times, of not appropriating surnames to families, so as to descend regularly from father to son; but as several of his kinsmen bore the same name, it is very probable that he derived his name from some member of his family. His parents were persons of good reputation and character, but in mean circumstances; though we are informed that his mother was well born, and of a gentleman's family. Not being able to give their son a liberal education, the deficiency was supplied by some generous patron, supposed to have been Nicholas Uvedale, Lord of the Manor of Wykeham, and Governor of Winchester Castle, who maintained him at school, at Winchester, where he was instructed in grammatical learning. Here he gave early proofs of his piety and diligence; and, when he had gone through his school education, he was taken into his patron's family, and became his secretary. He is said to have been afterwards recommended by Uvedale, to Edyngdon, Bishop of Winchester; and by both to have been made known to Edward III. Later writers of Wykeham's life, have generally mentioned his removing from Winchester to Oxford, to prosecute his studies, and that he continued there almost six years; but it does not appear that he ever had any academical degree, nor is there the least mention made of his having belonged to any particular society there. He is said to have been brought to court, and placed there in the service of Edward III., when he was about three-and-twenty years of age. The first office which he appears to have borne, was that of Clerk of the King's Works, in his manors of Henle and Yeshampsted; the patent conferring this office on him, is dated May 10, 1356; on October 30, in the same year, he was made Surveyor of the king's works, at the castle, and in the park, of Windsor. It is stated that it was by his advice that the king was induced to pull down a great part of the castle of Windsor, and to rebuild it in the magnificent manner in which, upon the whole, it now appears. The execution of this great work was committed entirely to Wykeham, who had likewise the sole direction of the building of Queenborough Castle. The difficulties arising from the nature of the ground, and the lowness of the situation, did not discourage him from undertaking this work; and in the event they only served to display the skill and ability of the architect. It appears that Wykeham, in the execution of these employments, acquitted himself much to the satisfaction of his sovereign; for, from henceforth, we find the king continually heaping upon him preferments, both civil and ecclesiastical. It seems to have been all along his design to take upon him holy orders; but as yet he had only the clerical tonsure, or some of the lower orders; nor was he ordained priest, till June 12, 1362. In June, 1363, he was made warden and justiciary of the king's forests on this side the Trent; and, on March 14, 1364, the king granted him an assignment of twenty shillings a-day, out of the Exchequer; he was made keeper of the privy seal on May 11, in the same year; and, within two years after, secretary to the king. In May, 1365, he was commissioned by the king, together with the chancellor, treasurer, and the Earl of Arundel, to treat of the ransom of the King of Scotland, and the prolonging of the truce with the Scots. A short time after this, he is called chief of the privy-council, and governor of the great council; which terms may be supposed not as titles of office, but expressive of the great influence and authority he had in those assemblies. The yearly value, partly taxed and partly real, of the benefices which he had for some years held all together, was eight hundred and seventy-three pounds, six shillings and eightpence, and of those which he remained in possession of, and continued to hold till he became Bishop of Winchester, was eight hundred and forty-two pounds. The king having raised him to some of the highest offices in the state, and intending to carry him still higher, it was necessary that his station in the church should be proportionable; doubtless the king might have procured him a bishopric before this time; but, as the bishoprics were not absolutely in his disposal, nor were the bishops at that period translated from one bishopric to another, as the means of advancement in the church, he seems to have reserved Wykeham for the bishopric of Winchester, which, in point of honour and revenue, would be a proper station for his favourite minister, and which was expected shortly to become vacant. He probably had it in his power to place him in the see of Canterbury, which became vacant a few months before that of Winchester; but Wykeham was perhaps desirous of being settled in his native county. In the meantime the king conferred upon him as many ecclesiastical preferments, of a lower degree, as he could legally be possessed of, as marks of royal favour, and in support of his state and dignity.

William de Edyngdon, Bishop of Winchester, having died October 8, 1366, Wykeham was, upon the king's earnest recommendation, unanimously elected by the priors

and convent to succeed him; and he was consecrated in St. Paul's, London, on October 10, 1367, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Bishops of London and Salisbury: two days after he received from the king the grant of the temporalities of the bishopric. Thus it was a whole year from the time of the vacancy, and even from the time of his election, before he could get into full possession of his new dignity; this delay was occasioned by the Pope's reserving to himself, for this turn, the disposal of the bishopric, and his bulls of provision in reality took place, whereby the preferred person was obliged to renounce in form all manner of right to the temporalities, till he had leave from him to be consecrated; which was the cause of perpetual disputes between the king and the pope. Wykeham was, however, enthroned in the cathedral church of Winchester, on July 9, 1368, and acknowledged to be Bishop of Winchester, by election, confirmation, and consecration, without any mention being made of the pope's provision. As soon as the dispute between the king and the pope was accommodated, Wykeham was advanced to the highest dignity in the state, by being constituted Chancellor of England; but it appears that he was possessed of this high office while he was only bishop elect, having been confirmed in it, September 17, 1367.

Wykeham did not long enjoy this honour, for the Parliament that assembled in the beginning of 1371, being jealous of the immense power that the clergy possessed in the councils of the state, petitioned the king that he would dismiss the clergy, and that none but secular men might be principal officers of his court and household. Though the king declined to make a law to that effect, yet he resolved to comply, for the present, with their request. Accordingly, we find, that on the 14th of March, the Bishop of Winchester delivered to the king the great seal, which the king, two days after, gave to Sir Robert de Thorp. The bishop was present at the ceremony of constituting the new chancellor, and afterwards at that of his first opening the great seal in Westminster-hall; from which circumstance it appears, that he was not dismissed with any marks of the king's displeasure; it may likewise be observed that the two great, and two privy seals, one of each of which was made the year before, on the king's resuming the title and arms of France, remained, by commission from the king, in his custody, till the 28th of the same month, at which time he delivered them to the king; and that, soon after, he received the king's writ of summons to attend the great council, which was held at Winchester, to consider of a proper method of levying the fifty thousand pounds, granted by Parliament. To this great council were summoned four bishops, four abbots, and thirteen temporal lords, with whom were joined some of the Commons, named by the king. In 1373, the Commons petitioned that Wykeham, and seven other lords whom they named, might be appointed as a committee to confer with them on the supplies to be granted to the king. But it appears that the laity in general looked with suspicion upon the clergy, who had for some time filled most of the principal posts of honour and profit in the state. This practice seems to have taken its rise from the difficulty of finding persons among the laity properly qualified, in point of knowledge and letters, to undertake the highest offices; most of those who possessed the necessary abilities having been for a long time chiefly employed abroad in the wars, the most open road to riches and honours. Although Wykeham was so deeply engaged in affairs of state, he did not, in the meantime, neglect the care of his diocess. The buildings belonging to the Bishops of Winchester, were at this time very large and numerous: besides a great many granges, parks, and warrens, they had ten or twelve castles, manor-houses, or palaces of residence, properly accommodated for the reception of themselves and their retinue, to all of which they resorted by turns, living, according to the custom of those times, chiefly upon the produce of their own estates. In repairing of the episcopal houses, and erecting several new buildings upon the estates of the bishopric, he is said to have expended upwards of twenty thousand marks. During the year 1373, he held a visitation of his whole diocess; not only of the secular clergy through the several deaneries, but also of the different monasteries and religious houses, all of which he visited in person. The next year he sent commissioners, with powers to correct and reform the several irregularities and abuses, which he had discovered in the course of his visitation. During the time that Wykeham was engaged in the reformation of these charitable institutions, he formed the resolve to appropriate his wealth to the foundation of a much more noble institution of his own. But he appears to have been greatly embarrassed in fixing his choice upon some design, that, while it bestowed the greatest benefit, might, at the same time, be least liable to abuse. He tells us, that upon this occasion he diligently examined and considered the various rules of the religious orders, and compared them with the lives of their several possessors; but was obliged, with grief, to declare, that he could not any where find that the ordinances of their founders, according to their true design and attention, were observed by any of them.

W. G. C.

(To be continued.)

ON THE LANGUAGE OF UNTUTORED MEN.

Yet to such heights is all the plainness wrought,
Wit may admire, and letter'd pride be taught.
Prior.

LANGUAGE participates of the passions and emotions which it describes. In the early periods of society the human mind was alternately agitated with violent emotions, or depressed with sullen despondency: silence is the usual attendant of the one, ardent, bold, and figurative language that of the other. Strong and bold language is necessary to express violent feelings and impetuous passions. The strong passions displayed in the uncultivated state of society, or among the rude and ignorant, have produced that lively and picturesque description, that splendid and bold imagery with which the songs and orations of ancient poets and orators abound. The effusions of fancy, the sallies of the imagination, and the war of the passions, unchecked by the improvement of reason, and the acquisition of knowledge.

The uncultivated nations carried on their public transactions, and mediated their treaties with greater pomp, and with bolder metaphors, than the moderns employ in their poetical compositions. A treaty of peace between Great Britain and the five nations of Canada, afford an instance of this kind, which is expressed in the following language:—"We are happy in having buried under the ground the red axe that has so often been dyed with the blood of our brethren. Now in this manner we inter the axe, and plant the tree of peace. We plant a tree, whose tops will reach the sun, and its branches spread abroad, so that it shall be seen afar off. May its growth never be stifled and choked; but may it shade both your country and ours with its leaves! Let us make fast his roots, and extend them to the utmost of your colonies. If the enemy should come to shake this tree, we would know it by the motion of its roots reaching into our country. May the Great Spirit allow us to rest in tranquillity upon our mats, and never again dig up the axe to cut down the tree of peace! Let the earth be trode hard over it, where it lies buried. Let a strong stream run under the pit, to wash the evil away out of our sight and remembrance. The fire that has long burned in Albany is extinguished. The blood that has bedewed the ground is washed clean away, and the tears are wiped from our eyes. We now renew the covenant claim of friendship. Let it be kept bright and clean as silver, and not suffered to contract any rust. Let not any one pull away his arm from it." Such was the language in which these untutored nations expressed their national treaties.

The general principle formerly mentioned, that language corresponds to the degree of mental cultivation, is farther confirmed by the style of the Old Testament, which is the most ancient composition in existence. It is stored with the boldest metaphors, and the most poetical expressions. The figurative descriptions, and the violent expressions of passion with which the writings of Ossian abound, are proofs both of their antiquity, and of the complexion of the character of the poet. The untaught Shakspeare is unrivalled in the sphere in which he moved. And to the same cause may be attributed the excellence and the popularities of Burns and Hogg, the two Scottish poets.

ANECDOTES OF THE INSANE.*

A WRONG sensation does not constitute a person insane. He may have "double vision;"—he may see *two* fingers, when only *one* is held up; yet he is not on that account insane. Neither if a person see images,—figures,—spectres, is he insane, if he do not believe their existence is real. Some persons see images of objects which have no existence; and they *know* that such things do not exist; and therefore they are not insane. They are aware that it is a mere deception. Some see appearances of human beings, brutes, and various animals; but they are perfectly aware that it is entirely the effect of disease. One of the most remarkable instances of this description occurred at Berlin; in the person of a bookseller named Nicolai. He saw, at certain times, an immense number of living objects; but he was aware that it was all the effect of unhealthy excitement. He had gone through considerable mental application; and being aware that this was all a delusion, he was no more insane for seeing them, than a person would be for thinking he saw *two* fingers, when you held up but *one*. You know that Brutus and Socrates are said to have seen,—the one the shade of Cæsar, and the other the "familiar spirit," as he called it; but if neither the one nor the other believed this, or if they merely believed it in accordance with the belief of the day, they were not mad; but if they knew better, and yet believed these things, then they were deranged. But in a great number of cases of insanity, you find an absurd belief. Persons may believe something so preposterous, that everybody will consider them mad for so doing. A case is recorded of a butcher, who firmly believed he saw a leg of mutton hanging from his nose. He was certainly mad. Another is told of a baker, who fancied himself butter; and refused to go into the sunshine, lest he should melt. A painter thought he was transformed into putty; and that he could not walk without being com-

* Condensed from the forthcoming Lectures of Dr. Elliotson, edited by Dr. Rogers.

pressed. Others have fancied themselves glass; and would not sit down lest they should crack. Luther furnished an instance of an absurd opinion of this description; for, though so able a man, he was mad on some points. He fancied himself possessed by the devil,—as did also the Roman Catholics; and that he heard him speak. In Hudibras there is the following couplet in reference to this circumstance:—

"Did not the dev'l appear to Martin
Luther in Germany, for certain?"

Luther, in his works, speaks of the devil appearing to him frequently; and says he used to drive him away by scoffing and jeering;—observing that the devil, being a proud spirit, cannot bear to be contemned and scoffed. Some popish writers affirmed that Luther was the offspring of "an incubus,"—a kind of young devil; and that at length, when he died, he was strangled by the devil. Dr. Ferriday, of Manchester, had a patient of the same persuasion as Luther. He fancied he had swallowed the devil. Many persons fancy that there are frogs and serpents within them; and one woman fancied that a whole regiment of soldiers was within her. One man fancied he was too large to go through a door-way; and on being pulled through he screamed, and fancied he was being lacerated; and actually died of the fright. A woman fancied she had been dead, and had been sent back to the world without a heart, and was the most miserable of God's creatures. At the Friends' "Retreat," near York, one patient writes,—"I have no soul. I have neither heart, liver, nor lungs; nor a drop of blood in my veins. My bowels are all burnt to a cinder. I have no brain; and my head is sometimes as hard as iron, and sometimes as soft as a pudding." Another patient in the "Retreat" wrote the following verses in reference to this hypochondriac:—

"A miracle, my friends, come view!—
A man (admit his own words true)
Who lives without a soul.
Nor liver, lungs, nor heart has he;
Yet sometimes can as cheerful be
As if he had the whole.

His head (take his own words along)
Now hard as iron, yet ere long
Is soft as any jelly.
All burnt his sinews and his lungs;
Of his complaints not fifty tongues
Could find enough to tell ye!

Yet he who paints his likeness here,
Has just as much himself to fear
He's wrong from top to toe.
Ah, friends, pray help us, if you can!
And make us each again a man;
That we from hence may go!"

One man, in the time of the first French Revolution, thought he had not got his own head. He is described in Moore's "Fudge Family at Paris." Mr. Fudge says:—

"Went to the mad-house. Saw the man
Who thinks,—poor wretch!—that (while the fiend
Of discord here full riot ran)
He, like the rest, was guillotined;
But that when, under Boney's reign,
(A more discreet, though quite as strong one)
The heads were all restored again,
He, in the scramble, got a *wrong* one.
Accordingly, he still cries out,—
This strange head fits him most unpleasantly!
And always runs,—poor dev'l!—about,
Inquiring for his own incessantly."

Bishop Warburton, in a note to one of his works, speaks of a person who thought he was converted into a goose-pie. Pope, in his "Rape of the Lock," describes many of these fancies. He says, in giving a sketch of hypochondriacal persons,—

"Unnumber'd throngs on every side are seen,
Of bodies changed to various forms by spleen.
Here living tea-pots stand; one arm held out,
One bent;—the handle this, and that the spout.
A pipkin here, like Homer's tripod, walks;
Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pie talks."

A man in the University of Oxford fancied himself dead, and lay in bed, waiting for the tolling of the bell; but not hearing it at the time he expected, he fell into a violent passion, and ran and tolled it himself. He was then spoken to on the absurdity of a dead man tolling his own bell; and it is said that he returned, and was afterwards sound in his intellect. Simon Brown, a dissenting minister, wrote the best answer to Findal's work, entitled, "Christianity as Old as the Creation;" but, notwithstanding the great powers of mind displayed in his work, he thought that, by the judgment of God, his rational soul had perished; and that he had only brute-life. He absolutely inserted this in the dedication of his work to the Queen. This dedication, however, was afterwards suppressed. Baron Swedenborg, a very learned and able man, thought that he had had communications with God for thirty years; and that he had been shown by the Almighty, the mysteries of nature. Many think he was right; but no one could have that idea without insanity. It is similar to the case of the celebrated Pascal; who, while he was working the problem of the cycloid curve, with great powers of intellect, was tied (by his own desire) in a chair; lest he should fall into a yawning gulf, which he imagined to be before him.

HIGHLAND FREEDOM.

It is a singular fact, that the Gaelic is perhaps the only European language in which there is no word to express *slavery*: it has no word synonymous to *slave*. The lowest clans-man was of the blood of the chief, or was admitted to the same right as that relationship would have procured him. His attachment and obedience to the chief were most devoted; but they were exalted by that

noble spirit which the feeling of a community in blood and in honour must always inspire.

Manners and Customs.

SKETCHES OF PARIS.

The Quartier Latin.

SITUATED on the unfashionable side of the Seine, in the eleventh *arrondissement*, and comprising in its limits the Rue St. Jacques, Rue de la Harpe, and the Rue l'Ecole de Medicine, is the Quartier Latin. It is a part of Paris little known to the English visitors. They approach its boundaries when they visit the Luxembourg, and penetrate into its very heart at the Pantheon and Sorbonne, but beyond this they know no more of it. The aristocratical inhabitant of the Chaussée D'Antin has heard of such a place, and that is all; but he would be as great a stranger in its localities, and feel as much at ease, as a West End exquisite would among the stalls and sheds of the New Cut. And yet there are things worth seeing there, and we would make bold to affirm that one-half of the promoters of the real gaiety of Paris reside within its limits. Nor is sport the only matter of interest to be found there; for the student, there is the Sorbonne and its quiet halls; for the sight-seeker, the Pantheon, with its ambitious monuments and gloomy vaults, that even the torch starting from the tomb of Jean Jacques Rousseau cannot illumine; for the antiquary, the remains of the Roman baths in the Rue de la Harpe, and their curiously suspended floors; and for every body, the venerable and highly interesting Hotel de Cluny, with its ancient architecture of the *moyen age*, its still bright armour, its curiously-fashioned windows breaking the sunbeams into one hundred different forms upon its oaken floors, and its almost affecting domestic relics of other days, recalling, with mute eloquence, their owners, long since released from all care and passions, whose very names even have passed away.

But it is not about these edifices that we wish to talk—the Quartier Latin derives its interest to us from other sources—from the present instead of the past. In a word, it is the abode, the *hive*, perhaps, would be a better term, leaving industry alone, of almost all the students of law and medicine in Paris.

Much has been written, and more promulgated, about the medical students of London, and wild legends of harmonic meetings, half-and-half, gossamer hats, and unpaid lodgings, have been whispered in their praise or dishonour, (whichever you like,) but they are nothing to their brethren of France. We think it is very lucky that there is a *quartier* for them, especially in Paris, or we do not suppose the walls of that city would contain them, to say nothing of the iron gates at the barriers. And yet their fun is peculiar—they have none of the lamp-breaking, knocker-stealing, sign-destroying, pranks of the English; but at the public balls and *fêtes* they shine pre-eminent. You may soon know them, for they can be mistaken for nothing else. Look at these three coming arm-and-arm along the Rue de l'Ecole de Medicine. They are well dressed in their way, but seem to have a sovereign contempt for hats—caps are the reigning fashion of the Quartier Latin. One has a scarlet waistcoat and lavender pantaloons; another has a cap of the same bright colour, worn on the back of his head, and bagging down behind; and the third has a garment something between a blouse and a shooting-jacket, denominated a *paletot*. All have pipes in their mouths, which they doggedly keep there, removing them only to address some bright-eyed little grisette, who happens to pass at the moment. Their long hair is well arranged, (for they take out *cachets* with M. Etienne in the same street, "*pour la coiffure ou la barbe*," at the rate of twelve tickets for two francs and a half,) and they all wear mustachios, which meet their pointed beards like the old portraits at Versailles and Windsor Castle. They are going to the Café Dupuytren to have a glass of *absinthe* before dinner, and then we wager they will turn round the corner to dine at Viot's, or Rousseau's, at the expense of one franc each, including a sou for the waiter.

But it is not only the students that favour the Quartier Latin with their patronage—the *grisettes* of Paris have likewise made it their home. And what is a grisette? Why, courteous reader, (as Francis Moore says,) we are almost as much puzzled as you would be to explain, and yet we always know them when we meet them. Do you see that little girl whom the student just bowed to—she is a grisette. She is about eighteen, small figure, but perfectly shaped, with dark eyes, brown hair, and tolerably small feet. Her dress consists of a dark gown, fitting tight at the arms, from the shoulder to the wrist, in the style of Louis XV.; a striped shawl put on in a style that only Frenchwomen can accomplish; a little apron, with pockets, and a pretty black net cap, with crimson ribbons. She carries a little square basket, and an umbrella, and although the streets are very dirty, there is not a splash on her neat *chaussure*. She is a *brocheuse*, i. e. she makes up the paper-covered French books, and her pay is thirty sous a-day. She works hard all the week, and goes to the balls at the barriers on Sundays, Mondays, and Thursdays, in the evening, when she displays a smarter dress than ordinary, and has, moreover, a pair of black net gloves. How all this is done out of thirty sous a-day, we do not ask—it is her business, not ours; but we have met them at the markets in the

morning, buying certainly more provisions than would suffice for their own meals; and we have seen them walking in the gardens of the Luxembourg with students of our acquaintance, whose *ménage* we always thought particularly neat and well arranged; and we have strong doubts as to whether these young housekeepers do not sometimes look after other domestic economy, besides their own. Mind, reader, we say we have only *suspected* it—no more.

The respectable and sentimental old gentleman who journeyed to France with a pair of silk *culottes* and the coat he had on, has left us an account of his adventure with a grisette who looked him into buying a pair of gloves; perhaps those of the present day look their admirers into buying caps and shawls for them—it is not improbable. They are, moreover, very attractive, those little grisettes; "*elles sont si fraiches, si gentille,*" as Paul de Kock says, and they waltz delightfully, to make no mention of *galops* and quadrilles.

But these are not the only characteristics of the Quartier Latin. It is a great resort of the *Marchands d'habits*, or old clothesmen, as we impolitely term them in England. One would think they have a great business amongst the students, since they possess an astonishing predilection for the streets about the Ecole de Medicine and Pantheon; and the garments they carry are not generally of that peculiar threadbare and ragged fashion which we see in England. Then there are also perambulating sellers of almost every thing at a certain price, and a strange collection of articles their long barrows present, all or any of which may be bought for five sous each. Plates, knives, whips, decanters, whistles, pins, brushes, lucifers, looking-glasses, almanacks, pencils; in fact, an endless variety of wares. It is needless to add, that all are of inferior manufacture, or more or less damaged, but they do for the housekeepers of the Quartier Latin.

The shops of this part of the world are generally in keeping with the inhabitants. We often wondered why there were so many stores for little jean boots and net gloves so near the Musée Dupuytren, and dissecting-rooms thereto attached, but that was during our early days at Paris, when every thing was a source of astonishment. Nevertheless, there are many shops for such gear, in spite of the dreary locality, and these are only exceeded by hairdressers at fifty centimes, (five pence,) and tobacco-shops, whose windows display a dazzling array of bowls and sticks for pipes of all possible shapes and forms, generally, however, bearing the image of an Indian's head, with glass eyes let into the clay, so that when the pipe is well "*culottée,*" i. e. blackened by constant smoking, an occupation of which the students are immensely fond, the head looks very fierce and imposing, with its white eyeballs. Cheap restaurateurs abound here also, where you can dine at any price you like under thirty sous; we say under, for you would find a difficulty in eating more than you could purchase for that sum, unless you had the stomach of M. Bikin, the Belgian giant of Franconi's, who stands eight feet in his tinsel sandals, and fights twelve men at once. Fortune befriend him at the Adelphi—we have not seen him there, but we are sure he must resemble the dwarfs in the little houses outside the shows at our fairs, which formerly, in the innocence of our imagination, we believed to be divided into parlours and bedrooms for their wonderful occupant. If you prefer eating at home, you can purchase cold fowls in some of the shops, and sausages of every manufacture in the world. Lodgings are also to be obtained at low rates in the Quartier Latin, the price diminishing from twenty-five to ten francs a-month, as you ascend the stairs—"in inverse proportion," as we used to say of the radiation of caloric, when we studied Turner's Chemistry. The rooms are always the same in appearance. A tiled floor, a French bed, a good looking-glass, with drawers, secretary and table, all furnished with dark marble slabs, and sometimes a vase of artificial flowers, or an alabaster clock, with a gilt dial, on the mantel-piece. From this picture you may imagine all the rest, for they are all alike, except that in winter a stove is added, being a curious compound of iron and crockery-ware, with a tin chimney. And we have passed very happy evenings in those little rooms—happier, perchance, than we may see again, for we were entirely our own masters, and had little to annoy or worry us. At that time we could cook beefsteaks over small earthenware furnaces; we could also boil peas, make omelettes, and fry potatoes, when pecuniary embarrassments compelled us to dine at home—a circumstance not uncommon among the students of Paris; nay, more, we have set out to purchase our own charcoal, and brought it home in a basket, for you must not live in the Quartier Latin, unless you can do every thing for yourself. In fine, it is a little world of its own creating—a spirit of *laisser-aller* and independence reigns in it, and you may walk about all day in a cap and blouse, without losing *caste*. KNIPS.

WINTER.

GATHER around your blazing hearths, and tell
Dread stories of my power, for, lo! I come
To howl above your happy roof—recount
To the young prattler how I split the bark
On the dark ocean's breast, and yell a dirge
O'er the young sea-boy's grave; tell of the blights
I cast upon the flowery fields, of all
The dazzling splendour of the rising sun,
When on my frosty robes he looks, and darts
His golden beams upon my coronal.

BENLOMOND.

Benlomond is justly admired as one of the most beautiful and interesting mountains in the kingdom. It is inferior to several in height, but its locality renders it more conspicuous than the lofty summits of the neighbouring mountains: the gradual acclivity, from the extended base of the mountain to the cloud-capt peak, gives a pleasant and beautiful outline, and the extensive and awfully sublime prospect commanded from the summit, awaken sensations of grandeur and sublimity. Situated in Stirlingshire, at the south-west extremity of the Grampian mountains, and forming, on this side, the frontier of the West Highlands, whose serrated mountain tops, viewed from the east and south, in the distance recede from the view, and Benlomond, touring in the front like a giant stands,

"To sentinel enchanted land."

The gradual acclivity, which, at a distance, gives the beautiful outline to the figure of the mountain, affords, comparatively, an agreeable ascent to the traveller, to whom the horizon extends at every step, and presents an infinite variety of landscape, till he reaches the top, and then comes the reward of his toil. The highest point of Benlomond is 3,250 feet above the level of the lake, which is 32 above the level of the sea.

Benlomond has this remarkable merit as a hill, that it is not overcrowned or crowded up with surrounding hills. It seems to be sole monarch of a vast undisputed territory. Nowhere, therefore, is there a better idea to be obtained of the Highland country than on its summit. The mountain itself, besides, affords a great variety of scenery. To the south it stretches out into a slope of a very gentle declivity. The north side is awfully abrupt, and presents a concave precipice of many hundred yards in depth. He must possess firm nerves who can approach the brink and look down unmoved. The rock is said to be 2,000 feet in sheer descent. The stranger, with all his very natural and allowable terrors for his person, on coming within a few yards of the edge, will be astonished, and almost pained to learn, that a celebrated Highland hero of yore, supposed to be described in the Lady of the Lake under the name of Malcolm Græme, used to attest his fearlessness of character, by standing on the brink of this steep-down gulf, sustained only by the heel of one of his feet, the rest of the foot projecting over!

Among this group of mountains, Ben Cruachan looks conspicuous, and farther north, Ben Nevis raises its loftier head. On the north-east, the valleys of the Grampian hills, studded with silvery lakes, gradually relieve the mind from the awfully deep sensations, inspired by the dark hills of the north. The level country on the east and south, interspersed with wood and lawn, and meandering streams, while everywhere the smoke, rising in fleecy clouds, marks an encreasing town or village, and the populous cities of Edinburgh and Glasgow gleam in the sunshine, brings the mind back to an equilibrium,—to the contemplation of objects of humanity, and the arts of civilization. Here the eye revels in the richness of the objects spread before it, till the mind is delightfully awakened, by the termination of the view between the landscape and sky, to contemplate the vast expanse of heaven, and with fervent and sublime feelings,

"Look through Nature up to Nature's God."

In the west, the counties of Renfrew are seen stretched along the west shores of the Frith of Clyde—the Islands of Arran and

Bute guard the entrance to the Clyde,—beyond these the coast of Ireland lies shrouded in a hazy point of the horizon, and the view is lost by the blue sky merging in the depths of the Atlantic. Immediately below this side of Benlomond, lies an extensive and beautiful lake, which takes the name of Loch Lomond from the mountain. The glassy surface of the water is enchantingly relieved with numerous wooded islands.

TWO NIGHTS IN ROME.

(Translated from the French.)

For the Mirror.

(FIRST NIGHT.)

AMONG the numerous paintings exhibited at the Royal Academy of Arts, at Paris, in 1820, there was one which attracted particular attention. The impression produced on the spectators by this picture is still fresh in the recollection of many; the crowd regarded it with mute astonishment, and artists of all degrees in the scale of excellence, bestowed upon it the most unqualified praise. It was only a rough draft, hastily sketched off, but evidently traced by a master-hand, an original idea powerfully pourtrayed—an effort of genius that could hardly fail to arrest the attention of the most indifferent observer.

Near this point of general attraction, stood a young man, who appeared embarrassed by the universal admiration. "Is this your performance, my friend?" said M. de G——, tapping him gently on the shoulder. "Yes, sir," replied the young man, "but I had not time to" * * * "What does it signify?—it is better than all the rest. You shall go to Rome, my friend!" and he offered him his hand. "I thank you, sir," faltered the young artist, "this is more than I could dare to hope" * * *

Eight days afterwards he departed for Rome. Rome! the dream of painters and poets—the sublime book of ages, where each, in sailing down the stream of time, has left its mark—that immense ruin of the world, where genius searches for imperishable traces of its former glory and power; that Rome which he had studied at a distance, he was now about to visit.

Our young artist, absorbed in the most enthusiastic anticipations, viewed with indifference the woody declivities and fertile valleys of France. Its broad meandering rivers gently gliding through its highly cultivated plains; its animated and bustling cities; the rich fields of Provence; Marseilles, with its active and enterprising citizens, ever busy in the pursuit of commerce; the Mediterranean, sparkling in the glorious rays of a southern sun; and finally, the balmy coast of Italy, presented themselves to his unobservant eye without exciting emotion. It was for Rome that he treasured up the admiration of his soul, in order to be poured forth in all its freshness. Rome, which he expected to see at each turn of the road,—which he fancied he descried, as the old steeples of some Italian city appeared in the distant horizon.

He entered the "eternal city" by the Porta del Papolo, as the softened rays of the setting sun shed their last feeble light over its ruined grandeur.

The youthful artist, whose enthusiasm was excited to the highest degree, determined to gratify his eager curiosity that very evening; he therefore engaged a guide to conduct him to the Coliseum, by torch-light. After wandering some time amidst the gloom of this immense ruin, whose circular and fantastical outline almost overhanging them, stood out distinctly against the blue sky of Italy, he proceeded to view the modern palaces.

The "great world" of Rome appeared to be concentrated on one point—the Theatre de Argentina. The marble palaces reflected the light of the torches, and vibrated to the rolling equipages of Roman princes and strangers, who crowded to hear the favourite singer of the day.

"This is the Theatre de Argentina, sir," said his guide, "Signora Caronari sings to-night — Signora Caronari, the glory of Rome, Milan, Naples, the prima donna of Italy!" He entered the theatre. A species of intoxication at first seized him, as perfumes, flowers, harmony, and the dazzling brilliancy of the chandeliers burst upon him; but recovering himself, he warmly applauded the beautiful prima donna, whose melodious voice was just dying away in the last thrilling cadence of one of Rosini's favourite songs.

As the charming *cantatrice* was displaying the resources of her rich voice in the execution of a brilliant Cavatina, the wandering eyes of the young Frenchman happened to rest on a female figure in one of the opposite boxes. Rome, the theatre, the prima donna and her harmonious notes, had all vanished from his mind the moment his eye was arrested by this beautiful image, the varied expressions of whose noble countenance, seemed to convey a new and strange emotion to the heart of our young artist. He observed her at one time, smiling, gay, and happy as the harmony of Rosini; and, at another, as a melancholy note ascended from the orchestra, or a chromatic modulation trembled on the lips of the accomplished singer, a sort of involuntary shudder pervaded her whole frame, and strong symptoms of terror and apprehension were visible in her expressive countenance, and, as the last vibration of the harmony that had produced the effect had ceased, it again varied under a thousand other rapid sensations.

But when the music had ceased, and the curtain had dropped over the scene like the

yielding nudity that dissipates a delightful dream, she, as it were, fell back upon herself, and her dull, lustreless eyes, and pallid countenance, occasionally impressed with an expression of profound terror, sufficiently indicated that she was labouring under the apprehension of some dreadful inevitable calamity. And as she rose to depart, leaning on the arm of a man who sat in the shade at the back of the box, she turned a last look on the sympathising artist, in which was strikingly pourtrayed the gratitude of an unfortunate heart towards those who feel for it. He hurried through the crowd, and as he arrived breathless at the steps where the carriages were drawn up, he fancied he saw the pale figure that had so much interested him, through the glass of a splendid equipage that was rapidly driving off to make way for another. He rushed after it, and when the vehicle disappeared at the corner of a street, he followed the sound of the wheels for a considerable distance through the dark and deserted streets, until, smiling at his folly, he paused, and found himself alone and astray in a strange city. After wandering for more than an hour, he at last, in utter despair, sat down among some ruins, where he expected to find shelter for the remainder of the night. Having seated himself on a fragment of a marble column, with his back resting against the wall, he soon began to feel the gradual influence of sleep steal over his exhausted frame, when a low voice whispered in his ear, "Is that you?"—"Yes," replied he, mechanically; and before he had time for reflection, or indeed was quite awake, his eyes were bandaged, and his hands firmly secured. He was then carried by two men, and put into a vehicle, which was driven rapidly for about half an hour, during which brief space the young artist's reflections were not of the most pleasing description. When the carriage stopped, the two men, who assisted him to alight, carried him through a garden, as he discovered by the perfumes of flowers, and the grinding of the gravel-walks under his bearers' feet—then along cold marble galleries, and across several apartments, through which they passed with noiseless steps.

Having set him down, and removed the bandage from his eyes, he perceived that he was in a large room, hung with sombre drapery, and dimly lighted by one small lamp placed on a marble table near the fire-place. Standing at the table was a man of a tall commanding figure, whose face was concealed by a mask of black velvet. At the distance of a few paces from him, on a sofa, reclined a female dressed in black, with a thick veil thrown round her head, and leaning over a child, whose slumbers were disturbed by occasional sobs. The irregular breathing of the child, and the measured beat of a pendulum, were the only sounds that disturbed the solemn silence that reigned in this gloomy chamber. The two men who had carried the trembling painter, stood behind him, and were also masked.

"Here he is," said one of them, softly, as soon as they had set down their burden. The tall figure advanced slowly towards the Frenchman, and taking his hand, led him to the sofa. "This woman must die," said he, turning towards him; but just at this instant the feeble light of the solitary lamp fell upon the artist's face, and his conductor, uttering a dreadful imprecation, pushed him away rudely. His eyes flashed through his mask. "What have you done?" cried he to his men, "this is not the priest." They rushed upon the terrified artist, and, throwing him down, held the points of their daggers to his breast, and in this position waited their master's commands. The veiled female made a slight movement, and clasped the child to her breast. There was a moment of silence and fearful suspense, during which the masked figure arrested by a gesture the poignards ready to strike, and so near the breast of the intended victim, as to grase his clothes at each pulsation of the heart. All resistance, all complaint, was useless. "Who are you?" said the mask, hurriedly, in a deep voice.—"A Frenchman—a painter."—"What has brought you here?"—"Having lost my way in the streets of Rome, I heard some one ask 'Is that you?' and, in hopes of finding it, answered, 'Yes.'—"You are then a stranger in Rome? How long have you been here?"—"Since yesterday evening."—"Good!" muttered his interrogator—and he seemed to breathe more freely. "Sir," continued he, "you must die."—"May God comfort my poor mother," ejaculated the artist. "Listen! if you will swear to me on your honour—on your life, and on that of your mother, to depart from Rome and Italy at day-break—never to return—if you will swear never to divulge to a living soul, what you have seen to-night, I may perhaps spare your life. Do you sweat?" The painter sighed at the thought of leaving Rome. "Quick, quick," uttered the tall figure, in a tone of impatience. "I swear then."—"Bandage his eyes. If you ever violate your oath, I swear—and I never fail to keep *my* oaths, (pointing to the dying female,) to punish you."

Three hours after this the artist was on his way to Paris. M.

THE DUKE OF LUXEMBURGH.

THAT great man declared upon his death-bed, that "he would rather have had to reflect upon that he had administered a cup of cold water to a worthy poor creature in distress, than that he had gained so many battles in which he had triumphed.

New Books.

WINTER STUDIES AND SUMMER RAMBLES IN CANADA.

*By Mrs. Jameson.**

[THERE is nothing in these volumes to disturb the political tendencies of anybody. They describe 'summer rambles' over various parts of Canada, before the late rebellion, and 'winter studies,' while in Canada, but very often with no reference whatever to the locality in which they were written. The work, in short, is desultory in an unusual degree, mingling together reflection, description—poetical, musical, and pictorial criticism—sketches of character, anecdote and narrative, without any attempt at system. The matter is good in its various kinds, and therefore, to persons in whom the bump of order is not unduly developed, we can safely promise considerable entertainment and instruction. We shall proceed at once to our extracts, merely affixing 'head-lines'.]

London Society contrasted with Canadian.—New Year's Day—colder than ever. This morning the thermometer stood at eighteen degrees below zero, and Dr. R—— told me that some chemical compounds in his laboratory had frozen in the night, and burst the phials in which they were contained.

They have here at Toronto the custom which prevails in France, Germany, the United States, (more or less everywhere, I believe, but in England,) of paying visits of congratulation on the first day of the year. This custom, which does not apparently harmonise with the manners of the people, has been borrowed from the French inhabitants of Lower Canada.

I received this morning about thirty gentlemen—to gentlemen luckily for me the obligation is confined—two-thirds of whom I had never seen, nor heard of before, nor was there any one to introduce them. Some of them, on being ushered into the room, bowed, sat down, and after the lapse of two minutes, rose and bowed themselves out of the room again without uttering a syllable: all were too much in a hurry, and apparently far too cold to converse. Those who did speak, complained, sensibly enough, on the unmeaning duty imposed on them, and the danger incurred by running in and out from overheated rooms into the fierce biting air, and prophesied to themselves and others sore throats, and agues, and fevers, and every ill that flesh is heir to. I could but believe and condole. These strange faces appeared and disappeared in succession so rapidly, that I was almost giddy, but there were one or two among the number, whom even in five minutes' conversation I distinguished at once as superior to the rest, and original minded, thinking men.

In London society I met with many men whose real material of mind it was difficult to discover—either they had been smoothed and polished down by society, or education had overlaid their understanding with stuccoed ornaments, and figures historical and poetical—very pretty to look at—but the coarse brick-work, or the rotten lath and plaster, lay underneath: there being in this new country far less of conventional manner, it was so much the easier to tell at once the brick from the granite and the marble.

The town of Niagara—low state of morals.—The land all round Niagara is particularly fine and fertile, and it has been longer cleared and cultivated than in other parts of the province. The country, they say, is most beautiful in summer, taxes are trifling, scarcely felt, and there are no poor-rates; yet ignorance, recklessness, despondency, and inebriety, seem to prevail. A.——, who has been settled here five years, and B——, himself a Canadian, rate the morality of the Canadian population frightfully low; lying and drunkenness they spoke of as nearly universal; men who come here with sober habits quickly fall into the vice of the country; and those who have the least propensity to drinking, find the means of gratification comparatively cheap, and little check from public opinion.

Men learn to drink, who never drank before;
And those who always drank, now drink the more.

Though I parody, I do not jest; for in truth, if all, or even half, of what I heard to-day be true, this is a horrible state of things. I asked for a bookseller's shop; there is not one in the town, but plenty of taverns. There is a duty of thirty per cent. on books imported from the United States, and the expense on books imported from England adds at least one-third to their price; but there is no duty on whiskey. "If government," said B——, "were to lay a duty on whiskey, we should only have the province overrun with illicit stills, and another source of crime and depravity added to the main one."

Sir Francis Head recommended to me, playfully, to get up a grievance, that I might have an excuse for paying him a visit. I think I will represent to his Excellency the dearness of books, and the cheapness of whiskey. I could not invent a worse grievance, either in earnest or in jest.

Coleridge.—Hazlitt.—Lamb.—Of all our modern authors, Coleridge best understood the essential nature of women, and has said the truest and most beautiful things of our sex generally; and of all our modern authors, Hazlitt was most remarkable for his utter ignorance of women, generally and individually.

Charles Lamb, of all the men I ever talked

* Published by Saunders and Otley.

to, had the most kindly, the most compassionate, the most reverential feelings towards woman; but he did not, like Coleridge, set forth these feelings with elaborate eloquence —they came gushing out of his heart, and stammering from his tongue—clothed sometimes in the quaintest disguise of ironical abuse, and sometimes in words which made the tears spring to one's eyes. He seemed to understand us not as a poet, nor yet as a man of the world; but by the unerring instinct of the most loving and benevolent of hearts.

When Coleridge said antithetically, "that it was the beauty of a woman's character to be characterless," I suppose it is as if he had said, "It is the beauty of the diamond to be colourless;" for he instances Ophelia and Desdemona; and though they are colourless in their pure, transparent simplicity, they are as far as possible from characterless, for in the very quality of being colourless consists the character.

Speaking of Coleridge, reminds me that it was from Ludwig Tieck I first learned the death of this wonderful man; and as I, too, had "sat at the feet of Gamaliel, and heard his words," the news struck me with a solemn sorrow. I remember that Tieck, in announcing the death of Coleridge, said, in his impressive manner, "A great spirit has passed from the world, and the world knew him not."

Sir Francis Head.—As an official representative, Sir Francis has not the advantage of the height, fine person, and military bearing of Sir John Colborne. He is a little man, with a neat, active figure, a small but intelligent head, grave and rather acute features; his bright blue eye is shrewd and quick, with an expression of mingled humour and benevolence, and his whole deportment in the highest degree unaffected and pleasing.

Dr. Johnson.—Of a very great, and at the same time complex mind, we should be careful not to trust entirely to any one portrait, even though from the life, and of undoubted truth. Johnson, as he appears in Boswell, is, I think, the only perfectly individualised portrait I remember; and hence the various and often inconsistent effect it produces. One moment he is an object of awe, the next of ridicule: we love, we venerate him on this page—on the next we despise, we abhor him. Here he gives out oracles and lessons of wisdom, surpassing those of the sages of old; and there we see him grunting over his favourite dish, and "*trundling*" the meat down his throat, like a Hottentot. But, in the end, such is the influence of truth, when we *can* have the whole of it, that we dismiss Johnson like a friend to whose disagreeable habits and peculiarities we had become accustomed, while his sterling virtues had won our respect and confidence. If I had seen Johnson once, I should probably have no impression but that made on my imagination by his fame and his austere wisdom, and should remain awe-struck; at the second interview I might have disliked him. But Boswell has given me a friend, and I love the old fellow, though I cannot love his bull-dog manners, and worse than bull-dog prejudices.

Sensibility an element of Wisdom.—"A man may be as much a fool from the want of sensibility as the want of sense."

Theatricals at Buffalo.—In the evening I went to the theatre, to a private box, a luxury which I had not expected to find in this most democratical of cities. The theatre is small, of course, but very neat, and prettily decorated. They had an actress from New York *starring* it here for a few nights—the tallest, handsomest woman I ever saw on the stage, who looked over the head of her diminutive Romeo, or down upon him—the said Romeo being dressed in the costume of Othello, turban and all. When in the balcony, the rail did not reach up to Juliet's knees, and I was in perpetual horror lest she should topple down headlong. This would have been the more fatal, as she was the only one who knew anything of her part. The other actors and actresses favoured us with a sort of gabble, in which not only Shakspeare, but numbers, sense, and grammar, were equally put to confusion. Mercutio was an enormously corpulent man, with a red nose, who swaggered about, and filled up every hiatus of memory with a good round oath.—The whole exhibition was so inexpressibly ludicrous, that I was forced to give way to fits of uncontrolable laughter—whereat my companions looked not well pleased. Nor was the audience less amusing than the dramatis personæ: the pit was filled by artisans of the lowest grade, and lake mariners sitting in their straw hats and shirt-sleeves—for few had either coats or waistcoats. They were most devoutly attentive to the story in their own way, eating cakes, and drinking whiskey between the acts; and whenever anything especially pleased them, they uttered a loud whoop and halloo, which reverberated through the theatre, at the same time slapping their thighs and snapping their fingers. In their eyes, Peter and the nurse were evidently the hero and heroine of the piece, and never appeared without calling forth the most boisterous applause. The actor and actress had enriched the humour of Shakspeare by adding several Yankee witticisms and allusions, the exact import of which I could not comprehend; but they gave unqualified delight to the merry parterre. I did not wait for the second entertainment, having some fear that as the tragedy had proved a farce, the farce might prove a tragedy.

WIT OF THE ANCIENTS.

FROM THE ORIGINAL AUTHORS; WITH REFERENCES.

(*For the Mirror.*)

THALES used to say that the oldest of all things is God, for he is unborn; that the most beautiful of all things is the world, for it was made by God; that the greatest of all things is space, for it contains all things; that the swiftest of all things is thought, for it runs over all things; that the strongest of all things is necessity, for it conquers all; that the wisest of all things is time, for it discovers all.—*Diog. Laert.* i. 35.

When Philippus, a Roman orator, was pleading on a certain occasion, a witness was brought forward who was quite a dwarf. "May I question this witness?" said he to the magistrate who presided.—"Yes," replied the magistrate, who was in a hurry, "but let him be short."—"No fear," rejoined Philippus, "for he is already very short."—*Cic. De. Orat.* ii. 60.

A good repartee is related of Caius Sextius, who had but one eye. Appius, a man of wit, but of no great purity of morals, said to him, "I will sup with you to-night, for I see," he added, looking in Sextius's face, "that there is room for one."—"You must have clean hands, however," retorted Sextius, "before you sit down."—*Ibid.*

Thales, on a certain occasion, observed that death differed little from life. "And why do you not die then?" asked one of his hearers. —"Because it would make little difference," was the reply.—*Diog. Laert.* i. 35.

Thales being asked which was the elder of the two, night or day, "Night," replied he, "by one day."—*Diog, Laert.* i. 36.

Being asked whether a man could escape the knowledge of the gods when doing ill, "Not even," replied he, "when thinking ill." —*Ibid. Et. Val. Max.* vii. 2.

Being asked by one who had committed adultery, whether he might swear that he had not committed it, "Is not perjury," replied he, "worse than adultery?"—*Ibid.*

Being asked what was most difficult, he said, "To know one's self."—*Ibid.*

Being asked what was most easy, he said, "To give advice to another."—*Ibid.*

Being asked what was most pleasant, he said, "For a man to obtain what he desires." —*Ibid.*

Being asked what God is, he said, "That which has neither beginning nor end."—*Ibid.*

Being asked what was the most extraordinary thing that he had seen, he said, "An old tyrant." [He meant that it was wonderful that tyrants were not assassinated before they reached old age.

Ad generum Cereris sine cæde et vulnere pauci
Descendunt reges et sicca morte tyranni.—*Juv.*

Ibid. Compare Phut. de Dæm. Soc. et Consiv. Sap.

Being asked what makes us bear affliction most easily, he said, "To see our enemies in greater affliction."—*Ibid.*

Being asked how a man may lead the best life, he said, "By forbearing to do what he blames in other men."—*Ibid.*

Being asked who might be considered happy, he said, "He who has good health, is at ease in his circumstances, and of an intelligent and cultivated mind."—*Diog. Laert.* i. 37.

"Do not strive," said Thales to one of his friends, "to get riches unlawfully; and do not be ready to listen to accusations against those whom you have taken under your patronage."—*Ibid.*

"Whatever treatment you have shown your parents," said he to another, "expect a like return from your children."—*Ibid.*

He used also to say, that we should be as mindful of our friends in their absence as in their presence; and that we should not be anxious to adorn our person with dress, but our minds with wisdom.—*Ibid.*

Aulus Sempronius was candidate for an office, and went, accompanied by his brother Marcus, to a certain Vargula, who had a vote. The brother saluted Vargula, and offered to embrace him, "Boy," cried Vargula, calling to a slave, "drive away the flies."—*Cic. De Orat.* ii. 60.

Nero, having a thievish slave, who pried into every thing about the house, said of him that he was the only servant in his family from whom nothing was either sealed or hidden. The same words might have been used of a good servant.—*Cic. De Orat.* ii. 61.

Spurius Carrilius, in fighting for his country, had received a severe wound, which made him halt so much that he was unwilling to go abroad. "Do not shrink," said his mother, "from showing yourself to your countrymen, for every step you take will remind them of what you deserve from them."—*Ibid.*

When Scipio Africanus was adjusting a crown on his head at an entertainment, it burst several times. "No wonder," said Licinius Varus, "that it does not fit, for it is a great head that it has to cover." [Magnum enim caput est.]—*Ibid.*

Quintus Cicero, the brother of the orator, was a man of diminutive stature. Cicero, seeing a gigantic half-length of him painted on a shield, remarked, "The half of my brother is greater than the whole."—*Macrob. Sat.* ii. 3.

Vatinius, during the civil war, was elected consul, but was deprived of his office a few days afterwards. "The year of Vatinius," observed Cicero, on his deposition, "has been an extraordinary one; for it has contained neither spring, summer, autumn, nor winter." And on another occasion, when Vatinius complained that Cicero had not visited him when he was sick, "I set out," said Cicero,

"to call on you during your consulship, but night overtook me on the road."—*Ibid.*

Revilius Cauinius, during the same period, was consul but one day. "Revilius," observed Cicero, "has gained something by his election; namely, that it may be inquired under what consuls he was consul."—*Ibid.*

He also remarked, on the same occasion, "We have had a wakeful consul, for he has taken no sleep during his whole consulate."—*Ibid.*

Calvus heard a bad orator make a short speech. "He has said little," said he, "but enough for his cause." [An ambiguity, like the remark of Nero on his slave; for the same might be said of the short speech of a good orator.]—*Cic. De Orat.* ii. 61.

Titius, a constant player at ball, was suspected of mutilating the statues in the temples of the gods at night. One day he did not come to play as usual, when his companions inquired what was become of him. "He may be excused for not attending," said Vespa Terentius, "for he has broken an arm."—*Cic. De Orat.* ii. 62.

One of Crassus, the orator's, clients said to him, that he hoped not to be troublesome if he came to him in the morning before daylight. "Very well," replied Crassus.—"Will you order yourself, then," said the man, "to be called?"—"I understood," retorted Crassus, "that you hoped not to be troublesome."—*Ibid.* c. 64.

Cato the censor, in discharging the duties of his office, asking Lucius Porcius Nasica whether he was married, put to him the usual question, "*Ex tui animi sententiâ* have you a wife?"—"No," replied he, "I have not a wife *ex animi mei sententiâ*."—*Ibid.* c. 65.

In a certain cause, Crassus the orator was engaged on one side, and Helvius Lama on the other. Lama, who was very deformed, interrupted Crassus several times whilst he was speaking. Crassus, at last, provoked by his impertinence, stopped, and said, "Let us hear what the handsome youth has to say." The audience laughing, "I could not," says Lama, "improve my figure, though I could my understanding."—"Let us here then," rejoined Crassus, "the man of improved understanding." This retort caused a greater laugh.—*Ibid.*

In the civil war between Cæsar and Pompey, Cicero adhered to the latter, though he greatly disliked his irresolution and want of activity. Wishing to let Pompey know what he thought of his supineness, he one day said to him, "I know from whom I should flee, but I know not whom I should follow."—*Macrob. Sat.* ii. 3.

When he joined the camp of Pompey, he was reproached with coming late. "I cannot think that I am late," said he, "for I see nothing ready?"—*Ibid.*

Pompey having presented a Gaul with the freedom of the city of Rome, "The worthy man," said Cicero, "gives the freedom of a foreign city to Gauls, when he cannot secure his countrymen the freedom of their own."—*Ibid.*

It was on account of such jokes as this, that Pompey said of Cicero, "I wish that he would go over to the enemy, for he would perhaps then have some fear of me."—*Ibid.*

A soldier of Augustus, who had been struck with a stone on the forehead, and had a large scar on the place, was one day boasting immoderately of his exploits against the enemy: "But when you run away," said Augustus, who overheard him, "you should remember not to look behind you."—*Macrob. Sat.* ii. 4.

Arts and Sciences.

NEW PROCESS OF EMBALMING AND PRESERVING SUBJECTS FOR DISSECTION.

At a meeting of the *Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society*, on the 8th January last, a letter was read, stating that Mr. G. Smith, of John-street, Oxford-street, had obtained a patent for an improved process for embalming and preserving subjects for anatomical purposes; for which M. Gannal, the eminent French chymist, has also taken one out in Paris. It went on to detail some curious experiments which had been made by Mr. G. Smith, at his theatre of anatomy in Little Windmill-street, to show the preservative qualities of a fluid which he believed entirely prevented the ordinary effects of putrefaction in animal bodies after death, and invited the fellows to view the body of a man, who died on the 5th, and was embalmed on the 9th of November. This communication was accompanied by several specimens of birds—a large Dorking fowl, a pheasant, and a pigeon—which had been subjected to the process, and which were found, at the end of more than two months, in a very extraordinary state of preservation, the flesh being perfectly soft and elastic, and not the slightest smell or taint discoverable, although no care had been taken to empty the crops of half digested food, nor the intestines of feculent matter; nor had the birds been kept otherwise than freely exposed to the air of a common room with a fire in it.

Mr. G. Smith detailed the particulars of the embalment, and invited the fellows to inspect the body and the preserved birds. He stated, that in about half an hour a great change came over the body; that parts which had previously been soft and relaxed became firm and hard, and that the whole body resembled wax in appearance, and was nearly as firm: no perceptible change, he said, took place, in the following three days, excepting

that certain green marks on the neck and abdomen gradually disappeared.

Dr. Merriman stated that he had seen the body, and expressed his satisfaction at the great effect, and the simplicity of the process. He said he had also examined the birds at Mr. Smith's house in John-street, and that no particular precaution had been taken in respect to temperature; but, on the contrary, they were kept hanging in a room with a fire in it.

Several other fellows expressed their admiration at the appearance of the body, and were of opinion that the discovery deserved the immediate attention of the faculty.—*Times Journal.*

WRECK OF THE FORFARSHIRE STEAMER.

We witnessed with great pleasure an interesting Pictorial and Mechanical Exhibition, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, representing that terrific storm at sea, in which the Forfarshire Steamer was wrecked, and when Grace Darling and her father so gallantly rescued the sufferers from the ill-fated vessel, and landed them at the Fern Lighthouse. This exhibition is on the plan of De Loutherbourg's *Eidophusicon*, or a Representation of Nature, and consequently cannot be exhibited by daylight. When the curtain draws up, a view of the rugged coast is presented, with the Fern Light-house; various vessels are seen riding through the storm, and one, after firing signals of distress, sinks; at length comes the Forfarshire steamer, who, after struggling in the storm, strikes against a rock, and becomes a complete wreck. It would be impossible to speak too highly of the representation of the sea, for the undulating and troubled motion of the waves are given with a fidelity never yet excelled in a mechanical exhibition: the thunder and lightning are also well managed; and the howling of the wind was astonishingly true to nature. The puppets also worked well, and performed their parts with great accuracy. Indeed the *tout ensemble* presented as faithful a picture of a storm at sea, as it is possible to be represented by pictorial mechanism. It certainly is well worth seeing, especially by our young friends, who will then have an idea of the perils of a sailor's life—so little heeded by landsmen; as Dibdin sings,

"Ye gentlemen of England, that live at home at ease,
Ah! little do you think upon the dangers of the seas."

The Gatherer.

Modesty unhurt in receiving a favour.—It is related of the celebrated artist, Canova, that informed of the indigence of a poor, proud, starving, but a bad painter, that he called upon him and described a certain picture which he wished him to paint, adding, that he would give an hundred pounds for said picture, fifty of which he would advance at the commencement. This method he adopted to supply the wants of a starving family, because he knew that the painter was so proud, that he would not have accepted of the money as a charitable donation. Unquestionably, the charity was enhanced in value by the mode in which it was granted. An example worthy of imitation.

The perfection of Wisdom.—The great *physician Galen*, merely upon the contemplation of so exact and so perfect a structure as the human body, challenged any one upon an hundred years' study, to find how any of the least fibre, or the most minute particle, might be more commodiously placed either for the advantage of use or of comeliness.

Revolutions of human life.—Indigence and obscurity are the parents of vigilance and economy—vigilance and economy, of riches and honour—riches and honour, of pride and luxury—pride and luxury, of impurity and idleness—impurity and idleness, of indigence and obscurity.

Royal Cock-crower.—There was an officer whose employment it was to go the rounds as a watchman, but to crow like a cock. Upon the accession of George the Second, the cock ceased to crow, for his majesty disliked the practice.

Elder Brother.—An elder brother is one who makes haste to come into the world, to bring his parents the first news of male posterity, and is well rewarded for his joyful tidings.

A Sword.—A Quaker happening to be in a stage-coach along with an officer, observed, that his sword was very troublesome. All mine enemies are of the same opinion, replied the officer.

A prudent hint.—The celebrated Fontenelle lived to the advanced age of near an hundred years, and even at that age could give singular ebullitions of wit. A lady of nearly the same age said to him one day, in a large company, "Monsieur, you and I stay here so long, I have a notion death has forgotten us."—"Speak as *softly* as you can, madam," replied the veteran, "lest you should remind him of us."

Intemperance.—The vine produces three kinds of grapes. The first pleasure, the second intoxication, and the third repentance.

LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.—In PARIS, by all the Booksellers.—In FRANCFORT, CHARLES JUGEL.

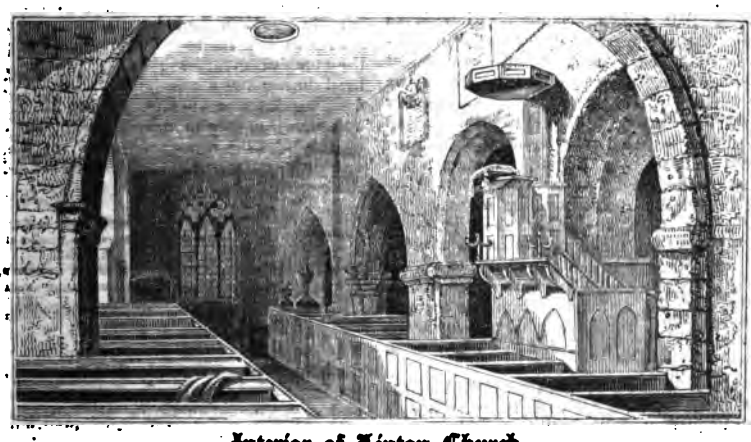
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 935.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1839. [Price 2d.

Exterior of Linton Church.



Interior of Linton Church.

Linton Free-School.

WHARFDALE, IN YORKSHIRE.

To the Editor of the Mirror.

Sir,—Much has been said and written of the Valley of the Wye, in Monmouthshire. I have visited it, and explored every nook and corner there; and though it is well deserving of all the praises that have been lavished upon it, still, in my opinion, it is in every respect inferior, in picturesque beauty and sublimity, to Wharfdale. The Valley of Wye has certainly in one part of it a fine sea-view, which Wharfdale has not; but, with this exception, what is there in the one that the other does not possess, and in a superior degree? Wye has its hills—its beautiful green-wooded hills—so has Wharf, and its *mountains* too! Wye has its Windcliff wood—Wharf has its old ancestral forest of Bolton, and its Grass-wood. Wye has its Tintern—Wharf has its Bolton and Barden. Then look at the two streams! Wye, a dull sluggish stream, resembling a Dutch canal—Wharf, a wild-foaming mountain torrent, now dashing amid rocks, now flowing on with waves of proverbial crystal.

Now that railway communication is so increasing the facility of access, let me indulge the hope that Wharfdale will attract more tourists than it has hitherto done—one particular portion has certainly had its fair share of visiters, I allude to Bolton, (an account of which I perceive in your number 923;) but visiting Bolton, its abbey, and woods, is not seeing Wharfdale.

I intend this communication more for the pedestrian, than any other description of tourist; and my recommendation to him is, if he has travelled from the south, to see the lakes of Westmoreland, &c., to proceed from Leeds to Otley, and there commence the tour of Wharfdale, taking care not to quit the valley till he has reached its termination at Hubberholme.

Several works have been published on the scenery of Wharfdale; and there is one in particular, published at Otley, which gives a good description of the country between Otley and Bolton Abbey. I may here remark, that I have lately met with a work by Mr. Montague, (a son of good old Basil Montague,) on the scenery of Craven; this is an interesting miscellany enough—what the author describes he does well, but his sins of omission are very great; and if he had submitted his MS. to some experienced datesman, a more perfect work would have been in the hands of the public; however, the traveller will find it very useful, and superior to many attempts of the same kind, some of which, and especially one called "Scenes in Craven," are most irresistibly ludicrous.

The correspondent who has favoured you with the account of Bolton, has been silent on the beauties of its adjacent woods, which constitute the chief charms of the place; they are of great extent, and kept in excellent order by his Grace the Duke of Devonshire.—Fourteen lithographic views, published by J. Scarlett Davis, and which may be had at any of the booksellers in Leeds, give a good idea of Bolton and its woodland walks. As it is my present intention to direct the tourist to the scenes beyond Bolton, I shall content myself with referring to Mr. Davis's views, and the accompanying letter-press, rather than attempt a fresh account of what has been so often described by abler hands.

After quitting the woods of Bolton, the next object in Wharfdale is Barden Tower, a fine specimen of the style of domestic architecture that prevailed in the time of the Tudors. It was at this venerable fortress, that the tenth Lord de Clifford passed the greatest portion of his life; and although it may be but a vain imagining, still there is something pleasant in the idea that, probably beneath the shade of some of the still existing venerable trees of the neighbouring forest, that "peasant lord" wooed his "nut-brown maid." It was in the deep solitude of Barden that he, of whom it is truly said in the old ballad, "Westmorland was his heritage," learned to despise the pomp of greatness: here it was that he lived during the whole reign of Henry VII., devoting his time to the study of astronomy and *alchemy*, (for in those days the one was considered as much a science as the other,) and such lore as was then chiefly confined to the cloister; as Kennedy sings—

> "Some said he might have been
> (So clerkly learned, and fraught with bookmen's arts,)
> A brother of the cell; but others thought
> He scorned their lives obscure, unloved, unknown,
> For day-dreams in the woods, and converse sweet
> Of forms ideal—visionary hopes,
> And fond imaginings of airy worlds."

The residence of the peasant lord is now a dismantled ruin—the wild flowers bloom and the ivy waves in the study of the astronomer; and of his secluded abode nothing remains entire but the little domestic chapel, where he worshiped that glorious Being, whose wonders of creation were his daily study. The chapel is still used for divine worship.

After leaving Barden, nature wears a somewhat forbidden aspect; but the uninterestingness of the road does not continue long—therefore the tourist must not turn back, as I dare say many have done, but make for the village of Appletreewick, or, as the country folks call it, *Apptrick*. Near this place is the "Troller's Gill," a scene as worthy of a visit as any in the dale, but which is not noticed in any of the Guide-Books that I have seen; in fact, it is a little out of the direct road; and compilers of these sort of publications are too often just enough lovers of the picturesque and romantic to visit what lies close to the turnpike-road, which they will not leave,

though, by so doing, they might meet with one of Nature's grandest works.

The Troller's Gill is in the Skyram pastures, and is a wild rocky hollow in the hills, through which a noisy brawling torrent foams and flashes along; horror and savageness are the characteristics of this stupendous scene, and it is not every traveller who, if alone, would dare to explore so awful a place. The writer, whose earliest years had been passed amidst wild mountain scenery, once paid a solitary visit to the Gill; and though he explored it from beginning to end, he must confess that his heart felt lighter when he was no longer amidst the gloom of its overhanging crags, and the roar of its waters.

The road from Appletreewick, up the dale to Hartlington, abounds with fine mountain views—at every step there is something to arrest the attention. At Hartlington I should advise the tourist to cross the river to Burnsall, where there is a venerable church, of the perpendicular style of architecture. It was in this village that the founder of the noble family of Craven was born: he was the son of a peasant, who rose, by dint of honourable industry, from a parish apprentice to a respectable London merchant; whilst in the latter capacity, he became Lord Mayor, and received at the hands of his sovereign the order of knighthood; and his son John was the first Lord Craven. The good fortune of Sir William Craven did not cause him to

"Forget the little ploughboy that whistled o'er the lea."

His native village was still dear to him; and the parish school which he founded, and the church, which he restored at his sole cost, still remain monuments of his benevolent spirit.

No less a personage than Eugene Aram was once master of the above school. I am not aware whether this fact has been alluded to in any of the biographies of that extraordinary man.

While standing in the green church-yard of Burnsall, the tourist will hear a noise as if he were close to some mighty cataract. This is from "Loupscar's troubled Linn," a vortex in the Wharf, where the river is confined within a narrow rocky channel, similar to the Strid at Bolton, and forms, as Dr. Whittaker says, a scene more dreadful than pleasing.

From Burnsall the traveller can proceed through Hebden; or, instead of crossing the river, he can keep on the left bank, which will bring him to the *parish church of Linton*. The churches in Craven are, with some exceptions, of the reign of Henry VII.—those exceptions, however, are very ancient edifices, and referrible to the earliest *Norman*, if not to the *Saxon* era. Linton church, though evidently erected at very different periods, is partly an edifice of great antiquity—some of the arches are early Norman, and as plain, rude, undecorated specimens of that style as are to be met with; other arches appear to have been erected at an early period, of the pointed style. R. B. Rampling, Esq., of Liverpool, a well-known architect, who furnished me with a drawing of the interior, remarked, in a conversation I once had with him on the antiquity of Linton church, that the existence of Norman architecture by no means proved that the edifice, or any portion of it, was of Norman erection; as, in so remote and out-of-the-way a part of the country, the style of architecture introduced by the Normans might prevail long after the Norman era—long after it was disused in more frequented places. To this remark I would merely in reply beg to say, that there is every historical reason for believing that Linton and the other churches of Wharfdale, were originally chantries or cures connected with either Embsay, Bolton, Fountains, or some other abbey, and built and kept in repair by the monks of those places, (and not by the inhabitants of the adjoining villages,) who, in such erections and repairs, would adopt the style of the age in which the work was commenced; and, therefore, I cannot entertain a doubt that Linton is of very ancient foundation. Prefixed are two views of the church, one of the exterior, from a drawing by the late Edward Dixon, Esq., of Hartlepool; the other, Mr. Rampling's view of the interior, looking west: this was chosen in preference to a view of the eastern end, where some Vandal of a churchwarden has inserted above the altar a *Venetian* window!

Of late years many churches have been built in places, and under circumstances, which rendered it desirable that economy should be studied—some of these are very strange-looking nondescript things, and show that cheapness has been procured by the sacrifice of good taste and architectural beauty. For a small village church, Linton, so far as the exterior is concerned, (save and except the Venetian window,) is a good model; and a building having such an appearance could be erected at a trifling expense. The interior would not be exactly the thing for a modern ecclesiastical structure; but a building, having the same exterior appearance, might easily be constructed, with a totally different arrangement of the interior.

After leaving Linton church, there is a very unsightly object, in a huge worsted mill. Many beautiful scenes are spoilt by such ugly erections; however, I hope the time will arrive when the principles of ornamental architecture will be applied to mills, as they have already been to warehouses in London, and other large towns. There is no reason why a mill should not have as elegant an appearance as a gentleman's seat, especially as a few pounds is no object with those who build them. A few yards distant from the

mill is the *Linton Free-School*, a building of the Elizabethan order. This was once a fashionable seminary, with classical masters; and many have received education within its walls, who afterwards, attained considerable literary eminence. From some cause or other, the endowment grew less and less, and the celebrity of the school declined; masters of inferior attainments became appointed, till at last it was only equalled in respectability by an Irish hedge-school. However, a change for the better has taken place, and it is now a flourishing school, where the children of the poor (for whom no doubt the school was originally founded,) are taught useful knowledge, on a plan in which the excellencies of the Bell and Lancasterian systems are combined. Near the Free-School is a sacred spring, dedicated to the Virgin, and called "Our Lady's Well;" whatever miraculous powers its waters once possessed, have now ceased; but its sweet pellucid waters are still in high repute for culinary purposes; and there are few inhabitants in Grassington who will tolerate any water but that from Lady Well.

After crossing the bridge beyond the well, and ascending a steep bank, we arrive at the little town of Grassington, most romantically built on the side of a lofty mountain. Of this place I gave an account in a former volume of the MIRROR, and alluded to the lead mines in its vicinity. These mines are on the summit of a mountain, and extend over a large tract of ground. The gentlemen who have the management pay the greatest attention, and show every civility to a stranger. These gentlemen are called captains; a title which, in all countries where there are mines, seems to be given to those who have the management; in Germany, in Norway, in Russia, in Sweden, we find the same term similarly applied; and looking at the derivation of the word *captain*, there seems no good reason for applying it exclusively to naval and military officers. When the Grassington mines were first worked, is a matter in dispute; it has been asserted that they were worked in the time of the Romans, but no antiquities have been found to warrant the conclusion. From the puritanic names which many of them have, such as Glory Mine, one might suppose that several were first worked during the Protectorate. The tourist ought to visit the mines, not only for the sake of their subterranean wonders, but also for an inspection of the machinery; in addition to which they are on every side surrounded by the finest mountain scenery imaginable. There is in the midst of these mines an interesting little valley, called Mossdale; as also a small lake or tarn, called Priest's Tarn, supposed to derive its name from having, in the days of old, been one of the haunts of the monks of Fountains.

Having inspected the mines, the tourist may proceed from Grassington, up the valley of Wharf, towards Coniston, &c.; the road is carried through Grass-wood: this forest is several miles in extent; and if the walks in it were kept in proper order, and a few rustic seats erected, after the manner of Bolton, might be rendered an object of equal attraction. Who that has wandered amidst its moss-grown walks, now almost impenetrable —who that has looked down its quiet glades --who that has penetrated to its wild gloomy dells and rocky nooks and chasms, (such as Dibscar,)—who that has climbed its heights, and gazed on the alpine-like character of the surrounding country, and does not regret that its noble proprietor, the Duke of Devonshire, should not expend a trifle in keeping its walks in proper order. I have been told that the Duke never saw the wood; if so, would that I were at his side, to whisper in his ear that he has nothing at Chatsworth or Bolton superior to it. If Grass-wood could be put into a proper state for tourists to visit, great benefit would accrue to the neighbourhood. Should the noble proprietor ever think of what I have suggested, I have no doubt that about Bolton might be found *interested* individuals, who would endeavour to thwart his intentions. I have heard it said, that if Grass-wood became a "show place," Bolton would be injured—why or wherefore I cannot tell—those who never see beyond their noses, may, perhaps, be able to inform me.

The tourist having *scrambled* through Grass-wood, may, after visiting the Ghaistrills, (another vortex in the Wharf,) return to Grassington; why I bring him back, I shall inform you in my next communication, which will conclude the description of Wharfdale.

D.

THE ORIGIN OF ST. ANDREW'S UNIVERSITY, SCOTLAND.

THE University of St. Andrew's was founded by Archbishop Stewart, natural son to James the Fourth, and was called the college of poor Charles. It appears from the foundation-charter, that there had been an hospital in the same place for the reception and entertainment of pilgrims of different nations, who crowded to St. Andrew's to pay their devotion to the arm of St. Andrew, which wrought many miracles. At length, however, the arm of St. Andrew being tired with that laborious kind of work, or thinking that he had done enough, the miracles and the conflux of pilgrims ceased, and the hospital was deserted. The prior and the convent, who had been the founders, and were the patrons of the hospital, then filled it with old women. But these producing few of the fruits of devotion, were dismissed. The proprietors next formed it into an University, where the different

branches of literature were to be taught. Though there are several revenues belonging to this university, yet it has never arrived at equal celebrity with the other three universities.

VERSES,

ON BEING DEFIED TO WRITE A POEM ON A SMALL CRUMB OF BREAD.

By an eminent Barrister.

(*For the Mirror.*)

Thou little fragment of Man's daily food,
Tho' small, yet useful—tho' despised, yet good!
Poor lonely fraction of a severed loaf,
I scorn thee not! nor join another's scoff:
What tho' more dainty man's luxurious pride
Disdainful sweep thee o'er the table's side,
Still, when ejected from the window's height,
Thou draw'st the little redbreast's wistful sight;
Elate with joy he leaves the quivering spray,
Hops to the spot, and pecks thee from the way.
Then seeks his callow brood in neighb'ring tree,
And strives to hush their infant wants with thee.
That done, he flies where just before he stood,
And carols the sweet song of gratitude!
Or if perchance thou 'scap'st the robin's eye,
A little care-fraught ant may wander nigh:
At sight of thee, what raptures fill her heart;
She views thee round and round, to find a part
Where fast'ning firmly she by force may trail
The massy blessing to her distant cell!
In vain she toils to drag the pond'rous weight,
And hastens homeward to procure her mate;
Now both with puny prowess slowly drill
The joyful burthen to the swarming hill.
Assembling crowds the prize with pleasure eye,
And help to place thee in their granary;
Where busy groups, with wisdom-teaching care,
Lay up, while summer lasts, the winter's fare.
Instructive lesson for unheeding man,
Who pines in penury, yet rejects their plan.
Thou little morsel of man's daily food!
Tho' small, thou blessest; tho' contemn'd, thou'rt good;
Things which the proud despise, will oft impart
A deep-felt blessing to a grateful heart.

"SUNNY STREAM, SUNNY STREAM."

Sunny stream, sunny stream,
Disporting on thy way,
From these lovely regions,
What temp'teth thee to stray?

In quest of roses brighter,
Meand'ring dost thou flow?
In quest of lilies whiter,
Capricious dost thou go?

Can'st find a happier sky,
Mirror'd in thy breast,
Or smiling meads of summer
Greener for thy rest?

Sunny stream, sunny stream,
Disporting on thy way,
From these lovely regions
Ah! whither would ye stray?

W. Archer.

ROYAL MODESTY.

Charles the Second one day asked Dr. Stillingfleet why he read his sermons before him, and preached out of book elsewhere? The Doctor replied, that preaching before so great an audience made him distrust his own abilites. But in return, how is it that your Majesty *reads* your speeches in Parliament, having no such reason? Why," said the king, "the truth is, I have asked my subjects so often for so much money, that I am really ashamed to look them in the face."

THE CHARACTER OF THE FIRST CENTURY.

At the commencement of the Christian æra, the greater part of the habitable globe was subject to the Roman Empire. The minor nations were governed either by Roman governors, or by their own princes in subordination to the Roman senate. The ambition of Augustus Cæsar had, however, deprived the people of all liberty but the name. The form of government, and the laws of the Romans, were mild and equitable, but the injustice and avarice of the Prætas and Proconsuls were intolerable. The universal dominion, and the general peace which then reigned, gave to that century the appellation of the *Pacific Age*. The want of records renders it impossible to ascertain, with any degree of precision, what was the state of the other nations who were not subject to the Roman yoke. The eastern regions were strangers to the sweets of freedom, but the northern, in their frozen dwellings, enjoyed the blessings of freedom which their forms of government, their religious systems, and robust constitution united to preserve and maintain.

These nations were all sunk into superstitious idolatry of a varied form, the deities of every nation being different, and by consequence their rites of worship. This difference, however, produced no wars or religious contentions, but harmony reigned in the region of idolatry. The general tendency of all these religious systems was to encourage vice and profligacy of manners, by the examples of the actions they attributed to their deities.

The Jews, who alone had been favoured with the knowledge of the true God, had also in their period become exceedingly corrupted, erroneous in their principles, and immoral in their lives. Thus the general situation of the nations loudly called for the interposition of God to convey to the human mind true and certain principles of virtue and wisdom, and to recall wandering mortals to the sublime path of virtue. In such circumstances the Saviour of the world appeared, to introduce a new, sublime, and heavenly system of religion, adapted to all the human race, and calculated to produce universal felicity. And though that century is denominated the *pacific age*, yet if we contemplate the political character of the Romans in the political, and the first teachers of Christianity in the moral world, and reflect upon the boldness, intrepidity, and clemency exhibited by both, that period may with no small degree of propriety, claim the appellation of *The Lion Period*.

Biography.

WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM.

(*Concluded from page 67.*)

After much deliberation, and devout invocation of the Divine assistance, considering how greatly the number of the clergy had been reduced by continual wars and frequent pestilences, he determined to remedy, as far as he was able, this desolation of the church, by relieving poor scholars in their clerical education; and to establish two colleges of students, for the honour of God and the increase of his worship, for the support and exaltation of the Christian faith, and for the improvement of the liberal arts and sciences. Wykeham appears to have come to this resolution soon after his becoming Bishop of Winchester; for, shortly after that period, he made purchases of several parcels of ground in the city of Oxford, which make the chief part of the site of his college there. His college at Winchester, was part of his original plan; for, as early as the year 1373, before he proceeded any farther in his plan for the latter, he established a school at Winchester, of the same kind as the former, and for the same purpose. He accordingly entered into an agreement with Richard de Herton, for ten years, commencing at Michaelmas, 1373, by which he agreed to instruct in grammatical learning, as many poor scholars as the bishop should send to him, and no others without his consent; that the bishop should provide and allow him a proper assistant; and that Herton, in case of his own illness, or necessary absence, should substitute a proper master to supply his place. While Wykeham was preparing to carry these generous designs into execution, a party was formed against him at Court, which obliged him to lay them aside for the present. At the head of this party was the Duke of Lancaster, who, in resentment for Wykeham's opposition to his party in the Parliament of 1376, procured eight separate articles of impeachment to be brought against him by certain persons, for divers crimes committed during his administration of the public affairs; of the first seven of these articles no proof was ever made, judgment being given solely and separately upon the last, which runs thus: "That the said bishop, when he was chancellor, by his own authority, often caused fines, after they were enrolled, to be lessened, and the rolls to be erased; and in particular, that of John Grey of Betherfield, who made a fine with the king, in the forty-first year of his reign, of eighty pounds, for licence of feoffments of certain lands and tenements, which was paid into the Hanaper; but the said bishop, on the pretence of some bargain between him and the said John Grey, caused the first writing to be cancelled, by making another writing of the same tenor and date, for a fine of forty pounds, and made the clerk of the Hanaper repay the other forty pounds to the said John Grey, to the defrauding of the king." The bishop was heard upon these articles before a certain number of bishops and lords, and others of the privy-council, assigned by the king for that purpose about the middle of November; and, in consequence of the judgment given by them upon the last article, writs were issued from the Exchequer, dated the seventeenth of the same month, to the sheriffs of the several counties concerned, ordering them to seize, into the king's hand, the temporalities of the Bishop of Winchester. The bishop was also forbidden by the Duke of Lancaster, in the king's name, to come within twenty miles of the court. The clergy, however, looked upon these proceedings, not so much in regard to the injury they did Wykeham, as their infringement of the liberty of the church; and, the people considering him as a person unjustly oppressed by the exorbitant power of the Duke of Lancaster, a tumult insued in his behalf, by which means he was restored to the temporalities of his see, and to the king's favour, a few days before the death of that monarch; which took place June 21, 1377. Soon after this event, he commenced the erection of his college at Oxford; the king's patent for the building of which, is dated November 26, 1379, by which it is entitled *Seinte Maria College of Wynchester in Oxenford*. During the building of this foundation, which was begun March, 1380, and finished April, 1386, he established in proper form his society at Winchester, to which, in the charter of incorporation, dated October 20, 1382, he gives the same title as the college at Oxford. As soon as he had completed his building at Oxford, he commenced that at Winchester, which he finished in 1393. About this period he determined to rebuild a great part of his cathedral church, the whole of which had been erected by Bishop Walkelin, who began it in 1079. It was of Saxon architecture, with round pillars, or square piers, adorned with small pillars; round-headed arches and windows, and plain walls on the outside, without buttresses; the nave had been for some time in a bad condition. Wykeham, upon a due survey, determined to take the whole down, from the tower westward, and to rebuild it in a more magnificent manner. He commenced this great work in 1395, upon certain conditions, stipulated between him, the prior, and convent, and finished it in the style commonly called gothic, with pointed arches and windows, without key-stones, and pillars consisting of an assemblage of many small ones, closely connected together. This great pile, which took about ten years in erecting, was just finished when the bishop died. He had pro-

vided in his will for the entire completion of his design by his executors, in case of his death, and allotted two thousand five hundred marks for what then remained to be done, and five hundred marks for the glass windows. Besides this great benefaction to his cathedral, he purchased estates to the value of two hundred marks a-year, in addition to the lands of the bishopric. While he was rebuilding his cathedral, he was engaged in several great trusts and offices under Richard the Second. The Parliament summoned by Henry IV., a few days after his accession to the throne, was the last he attended in person; he ever after sent procurators to excuse his absence, on account of his age and infirmities. Being blessed with an excellent constitution, he had enjoyed an uncommon share of health, having been Bishop of Winchester thirty years, and in all that period had only once been interrupted by illness, in the attendance upon his duty in every capacity. At the end of the year 1401, he retired to South Waltham, and, on the January following, he appointed Dr. Nicholas Wakeham and Dr. John Ener, to be his coadjutors in the bishopric. But although he had taken coadjutors to his assistance, he still personally attended and directed his affairs, both public and private, admitting all persons who had any business to transact with him, to his upper chamber. This practice he was able to continue until within a few days of his death, which took place, September 27, 1404. He was buried, according to his directions, in his own oratory, in the cathedral church of Winchester. His funeral was attended by a great concourse of people, many of whom, doubtless, attended out of regard to his memory, but a great number of the poorer sort came to partake of the alms which were to be distributed: having ordered by his will, that in whatever place he should happen to die, and through whatever places his body should be carried, between the place of his death and the cathedral church of Winchester, in all these places, to every poor tenant, that had held of him there as Bishop of Winchester, should be given, to pray for his soul, four pence; and to every other poor person, asking alms, two pence, or one penny at least, according to the discretion of his executors; and that on the day of his burial, to every poor person coming to Winchester, and asking alms for the love of God, and for the health of his soul, should be given four pence. He appointed his grand-nephew, the Reverend Thomas Wykeham, to be his heir, and one of his executors, with six others, to whom he bequeathed a thousand pounds for their trouble. He had before put him in possession of his manors and estates, to the value of six hundred marks a-year, and he deposited in the hands of the warden and scholars of new college, a hundred pounds for the defence of his title to the said estates, to be kept by them, and to be applied to no other use whatever, for twenty years after his decease: after which term the whole, or remainder not so applied, was to be freely delivered to Sir Thomas Wykeham or his heirs.

It may be truly said of the subject of this memoir, that few men ever exceeded him in acts of munificence and charity, among several of which may be mentioned the following:—At his first entrance upon the bishopric of Winchester, he remitted to his poor tenants certain acknowledgments usually paid, and due by custom, to the amount of five hundred and two pounds, one shilling, and sevenpence. To several officers of the bishopric, who had become poor, he at different times remitted sums due to him to the amount of two thousand marks. He paid for his tenants, three several times, the subsidies granted to the king by Parliament. In 1377, he discharged the whole of the debts of the prior and convent of Shelborne, to the amount of a hundred and ten marks, eleven shillings, and fourpence; besides making the convent a free gift of a hundred marks. From the time of his being made bishop of Winchester, he provided for, at least, twenty-four poor persons every day, not only in victuals, but also in distributing money among them. He continually employed his friends and attendants to search after those whose modesty would not suffer them to make their distresses known; and to go to the houses of the sick and needy, and inform themselves of their particular calamities. To such as were in prison for debt, he was attentive and compassionate; inquiring into their circumstances, compounding with their creditors, and procuring their release. He expended vast sums in repairing the roads, making causeways, and building bridges, between London and Winchester, and many other places. He likewise repaired a number of churches that were gone to decay, besides furnishing them with books, a hundred pair of vestments, a hundred and thirteen silver chalices, and other ornaments. W. G. C.

THE ONLY MEANS OF ENJOYING LIFE.

The whole structure of our nature, and the whole condition of our being, prove that our Maker intended us not for a life of indolence, but of active exertion. All the organs of the body, and all the faculties of the mind, are instruments of action, and it is only by constant exercise that these powers can be retained in a healthful state, and man enjoy any tolerable degree of felicity. If the body be suffered to remain long inactive, it will lose its strength, and become a prey to disease, at the same time the mental faculties will be gradually enfeebled, and the whole fabric of

human happiness be undermined by fretfulness and spleen. It is, on the contrary, a matter of constant experience, that a regular course of bodily exercise is conducive to health, exhilirates the spirits, and contributes to the easy and successful employment of the intellectual powers.

The frequent application of the mind to study establishes a habit of thinking, which renders it easy and pleasing to engage in any kind of scientific or literary pursuit; but a mind which remains long unemployed, loses its delicacy and vigour, and degenerates into languor and stupidity.

As the earth, if it be industriously cultivated, will produce fruits in rich abundance; so if it be permitted to remain long uncultivated, it will be covered with weeds, which will be rank in proportion to the richness of the soil. In like manner the human mind, if cultivated with great assiduity, will yield a plentiful harvest of knowledge and wisdom; on the contrary, if neglected, it will gradually be corrupted with the seeds of error and folly, and the noxious weeds will grow up in the greatest abundance in those minds which are by nature capable of producing the most excellent fruits. The obvious and the undeniable fact is, that man was made for action, and not for indolence.

Manners and Customs.

SKETCHES OF PARIS.

An Execution.

We were beguiling our time one evening at a small but comfortable café, in the Rue de Vaugirard, sipping our *demi-tasse*, and reading Galignani's Messenger, to see how things were going on at home, when the proprietor, a civil and intelligent man, informed us, in an under tone, that an execution was to take place the next morning at the Barrière d'Arcueil, but that it was not generally known, as the time and place of the fatal operation of the guillotine are always kept secret. Now this struck us as a singular contradiction. The executions in Paris, as everywhere else, are for the avowed purpose of example, in consequence of which they are generally quite private, in order that nobody may witness them. Anxious to behold so terrible, yet at the same time so novel a spectacle to an Englishman, we rose early the next morning, and by seven o'clock were on our way to the barrier, where the executions are generally held, since the removal of the scene of blood from the Place de Grève, in front of the Hotel de Ville. The inhabitants of Paris are an early people, and business was quite alive at this hour; but we did not see that tide of spectators pressing towards the spot, as we should have observed in England, until we had passed the Val-de-Grace, when several were evidently bending their steps in that direction; for in the immediate neighbourhood, the erection of the guillotine is a sufficient signal of what is to follow. On arriving at the Place St. Jacques, in the centre of which the scaffold was erected, a moderate crowd had assembled, forming a large semicircle, commencing from the barrier on each side. They were chiefly composed, it is true, of the lower orders, but several very respectable-looking females were amongst them; and we observed three or four decent-looking voitures, drawn up under the trees of the boulvards, and outside the ring of people, filled with spectators. Of course, all the windows commanding a glimpse of the area were fully occupied; and we were surprised to observe, at many of them, several young girls of seventeen or eighteen, whose dress and demeanour betokened them to belong to a respectable sphere of life, anxiously gazing on the fearful preparations of bloodshed. The crowd were certainly amusing themselves in a most hilarious manner; itinerant venders of cakes and *marchands de coco* were perambulating amongst them; and a stranger would have thought they were waiting during the *entr'acte* of an exhibition of mountebanks, instead of being collected together to see a fellow-creature deprived of life. We recognised a municipal guard among the soldiers, with whom we were slightly acquainted, and with his permission we were allowed to approach the scaffold. The guillotine was erected on a platform about seven feet from the ground, resting on an open framework of timber, all of which was painted red. By the side of the plank on which the criminal was to be confined, was a long basket of coarse work, filled, we presume, with sand or sawdust, and the box for the reception of the head was strapped to the uprights between which the ponderous knife was to fall. On one side of the scaffold was a common market cart, in which two men were calmly sitting and smoking their pipes—this was to convey the body away; and on the other we observed a light waggon to carry off the machine itself. The circle of spectators was preserved by the municipal guard stationed in pairs at short distances, and the *gens d'armes* were conversing in different little knots in the centre. About a quarter to eight the cloud of dust at the end of the Boulvard d'Enfer, proclaimed the approach of the cavalcade, a circumstance which seemed to be hailed with much glee by the mob. A large detachment of horse-soldiers came first; then, we presume, some of the city functionaries, in a *lutècienne*;* and lastly, the criminal van, in which we were informed

* A small four-wheeled fly for one horse, containing three persons.

were the prisoner, the chaplain of the prison, and the executioner. We ought to state, that the van opened behind, so that it was exactly like uncarting a deer, the driver having backed it against the steps of the guillotine. The culprit was a fine muscular man, about thirty; we thought he shuddered for an instant, as he caught the first glance of the scaffold, but it was only for an instant; and then resuming his self-possession, he shook his head two or three times, when his cap was removed, and stared with apparent unconcern at the multitude. The morning was clear and beautiful—too fair, we thought, for a human being to leave the world by so violent a death, but we had little time allowed for moralizing. He ascended the steps unaided, and took his place on the plank, which was directly tipped up, and slid horizontally under the knife. A piece of wood, having a notch to correspond to the neck of the prisoner, was then pushed down, to prevent his drawing back his head; and as he was lying on his face, he was literally looking into the box where his head was to fall. All was now still as death; and on the catch being loosened, the knife fell swiftly and heavily, but we could distinctly hear the momentary stop as it cut through the vertebræ of the neck. An immense jet of blood immediately spouted out from the divided arteries, but in an instant the body was pushed over into the basket, as well as the box containing the head. The scaffold was then washed down with pailsfull of water, and the bloody stream poured down in torrents on the pavement of the road. Next to this, the basket containing the body and head were placed in the cart, which drove quickly off, and then the crowd dispersed by degrees, appearing much gratified with the sight they had witnessed.

In the evening we visited the barrier again. All the apparatus was removed, and the evergay population of Paris were passing outside the gates, to enjoy themselves at the *guinguettes*, for it was a *fête* evening. But the stain of blood was still in the road, and we became disgusted with the recollection of the morning's tragedy, and returned home, thinking that a sight like that we had witnessed, inured the people to deeds of cruelty, rather than exerted any beneficial influence over them.

[The execution here described took place in July, 1838. The name of the culprit was Jadin, and he had been committed for murdering a servant girl in the Rue Croix des petits Champs, under very aggravated circumstances. Since then there has been but one other execution in Paris, and that was in December last.] KNIPS.

A GLIMPSE OF ELIZABETHAN MANNERS.

THERE is, perhaps, no work which throws more curious and circumstantial light on the manners of Queen Elizabeth's reign, especially at the concluding portion of it, than a rare volume, by *Thomas Decker*, called "The Guls Horne Book," which appeared in the year 1609. We shall occasionally lay before our readers a few passages, illustrative of a state of manners which cannot but be of the highest interest to every Englishman. And selecting our example at random, will make our first extract from a chapter, entitled,

"*How a Gallant should behave himself in an Ordinary.*"

"First, having diligently inquired out an ordinary of the largest reckoning, whither most of your courtly gallants do resort, let it be your use to repair thither some half hour after eleven; for then you shall find most of your fashion-mongers planted in the room waiting for meat. Ride thither upon your Galloway nag, or your Spanish jennet, a swift ambling pace, in your hose and doublet, gilt rapier and poignard bestowed in their places, and your French lackey carrying your cloak, and running before you; or rather in a coach, for that will both hide you from the basilisk eyes of your creditors, and outrun a whole kennel of bitter-mouthed sergeants. Being arrived in the room, salute not any but those of your acquaintance: walk up and down by the rest as scornfully and as carelessly as a gentleman-usher: select some friend, having first thrown off your cloak, to walk up and down the room with you; let him be suited, if you can, worse by far than yourself; he will be a foil to you; and this will be a means to publish your clothes better than Paul's, a tennis-court, or a playhouse: discourse as loud as you can, no matter to what purpose; if you but make a noise, and laugh in fashion, and have a good sour face to promise quarrelling, you shall be much observed. If you be a soldier, talk how often you have been in action; as the Portugal voyage, the Cales voyage, the Island voyage; besides some eight or nine employments in Ireland and the Low Countries: then you may discourse how honourably your Grave used you, (observe that you call your Grave Maurice "your Grave;") how often you have drunk with count such-a-one, and such a count on your knees to your Grave's health; and let it be your virtue to give place neither to S. Kynock, nor to any Dutchman whatsoever in the seventeen provinces, for that soldier's complement of drinking. And, if you perceive that the untravelled company about you take this down well, ply them with more such stuff, as, how you have interpreted between the French king and a great lord of Barbary, when they have been drinking healths together: that will be an excellent occasion to publish

your languages, if you have them; if not, get some fragments of French, or small parcels of Italian, to fling about the table; but beware how you speak any Latin there: your ordinary most commonly hath no more to do with Latin, than a desperate town of garrison hath."

H. E. B.

TWO NIGHTS IN ROME.

(Translated from the French.)

For the Mirror.

(SECOND NIGHT.)

On the last day of the exhibition of 1835, a triple row of equipages was ranged in front of the unfinished Museum of Painting in Paris. The privileged crowd—the artists, their noble patrons, and above all, the ladies, smiling, gay, and happy, thronged the door reserved for the bearers of the blue ticket, the precious favour of the Directors of the Royal Museum. On the steps under the colonade stood two artists engaged in conversation, and observing the carriages file off before them. The elder of the two, whose tall thin figure, high forehead, and mustachios, à la Louis XIII., resembled the Buckingham of Vandyke, bore in his countenance traces of that indescribable expression of suffering, which deep thought and superior genius are apt to leave; when a smile played on his lips, an expression of melancholy sadness was blended with it; and his full dark eye betrayed some secret sorrow, which he was denied the consolation of imparting to his bosom friend.

"You deserve our reproaches," said his friend, a young artist, from whose button-hole dangled a medal of merit, decorated with a new riband shining in all its freshness.

"I deserve your reproaches!"

"Yes, you, whose first youthful effort promised so much; you, in whose study I have seen such masterly sketches; such great designs, such exquisite copies, as to deceive the eye of a master, all covered with dust, and neglected. And what have you exhibited? only a portrait, beautiful indeed, as one of Lawrence's, but still only a portrait; and after all, we are indebted to the vanity of a pretty woman for it. Ah! Raymond, you have robbed us of our share of your glory."

"Glory!" replied the painter, slowly; "I never cared for glory, I love the art for its own sake; mon Dieu, if I had but seen Italy! if it had been my lot to wander among the treasures of the Vatican! O Rome! O Rome!"

"But if you regret Rome, why did you leave it?"—"I am a native of the cold north," answered he, smiling bitterly; "the burning sun of Italy would kill me."

The carriage that was passing at this instant, an open landau, stopped just before them. It was occupied by a man advanced in years, and a young female, the latter of whom was, at the moment, leaning gracefully on the opposite panel, and conversing with some persons she had recognised in the crowd. "Good morning, *chere belle*," said a pretty, but vain-looking lady, to the female who was leaning over the side of the carriage; "have you seen my portrait?"—"Yes, it is very beautiful, indeed: it is not more so than you, madam,—it is you."

"I beg to recommend you the artist. He is a charming young man—a little odd—eccentric."—"His name?"—"Raymond. Adieu!—Eh! there he is, that tall man on the steps of the colonade."

As the carriage was driving off, the young lady turned for an instant to survey the object to which her attention had been directed, and Raymond saw, through a profusion of glossy ringlets, the most angelic face that ever met his eyes, or that his glowing imagination had conceived; it realized all of the beautiful, that the divine Raphael, his great model, had embodied in his master-pieces. "Camille," said he, pressing his friend's arm, "I am positive this is the first time in my life that I have seen this beautiful creature; and yet her glance seemed to convey to me a most strange and undefinable sensation,—an electric shock, as it were. And what is most strange, I seem to have experienced all this before. This young girl, her look, the carriage, and myself standing on the steps—all this has surely occurred before! But, no, it must be one of those moments when the remembrance of some past dream haunts the soul—some idle fancy of the imagination that never existed."

About nine o'clock next morning, a carriage drew up before the artist's house, in the Rue de la Rochefoucault. Raymond, in his morning gown, and velvet cap in hand, received, with some embarrassment, the elderly gentleman whom he had seen with the beautiful girl in the open carriage on the preceding day. The stranger, evidently a man of distinction, appeared to have studied the art of painting; he readily recognised several pictures by the old masters hanging round the walls of the studio; and glancing over some of our artist's unfinished sketches, pointed out their beauties.

The painter, observing the impression produced on the old man by his works, dusted some of the frameless portraits lying about the room in most artist-like confusion; opened old portfolios long time forgotten, and, with a timid deference, and vanity hitherto a stranger to his mind, anxiously awaited his visitor's opinion. "As far as I can judge," said the old man, in an Italian accent, "these beautiful sketches appear to be formed more on the model of the old Spanish school, than our great Italian masters. Have you ever been in Rome?"—"I have never been in Rome or Italy," was the reply. "Ah! you are still

young enough to come to see us some day; you must see the Vatican, Florence, Venice. In the meantime I offer you a model, such as our Raphael himself never had. I wish you to take a likeness of my daughter. I reside in the neighbourhood of Paris,—you will find a *studio* at my house; I shall be in town to-morrow, and if you are disengaged, I will take you with me." After the old man had taken his leave, the artist read on the card which he gave him, "Prince Barberini." The French villa of the Roman prince was situated near the small village of Issy, and with its terraces and white statues, partially seen through the sombre verdure of a grove of linden trees, in which it was embowered, resembled an Italian villa transported to the woody banks of the Seine.

The portrait, after a considerable time, was finished—it was a *chef d'œuvre*. The painter had first admired, and then loved his model; he had exerted all his powers to do justice to the original, and succeeded in producing a master-piece. It was only under the impression of the look—the indescribable glance with which his beautiful model thanked him, upon receiving the portrait, that the bitter conviction of the impotence of art to express that heavenly beam, forced itself upon his mind.

He also discovered that another sort of admiration besides that of art had taken possession of his soul—he discovered that he was in love.

Raymond loved without even dreaming of love. The prince, whose forehead, shaded by premature grey hairs, and lustreless eyes, exhibited traces of violent passions, became accustomed to the presence of the painter. Sometimes, tormented by a nervous susceptibility—a mental suffering, which was only irritated by attentions, he withdrew entirely from the artist and his model.

Thus left to themselves, they spent hours together—hours of unmixed happiness, when they felt themselves isolated from all the world; and neither thought of, nor cared for, aught it contained besides each other.

Leontia was, like most young girls who, deprived in early life of the kind protection of a mother, and unable to find a kindred bosom into which they can pour their young and timid emotions, fall back upon their own resources, and learn to think and reflect; she was conscious that she loved Raymond, and she abandoned herself to the pleasing enchantment. "Leontia," said the prince, after dinner, on the day subsequent to the completion of the portrait, "we must be in Rome before the end of ten days. I intend giving an entertainment at the palace of Barberini on the 25th; we must therefore depart to-morrow, and travel by easy stages."—"Raymond," continued he, "you have never been at Rome—you will go with us?"—"I thank you, prince," replied the painter, turning pale, "but I cannot go—at present."—"What! you an admirer of art! of Raphael! and cannot go to Rome! Let us see,—what can detain you in Paris?"—oh, nothing, you must go with us, that is decided."—"Excuse me, sir, but the thing is impossible." returned Raymond, with firmness. "Raymond," insisted the prince, "your presence is necessary to us. We shall only remain a short time at Rome, and then we shall return to Paris to resume our occupations." A beseeching glance from Leontia decided the artist. He consented to accompany them to Rome.

The villa was deserted next morning. * * * * * * * * "It is the Porta del Popolo, God forgive me," exclaimed the artist, as the travelling carriage of the prince Barberini entered Rome. "What! do you know it, then?" said the prince, in surprise.—"Yes," answered Raymond, with a slight tremor of the voice, "thanks to the engravers who send us poor Frenchmen such excellent views of your city." The prince was expected to dinner, and he arrived just in time to receive his noble and princely guests in the galleries and gardens of the palace of Barberini, on this occasion sparkling with lights, and resounding with the most enchanting music. It was an aristocratic fête, worthy of the last representative of one of the most high and powerful families of Rome. After the first pressure of the crowd had subsided, and the guests began to circulate more freely through the marble galleries, and the music had ceased, the artist, intoxicated by the fairy scene with which he was surrounded, found himself before the portrait of Leontia, by the side of the prince, who presented him to his friends as the author of this master-piece of art. The painter, bewildered by a powerful hallucination—a sort of mental intoxication, lost his presence of mind. "Raymond," said the prince, "how is it that an artist should never have come to Rome once in his life? But you recognised the Porta del Popolo! did you ever see it before?" "Yes, prince," replied he, mechanically, "once—only once; and with that once is connected a mysterious tale." "Let us hear it," they all exclaimed, eagerly. "It is a long time since," replied Raymond, hesitating; "but in case of danger, I should be protected by you. I have been in Rome before." "Ah! I knew it," exclaimed the prince. "I was at that time very young, a mere boy. I arrived in the evening, and was conducted by some fatality to the theatre d'Argentina,—Coronari sung * * * * Leontia entered the room at this moment, and observing an expression of intense suffering on her father's countenance, who was leaning against the marble mantel-piece, she turned an imploring look on the painter. The look was the same as that of the pale figure he had seen at the theatre d'Argentino.

Raymond proceeded to repeat the story, of which the reader is already aware, describing every circumstance with the most minute exactness. "The walls," continued he, "were hung with dark tapestry;" and as he raised his head, his eyes expanded with terror, as he recognised the same drapery; "on the mantelpiece was a clock." It was the same that stood before him. "The eyes of the masked figure flashed fire." He shuddered, as he encountered the prince's fiery glance. "Eh! then," cried the latter. There was a moment of silence, and Leontia, pale and trembling, slightly pushed the gilded frame of the portrait, which falling on the pedestal of a marble column, was torn by a sharp angle. This incident turned the attention of the party from Raymond, and put an end to the embarrassment of all. The unfortunate artist saw that he was lost. As one hour after midnight tolled from the lofty dome of St. Peters, Raymond was standing before the window of his chamber, musing on the events of the evening, when he heard a slight rustling of the tapestry.—"Raymond," whispered a low voice. "Leontia!" and he clasped her to his bosom for the first time "You must fly, Raymond—come!" and she led him through a narrow corridor, towards a small door opening into the gardens, from which he could ascend the terrace wall, and from thence jump into the street. "Fly," said she, "there is no time to lose!" "Alone!" whispered Raymond. "I must remain here," continued she, "now I know all:—Oh! I remember the last tears of my mother; but he is my father,—I must remain." "Then I remain also, there is a fatality attending my visits to Rome, to which I must submit. I was compelled the first time, after a few hours, to bid adieu to my dreams of future fame; and ten years after, am I compelled to leave all I value on earth! No, I shall not go alone." "For heaven's sake, not so loud, or you will be lost—farewell!" A light was seen at this moment in the chamber that Raymond had quitted, and Leontia, throwing her arms round his neck, whispered—'If you love me, Raymond, go.'' He precipitated himself into the street; and when he had disappeared, Leontia, uttering a piercing shriek, fell into a swoon. Three days after, at Naples, Raymond read the following, in the "Diario di Roma:"

"At the conclusion of a splendid fête given at the villa of Barberini, on the 25th, an entire wing of the palace was burnt to the ground. We regret to add that his excellency the Prince Barberini, and several of his suite, fell a prey to the devouring element."

* * * * * *

Six months after this melancholy accident, Camillo met his friend driving an elegant cabriolet in the Champs Elysées.

"What! in Paris?" cried he. "Yes, I returned eight days since; shall I drive you?" "I have not the least objection—your horse is such a beautiful animal. Where do you reside now?"

"Come to dinner, and you shall see."

"Well now! what of Rome, Art, Raphael?" * * * The cabriolet was rapidly traversing the Champ de Mars Vaugirigard, Issy, and stopped at a villa on the road to Fleury. "Art!" exclaimed Raymond, "I have proved faithless to it at Rome. Yes, Camillo, I am no longer a painter. I love the art no more—I love" * * * "You love this beautiful creature?" interrupted his friend, who observed a young lady of extraordinary beauty running to meet them, as a footman opened the gate. "Yes, my wife!" said Raymond. M.

DESTRUCTION OF THE EARLY ENGLISH LIBRARIES.

This article is inserted to show the vast accumulation of literature which existed at the commencement of the Reformation in England, evincing the industry of the monks, the great loss sustained, and from the style and orthography of the quotation, the state of the English language at that period.

It is a circumstance well known to those at all conversant in the History of England, in the year one thousand five hundred and thirty-six, the suppression of the lesser monasteries took place, by Henry the Eighth. When the abolition was first proposed in the Convention, Bishop Fisher strenuously opposed it, and told his brethren that this was fairly showing the king how he might come at the great monasteries. "And so, my Lords," concluded he, "if you grant the king these smaller monasteries, you do but make him an handle whereby he may cut down all the cedars within your Lebanon."

The bishop's fears were realized by the subsequent acts of Henry; after having quelled a commotion raised on account of the suppression of the lesser monasteries, immediately abolished the remainder, and in the whole, suppressed six hundred and forty-five monasteries, of which twenty-eight had abbots who had seats in Parliament. Ninety colleges were demolished, two thousand five hundred and seventy-five chanteries and free-chapels, with an hundred and ten hospitals. The havock that was made among the libraries cannot be better described than in the words of Bayle, Bishop of Ossory, in the preface to Leland's "New Year's Gift to King Henry the Eighth."

"A greate nombre of them whiche purchased those supersly couse mansyons reserved of those librarye bookes some to serve theyr jokes, some to scoure theyr candlestyckes, and some to rubbe theyr bootes. Some they sold to the grossers and sope-sellers, and some they sent over see to y. booke bynders, not in small numbre, but at

tymes whole shyppes full, to ye wonderinge of foren nacyons."

"Yes, ye universytees of thys realme are not alle elere in thys detestable fact. But cursed is that bellye whyche seketh to be fedde with suche ungodlye gaynes, and so depely shameth hys natural conterye. I knowe a merchant manne, whyche shall at thys tyme be namelesse, that boughte ye contentes of two noble lybraryes for forty shyllynges pryce, a shame it is to be spoken! Thys stuffe hathe he occupyed in ye stede of greye paper by ye space of more than these ten yeares, and yet he hathe store ynoughe for as manye yeares to come. A prodygyouse example is thys, and to be abhorred of all men whyche love theyr nacyon as they shoulde do. The monkes kepte them undre dust ye ydle-headed prestes regarded them not, their latter owners have most shamefully abused them, and yt covetouse merchantes have solde them awaye into foren nacyons for moneye."

THE FIRST PORT LAUREATE.

The father of all Laureates, was named Camillo: he was a plain countryman of Apulia, whether a shepherd or thresher is not material. "This man (says Jovius) excited by the fame of the great encouragement given to poets at court, and the high honour in which they were held, came to the city, bringing with him a strange lyre in his hand, and at least some twenty thousand of verses. All the wits and critics of the court flocked about him, delighted to see a clown, with a ruddy, hale complexion, and in his own long hair, so top full of poetry; and at the first sight of him all agreed he was born to be Poet Laureate. He had a most hearty welcome in an island of the river Tiber, (an agreeable place, not unlike our Richmond,) where he was first made to eat and drink plentifully, and to repeat his verses to everybody. Then they adorned him with a new and elegant garland, composed of vine leaves, laurel, and brassica. He was then saluted, by common consent, with the title of *archipoeta*, or arch-poet, in the style of those days; in ours, Poet Laureate. This honour the poor man received with the most sensible demonstrations of joy, his eyes drunk with tears and gladness. Next, the public acclamation was expressed in a canticle, which is transmitted to us as follows:—

"Salve, brassicea virens corona,
Et lauro, archipoeta, pampinoque!
Dignus principis auribus Leonis."

"All hail, arch-poet, without peer!
Vine, bay, or cabbage fit to wear,
And worthy of the prince's ear."

From hence he was conducted in pomp to the capitol of Rome, mounted on an elephant, through the shouts of the populace, where the ceremony ended.

The historian tell us farther, "That at his introduction to Leo, he not only poured forth verses innumerable, like a torrent, but also sung them with open mouth. Nor was he only once introduced, or on stated days (like our Laureates,) but made a companion to his master, and entertained as one of the instruments of his most elegant pleasures. When the prince was at table, the poet had his place at the window. When the prince had half eaten his meat, he gave with his own hands the rest to the poet. When the poet drank, it was out of the prince's own flagon, insomuch (says the historian) that through so great good eating and drinking he contracted a most terrible gout." Sorry I am to relate what follows, but that I cannot leave my reader's curiosity unsatisfied in the catastrophe of this extraordinary man. To use my author's words, which are remarkable, *mortuo Leone profligatisque poetis, &c.* "When Leo died, and poets were no more," (for I would not understand *profligatis* literally, as if poets then were profligate,) this unhappy Laureate was forthwith reduced to return to his country, where, oppressed with old age and want, he miserably perished in a common hospital.

We see from this sad conclusion (which may be of example to the poets of our time,) that it were happier to meet with no encouragement at all, to remain at the plough, or other lawful occupation, than to be elevated above their condition, and taken out of the common means of life, without a surer support than the temporary, or, at best, mortal favours of the great. It was doubtless for this consideration, that when the royal bounty was extended to our Poet Laureates, care was taken to settle it upon him for life. And it was the practice of our princes, never to remove from the station of Poet Laureate any man who had once been chosen, though never so much geniuses might arise in his time.

John Kaye was the first Poet Laureate in England; *temp.* Edward IV. He has left us none of his poems; but he has given to posterity a translation of the siege of Rhodes, from the Latin; this he dedicates to the king, and calls himself, "hys humble Poete Laureate."

Mr. Southey is the present Poet Laureate.

CHARACTER OF CHARLES II.

The tall and swarthy grandson of Henry IV. of France, was naturally possessed of a disposition which, had he preserved purity of morals, had made him one of the most amiable of men. It was his misfortune, in very early life, to have become thoroughly debauched in mind and heart; and adversity, usually the rugged nurse of virtue, made the selfish libertine but the more reckless in his profligacy. He did not merely indulge his passions; his neck bowed to the yoke of lewdness. He was attached to women, not from love, for he had

no jealousy, and was regardless of infidelities; nor entirely from debauch, but from the pleasure of living near them, and sauntering in their company. His delight—such is the record of the royalist Evelyn—'was in concubines, and cattle of that sort;' and up to the last week of his life, he spent his time in dissoluteness, toying with his mistresses, and listening to love-songs. If decision ever broke through his abject vices, it was but a momentary flash; a life of pleasure sapped his moral courage, and left him imbecile, fit only to be the tool of courtiers, and the dupe of mistresses. Did the English Commons impeach Clarendon? Charles II. could think of nothing but how to get the duchess of Richmond to court again. Was the Dutch war signalized by disasters? "the king did still follow his women as much as ever;" and took more pains to reconcile the chambermaids of Lady Castlemaine, or make friends of the rival beauties of his court, than to save his kingdom. He was "governed by his lust, and the women, and the rogues about him."

The natural abilities of Charles II. were probably overrated. He was incapable of a strong purpose, or steady application. He read imperfectly, and ill. When drunk, he was a silly, good-natured, subservient fool. In the council of state he played with his dog, never minding the business, or making a speech memorable only for its silliness; and if he visited the naval magazines, "his talk was equally idle and frothy."

The best trait in his character was his natural kindliness. Yet his benevolence was in part a weakness; his bounty was that of facility; and his placable temper, incapable of strong revenge, was equally incapable of affection. He so loved his present tranquillity, that he signed the death-warrants of innocent men, rather than risk disquiet; but of himself he was merciful, and was reluctant to hang any but republicans. His love of placid enjoyments and of ease continued to the end. On the last morning of his life, he bade his attendants open the curtains of his bed, and the windows of his bed-chamber, that he might once more see the sun. He desired absolution; "For God's sake, send for a Catholic priest;" but checked himself, adding, "it may expose the Duke of York to danger." He pardoned all his enemies, no doubt, sincerely. The queen sent to beg forgiveness for any offences. "Alas, poor woman, she beg my pardon!" he replied; "I beg hers with all my heart; take back to her that answer." He expressed some regard for his brother, his children, his mistresses.—*Bancroft's History of the United States.*—Kennett.

ON THE USE OF THE WORD "OBEY,"

IN THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY, &c.

THAT awkward word "obey," which has been so ungallantly intruded into our marriage ceremony, and enforced by male legislators on the unresisting weakness of the softer sex, was actually pronounced in Egypt by lordly man, and was even stipulated in the marriage contract. The husband, in addition to the article in the contract of dowry, that the lady should be *lord* of the husband, pledged himself that in *all things* (no exception or limitation was permitted, no honest man after such an oath could make any mental reservation) he would *be obedient to his wife.*—Diod. Sic. i. 27. We must make the sad confession, that sometimes this freedom was abused: a memorable occasion in the Book of Genesis will occur to every one.*

But, it should seem, by the following extract from Caxton's 'Booke of th' enseygnements and techynge that the Knyght of the Tower made to his daughter,' translated in 1483, that the Saxon wives were obliged to be obedient to their husbands.

"How a woman ought to obeye her husbond in all thynge honest."

"I wold ye knewe wel the tale and example of the ladye, which daygned not to come to her dyner for ony commaundement that her lord coud make to her; and so many tyme he sent for her, that at the last, whanne he sawe she wold not come at his commaundement, he made to com before hym his swyneherd, he that kept his swynes, which was foule and overmoche hydous, and bade hym fetche the clothe of the kechyn wherwith men wype dysshes and platers. And thenne he made a table or bord to be dressyd before hys wyf, and made it to be couerd with the sayde clothe, and commaunded to his swyneherd to sytte besyde her, and thenne he sayd thus to her, 'Lady, yf ye ne wylle ete with me, ne come at me, ne come at my commaundement, ye shalle have the kaper of my swyne to hold you company and good felauship, and this clothe to wype your handes withal.' And whenne she that thenne was sore ashamed, and more wrothe than she was before, sawe and knewe that her lord mocked her, refreyned her proude herte, and knewe her foly. Therfor a woman ought not in no wyse to refuse to come at the commaundement of her lord yf she wylle haue his love and pees: And also by good reason hummylyte ought to come fyrste to the woman, for euer she ought to shewe herself meke and humble toward her lord."

Is it improbable, that the plot of the *Taming of the Shrew*, was founded on the above *instructions?*

* *Vide* Wilkinson's Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians.

The Public Journals.

[We are pleased to observe Mr. Bentley commencing the literary campaign of 1839, in right good earnest,' with Memoirs of *John Bannister, Comedian*, by *John Adolphus, Esq.* From many highly interesting anecdotes, we extract the following :]

John Kemble's Marriage.

One evening Mrs. Brereton addressed Mrs. Hopkins; "My dear mother," she said, "I cannot guess what Mr. Kemble means; he passed me just now, going up to his dressing-room, and chucking me under the chin, said, 'Ha, Pop! I should not wonder if you were soon to hear of something very much to your advantage.' What could he mean?" "Mean," the sensible mother answered, "why, he means to propose marriage; and, if he does, I advise you not to refuse him, you will not meet with a better offer." Thus the matrimonial galley was launched; and the voyage proceeded rapidly, merrily, and to a joyous conclusion, although not unmarked with some peculiar circumstances. When the lady's consent was obtained, and the happy day fixed, Mr. Kemble was living purely *ex garçon*, the elegancies of female life never thought on, in a lodging in Cappline-street, Bedford-square. His intimacy with Jack Bannister, and the true regard he felt for him, rendered it natural and easy to request Mr. Bannister's attendance at the ceremony. This was readily agreed to, and on the appointed morning, the 8th of December, Mrs. Hopkins and Mrs. Brereton, presenting themselves at Bannister's abode in Frith-street, they all repaired to the bridegroom's dwelling. Whether he had been late over-night, or whether, "dreaming of golden joys," he had been unwilling to shorten his morning slumber, certain it is, that when the ladies arrived, there was not the slightest sign of preparation for breakfast. A number—they could not be termed a set—of tea-things at length appeared, the meal was discussed, the parties reached the church in proper time, and the ceremony was completed by an intimate friend of Kemble, the well-known Parson Este. They were departing in separate coaches, the gentlemen in one, the ladies in another, when Mrs. Bannister said, "as you do not seem to have made any preparations, suppose you dine with us; but as both Mrs. Kemble and Mr. Bannister play to-night, the dinner must be early and punctual." This good-natured and considerate offer was readily accepted; the ladies went to Frith-street, and, having waited to the utmost extremity of time, were obliged to dine without the newly-married man. Bannister and Mrs. Kemble had departed before his arrival; dinner was served up again, and at a proper hour Mrs. Bannister left him to his wine, expecting continually that he would appear at the tea-table; at last he did come, but not until it was full time that he should escort his wife home from the theatre. Thither he repaired in a hackney-coach; his wife popped in, and from that moment was installed mistress of a new abode.

Bannister's opinion of London.

I have lived too long (he observes) in London from early life to the present time, to like the country much: you cannot shake off old habits and acquire new ones. I must die (please God!) where I have lived so long. Kemble once said to me, "Depend on it, Jack, when you pass Hyde-park-corner, you leave your comforts behind you." *Experientia docet!* London for beef, fish, poultry, vegetables, too; in the country you get ewe-mutton, cow-beef, and in general very indifferent veal. London is the great market of England. Why? Because it abounds in customers; and I believe you may live as cheap in London, and nobody know anything about you, as anywhere else; London is your best retirement, after long industry and labour. I delight in the country occasionally.

APOPHTHEGMS.

A GENEROUS soul never loses the remembrance of the benefits it has received, but easily forgets those its hand dispenses.—*Chilo.*

The felicity of the body consists in health, and that of the mind in knowledge.—*Thales.*

Riches do not consist in the possession of wealth, but in the good use made of them.—*Democritus.*

Hope is the last thing that dies in man.—*Diogenes.*

Let us honour old age, since it is what we all tend to.—*Bion.*

There is nothing so fearful as a bad conscience.—*Pythagoras.*

The too great desire of speaking is a sign of folly.—*Thales.*

The three most difficult things are, to keep a secret, to forget an injury, and to well employ one's leisure time.—*Chilo.*

Do not divulge your designs; that, if they prove abortive, you may not be exposed to scorn.—*Pittacus.*

Of all accidents of life, the most difficult to be supported is the change of fortune.—*Bias.*

We are not to judge any man happy before his death.—*Solon.*

Age and sleep teach us insensibly the way of death.—*Anaxagoras.*

Benefits are the trophies that are erected in the heart of men.—*Xenophon.*

The only thing that cannot be taken from us, is the pleasure of having done a good action.—*Antisthenes.*

Laws are the bulwark of liberty, and consequently of the state.—*Heraclitus.*

An empire is in a tottering condition, if the magistracy do not obey the laws, and the people the magistracy.—*Solon.*

The roots of sciences are bitter, but their fruit is sweet.—*Aristotle.*

The most necessary of all sciences, is to learn to preserve ourselves from the contagion of bad example.—*Atisthenes.*

The friend that hides from us our faults, is of less service to us than the enemy that upbraids us with them.—*Pythagoras.*

There are two things to be dreaded; the envy of friends, and the hatred of enemies.—*Cleobulus.*

We have only one mouth, but two ears; whereby nature teaches us that we should speak little, but hear much.—*Zeno.*

W. G. C.

The Gatherer.

The Rev. Mr. Crabb, of Hill, near Southampton, the benevolent reclaimer of the gipsies, calculates that there are in this country upwards of 18,000 of this wandering race, and in other parts of the world 700,000.—*January*, 1839.

Pliny states, that acorns, beaten to powder, and mixed with hogs' lard and salt, heal all hard swellings and cancerous ulcers. John Ellice, Esq. discovered that acorns can be preserved in a state fit for vegetation for a whole year, by enveloping them in bees'-wax; other seeds may be conveyed from distant countries by the same means.

The Religious Tract Society, during the last year, (1838,) distributed more than 15,000,000 of their publications.

At the court leet of the Crown manor of Presteign, the niece of the late bellman and crier proposed to become a candidate for the office. The steward of the manor objected to her because she was a woman; to which she replied, "God bless you, sir, that's no reason; haven't we a woman for a king?" The simplicity and readiness of this reply induced the steward to admit her as a candidate, and, on a show of hands, she was unanimously elected.—*Worcester Journal.*

The first flint-glass was manufactured at Savoy-House, in the Strand.

Poetry of Ancient Burial.—It was among the loveliest customs of the ancients to bury the young at morning twilight; for, as they strove to give the softest interpretation to death, so they imagined that Aurora, who loved the young, had stolen them to her embrace.

I am sent to the ant, to learn industry; to the dove, to learn innocence; to the serpent to learn wisdom; and why not to the robin-redbreast, who taunts it as cheerfully in winter as in summer, to learn equanimity and patience.—*Warwick.*

Inquietudes of mind cannot be prevented without first eradicating all your inclinations and passions, the winds and tide that preserve the great ocean of human life from perpetual stagnation.

It is one of God's blessings that we cannot foreknow the hour of our death; for a time fixed, even beyond the possibility of living, would trouble us more than doth this uncertainty.—*King James.*

Conversation augments pleasure, and diminishes pain, by our having shares in either; for silent woes are greatest, as silent satisfaction least; since sometimes our pleasure would be none but for telling of it, and our grief insupportable but for participation.—*Wycherly.*

The master of superstition is the people; and in all superstitions wise men follow fools.—*Bacon.*

We can behold with coldness the stupendous displays of omnipotence, and be in transports at the puny essays of human skill; throw aside speculations of the sublimest nature and vastest importance into some obscure corner of the mind, to make room for new notions of no consequence at all; and prefer the first reading of an indifferent author, to the second or third perusal of one whose merit and reputation are established.—*Grove.*

Among the writers of all ages, some deserve fame, and have it; others neither have, nor deserve it; some have it, not deserving; others, though deserving, yet totally miss it, or have it not equal to their deserts.—*Milton.*

Age will superciliously censure all who are younger than themselves, and the vices of the present time as new and unheard of, when in truth they are the very same they practised, and practised, as long as they were able. They die in an opinion that they have left some wiser behind them, though they leave none behind them who ever had any esteem of their wisdom and judgment.—*Clarendon.*

Make a point never so clear, it is great odds that a man whose habits, and the benefits of whose mind lie a contrary way, shall be unable to comprehend it. So weak a thing is reason in competition with inclination.—*Berkeley.*

Scarcely have I ever heard or read the introductory phrase, "I may say without vanity," but some striking and characteristic vanity has immediately followed.—*Franklin.*

LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD 143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.—In PARIS, by all the Booksellers.—In FRANCFORT, CHARLES JUGEL.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 936.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1839. [Price 2d.

ST. ANDREW'S HALL, NORWICH,

Is a neat, grand, and beautiful building; the six pillars on each side which support the nave, are very uniform, being covered with lead; it is about fifty yards long, and thirty wide, the two aisles are of the same length with the nave, each being exactly half as wide as the nave is. There are fourteen upper windows, and six lower ones, on a side; and the whole was new paved in 1646. It hath been used as an Exchange, for the merchants and tradesmen to meet in, but that is now disused. The assizes for the city are held here, and the mayor's feasts, &c.

Formerly, all the several companies of tradesmen held their feasts here, and several of them had the arms of their companies put up, some of which still remain. The Courts of Conscience, of the Guardians of the Poor, &c., are constantly held here.

This noble fabric was built by Sir Thomas Erpingham, Knt,* and his arms, carved in freestone, remain between every window of the nave on the outside; he died in 1428,

* Sir Thomas Erpingham was knight of the garter, *temp.* Henry IV. and Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, in the reign of Henry V. He distinguished himself at the battle of Agincourt, and built the beautiful gate facing the western end of the Cathedral, which is still called Erpingham Gate. He lies buried in the Cathedral, together with his two wives.

before it was completely finished; but the glazing, &c., was continued by Sir Rob. de Erpingham, his son, rector of Brakene, a friar, whose arms were in the late fine-painted glass windows, all of which are demolished, except the six most western ones in the nave. In the west window are the arms of England, and those of the Prince of Wales. At the upper end of the aisle was formerly an altar of St. Barbara, which, before 1459, was enclosed in a neat chapel there, made by Ralf Skeet, from whom it was afterwards called Skeet's Chapel; and opposite was another chapel, on the S. aisle, the altar of which was dedicated to the Virgin Mary; and in the nave at the upper end, stood the Great Rood, with the altar of the Holy Cross, before which Holy Rood Gild was kept.

At the east end is a clock, with the effigies of Justice at the top, and the arms of England carved beneath; on the right hand, is a picture of Queen Anne; and opposite, another of Prince George, her son; both given by St. George's Company.

On the right hand also is the Earl of Orford at length, in his robes; and this under him—"The Right Hon^ble. Robert Earl of Orford, presented this portrait to the Constitution Club, 1743."

At his right hand, is,

The portrait of the Right Hon. Horatio Walpole, Esq., member of parliament for this city; presented by himself, A.D. 1741.

On the south side, opposite to the Earl of Orford, is,

A portrait, in his robes, of John Lord Hobart, lord-lieutenant of this county; who presented it to the corporation in 1743.

By him, in a black coat, with a sword by his side, is,

A portrait of Thomas Vere, Esq., member of parliament for this city, and mayor, 1735; presented by a society of gentlemen, 1736.

In the north aisle are the Weaver's arms, and other companies, as Carpenters, Bakers, &c., and two pictures of aldermen, in their proper habit, *viz.*

Robert Marsh, Esq., mayor, 1731; being alderman of the Grocer's Company, was presented by them, 1732.

Francis Arnam, Esq., mayor; also presented by the Grocer's Company, 1732.

In the south aisle, beginning at the east end, are the following portraits, *viz.*

William Clarke, Esq., mayor, 1739, (in his proper habit;) presented by a society of gentlemen, 1740.

Timothy Balderstone, Esq., mayor, 1736, and captain of the Hon. Artillery Company, (in his regimentals,) by whom this picture was presented, 1736.

Benjamin Nuthall, Esq., mayor, 1721, (in his proper habit;) presented by a society of gentlemen, 1738.

In gratitude to William Wigget, Esq., mayor, the citizens presented this portrait, 1743. He is in his proper habit.

Thomas Emerson, who, in 1739, gave two gold chains, to be worn by the sheriffs of this city, for a perpetual memorial of which generosity, this picture was presented by the corporation of the city, A.D. 1741.

Over the south door is a portrait, in his proper habit, of

Thomas Harwood, Esq., mayor, 1728.—*Vide Blomefield's History of the City and County of Norwich*, 1745.

[We are indebted to Mr. Musket for the view at the head of this article: it is from one of a set of four beautifully-executed views of Norwich and its vicinity.]

LINES

TO MY BOY PLAYING WITH MY WATCH.

When time shall no longer be noted by me,
That watch, my dear infant, may note it to thee:
And, oh! may those hours, as onward they roll,
Bring peace to thy bosom, and joy to thy soul!

May the dawn of each morning that breaks on thine eyes
Arouse thy devotion, in prayer to the skies;
And as evening shall close o'er thy beautiful head,
May a band of the angels be guards of thy bed.

And gentle by nature, and harmless in life,
Thy years passing on without turmoil or strife,
When thy spirit shall bow to the summons divine,
May'st thou enter Eternity, honoured by time!

C. S.

THE BETRAYED.

BY ANDREW PARK;

Author of "the Bridegroom and the Bride," "The Vision of Mankind," &c. &c. &c.

I saw her cheek grow pale with grief,
Her thoughtful eye grow dim,
And melting sorrow drop relief
From off its fringed brim!—
I saw her snowy bosom swell
With fond sensation high,
And heard its pulse too plainly tell
Her grief in each reply!

Yet she was silent in her love,
And strived to hide the flame;
Though oft she cast her eyes above,
As if she breathed his name:
And then she gazed in deepest thought,
As one who views despair;
For anguish in her bosom wrought
Its wildest workings there!

No smile lit her transparent face;
No hope sat on her brow,
The only feeling left to trace,
Bespoke a broken vow.
Yet in her sad forsaken eye,
A beacon's lingering ray,
Show'd how a soul of purity
Possessed that frame of clay!

The vital spark was flying
With each sigh the bosom gave;
The eye's soft light was dying,
As the foam upon the wave.
And her end came as the balmy sleep
Of one who breathes repose;
When slumbers throw a silence deep,
O'er his oblivious woes!

THE KINGDOMS OF NATURE.*

Life depends on certain conditions; and these conditions depend on a certain arrangement of substances; which arrangement is called "organization." In an organ we observe, first, a peculiar arrangement; and, secondly, a specific function performed by it. The body is an aggregate of organs, formed of various textures; each texture being more or less common to all the organs. The textures, or tissues, are bone, cartilage, ligaments, muscles, tendons, vessels, and nervous matter. There is no solid, even in the most perfect animal, which cannot be ranged under one of these heads; and they are all reducible to the *cellular*, the *muscular*, and the *nervous*. The *cellular* is the most simple, and the most abundant; for the enamel of the teeth is said to be the only solid in the body, in which it has not been discovered. If all the earthy part of the bones, all the muscular fibre, all the fat, &c., were removed from the body, the latter would still retain its general shape, if the cellular tissue were left; whence the latter may be considered as the basis of the whole. It is composed of an infinite number of small globules, about the eight-thousandth part of an inch in diameter; and arranged in lines, which cross each other in every direction. The *muscular* tissue is arranged in two different modes;—in masses, and in membraneous expansions, or muscular coats; but there is no essential difference between them. The muscular tissue is formed of filaments, which compose fibres, which (in their turn) are made up into fasciculi;—each filament (which is the smallest division) having an investment of cellular membrane. By the microscope, the muscular tissue, like the cellular, is found to be composed of globules; as are also many of the animal fluids.

With regard to the structure of *vegetables*, our information is less satisfactory. The study is in its infancy; and no two authors agree respecting it. They are furnished with fibres, vessels, &c.; and appear to be composed of globules. For further information, we may refer to a series of articles on Botany, in our last volume. In *animals*, the globules vary in different species, and even in different parts of the same animal. The elementary particles of *inorganic* matter are found to be angular. Even water and mercury, when in a state of crystallization, exhibit an angular form. Dr. Brown, of Edinburgh, found that small particles of inorganic matter, put into water, moved about like infusory animals; from which it has been concluded, by speculative men, that organic and inorganic matters are of the same description. Some say that these particles, floating in the water, are round; but this form is adventitious;—being produced by the trituration in the mortar; for if the substance be only broken with a hammer, the particles are found to be angular. If you pour an acid, or salt, or laudanum, into the water, no effect is produced on the motion of these inorganic particles; but if infusory animals be so treated, their motion is quickened at first, but they are soon killed. The cause of this motion of inorganic particles, has not been ascertained in all cases; but in some it is owing to currents in the water; in others, to the attraction of different particles for each other; and in others it is apparently magnetic, or electrical.

Animals are divided into two great classes; those *without* an internal skeleton,—called *invertebrated* animals; and those *with* an internal skeleton,—called *vertebrated* (from *vertebræ*,—the bones of which the spine is composed). The *invertebrated* animals are subdivided into the following classes:—1. Zoophytes. These stand at the bottom of the scale; and include corals, sea-eggs, infusory animals, &c. They have a stomach, something which resembles a nervous system, and an imperfect apparatus for the circulation of the fluids;—that is, "imperfect," when judged by the standard of higher animals; but quite complete as regards their own organization. Corals are produced by polypi; which have numerous genera and species. Near Edinburgh there are limestones filled with corals, though the latter live only in tropical climates; from which, and from many analogous facts, it is evident that our climate must once have been tropical. 2. Articulata. These animals are so called from having their body and limbs variously jointed; as the *beetle*, &c. Similar animals are found in the sea; as the *sea-mouse*, &c. 3. Mollusca. The animals comprised in this division are so called from their being generally very soft. All animals furnished with shells, whether they inhabit the land or the water, belong to this class; such as *snails*, *muscles*, *oysters*, the *cuttle-fish*, &c. Shells are either univalve, bivalve, or multivalve; and their study constitutes the science of conchology.

The *vertebrated* animals consist of four classes. I. Pisces, or fishes; including all animals which breathe by gills; and excluding what we call "shell-fish." Whales, and animals of that tribe, are also excluded; for they are not fish, but breathe by lungs; and, instead of spawning, bring forth their young alive. 2. Amphibia; including all animals that can live both in water and in air; as crocodiles, turtles, tortoises; serpents, frogs, lizards, &c. 3. Aves, or birds. 4. Mammalia; comprising all animals which suckle their young; and including, therefore,

* Concluded from page 52.

whales, dolphins, porpoises, &c. The mammalia stand at the summit of the zoological series; and man stands at the head of the mammalia;—having only one genus, and one species; but divided into races, sub-races, families, and varieties. The ape is considered to come nearest to man in perfection of structure.

Animals, like plants, are found in all parts of the globe; except in tracts which are always covered with snow. Above the snow-line, animals and plants are not found; and their number increases as we descend from this. It is supposed that, below a certain depth from the surface, both the land and the sea are destitute of living creatures. There are sandy tracts on the surface of the earth, in which animals and plants are very rare; and the same state of things occurs near volcanoes; for it is often centuries before streams of lava admit of vegetation; and before that time no animals can exist on them. Animals are most abundant under the equator; and lessen in number towards the poles. In the latter situation, their tints are most simple; being often white. The hare and the ptarmigan are quite white in the arctic regions; and hawks are sometimes found white below, and black above. The Museum in the University of Edinburgh contains a white hare, which was killed by Captan Parry, in 82° north latitude;—the highest point which had then been reached by man. Tropical birds have very beautiful plumage; and one bird found in temperate regions (the kingfisher) resembles them.

With respect to the *size* of animals, there is great diversity;—from the whale, which is sometimes nearly a hundred feet long, down to animals so small, that five millions would not fill a cubic line;* or of which (as it has been otherwise expressed) hundreds might play on the point of a pin. It would require eight hundred millions of these to fill a cubic inch; and nine hundred billions to fill a cubic foot. All water contains these animals. In general, the largest animals are found in the warmest countries, whether on the land, or in the sea; but the whale is a well-known exception to this rule. N. R.

* A "line" is a convenient measure, much used by the French. It is the twelfth part of an inch.

Manners and Customs.

SKETCHES OF PARIS.

A French School.

THE continual minor annoyances and ludicrous mistakes to which our knowledge of *school*, French perpetually subjected us, induced us to think about some means of acquiring the language, not as we learn it in England, but as they speak it in France. We applied to several friends, touching the best means of attaining this end, and every body said, "Go into a school for a short time, it is your only way." Thinking of the old adage, which teaches us, what every one says must be right, we accordingly made up our minds to become a schoolboy once more, and started one morning in quest of an "*institution*" likely to suit our purpose. We called at several, but none had the least idea of what a parlour-boarder meant, at least, in our sense of of the word; and after splitting our boots to pieces in running up and down the Rue D'Enfer, (whose miserably unpaved state entirely contradicts the statement, that the "descensus Averni" is so easy, and shows Virgil had not Paris in his eye when he wrote the Æneid), we at length settled with one in the Faubourg St. Jacques, where we stipulated to have a bedroom to ourselves, to dine with the principal, and to be instructed in the French language, for one hundred francs per month. Now, we had three reasons for going here. Firstly, it was cheap; secondly, it was near the Barriere Mont Parnasse, to whose amusement on fête days we had a great predilection; and, lastly, (we blush to own our cowardice) the *elèves* were all "small boys," whom we could thrash into subjection, if they were impudent, or halloo'd after us, "*Rosbif Anglais*," "*Goddem*," or any other entertaining polyglot witticisms, that the said "small boys" of Paris, there called *gamins*, were apt to indulge in at our expense.

It was a wet dirty day, in the beginning of November, that we left our lodgings at the Hotel Corneille, Place de l'Odeon, and hiring a porter at the corner of the Rue Racine, paddled up the never-ending, and always dirty, Rue St. Jacques, to our new abode. On arriving, we entered the great gates, with which all French schools are embellished, and immediately carried our effects to our bedroom, which was a closet with a tiled floor, about eight feet square, and whose sole furniture was comprised in a little wooden bedstead without curtains, a deal chair, and a corresponding table, on which was a pie-dish to wash in, and a pint white jug for water. Had we been astronomers, the room would have had many advantages, since it was ingeniously lighted by a window in the ceiling, which, in fine weather, illuminated our chamber very well, but in the event of a heavy fall of snow, left us nearly in total darkness. It was late in the evening when we arrived, so we went to bed at once, supplying the want of sufficient bed-furniture by an English great-coat spread over the counterpane, and a carpet-bag, emptied of its contents, made a sort of mat to lay on the ground, and stand upon while we undressed.

Long before daylight the next morning we were aroused from our slumbers by a bell ringing, to summon the poor devils of *elèves* to the commencement of their studies. We

heard much yawning and scrambling after clothes, and then a silent and measured step as the usher assembled them, two and two, to march down stairs to school. About seven, the cook of the establishment, a dirty fellow, in a dirtier white night-cap, brought us a cup of milk and a piece of bread, which we were informed was to be our *first* breakfast, the other was at half-past eleven. Unfortunately for us, we always had a great aversion to bread and milk—we think it is neither one thing nor the other, and appears to hold an intermediate rank between tea and water. Although we remembered in our infancy to have possessed a book of nursery rhymes, written by some anonymous poet of the dark ages, of infantile literature, where there was a picture of a little child, with very curly hair, dragging a respectable female, who looked something between a Sunday-school teacher and a barmaid, towards a cow feeding in a romantic meadow; and, moreover, some lines, which commenced, as far as our memory serves us:

> "Thank you, pretty cow, that made,
> Pleasant milk to soak my bread;"

and followed by some well-founded cautions to the animal not to chew hemlock and other rank weeds; still, we repeat, in spite of all these associations, we do not like bread and milk. Accordingly, when we found this was all we were to be allowed before noon, we were out of temper, and getting up very cross, we sauntered down into the playground to inspect our new residence. The reader must imagine a large court, enclosed on three sides by buildings and walls, and on the fourth by some palings communicating with the garden. The edifices on the right hand were divided into numerous little cells, each having a door, and those were dignified by titles placed over the said doors. The first was called, "*Salle de musique*," and, in consequence, was fitted up with a cistern and leaden trough, where the *eléves* performed their morning ablutions, when there happened to be any water. Next to this, was the "*Salle du dessin*," or drawing academy, and some empty easils, with a very ricketty form or two, showed a great deal went on there. Then came the "*classe*," or school-room, where the *eléves* studied under the surveillance of two ushers, who ordained a rigid silence amongst their pupils, save and except such times as the said ushers were on duty as national guards. On the other side the court was the dwelling-house and bed-rooms, with the "*refectoire*" of the pupils, where they fed; and in the middle of the playground, which, from having two trees in it, was denominated the *park*, were divers gymnastic poles and bars, and a deep well, which supplied the establishment with water, when anybody was at leisure to wind it up—an operation of half an hour. We were tolerably hungry by eleven o'clock, and were not sorry to hear the bell for the boys' breakfast, as we knew ours came after. The pupils silently marched two and two into their room, and took their places at two long tables, where each boy had a fork, cup, and napkin laid for him—table-cloths and knives were unknown. An allowance of *potage*, seemingly composed of cabbage-water, and bits of bread, was first served out to each; after that they had some *vin ordinaire* and water, but such wine—the only thing we could compare it to, was ink and small beer mixed together; and when this was well diluted with water, we could imagine how delicious it was. A course of boiled spinach came next, and the breakfast concluded by a dab of currant jam being distributed to each, which was eaten with their bread, of which, however, there was an unlimited supply. This meal was repeated at five o'clock, with such agreeable variations as the taste of the cook directed; but beyond small pieces of hard boiled beef, and little bits of calf's liver, we did not see much meat. Potatoe sallads, cold artichokes, boiled lentils, and sorrel soup, appeared to be the staple articles of refreshment. The meals which we partook with the master and his family were about the same standard, except that the wine was superior, and some *coteletes* of mutton and veal were occasionally displayed. The *eléves* themselves had none of the spirit of English school-boys, and indeed it was not to be wondered at. We could not help often contrasting the washy mess they were eating to the wholesome roast and boiled joints of our schools. They appeared to have no regular games or toys of their own, and all their play-time was spent in running after one another, with no other end that we could perceive but to warm themselves, for although the weather was desperately cold, there were no fires, or even fire-places in several of the rooms. They never inflicted corporal punishment, but offenders were ordered to stand against a particular tree for half an hour, or be deprived of a dish at dinner. We thought it would have had a better effect, to thrash them well, and feed them well.

As we may imagine, from their early rising, they were generally pretty well fatigued at night, and they were always in a deep sleep when we went to bed. As the way to our chamber lay through that of the *eléves*, we had frequent opportunities of inspecting it. It was a large bare room, with the beds arranged round it, and down the middle, like Roux's ward, at the Hôtel Dieu, only the beds had no curtains. Some of the boys had little round mats by the beds to stand upon, but the majority, who could not afford to *hire* these luxuries of the master of the school, had the gratification of planting their naked feet on a tiled floor every morning. A dim and solitary lamp burnt all night in the chamber, barely lighting its extreme ends; not an article of furniture but the beds themselves,

and one chair for the usher, was in the room, and the windows all closed with that unattractive irreconcilability which is only known to the windows of the Continent.

We contrived to get through a month at our *institution*, and then we left. We had, it is true, picked up a good deal of French, but in point of expense, it had not saved us much, for—the truth must out—we never got enough to eat, and in consequence, generally dined again at the nearest *restaurant*; nay, more than once we detected ourselves eating broiled herrings at a wine-shop outside the Barriere d'Arcueil. KNIPS.

THE SEDUCER.

PIERRE MARCEL was the cultivator of a small but profitable vineyard, on the banks of the Garonne, a few leagues from Toulouse, where the principal part of his life had been passed in the almost daily occupation of tending his vines, and rendering his little plot of ground the fairest for many a mile around. In early life his wife, whom he had passionately adored, had fallen the victim of a lingering illness, leaving him an only child, a daughter, whom he cherished both for its own and mother's sake, with unusual tenderness. The little Louise was the solace of his days, and the prattle of her infant tongue sounded to him the sweetest music nature could invent; but when her growing years gave token of equalling her mother's beauty and symmetry of form, his satisfaction was unbounded to think that he alone, without a mother's fostering hand, had reared a flower so lovely. Oft, when working in his vineyard, would he pause as his daughter tript by with fawn-like step, and gaze with true affection on his heart's dearest object, whilst in his mind he conjured up bright dreams of the future, and tried to trace her coming years.

A short distance from Marcel's house was the chateau of the Marquis de St. Brie, who was usually resident there with his daughter. The family of the Marquis consisted only of his daughter and a son, an officer in a light cavalry regiment. A friendship more strong than those usually subsisting between persons of different stations in life, had grown up betwixt Louise and Emile de St. Brie; and it had been one of the chief amusements of the latter to instruct Louise in those accomplishments she herself so much excelled in, often remarking, that her pupil was so apt that she should soon have little left to teach her.

The notice taken of his daughter by Mam'selle St. Brie, was most gratifying to the feelings of Marcel, who daily saw her gaining those accomplishments he so much coveted for her, but which he had feared he should be unable to obtain. But few pleasures are unalloyed, and however great might have been the satisfaction he felt at the notice taken of Emily, yet there was but little in the reported attentions of Henri St. Brie, who was staying at the chateau.

Henri was by nature formed for woman's admiration. He was of that manly dashing cast which so often takes the heart by storm, ere reason has time to bring its tardy succours, and show that the advantages of a handsome person and fascinating manners are totally eclipsed by the blackness of a heart formed in total contrast to the rest. He had been but a few days at the chateau before Louise was marked as the victim of his seductive arts. He foresaw that her simple and confiding disposition would render the acquirement of her affections an easy task; but with all her simplicity, she entertained such high notions of honour, as to make his success rather doubtful; but still he thought that one who had seen but the fairest side of life, could but ill combat against the wiles of one versed in all its deadliest ways.

He sought every opportunity of being in her company, and by a thousand assiduous attentions won his way, imperceptibly, in her affections. He pretended his passion was of that fervent kind which drove every object but respect from his imagination; and vowed, could he but gain her reluctant consent, to make her the future Marchioness de St. Brie. There was but one thing he stipulated; and that was, for the marriage to be performed in private, since he feared his father's anger, unless he could, by degrees, break the circumstance to him. There was so much plausibility in this, that she could not believe he spoke other than the language of truth. The cloven foot had in no one instance as yet shown itself, and she felt convinced his affections were as pure, and as fervent, as her own. She yielded her consent to a private marriage.

Henri protested she had made him the happiest of men, by her consent; but still there was one thing more, the marriage could not be performed with that secrecy which was so necessary, elsewhere than in Paris. Would she go there? To this she demurred that the absence from her father, without any reasonable excuse, would be the cause of so much anguish to him, that she would not for the world he should feel; but even this scruple was overcome by the promise of Henri, that on their return her father should be informed of all that had taken place, when the few hours of uneasiness would be more than compensated by the pleasure he would receive on hearing of her happy marriage.

Paris, with all its charms, had less attraction for Louise than her simple home on the Garonne's banks. She lived in the most studied seclusion; passing her melancholy hours in thinking of her father, and what must be his feelings concerning her long-continued absence. She felt she had made but a poor return for all the care and solici-

tude bestowed upon her. Henri, it was true, had been unremitting in his attentions, and his love appeared still as fervent as ever; but he always evaded the conversation when she pressed him concerning their marriage, and she found herself in a fair way to be a mother, ere she was a wife.

"Henri," said she, one day, "will you fix the day for our marriage? When you consider my situation, your delay is cruel in the extreme."

"Yes, yes, dearest, next week. By-the-bye, has Madame Girau sent home the beautiful shawl I ordered for you?"

"Some time ago; but I have not looked at it; I have been thinking of something else."

"Of what, dearest?"

"Of the time when you mean to fulfil your promise."

"Just look out of the window, dearest, and tell me what you think of the horse I purchased yesterday?"

"Oh, Henri! if you love me, I beseech you name the day; I have been unhappy, very unhappy."

"Now you are beginning to teaze me again."

"Nay, do not say I teaze you; I ask you but to keep your faith with me."

"Really, you are more pertinacious than ever; but I cannot stop now, I have an appointment with—"

"Henri, answer me! Am I to be your wife or not?"

"My wife! why are you not my wife as firmly as you can be such? What are the cold formalities of the world that would give you the right of being called my wife? Would they bring affection? No; they would rather bring abhorrence and disgust. As Louise Marcel, you will ever be to me the dearest object of my heart; but as my wife I could not love you, and will not do that which would make me hate you for ever."

Louise was almost motionless with surprise; it was so different from all he had ever said. These then were his true feelings.

"I thank you, sir," she at length replied, "at least for your frankness. I will be equally so; and since I am not to be the wife, I will not submit to the dishonour of remaining another day as the mistress of Monsieur de St. Brie. We part, sir, this instant, for ever."

"Stay, Louise, where are you going?" but ere he had time to stop her, she descended the stairs, and reaching the street, contrived to evade his pursuit.

"Psha!" he exclaimed, what a fool the girl is; but she'll soon come to her senses, so I'll leave her to herself."

Marcel would not at first give any credence to the report that his daughter had gone with Henri St. Brie. No, no; he was convinced some accident had happened which prevented her return. She was too amiable—too good to listen to such a villain. Bad even as St. Brie was, he would not rob him of such a daughter, the only hope of his declining years. Could he have the heart to dishonour one so beautiful, so fair? No, no; it was not in human nature to be so black. But months rolled on, and his dear Louise came not; every search and every endeavour to obtain tidings of her had proved fruitless; but amidst all his complaints he never uttered one word of reproach against her. He became altogether an altered man; neglectful of everything, avoiding the society of his former friends and associates, and scarcely ever going beyond the limits of his own dwelling. It was a cold and bitter morning, in the middle of an unusually severe winter, that he went, more by the force of habit than otherwise, to look after the inmates of his stable. He had his hand upon the stable door, and was entering, when he thought he heard a low moan; he turned round to look from whence it proceeded, and a few steps before him saw a woman lying on the ground, partly covered by the falling snow.

"Poor creature," said he, "hast thou lain here during this bitter night; hadst thou been my worst enemy I could not have refused you shelter. Here, let me lift you in my arms, and carry you into the house. Eh! what do I see! Merciful heavens! it is my poor Louise. She is dying fast, and there is no help at hand. Oh! speak to me, Louise! for heaven's sake, speak! Not a look! not a word!"

The distracted father carried her into the house, and by the aid of some warm cordials brought her to herself; it was but to hear the recital of her sufferings, and her prayers for forgiveness. She had arrived at her father's house on the preceding evening, but had not dared to enter, and overcome by fatigue and cold, she had fallen where he found her. Her delicate frame was unable to withstand the shock she had sustained, and after lingering a few days, closed her eyes for ever on the world, happy in the assurance of her father's true forgiveness.

Marcel had attended his daughter day and night, indulging to the last in the vain hope of her recovery; and even when life was no more, watched her cold corpse with the utmost anxiety, to see if it were not death's semblance. But when the last worldly offices were performed, and he found that he was then alone in the world, for weeks he shut himself up in the chamber where she died, refusing to see or speak with any one.

It was some months after the death of Louise that I was sitting in the Tuileries' Gardens, watching the crowd of loungers passing to and fro along the principal avenue; amongst those who seemed to attract most attention was Henri St. Brie, upon whose

arm was leaning a lady of most exquisite beauty, whom I could not fail to recognise as his wife, to whom he had been married only a few days. He appeared to be relating something which seemed the source of much amusement to both, when suddenly the smile forsook his face, his countenance assumed an air of confusion, and he seemed striving to avoid the sight of something which flashed across him. I turned in the direction in which he had been looking, and perceiving nothing but a poor haggard and emaciated-looking man, whose dress bespoke him a native of one of the distant provinces, leaning against one of the trees. His gaze seemed fixed on St. Brie; but though there was a wildness in his look, I could not at the moment divine why St. Brie seemed so agitated by it.

In a short time the man moved away, and I had forgotten the circumstance, when my attention was attracted to another part of the gardens, by a confused noise and gathered crowd. I hastened towards the spot, and perceived St. Brie lying on the ground, covered with blood, and near him stood the man I had before remarked; he had been seized by the bystanders, one of whom had wrenched from his hand a bloody knife. He appeared the most unmoved of all around, gazing with pleasure on the dying agonies of his victim. St. Brie was raised from the ground, but it was clear that a few moments were all that remained to him of life.

"Marcel," faltered out the dying man, "you have indeed avenged your daughter's wrongs. 'Tis true I deeply wronged her, but this—"

The throes of death prevented the completion of the sentence; but ere life was quite extinct, the loud mad laugh of the man rung in his ears.

"Ah! ah! ah! I have avenged her! Look! look! he sleeps now with my poor Louise. No, no, 'tis false: for she's in heaven,—and he—he has gone to join his master."

It would have been a mockery of justice to have tried Marcel for the murder, for it was clear the light of reason had for ever been shut out from him. In his confinement his incoherent ravings were ever of his daughter, whom he fancied near him, but was prevented by the attendants from seeing, and were only ended by death removing him from all his worldly sufferings.

ELECTRICITY.

(*From the French.*)

M. Fayol, Professor of Natural Philosophy in the seminary of Sulpicians, at St. Andeol, Vivarais, was in the habit of making electrical experiments with a glass tube, four feet long, filled with iron filings, the extremity of which was armed with a small wire of the same metal, implanted in the cork that stopped its aperture. About nine o'clock, one evening in June, 1754, whilst he was rubbing and electrifying the tube, a seminarist who resided in the chamber above him, chanced, at the same time, to water a box of sweet basil that stood on his window. As soon as he sprinkled the water on the box, it appeared to him covered all over with little sparks of fire, which appearance lasted until the earth had imbibed the water; but whenever the water was sprinkled, the sparks were again seen. Struck with this phenomenon, he related it the next day to Father Conrat, who, having been present the evening before, whilst the professor was rubbing the tube, suspected that this phenomenon was the effect of electricity; but the professor could not conceive how there could be a communication between his tube and the box of basil, which was near eight feet distant from it. The professor, however, repeated the experiment, having been earnestly requested by the friar, who repaired to the seminarist's chamber to water the basil; the event was exactly as he had conjectured, the sparks of fire having appeared again. Soon after, the professor, willing to be assured himself of the phenomenon, went up to the seminarist's chamber, whilst Father Conrat was employed in rubbing the tube in his; and, as soon as he watered the box, the sparks of fire appeared on the basil; the only difference was, that those sparks were not so brilliant as when he rubbed the tube himself, the friar not having been so dextrous in producing a strong electricity: the next day the whole seminary was witness of the same phenomenon. By examining a little into these circumstances, the following appears to have been the cause of the phenomenon. The glass tube being filled with iron filings, the greatest part of the electricity which passed in could issue out, and dart in tufts through the extremity of the iron wire that passed through the cork. Besides electricity issuing out by tufts, communicates itself to great distances; it might therefore reach the ceiling and the wall; and when the box of basil was being watered, the water running on all sides, and wetting the stones underneath, and perhaps the floor, the moisture, by that means, became a kind of conductor, which, perhaps, transmitted to the basil a part of the weak electricity which the ceiling or wall received; the electricity being therein retained by the dry stone of the environs.

W. G. C.

The way to cure our prejudices is this, that every man should let alone those that he complains of in others, and examine his own.—*Locke.*

BUNYAN'S BIRTH-PLACE AT ELSTOW, NEAR BEDFORD.

Elstow is not more remarkable for anything than for being the birth-place of one of the most celebrated characters that this country ever produced, John Bunyan, who was born here in the year 1628. His descent, as himself expresses it, "was of a low and inconsiderable generation, his father being an itinerant tinker, and his mother of the like rank: they gave him the best education in their power, which was reading and writing, of which he afterwards made an excellent use: his early years were spent in the practice of almost every vice, particularly swearing and blaspheming the name of God. He afterwards became a preacher among the dissenters, and no sooner was it known that Bunyan, the profane tinker, had commenced preacher, than he was attended by many hundreds, and from distant parts. While thus engaged, he was apprehended for non-conformity, and thrown into prison; he was tried at Bedford quarter sessions, 1660. The indictment stated, that John Bunyan, of the town of Bedford, labourer, had devilishly and perniciously absented himself from church, and was a common upholder of unlawful meetings and conventicles, to the great disturbance and distraction of the good subjects of this kingdom. Not to animadvert upon the ridiculous language of this indictment, or the intolerant bigotry that suggested such a prosecution, the facts were not legally proved, but some part of his examination was taken for a confession, and recorded; and his sentence was perpetual banishment, for persisting to preach and refusing to conform; the sentence was not executed, but he was very illegally detained twelve years and a-half in Bedford jail; during his confinement he wrote his Pilgrim's Progress, and other valuable tracts: part of his time was employed in preaching to his fellow-prisoners, and in making tagged laces for the support of his family. In the course of his imprisonment his wife once applied to the judges on his behalf, but was opposed by the magistrates, who did all in their power to prejudice the judges against him. Sir Matthew Hale, who was present, appeared desirous of relieving him, if the matter had been brought judicially before him, and for this purpose advised his wife to bring a writ of error; but whether they were too poor and friendless, or too ignorant how to proceed, no steps were taken of this nature. At length Bishop Barlow and some other churchmen, from motives of compassion, interested themselves in his behalf, and procured his liberty. After this he travelled through various parts of the kingdom, and at length acquired the name of Bishop Bunyan. James II. having declared for liberty of conscience only with a view to favour popery, Bunyan's friends availed themselves of this opportunity to build a meeting-house, where he preached to large congregations, and was sometimes honoured with the attendance and approbation of the learned Dr. Owen. So popular was he at this time, that if only one day's notice was given, the meeting-house would not hold half the people that assembled. His valuable life, worn out with labour and sufferings, closed at the age of threescore, with a memorable act of Christian charity—his conduct in his own neighbourhood had procured him the character of a peace-maker, he was therefore sent to, while on a visit in London, by a young gentleman at Bedford, to mediate with his offended father, residing at Reading, in Berkshire; he succeeded; but his returning wet to the metropolis, produced a fever, which he bore with great patience and resignation; and after laying about ten days, on the 31st of August, 1688, he crossed the

mystical Jordan, following his Christian Pilgrim to the Celestial city."

In vol. xii., p. 296, of the *Mirror*, the reader will find an engraving of *Bunyan's Drinking Vessel*: and in vol. xv. p. 121, a view of his *Vestry Chair*.

Biography.

SIR WILLIAM BEECHEY, R.A.

Was born at Burford, in Oxfordshire, in the year 1753, and at the proper age was placed under an eminent conveyancer at Stow. He afterwards repaired to London, and finally made an engagement with Mr. Owen, of Took's Court. His taste was not for poring over deeds and leases; and having prevailed on Mr. Owen to allow him to leave his employ, he, in 1772, was admitted a student of the Royal Academy, where he studied the works of Sir Joshua, and soon applied himself to nature; the portrait of Dr. Strachey, the chevalier Ruspini, and Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, being among the earliest of his productions. Having attracted the notice of the Royal Family, he was appointed portrait-painter to Queen Charlotte. Sir William was elected an associate of the Royal Academy, in 1793, and a Royal Academician in 1797. He was the first member of the Royal Academy on whom the honour of knighthood was conferred, after the death of Sir Joshua Reynolds. "His superior talents as a painter," to use the words of the *Literary Gazette*, "are best evinced by the innumerable productions of his easel, in which colour the most beautiful and stable, taste the most easy and refined, execution of the highest order, and in short, everything which could rank him with the most distinguished competitors of his age, were perpetuated with his master's hand."

Sir William was as happy in his family as in his fame. His lady, as an artist, produced many delightful miniatures: his youngest daughter married Lord Grantley; and Captain Beechey, and his brother, the traveller, "have reflected back on him reputation and public honours similar to his own."

This excellent man died at Hampstead, on Monday, 24th January, 1839, aged 86.

JOHN MACPHERSON.

In the month of January, 1839, *John Macpherson*, a venerable and independent highlander, died near Kingussie, in Badenoch, at the age of 103 years. He was a poor man, but honest and industrious. Latterly some of his neighbours assisted John with small sums of money and provisions, but he received them with evident reluctance; and no consideration could induce him to solicit public charity. The only luxury in which the old man indulged, was tobacco; and it is well-known that he sometimes had recourse to roots and other substitutes, when his money and his tobacco failed, rather than ask a penny to purchase another supply of his favourite narcotic. This independent, noble-spirited, old clansman, had witnessed many changes among his native mountains, from the time that the feudal system was in full vigour, till the introduction of agricultural improvement, and commercial enterprise. He had seen the *gascrome*, or crooked spade of the Highlanders, superseded by the plough—sheep-farming introduced—roads and bridges constructed in place of the old fords and bridle-tracts—the mail-coach daily driving through scenes that in his youth only echoed to the hunter and the wild deer—and even steam-boats sailing where grew broom and heather, in the Great Glen of Albyn, now the line of the Caledonian Canal.

A POPULAR VIEW OF NATURAL HISTORY.

BY JAMES M. FENNELL.

What is the use of Natural History? This every-day question seldom receives such an answer as will satisfy the querist of the use of this popular study. Naturalists generally reply by insisting upon its utility in informing us of the specific differences, habits, and qualities of the objects of nature,—in reminding us of the existence of an omnipotent and bountiful Creator; in enticing us into the fresh air of the woods and fields; and in diverting our attention from such other pursuits as are pernicious to the mind and body. These are certainly true attributes of Natural History; but they do not comprise those peculiar uses of which the querist desires to be informed. The question is one which, I think, is entitled to a fair answer, and which I propose to give it, by adducing several instances of the loss of life and property which have ensued from an ignorance of this subject, and the benefits which have arisen to those who have possessed an acquaintance with it.

Agriculturalists, horticulturalists, gardeners, and all others who are interested in the earth's productions, ought surely to possess some knowledge of their Natural History. It has been justly observed, by Professor Burnett, that "the scientific culture of plants is founded on a knowledge of their structure and functions; and vast have been the improvements in both horticulture and agriculture, empirical practice having, in some measure, been superseded by scientific principles. The system of assolements, or the rotation of crops, by which the produce of our land has been quadrupled, and the acclimation of plants by hybridization, or engrafting, by which means the fruits and flowers of more southern regions are reconciled to our

climate, are a few among the many examples which might be given of the benefits conferred by botany upon some of the most useful arts." The observation that a vine shooted more vigorously after a goat had browsed on it, is said to have suggested the valuable art of pruning fruit trees; and it is thought that the occasional natural union of the boughs of distinct trees demonstrated the practicability of grafting.

During a civil war in Persia, the troops wishing to deprive the people of their chief article of food, cut down all the *male* date-trees; but the cultivators, possessing some botanical knowledge, had the foresight to collect the pollen, and preserve it in close vessels, so that when peace was restored, they were enabled, by means of this pollen, to impregnate the remaining female date-trees, which would otherwise have remained unproductive.

Matthew Aphonin, a Russian author, observes, that "as the raising of plants is facilitated by a knowledge of their native soils, those who are desirous of adorning their gardens with exotic trees, ought to be well versed in natural history, that they may be acquainted with their native country, earth, and gemmation; and learn from thence, what tree will thrive in this place, and what in that, and not see great trouble and expense terminate in disappointment." (*Amœnitates Academicæ*, vol. 7, p. 409.) In illustration of this remark, it may be mentioned, that the Swedish gardeners, several years ago, were very anxious to cultivate the *Artemesia dracunculus*, but not knowing that its proper and natural soil is one which is flooded in winter, many of them planted it on ground, where that event could never occur, and the consequence was that all their plants died. Before Linnæus, by studying the nature of the *Rubus arcticus*, discovered the proper mode of cultivating it, the many persons who had attempted its cultivation had done so unsuccessfully.

But "it is not only necessary to be well acquainted with the different vegetels grown or reared, for economic purposes, but to understand the cause of the injuries they are subject to; and then to devise efficient remedies for those injuries. Here also is a wide field open for improvement and discovery, and in which no information is so practically useful, as that afforded by Natural History. We are continually hearing of the failure of crops, and of attendant ruin. Now, in nine instances out of ten, these devastations have originated in the unusual abundance of some particular insect, which, from unknown causes, has appeared in great numbers. We contend not that the knowledge or ingenuity of man could foresee such evils, or could totally counteract them; but experience has shown how much may be done in many cases, both in the way of prevention, and of cure. To do this effectually, however, recourse must be had to Natural History. The cause of the injury being ascertained, the habits of the insect must be studied in all its different stages. What will prove more or less effectual in one of these stages, will be totally useless, or will increase the evil in another. Hence arises the necessity of ascertaining names and species, without which, no effectual steps can be taken. A striking fact to show the intimate connection between *Agriculture and Natural History* is found in the circumstances which attended the supposed appearance of the Hessian-fly; thus mentioned by Kirby and Spence:—'In 1788 an alarm was excited in this country by the probability of importing in cargoes of wheat from North America, the insect known by the name of the Hessian-fly. The privy-council sat day after day, anxiously debating what measures should be adopted to ward off the danger of a calamity more to be dreaded, as they well knew, than the plague or the pestilence. Expresses were sent off in all directions to the officers of the customs at the different out-posts, respecting the examination of the cargoes; dispatches were written to the ambassadors in France, Austria, Prussia, and America, to gain that information, of the want of which they were now so sensible; and so important was the business deemed, that the minutes of council, and the documents collected from all quarters, fill upwards of 200 octavo pages. Fortunately, at that time, England contained one illustrious Naturalist, to whom the privy council had the wisdom to apply; and it was by Sir Joseph Banks's entomological knowledge, and through his suggestions, that they were at length enabled to form some kind of judgment on the subject. This judgment was, after all, however, very imperfect. As Sir Joseph had never seen the Hessian-fly, nor was it described in any entomological work, he called for facts respecting its nature, propagation, and economy, which could be had only from America. These were obtained as speedily as possible, and consisted of numerous letters from individuals, essays from Magazines, the reports of the British minister there, &c. One would have supposed that, from these statements, many of them drawn up by farmers who had lost entire crops by the insect, which they professed to have examined in every stage, the requisite information might have been acquired. So far, however, was this from being the case, that many of the writers seemed ignorant, whether the insect was a moth, a fly, or what they termed a bug. Though from the concurrent testimony of several persons, its being a two-winged fly, seemed pretty accurately ascertained, no intelligible description was given, from which any Naturalist could infer to what genius it belonged, or whether it was a known or an unknown species. With regard to the history of its propagation and economy, the

statements were so various and contradictory, that, although he had such a mass of materials before him, Sir Joseph was unable to reach any satisfactory conclusion." (*Introduction to Entomology*, i. 51.) Nothing can more incontrovertibly demonstrate the importance of entomology as a science, than this fact. Those observations to which thousands of unscientific sufferers proved themselves incompetent, would have been readily made by one entomologist well versed in his science. He would at once have determined the order and genus of his insect; and in a twelvemonth, at furthest, he would have ascertained in what manner it made its attacks, and whether it were possible to be transmitted with grain into a foreign country. On data like these, he could have pointed out the best mode of eradicating the pest, and of preventing the extension of its ravages. It is surely not too much to expect that a gardener should be able to tell the difference between a beetle and a fly; between an insect with four wings, and one without any. Yet so little has this information been thought of among the generality of this profession, that not one in twenty has any knowledge of the subject." (*Swainson's Discourse on Nat. Hist.* p. 142.)

The importance of a knowledge of Natural History, especially entomology, to the planter, may also be strikingly shown by narrating the proceedings connected with the injuries sustained by the elm-trees in St. James's, and in Hyde Park, about seventeen years ago. These elm-trees were observed to die in consequence of their being entirely stripped of their bark; and rewards were, therefore, offered for the apprehension of the offenders. Some one made the curious remark, that the extent of the damage was confined within the reach of a soldier's bayonet, and suspicion, therefore, fell upon some recruits, several of whom were arrested, but the mischief still went on undiminished. Men were employed to sit up all night long, watching in vain for the offenders. Fresh portions of bark continued to be found every morning at the foot of the trees, and the park-keepers, after all their vigilance, could only come to the sapient conclusion, "that the bark fell off in consequence of something being put on the trunks of the trees in the daytime." At about the same time the elms in Camberwell-grove were attacked in a similarly destructive manner, and the proprietors being ignorant of the cause, ascribed the injury to the effects of gas escaped from the pipes which had just been laid down for lighting the road, and an indictment for a nuisance was therefore instituted against the gas company. That this great destruction was entirely produced by the operations of insects, was known all along to entomologists, who, however, were not believed until the mischief had reached the most alarming height. Mac Leay, the celebrated entomologist, was then consulted, and he at once showed that small beetles (*Scolytus destructor*) were quietly and incessantly burrowing beneath the bark, and causing its fall. Having given satisfactory proof of the cause of the evil, Mac Leay directed the application of a remedy, which at once stopped its further progress, removed suspicion from the poor recruits, and stopped the proceedings against the gas company.

In 1735, the caterpillars of the gamma-moth (*Plusia gamma*) were so abundant in France, that they produced a very serious and extensive destruction, for which the gardeners assigned the most ridiculous causes, some assuring Reaumer, the naturalist, that they had seen an old soldier throw a spell, and others, that all the mischief was done by an ugly old witch!

The grub of the capricorn-beetle (*Callidium violaceum*) is very destructive to fir and other kinds of timber, but is noticed only to attack such timber as has been felled and not stripped of its bark, which is an encouragement to this and many other insects. The owners of timber would, therefore, do well if they had the bark ordered to be stripped off the trees as soon as they are felled.

THE LIVING TALKING CANARY BIRD.

Well! what will Lord Brougham say to this? a Canary bird uttering words as articulate as any human being can—not merely one or two, as the parrot, but a continuity of words. It is true, the little warbler was first under instruction. "Instinct," says Lord Brougham, "is acting without teaching, either from others, that is instruction, or from the animal itself, that is experience:" but here there is a seeming connexion of ideas; for, on an evening, after its daily toil, it appears to rehearse to itself any particular sound of voices it might have heard in the course of the morning; does not this seem like judgment or reasoning, which is intelligence? and again, the beauteous performer utters words to-day it did not yesterday! —The following are some of its sentences: —"Sweet pretty dear!"—"Sweet pretty dear Dicky!"—"Mary."—"Sweet pretty little Dicky dear!" and often in the course of the day, heard to utter "Pretty Queen,"—"Sweet Pretty Queen;" and from its often articulating single words, no doubt it will soon increase its vocabulary. It also imitates the jaring of a wire, or ringing of a bell. Strange as this may appear, all we have to say is, to those of our readers who may have doubts on the subject, to witness this truly astonishing exhibition.

The bird, which may be seen at the Cosmorara, Regent-street, is three years old, and was bred by a lady, who never allowed it to be in the company of other birds.

THE NECESSITY OF UNION AMONG THE PROFESSORS OF THE FINE ARTS.

The painter, the sculptor, or the architect, errs when he imagines that it is in his studio only he can be useful; far otherwise is the fact: for the varied discoveries of each should be brought, as it were, into one focus, that all may be fairly examined, and beneficially discussed. Shall he whose fine imagination presents before him the lightning's flash, as it glances from the mountain top, and whose ear listens, mentally, to the thunders as they roll through the vallies beneath —shall the man whose chisel can express from the shapeless marble an image which wants nothing but Promethean fire to make it a perfect being—or he whose chastened art can design the gorgeous temples of Greece and Italy, or frame "the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault," be content to wrap such splendid talents, comparatively, up in a napkin? Certainly not; neither man nor any of his attributes were ever intended to be completely isolated; and though, unfortunately, *self* be the predominating feature in our natures, and a desire for our own aggrandizement, leaving far in the back ground all solicitation for that of others, be natural to us as the air by which we live, yet let the truly generous mind remember the duties which he owes to society, and reflect on this irrefutable fact—that excellence in any thing has been given only to a *few*, in order that the *many* may be benefited by their examples. C. S.

Arts and Sciences.

THE ART OF MEZZOTINTO SCRAPING.

To Prince Rupert the invention of engraving in mezzotinto has been usually attributed; and according to the general account, it owed its origin to a very trifling accident. The Prince one morning, observing a soldier employed in cleaning his musket from the rust, occasioned by the fall of the night dew, perceived upon examination, some resemblance of a figure corroded upon the barrel; and hence he conceived, that some method might be discovered to cover a plate all over with such a grained ground, so that by scraping away those parts which required to be white, the effect of a drawing might be produced. This hint he afterwards improved on; and assisted by Wallerant Vaillant, to whom he had communicated his thoughts upon the subject, a steel roller was constructed with sharp teeth, channelled out like a rasp, or file, which answered, in some degree, the intended purpose. Thus far our own authors inform us; but Baron Heinekan, a very judicious and accurate writer upon the subject of engraving, asserts in a note, page 208 of his "Idee Generale d'une Collection d'Estampes," published at Leipsic, 1771, that "it was not Prince Rupert who invented the art of engraving in mezzotinto, as Vertue and several other authors pretend to say, but it was Lieutenant Colonel de Siegen, an officer in the service of the Landgrave of Hesse, who first engraved in this manner, and the print which he produced, was a portrait of the Princess Amelia Elizabeth of Hesse, engraved as early as the year 1643, and from this gentleman Prince Rupert learned the secret, and brought it into England, when he came over the second time with Charles the Second."

H. W. Dimond, Esq., F.S.A., in exhibiting some early specimens of mezzotinto engraving before the Society of Antiquaries, February 11, 1836, proved that Siegen also engraved in mezzotint a large portrait of the Queen of France, from a painting by Honthurst, also a portrait in mezzotint of Leopold, William Duke of Burgundy, thus inscribed, "Theodorus Casparus a Furstenbergh, Canonicus Capitularis Moguntiæ et Spiræ. Colonellus, ad uiuum pinxit et fecit 1656," which is two years before Rupert's.

Prince Rupert scraped a large whole plate, representing an executioner holding a sword in one hand, and a head in the other, a half-length figure from Spagnoletto, dated 1658. He engraved the head of the executioner a second time, on a smaller scale, for Mr. Evelyn's *sculptura*, who therein assures us it was given to him as a specimen of the new invented art, by Prince Rupert himself. He also engraved his own portrait, with date on a shield, 1658, and Rupert, Prince, fecit.

ON THE ANTIQUITY OF THE BAGPIPES.

(*From Dauney's Ancient Scottish Melodies.*)

In Scotland, the use of the bagpipe seems to have gradually superseded that of the harp; but this process, we should think, must have taken place chiefly within the last two hundred years,—previous to which, we doubt very much whether the natives of North Britain were more distinguished for their partiality for the bagpipe than their southern neighbours. Even Shakspeare, although he talks of the "drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe," and of "a Yorkshire bagpiper," has nowhere associated that instrument with the Scots; and when we go back several centuries anterior to this, we find it used in both countries by the same class of persons. Chaucer's miller played upon it,—

"A bagpipe well couth he blowe and sowne;"

and "Will Swane," "the meikle miller man," in our "Peblis to the Play," calls for it to assist in the festivities of the day,—

"Giff I sall dance, have doune, lat se
Blaw up the bagpyp thau."

Indeed, although we are justly proud of our ancient proficiency on the harp, and adhere unhesitatingly to our claims to supremacy on that head, we are much disposed, upon a candid consideration of the facts, to resign to the English the palm of superiority in this less refined description of music, about the time to which we refer. The pipers who are mentioned in the lord high treasurer's accounts seem almost uniformly to have been natives of England. Thus, 10th of July, 1489, there is a payment of eight pounds eight shillings "to *Inglis pyparis* that com to the castel yet and playit to the king." Again, in 1505, there is another payment to "the Inglis pipar with the drone." It should be added, that, while the "bagpiper," formed part of the musical establishment of the English sovereigns and noblemen, during the sixteenth century, we find no such musician retained at the Scottish court. Our monarchs had probably not much relish for this sort of pipe-music, and although the result of our investigation of the word "chorus," has had the effect of clearly convicting our first James of being a performer upon that most unprincely instrument, (for which, the only precedent we can find in history is that of the Emperor Nero,) we should remember that he had most probably acquired that, as well as his other accomplishments, in England, where he received the rest of his education. We do not conceive upon the whole, that the bagpipe has ever been a very popular instrument in Scotland, except in the Highland districts; and we may state this with some confidence, as to one part of the country,—a royal burgh, which we have already had occasion to name, and where the magistrates actually prohibited the common piper from going his rounds, in terms by no means complimentary of the instrument. Our readers will be the less surprised at the superior refinement here exhibited, when they are informed that these were the "musical magistrates" of the city of Aberdeen, whose praises have been so loudly trumpeted by Forbes, the publisher of the "Cantus," in his dedication of that work. "26th of May, 1630. The magistrates discharge the common piper of all going through the toun at nycht, or in the morning, in tyme coming, with his pype,—it being an incivill forme to be usit within sic a famous burghe, and being often fund fault with, als weill be sundrie nichtbouris of the toune as be strangeris."

CANADA IN 1838.

BY EARL DURHAM.

[UNDER the above title, we intend presenting our readers with extracts from the recent highly interesting Report of Earl Durham on the State of Canada, most carefully rejecting such parts as may have the least political tendency—introducing only those portions which depicture the habits, manners, and customs of the Canadians, at the present eventful period.]

The want, and the influence, of Education.

It is impossible to exaggerate the want of education among the habitans; no means of instruction have ever been provided for them, and they are almost universally destitute of the qualifications even of reading and writing. It came to my knowledge, that out of a great number of boys and girls assembled at the school-house door of St. Thomas, all but three admitted, on inquiry, that they could not read. Yet the children of this large parish attend school regularly, and actually make use of books. They hold the catechism book in their hand, as if they were reading, while they only repeat its contents, which they know by rote. The common assertion, however, that all classes of the Canadians are equally ignorant, is perfectly erroneous; for I know of no people among whom a larger provision exists for the higher kinds of elementary education, or among whom such education is really extended to a larger proportion of the population. The piety and benevolence of the early possessors of the country founded, in the seminaries that exist in different parts of the province, institutions, of which the funds and activity have long been directed to the promotion of education. Seminaries and colleges have been by these bodies established in the cities and in other central points. The education given in these establishments greatly resembles the kind given in the English public schools, though it is rather more varied. It is entirely in the hands of the Catholic clergy. The number of pupils in these establishments is estimated altogether at about 1,000; and they turn out every year, as far as I could ascertain, between 200 and 300 young men thus educated. Almost all these are members of the family of some habitant, whom the possession of greater quickness than his brothers has induced the father or the curate of the parish to select and send to the seminary. These young men, possessing a degree of information immeasurably superior to that of their families, are naturally averse to what they regard as descending to the humble occupations of their parents. A few become priests; but, as the military and naval professions are closed against the colonist, the greater part can only find a position suited to their notions of their own qualifications in the learned professions of advocate, notary, and surgeon. As from this cause these professions are greatly overstocked, we find every village in Lower Canada filled with notaries and surgeons, with little practice to occupy their attention, and living among their own families, or at any rate among exactly the same class. Thus the persons of most edu-

cation in every village belong to the same families, and the same original station in life, as the illiterate habitans whom I have described. They are connected with them by all the associations of early youth and the ties of blood. The most perfect equality always marks their intercourse, and the superior in education is separated by no barrier of manners, or pride, or distinct interests, from the singularly ignorant peasantry by which he is surrounded. He combines, therefore, the influence of superior knowledge and social equality, and wields a power over the mass, which I do not believe that the educated class of any other portion of the world possess.

No common education has served to remove and soften the differences of origin and language. The associations of youth, the sports of childhood, and the studies by which the character of manhood is modified, are distinct and totally different. In Montreal and Quebec there are English schools and French schools; the children in these are accustomed to fight nation against nation, and the quarrels that arise among boys in the streets usually exhibit a division into English on one side, and French on the other.

As they are taught apart, so are their studies different. The literature with which each is the most conversant is that of the peculiar language of each; and all the ideas which men derive from books come to each of them from perfectly different sources. The difference of language, in this respect, produces effects quite apart from those which it has on the mere intercourse of the two races.

State of Literature.

Those who have reflected on the powerful influence of language on thought, will perceive in how different a manner people who speak in different languages are apt to think; and those who are familiar with the literature of France know that the same opinion will be expressed by an English and French writer of the present day, not merely in different words, but in a style so different, as to mark utterly different habits of thought. This difference is very striking in Lower Canada; it exists not merely in the books of most influence and repute, which are of course those of the great writers of France and England, and by which the minds of the respective races are formed, but it is observable in the writings which now issue from the colonial press. The articles in the newspapers of each race are written in a style as widely different as those of France and England at present, and the arguments which convince the one are calculated to appear utterly unintelligible to the other.

On the Religion.

Religion forms no bond of intercourse and union. It is, indeed, an admirable feature of Canadian society, that it is entirely devoid of any religious dissentions. Sectarian intolerance is not merely not avowed, but it hardly seems to influence men's feelings. But, though the prudence and liberality of both parties has prevented this fruitful source of animosity from embittering their quarrels, the difference of religion has, in fact, tended to keep them asunder. Their priests have been distinct; they have not met even in the same church.

The jealousy, hatred, and mistrust existing between the French Canadians and the English.

The difference of language of the French and the English from the first kept them asunder. It is not anywhere a virtue of the English race to look with complacency on any manners, customs, or laws, which appear strange to them; accustomed to form a high estimate of their own superiority, they take no pains to conceal from others their contempt and intolerance of their usages. They found the French Canadians filled with an equal amount of national pride; a sensitive, but inactive pride, which disposes that people not to resent insult, but rather to keep aloof from those who would keep them under. The French could not but feel the superiority of English enterprise; they could not shut their eyes to their success in every undertaking in which they came into contact, and to the constant superiority which they were acquiring. They looked upon their rivals with alarm, with jealousy, and finally, with hatred. The English repaid them with a scorn, which soon also assumed the same form of hatred. The French complained of the arrogance and injustice of the English; the English accused the French of the vices of a weak and conquered people, and charged them with meanness and perfidy. The entire mistrust which the two races have thus learned to conceive of each other's intentions, induces them to put the worst construction on the most innocent conduct; to judge every word, every act, and every intention unfairly; to attribute the most odious designs, and reject every overture of kindness or fairness, as covering secret designs of treachery and malignity.

THE ART AND MYSTERY OF QUACK DOCTORING.

(*From Dr. Ticknor's Treatise on Medical Philosophy.*)

An empiric of the first water, not many years ago, had made himself famous for the cure of all human maladies, by the administration of peculiarly large pills of his own invention. What contributed not a little to the increase and spread of his reputation was the fact, that he used frequently to tell his patients, that, from their symptoms, he was confident some particular substances were lodged in a portion of the alimentary canal. At one time he would tell a patient that he had apple seeds retained in his bowels: and again he would tell ano-

ther, that he had kernels of different fruits and grains in his stomach; and if by questioning gentlemen he could ascertain they were fond of shooting, it was not seldom that he attributed their complaints to having accidentally swallowed a few shot. As nothing could so conclusively prove his prognostics correct, as the simple fact of finding the articles named, so the old gentleman's character for wisdom and skill became more and more firmly established; for the identical causes of mischief were invariably discovered after taking a dose of the "big pills." At length, a lady of the first respectability, having suffered a long time from deranged digestion, applied to the celebrated doctor for assistance. After a few questions, he told her very promptly that he understood her complaint, that he knew what ailed her, and more than all that, her doctor was a fool, and assured her that his big pills would effect a cure. Neither of these assertions she exactly credited, but nevertheless, concluded to try his remedy if he would make known to her the complaint. "Why," says he, "you have got lemon seeds in you—you must take some of my big pills and get rid of them, and you'll be perfectly well again." "Why, doctor," said the lady in amazement, "I have not eaten a lemon for six years; and what you say is altogether impossible." "No matter, madam, if you have not eaten a lemon for twenty years, the fact is just as I tell you, and if you will take the pills you can be satisfied of it." The pills were taken, and to the utter astonishment of the patient, the lemon seeds were found; a second dose was taken, and still more seeds made their appearance. A thought now flashed upon the lady's mind. One pill was yet left, which she examined, and behold! *a lemon seed* in its centre—the secret, truly, of the doctor's astonishing wisdom, and successful practice.

The Gatherer.

How wrong is man when discontented with his station! His will be done who best knows what is for our good! What are we that we should murmur at his dispensations, or expect exemption from participating in any of those miseries, with which, for some wise purpose, he has thought proper to invest the paths of mankind?

How sweet in the hour of trouble is the influence of religion! The man whose trust is in his God may view, without concern, the dark tide of adversity rolling around him, and like the steel-nerved genius of the storm, dash aside its spray with coolness and disdain.

Fine are the feelings with which we kneel down to prayer, hoping that past errors are forgiven, and that grace may be granted for future amendment of life.

Confirmation.—It was a beautiful sight to see the females arrayed in white, going, like angels of purity, to rank themselves for ever and ever under the banners of that being whose name shall last with eternity. I knelt down at the altar with feelings of stifling emotion; I knew that I had been, in a great degree, the child of error—I felt that day still continued to glide on after day, leaving on me an accumulation of crime, but still all was not darkness within me, and when the bishop pronounced that beautiful prayer, beseeching the Lord that we might continue his for ever and ever, and be defended by his heavenly grace, I wept—but it was not the tear of sorrow that mantled in my eye, oh, no! it proceeded from a sensation too refined, too unutterable, for description! C. S.

The following curious advertisement appeared, a short time since, in the *Pottery Gazette*:—"James Scott, whitesmith, gardener, fishmonger, schoolmaster, and watchman; teeth drawn occasionally; shoemaker, chapel clerk, crier of the town, running footman, groom, and organ-blower; keeper of the town-hall, letter-carrier, brewer, winder of the clock, toller of the eight o'clock bell, waiter, and bill-poster; fire-bucket maker to the Protector Fire-office, street-sprinkler, assistant to a Staffordshire potter, fire-lighter to the dancing-master, sheriff's officer's deputy, ringer of the market bell, toll-taker to the bailiff of the hundred, and keeper and deliverer of the fair standings, returns his most grateful acknowledgments to the inhabitants of Stoke and it's vicinity, for the many favours already received, and begs to assure them that it shall be his constant study to merit their patronage" W. G. C.

Curious inscription, in old French, over one of the doors of the eastern cloister at Canterbury:—

Ou tu passe, I ay passe;
Et par ou jay passe, tu passeras.
Au monde comme toi jay este
Et mort comme moi tu seras.

The foregoing is thus Englished at the upper end of the same cloister:—

Where now thou passest I have often passed;
And where I have once, thou must also pass.
Now thou art in the world, and so was I:
But yet, as I have done, so thou must die.

Curious instance of consecutive Latin cases:—

Mors, mortis, morti mortem, nisi morte dedisset,
Æternæ vitæ janua clausa foret.

A November's sun looks like the smile of a person in affliction. C. S.

LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.—In PARIS, by all the Booksellers.—In FRANCFORT, CHARLES JUGEL.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 937.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1839. [Price 2d.

SOUTH VIEW OF ST. JAMES'S CEMETERY, LIVERPOOL.

About the year 1823, the inconvenient and pernicious custom of burying in confined church-yards, began to engage the attention of many people in Liverpool. At that time, many of the burial-places were so crowded, that it was no unusual circumstance in digging a grave to break through the coffins which had already been placed there. To abolish this appalling practice, and to introduce a better system, the present establishment was commenced, and was consecrated, 12th January, 1829.

The spot chosen was a large tract of ground, at the top of Duke-street, excavated as a quarry for stone used in the buildings of the docks, and converted into a depository for the dead, at an expense of 21,000*l.*: it contains twenty-four thousand square yards, enclosed by a stone wall and handsome iron palisades, having four stately entrances: the interior is intersected by roads wide enough to admit a carriage, which lead to catacombs excavated in the rock; the oratory, or chapel, in which the funeral service is performed, is an elegant edifice, in the Grecian style of architecture, and of the Doric order, forty-six feet in length, and twenty-nine wide; at the west-end is a noble portico of six massive columns, supporting a rich entablature, which is carried round the building, and surmounted by a triangular pediment: it was built after a design by Mr. Foster and forms an elegant specimen of purity of style, and of tasteful embellishment: near it is a house for the officiating minister, a handsome edifice of stone; and at the south end of the cemetery is the porter's lodge, also built of stone.

The mortal remains of the late lamented Mr. Huskisson, lie interred near the centre of the grounds; his funeral taking place on the 24th September, 1830. The monument which covers his remains, is constructed of fine masonry, by Messrs. Tomkinson and Sons, in a circular form (as shown in our engraving:) ten columns resting on a rusticated basement support the dome: it is said to be a near copy of the lantern of Demosthenes, at Athens.

ALL MUST LOVE.

(Written by Mr. Moncrieff, for the Mirror.)

The high-crown'd Queen on her canopied throne,
Of love must the anguish bear;
She feels it a sadness to reign alone,
And her kingdom fain would share.
The noble fair, in her warded tower
Must passion's votary prove;
And the jewelled dame, in her courtly bower,
Resigns her gold for love!
Can then a simple heart go free?
No! 'twas decreed by heaven above,
That high or low, whoe'er they be,
All must love!

The mailed knight, from the armed throng,
Must to love, a vassal bow;
The minstrel, most renown'd in song,
Must to beauty pay his vow!
The solemn judge, and the schoolman grave,
Can neither exist alone.
The pedant sage, yields woman's slave;
Love's power they all must own!
Can then a simple heart go free?
No! 'twas decreed by heaven above,
That high or low, whoe'er they be,
All must love!

COMFORT.

(Written by Mr. Moncrieff, for the Mirror.)

Comfort! truly English feeling,
Other lands know not thy name,
All that's precious still revealing,
I, for thee, a carol claim!
Transport is too fierce a joy,
Rapture is too brief a bliss,
While love has still doubt's dark alloy
Mingled with his sweetest kiss:
But, Comfort! thou'st, for all a balm,
Thou art blessing still, and blest,
Pure and constant, glad and calm,
Then be still my bosom's guest.

Comfort! this with thee we win,
To sit our own fire-sides about,
With wife and children, friends and kin,
Whilst loud the tempest roars without.
Peace and plenty at our board,
Circling round the sparkling wine,
Whilst song and tale at will are pour'd.
Comfort! thou'rt a thing divine.
Comfort! thou'st, for all, a balm,
Thou art blessing, still, and blest,
Pure and constant, glad and calm,
Then be still my bosom's guest.

'Tis thine to keep old customs up,
Nor in the world a foeman fear,
To give the poor the welcome cup,
And make it wassail all the year.
Let France for glory play her part,
Let pride the Spaniard's bosom thrill,
Let Italy reign first in art,
Give us our English comfort, still.
Comfort! sweetest household word,
Domestic idol, lov'd the most,
In other lands, unknown, unheard,
Comfort! still be England's boast.

TO A LADY WEEPING.

Ah, lady, why that tear!—can thy young heart
Know sorrow or regret for others' woe!
Or can'st thou not to other breasts impart
The sympathies 'tis only thine to know!

Ah, weep no more! the world heeds not thy care:
Calm, calm thy breast—cease those gentle sighs,
Turn thy pure hallowed thoughts to heaven, where
Thy soul should meet the love that never dies!

ANECDOTES OF THE INSANE.*

In insanity, *all* the faculties are not deranged. There may be merely an absurd belief upon some one point;—the patient being in his senses with respect to other subjects. Many who are deranged will read, and understand what they read. They will paint, exhibit skill in mechanical contrivances, work, and talk rationally on many subjects; and some will even shew extreme sagacity in accomplishing their mad purposes, in concealing their mad impressions, and convincing others of the truth of their mad notions. In a case of insanity tried at Chester, before Lord Mansfield, the patient was so clever, that he evaded questions in court the whole of the day; and seemed to every body perfectly sane. Dr. Batty, however, came into court; and, knowing the point of the man's derangement, asked what had become of the princess, with whom he had been in the habit of corresponding in cherry-juice. The man instantly forgot himself; and said it was true he had been confined in a castle; where, for want of pen and ink, he had written his letters in cherry-juice, and thrown them into the stream below; where the princess received them in a boat.

This, however, is not all; for patients often have some of their mental faculties *increased* by insanity. Dr. Rush says he had a deranged female patient, who composed and sang hymns and songs delightfully; although she had previously shewn no talent for music or poetry. There was here an excitement of one part of the brain; while another part was going wrong. Dr. Rush also knew two cases of insanity, in which great talent was shewn for drawing. Dr. Willis had a patient, who, in the paroxysms of insanity, remembered long passages of Latin authors, and took extreme delight in repeating them; but not at other times. Dr. Cox mentions a musician, who talked madly on all subjects but music; for which his talent appeared increased. His performances on the violin were strikingly singular and original. Dr. Rush mentions the case of a gentleman who was deranged; but who often delighted and astonished the rest of the patients, and the officers of the Institution, by his displays of oratory when preaching. Pinel, a celebrated French physician, mentions the case of a man who was very vulgar at other times; but who, in his paroxysms of insanity, while standing upon a table in the Hospital, discoursed very eloquently upon the French Revolution; and with the dignity and propriety of language of the best educated man. Circumstances similar to these have been seen in fever. When the brain is la-

* Continued from page 70; and extracted from Dr. Elliotson's Lectures on Medicine, edited by Dr. Rogers.

bouring under the excitement of fever, a person who has previously shewn but little talent for singing, may sing very correctly; and sometimes, although an individual may be delirious, he will speak very eloquently on certain subjects. This is a state which does not last long.

So much with respect to the *intellectual* faculties: But the *propensities* and *sentiments* are frequently disturbed in insanity. Some are so far disturbed as to be very superstitious; some are very respectful; while some, again, are very impious. Some are thievish; some are modest; some are quite the opposite; some are very silly; some are very cheerful; some are melancholy; some are fearful. Some have felt an impulse to kill themselves; and some to kill others. When I was at the University (Cambridge), there was a person who was said to have attempted, three times, to set the College on fire. It was ascertained that, when he was young, he had attempted to drown a child; yet nobody ever suspected him of being mad. You may recollect the instance of a man, who murdered a very excellent gentleman and his lady (Mr. and Mrs. Bonar) at Chiselhurst, in Kent. The murderer was a footman in the family; and, one night, he left his room, went up stairs to the apartment of his master and mistress, and beat their brains out with a poker. He was asked his reason; but could give none. He said he had always been treated by them with the greatest kindness; but he felt suddenly in the night a desire to kill them; and he supposed the devil had prompted him to the act. No other symptom of insanity was detected in him; and he was hanged. Dr. Gall mentions the case of a person at Vienna, who went to witness an execution; and was seized with a propensity to kill. At the same time, he had a clear consciousness of his situation. He expressed the greatest aversion to such a crime. He wept bitterly; struck his head; wrung his hands; and cried to his friends to take care, and get out of the way. He felt the inclination; regretted it; and entreated every one to prevent his doing mischief, by putting him into prison. Pinel mentions the case of a man, who exhibited no unsoundness of intellect; but who confessed he had a propensity, in spite of himself, to commit murder; and his wife, notwithstanding the tenderness he really felt for her, was near being murdered by him;—for he had only time to warn her to fly. In the interval he expressed the same remorse; felt disgusted with life; and attempted, several times, to put an end to his existence. In a work by Mr. Hill, you will read of a man who was tried at Norwich, in 1805, for wounding his wife, and cutting his child's throat. He had been known to tie himself with ropes for a week, to prevent his doing mischief to others. One of the members of a family in London, is said to have used these words:—'Do, for God's sake, get me confined; for if I am at liberty, I shall destroy myself and wife! I shall do it unless all means of destruction are removed; and therefore do have me put under restraint! Something from above tells me I must do it; and I shall!" Arsenic was put into a pudding; and the maid-servant was executed for it; but many persons were perfectly convinced of her innocence.

Dr. Gall mentions having seen a person in prison at Friburg, who had set fire to his house four times in succession; and who, after he had set fire to it, tried to put it out. Some have an irresistible desire to steal;—without any other mark of insanity. Gall says, that the first king of Sweden was always stealing trifles. Instances are mentioned of a German, who was constantly pilfering; and of another who, having the desire to steal, entered the army;—hoping that the severe discipline there would restrain him. But he gave way to the propensity even there; and was very near being hanged. He then became a friar, with the same hope; but he still felt the same desire, and carried all the things he could to his cell; but as he could get only trifles, he was not noticed. Gall also mentions that a person at Vienna, in the habit of stealing, hired a lodging in which to deposit his thefts; and when he got a stock, he sold them. He stole only household matters. The wife of a celebrated physician at Leyden, never went into a shop to buy anything without stealing; and a countess at Frankfort had the same propensity. Another lady, notwithstanding all the care with which she had been brought up, had the same desire to pilfer. You will find it related of a physician, that his wife was always obliged to examine his pockets in the evening, and restore to his patients the things she found there. He always took something, as well as his fee. Meritz speaks of a criminal who, at the moment he was about to be executed, stole the confessor's snuff-box. Dr. Burner, who was one of the physicians to the king of Bavaria, speaks of a person who enjoyed abundance, and had been well educated; but who, notwithstanding, was always stealing; and was made a soldier by his father, and at last got hanged. The son of a celebrated and learned man,—himself very clever, and respectably connected in every respect,—could not resist this propensity; and I could go on to furnish you with instances without end, of individuals who acted thus (as it would appear) from insanity;—not from any criminal motives; but from a blind desire too strong for them to resist.

THE MAID OF RONA.

About the beginning of September, 1746, some months after the final overthrow of the brave, but unfortunate Prince Charles Edward, and his devoted adherents at the battle of Culloden, a French ship was hovering round the Western Isles, in order to carry off to France such of the unfortunate insurgents, as were still hunted by their merciless enemies among the fastnesses of their native mountains.

At this period, the small and barren island of Rona was the hiding-place of Captain M'Donald, a younger brother of the chief of Moidart, and one of those daring spirits who had rendered themselves particularly obnoxious to the government, by their activity in fomenting the rebellion, and afterwards, in facilitating the escape of the prince. He had been some weeks on the island, under the protection of Rory M'Allister, his foster-father, who, with his wife, was the only inhabitant of this barren rock, when, to his great joy, he one evening descried a ship, carrying the private signal of his party, standing off to the westward. He immediately answered the signal, and anxiously awaited the approach of night.

The day was closing with every appearance of a coming storm; and Rory M'Allister's practised eye could discover, that the brave bark, which had ventured into the very jaws, as it were, of the British ships of war, was closely reefed, as it passed between him and the fiery disk of the sun just disappearing in the western waters.

At any other time, Captain M'Donald would have hailed the approach of a storm with pleasure, as it would have afforded him an opportunity of leaving his cold, desolate retreat, to enjoy in security the comparative comfort of his humble friend's fire-side—a luxury he dared not venture upon, while the little island was accessible to the boats from the men of war. Two parties had been already despatched on different occasions to pay domiciliary visits to Rory, on suspicion of his harbouring his foster-son; but a very slight search sufficed to convince the pursuers that no human being could be concealed on the *premises*, viz., a mud cabin, containing one apartment; and the barren rock, surrounded, for the most part, by perpendicular cliffs, appeared very little better calculated to afford shelter.

Rory had, however, discovered a place of concealment which he thought would defy the most active vigilance of his foster-son's enemies, and had accordingly carried him thither from the main-land. It was a cave opening into the face of the rock, a little above low-water mark, and rising in numerous shelves and compartments to the very brow of the cliff, where it ended in an aperture sufficiently large to admit light and air, but not ingress or egress to a full-grown person.

In this cave, then, did Captain M'Donald pass the three weeks previous to the commencement of the present narrative, except such intervals of stormy weather as secured him from all chance of a surprise. He sometimes descended, with the assistance of his faithful friend, by ropes let down the face of the rock, and at other times, when the weather permitted, was carried round the island in Rory's skiff. It will be observed that the refugee's hiding-place became a prison during a portion of the time, owing to the rising of the tide, and, on such occasions, he received his scanty sustenance through the aperture at the top. Captain M'Donald was too much excited by the hope of escape, to retire to his strong-hold on the evening in question; but as the storm increased, his hopes began to vanish. Towards midnight it blew a hurricane, and, although it was impossible for any boat to effect a landing, yet he continued to look out at intervals, through the pitchy darkness, in the forlorn hope of seeing or hearing a friendly signal. Soon after midnight, a gun was heard to windward, and, notwithstanding the apparent uselessness of such a step, he proceeded in the direction of the cave, which was at the western extremity of the island. He had not been long there, when he distinctly heard another report, and saw a flash at no great distance. It was now evident that these guns were fired by a ship in distress, and as it was to windward, and probably not aware of the dangerous vicinity, its fate was but too likely to be soon decided. It was impossible to warn the ill-fated vessel of its danger; Captain M'Donald, therefore, could only await in painful anxiety the fearful catastrophe which, in all human probability, must inevitably occur.

There was every reason to fear that the distressed ship was that which had been seen on the previous evening, a circumstance which greatly added to the intensity of his anxiety, as not only was his own escape rendered impossible for the present, but the lives of the brave men who had attempted to save him were likely to be sacrificed. The storm still raged with unabated fury, when Rory observed to his foster-son, that he fancied he could distinguish the sound of voices amidst the raging of the elements. Just at this instant a vivid flash of lightning burst through the surrounding gloom, and exhibited to their view for a moment a ship within an hundred yards of the cliff. In a few seconds a crash was heard—it had struck on a ledge of low rocks, about a cable's-length from the island. A confused cry of wild despair, rose for a moment above the warring elements, and then all was silent, save the thundering roar of the breakers dashing against the rock, which shook to its foundation.

As the tide was low at the time, M'Donald determined to descend the face of the cliff, in

the hope of rendering assistance, much against the advice of his friend, who remonstrated on the folly and madness of such an attempt, but in vain. He reached the mouth of the cave in safety, and, advancing to the edge of the lower rock, observed a dark mass left by the receding wave within a few feet of the spot where he stood.

He made a dash at the object, and, pulling it beyond reach of the breakers, discovered a large dog, much exhausted, but still holding in its teeth the clothes of a child which he had evidently brought ashore.

The brave Highlander carried the child—a girl, as appeared from her garments, into the cave, and returned to the beach, but without further success.

It was impossible to ascend with the child, which now gave signs of returning animation, by the same way he had descended; he therefore proceeded to the aperture at the top of the cavern, and succeeded, after some difficulty, in handing it to Rory M'Allister, enjoining him, at the same time, to hasten with it to his hut, and use every means to restore life.

Before he could return, the advancing tide had driven the faithful dog into the cave, and cut off his own retreat for the present.

Rory and his wife, having used every means in their power to restore warmth to the frozen limbs of the child so providentially saved from the waves, had the satisfaction of seeing her open her large dark eyes—fixed and meaningless, indeed, but still beautiful; they only wanted the familiar objects that were wont to meet their waking gaze, to light them up with conscious expression. But, alas! she had been rudely separated from those objects—from all, except the faithful dog, probably, the last of her old friends—and left floating on the wild ocean, from which she was only saved to float on the ocean of life, the more dangerous of the two to a beautiful, but friendless orphan girl.

Her scattered senses were, by degrees, recalled, and she began to speak, but in a language unknown to her kind attendants; nothing, therefore, could be learnt from her, concerning the ill-fated ship.

By the time the tide had receded so far as to allow Captain M'Donald to leave his hiding-place, the morning was far advanced, and the storm had entirely subsided. As he approached the mouth of the cavern, a melancholy scene presented itself: several human bodies, horribly disfigured, were lying on ledges of the rock, or jammed into crevices; a considerable portion of the fore-part of the wreck was still to be seen on the rock on which it first struck, and the remainder floated about in the little bay in front of the cave. He was roused from the contemplation of this heart-sickening scene, by the appearance of one of the government cruizers rounding the island a little to the southward. He immediately retreated to his place of concealment, where he had not been long when he became seriously alarmed for his safety on seeing a boat put off from the man-of-war towards the wreck, which had attracted its attention. As the boat, in which were five persons, boarded the wreck, the noise roused the dog which had hitherto remained in the cave, and dashing into the water, he made for the rock. The unfortunate rebel's situation now appeared desperate; he had no doubt his hiding-place would be explored; to fly was impossible, and to offer resistance madness; he had, therefore, almost made up his mind to submit quietly, when he recollected a large fragment of rock which had frequently attracted his notice, in his descents into his stronghold. It was a huge mass, which some convulsion had deposited on a projecting point of the rock, on the southern verge of the cavern, about twenty feet above low-water mark, and immediately overhanging the narrow passage which led to the only landing-place, which was on the opposite side. Although this fragment had been accidentally poised with such mathematical exactness as to resist the violence of the frequent storms to which it was exposed, yet a little mechanical force judiciously applied was capable of dislodging it.

The idea of overwhelming his enemies by the removal of this rock, no sooner occurred to Captain M'Donald, than, with that promptness peculiar to minds familiarized to danger, he seized a handspike belonging to the wreck, and, clambering along the side of the cave, took his station behind it. The boat was, by this time, rapidly approaching him, and had reached the fatal point just as the powerful Highlander had applied his lever to the fragment, and concentrated all his strength for one desperate effort. The brave soldier felt a momentary pang of regret at the stern necessity that impelled him to such an act, even towards those who would have shown him no mercy.

It was but for a moment—in the next instant the rock fell with a tremendous crash, scattering the boat and its devoted crew into a thousand pieces. Turning with pain from this scene of destruction, he ascended the cliff by the rope, which had not been removed since the previous night, and, hastening to join his friend, proposed, as the only course left open, that they should all leave the island immediately. This was readily agreed to by Rory, who had every reason to fear the vengeance of the enemy for the part he had taken in the affair.

They reached the mainland in safety; and Captain M'Donald soon afterwards escaped to France, and Rory continued to evade the vigilance of his pursuers among the wilds of

his native mountains, till his offences had been forgotten; while his wife, and the child that had been saved from the wreck, found shelter and protection with the Lady of Moidart.

This child, whose parentage could never be traced, afterwards became the grand-daughter of the Lady of Moidart; and, on the restoration of the family estates, was the honoured mistress of those halls which she had entered a friendless orphan, and where she had been long known by the title of the beautiful "Maid of Rona." M.

Manners and Customs.

SKETCHES OF PARIS.

The Morgue.

As the visitor crosses the Pont St. Michel, he will perceive, in the centre of the Marché Neuf, a small square building, with stuccoed walls, and about the size and shape of the station-houses on our rail-roads. It is called the Morgue, and it serves as a receptacle for the bodies of unknown persons, who are found drowned, or have met with accidental or sudden death in the streets. On entering, he will find on his left hand three large windows, guarded by a rail, and looking into a chamber where the bodies are exposed to public view, in order that they may be claimed. There are eight marble slabs in the room, on which they are deposited, furnished with brass tablets to raise the head and shoulders upon. They are arranged in two rows, the first of which is for those whose death has been recent, and the second for any who may have arrived at a later stage of decomposition, and over these last, a stream of water is constantly playing. The clothes belonging to each are hung round the room, as a further means of recognition. Altogether, it is a sad mournful place, and few can look unmoved at the melancholy spectacle it presents. The gloomy and fearful days of the middle ages have passed away, The Tour de Nesle no longer overhangs the river, with its blood-stained walls, nor are the mangled corpses of all the brave and beautiful of "la jeune France" found beneath its windows—the infamous Marguerite, the dark Buridan, and the too-confiding Philippe, and Gaulthier Daulnay, are no more, and their memory lives only in the traditions of the present age; but the Seine still gives up its daily victims, to the curious gaze of the people of Paris. It is not, however, the mere sight of the dead body which touches you, but there is some sad history, some fearful struggle, between the angels of good and evil, connected with most of those, whose remains are exposed there. It is presumed the majority are suicides, and a gloomy image of long-borne sorrow, and lonely misery, is awakened in us by that thought. Let us picture to ourselves the death of that poor creature, whose body they have just brought in, followed by a gaping crowd of idlers from the market. The corpse is that of a man, whose care-worn visage, and emaciated limbs, betoken much suffering, mental and bodily, while his decent apparel shows that he belonged to the better classes. Let us imagine the night he left his home *for the last time*: he has, perhaps, quitted the dwelling of years, and he will not enter it again, but cold and dead. It is a clear and bright evening, and the moon is calmly shining over the great city, and throwing a mellow and soothing light upon its noble edifices, but he heeds it not, for misery has so changed and warped all his better feelings, that the world has little to move him now, either by its beauty, or its sorrow. He has gone through fearful trials, and long ago enrolled himself among the number of sad and lonely hearts that are daily breaking around us; but his griefs have become too much for him to strive against, and he cannot bear up against them as formerly, for his mind has lost its elasticity, like the spring-toy which we destroy by overstraining. He crosses the Pont Neuf, and descending the staircase, near the statue of Henri IV., arrives at the edge of the river beneath the arches. He has not been observed, and if he had, there is little sympathy to be found in the crowded thoroughfare of a great city, where each moves in the world of his own affairs, and is too much engaged with his own difficulties to notice those of others. He does not hesitate or quail in his fatal purpose, but he delays an instant, while he places his hat on the bank, and deposits in it a pocket-book, containing a few lines addressed to some former friend. He has untied a black ribbon from his neck, to which the portrait of one whom he had deeply loved in early life is attached. They had been engaged for some time, but cold and calculating interest broke the tie, and when all the presents on either side were returned, he kept that portrait as a remembrance of past and happier days. He has run on a wild and sad career since then, and there are few degrees of vice and debauchery that he has not arrived at; but as he looks, for the last time, at the picture, a train of long-slumbering ideas are conjured up, and scenes rise up of times long since past away, and sensations that he has long been a stranger to. Sad and heavy years have rolled on since that period, but he sees again the green trees and pastures of his home; the smooth turf of the forest, and its fair and leafy coverts, where they were accustomed to wile away the summer days together: the little village, and its modest church—and he stands absorbed in these reveries, until the hoarse tones of the great bell of Notre Dame booming heavily over the river, recall him from his visions, and they give place again to the

cold and rushing Seine, the dark and grinning heads upon the arch above him, and his own wretched and unseen end. But he cannot bear, even in death, to quit the portrait—he would not have it gazed at by the vulgar eyes that shall first find the memorials he has left behind, and he returns it once more under his vest. He turns his glassy and sunken eyes along the illuminated quays, now alive with pleasure-seekers, and giving one last look at the world he is about to quit, plunges, without a shudder, into the rapid current beneath him. The waters are troubled for an instant, and then roll on as swiftly, and evenly, as before.

In a few days his body is found entangled in the nets which are stretched across the Seine, at St. Cloud, and it is conveyed to the Morgue. The garments are displayed above it for recognition, and amongst them is a portrait, but the water has destroyed and mixed the colours, and few traces of the original design can be made out. Before long, the body is claimed and interred—its place, in this public channel, is soon supplied by another—the same idle crowd assembles to gaze on the remains, and the Morgue continues to sustain its melancholy interest, appalling to all its visitors but the Parisians.

KNIPS.

TEA-DRINKING IN RUSSIA.

THE Russians are the most inveterate tea-drinkers out of China; and with such excellent tea as they have, the passion is quite excusable. Tea in Russia and tea in England are as different as peppermint-water and senna. With us it is a dull, flavourless dose; in Russia it is a fresh, invigorating draught. They account for the difference by stating that, as the sea-air injures tea, we get only the leaves, but none of the aroma of the plant which left Canton; while they, on the other hand, receiving all their tea over-land, have it just as good as when it left the celestial empire. Be the cause what it may, there can be no doubt of the fact, that tea in Russia is infinitely superior to any ever found in other parts of Europe. Englishmen are taken by surprise on tasting it; even those who never cared for tea before, drink on during the whole of their stay in Russia. Like every thing else here, however, it is very expensive: the cheapest we saw, even at Nishnei-Novgorod, which is the greatest mart in the empire, cost from 11 to 12 roubles (about 10 shillings) a pound; and when a bearded Russian wants to give a feast, he will pay as high as 50 roubles (2*l.*) for a pound of some high-flavoured kind of bohea. The difference between these and English prices, arises from the same cause as the difference in the quality—the long land-carriage, which is tedious and very expensive, through regions where there are neither roads nor resting-places. It should be stated, however, that, in travelling especially, no price will be thought too high for this, the only comfort of the wanderer in Russia. It banishes many a headache, and cheers under all the annoyances of a country, which, by universal consent, is the most troublesome and fatiguing to travel in that can be visited. Tea may always be had at the inns in large towns, but being too dear an article for most of the country post-houses, everybody should carry a stock for himself: we once paid 6*s.* 8*d.* for the tea necessary to make breakfast for four; but such a charge is rare. The Russian seldom eats with his tea; he never adds cream to it like the English; nor does he disgust people by making tea-drinking an excuse for tippling, like the Germans, who half fill their cup with brandy when they can get it. The only thing the Muscovite mingles with his tea is sugar, and sometimes a thin slice of lemon; and these being duly added, he sips the brown draught, not from a cup, but from a common drinking glass, slowly and seriously, with all the solemnity of a libation.—*Bremner's Excursion in Russia.*

ANCIENT ATTITUDE AT TABLE.

IN the Assemblies of Divines, after the Reformation was completed, the great heads of the Episcopalian and Presbyterian bodies displayed as determined an opposition each to the other, in their explanation and settlement of *non essentials*, as they had in contending against spiritual error for those truths which many by their martyrdom showed to be dearer to them than life. In few things was there more *ink* shed than as to the posture in which the eucharist was to be received. Each contended for the primitive and scriptural position of *sitting* over kneeling, and *kneeling* over sitting. A reference to early engravings will show that neither church adopts the *original* manner, namely, the oriental; and happily for us, for it is lazy, luxurious, and enervating; also extremely inconvenient. Some of the engraved sketches show the construction of the table; *i. e.* three tables so set together as to form but one. Around these tables are placed, not *seats*, but, as it were, *couches*, or beds, one to each table: each of these beds being called *clinium;* three of these *clinia* united, to surround the three tables, formed the *triclinium* (three beds.) At the end of each *clinium* was a footstool for the convenience of mounting up to it. These beds were formed of mattresses, stuffed, &c., and were supported on frames of wood, often highly ornamented. The guests reclined on these, on their left elbows, leaving the right hand free for use. Observe, too, that the feet

of the person reclining being towards the external edge of the bed, they were much more readily reached by anybody passing, than any other part of the person so reclining.

Other engravings show a dining-table clear from guests; with the manner of forming a *circular table*: the cushions laid around it. In these beds, crescent-formed, the right extremity was the first place of honour; and the left extremity was the second place of honour.

In very early times, the attitude at table was sitting: so in Homer, when Ulysses arrives at the palace of Alcinous, the king displaces his son Laodamas, in order to seat Ulysses in a magnificent chair. The Egyptians sat at table anciently, says Appolodorus, in Athenæus; so did the Romans till towards the end of the second Punic war, when they began to recline at table.

The office and duty of the ARCHITRICLINIUS, (chief of the triclinium,) the master or superintendant of a feast, were not unlike that of a *chairman* of a company, among ourselves. He gave directions to the servants, superintended every thing, commanded the tables to be covered, &c. He tasted the wine, and distributed it to the guests. This office is mentioned in John ii. 8, 9, in the beginning of Miracles which our Saviour wrought. This office among the Greeks, when presiding over the Greeks, was called KING. The youths who served the tables were called Διακονοι, DEACONS, and οινοχοοι, wine pourers; in modern language, *wine-coopers*. There is a manifest allusion to servants of the tables (Deacons,) in our Lord's rebuke of his disciples, (Luke xxii. 25.) The KINGS of the Gentiles exercise lordship over them: and those possessing authority over them are called benefactors. But among you it shall not be so: but he who is greatest among you, let him be as the youngest; and he who takes place as a ruler as he who serveth, (a Deacon.) For whether is greater, he who reclines at table, or he who serveth, (the Deacon? Whereas I am among you as he who serveth, (the Deacon.)

For want of proper description and discrimination in respect to the attitude at table, several passages of the Gospel are not merely injured as to their true sense, but are absolutely divested of sense in our translation. Refer to the exquisite and touching parable recorded in Luke vii. 36, which the said engravings render intelligible. The same observation applies to John xii. 3. Lazarus was one who reclined at table, ανακειμενων, with Jesus; and Mary anointed the feet of Jesus. Likewise, John's reclining on the Lord's bosom at the Last Supper, is simply explained by these.

MOUNT ETNA.

DURING the eruption of Mount Etna, in 1669, the lava, after overflowing fourteen towns and villages, some of which had a population of between three and four thousand inhabitants, arrived at length at the walls of Catania. These walls, (observes a recent writer,) had been purposely raised to protect the city; but the burning flood accumulated until it rose to the top of the rampart, which was sixty feet in height, and then fell in a fiery cascade, and overwhelmed part of the city. The wall, however, was not thrown down, being discovered long afterwards by Prince Biscari, when making excavations in the rock, by means of which the solid lava may be seen curling over the top of the rampart. This great current, when it entered the sea, after performing a course of fifteen miles, was one thousand eight hundred feet broad, and forty deep: it covered some territories in the environs of Catania, which had never before been visited by the lavas of Etna. Its surface was, in general, a mass of solid rock, and its mode of advancing, as is usual with lava streams, was by the occasional fissuring of solid walls. M. Pappalardo, a gentleman of Catania, being desirous of securing the city from the approach of the threatening torrent, went out with a party of fifty men, dressed in skins, to protect them from the heat, and armed with iron crows and hooks. Having broken open one of the solid walls which flanked the current near Belpasso, a river of melted matter issued forth, which took the direction of Paterno; but the inhabitants of that town, being alarmed for their safety, took up arms, and prevented them from carrying on their operations. It is related by M. Recupero, that in 1766, having ascended a small hill formed of ancient volcanic matter, to behold the slow and gradual approach of a fiery current, two miles and a half broad, two small threads of liquid matter suddenly issued from a crevice, and having detached themselves from the main stream, ran rapidly towards the hill, from which M. Recupero and his guide had just time to escape. They had scarcely left the hill, which was fifty feet in height, before it was surrounded with liquid lava, and in a quarter of an hour, was melted down into the burning mass. This complete fusion of rocky matter, when coming in contact with lava, is not of universal, or even common occurrence. On the site of Mompiliere, one of the towns overflowed in the great eruption, in 1669, an excavation was made in 1704; and after an immense deal of labour, the workmen reached, at the depth of thirty-five feet, the gate of the principal church, where there were three statues, held in high veneration; when one of these statues, a bell, some money, and other articles, in a good state of preservation, were extracted from beneath a great arch formed by the lava.

W. G. C.

RODNEY'S PILLAR.

This pillar is erected on the summit of a lofty hill, called Moel y Golfa, in Montgomeryshire, by a subscription of the gentlemen of the county, as a mark of their gratitude to the brave Rodney, for the eminent services he rendered his country. It has the following inscriptions on the pedestal:—"Summæ pereunt Columnæ, Georgii Brydges Rodney Baronetti viget nomen et vigebit."—"Erected in honour of Sir George Brydges Rodney, Admiral of the White, by a subscription of the gentlemen of the county;" and these lines in Welsh—

"Y Colofnau uchaf a fyrthiant
Ar Tyran cadarnaf annuharant
Ond Clôd Syr Brydges Rodney.
Agyrnuydda bennydd
Ai Enw da ef ni ddileuir."

Certainly, if any warrior was entitled to such a memorial of his country's regard, it was the invincible Rodney—a man whose life gave the denial to that assertion, generally ascribed to the Lord Bute, "that every man was to be bought." For this hero, when living in retirement on the Continent, being in embarrassed circumstances, on account of an election contest for the borough of Northampton, the French government, aware of his necessities, and knowing his prowess, made overtures which would have immediately relieved him from his difficulties; but the honest sailor rejected them, not only without hesitation, but in such terms as marked his sense of the insult offered him by the proposal; and the fact having come to the ears of Lord Sandwich, then first Lord of the Admiralty, he immediately invited him to take the command of a squadron in the Mediterranean; and on the 12th of August, 1782, the gallant Rodney had an opportunity of resenting the affront he received from the French government, by defeating their celebrated Count De Grasse, and gaining a complete victory over the fleet under his command. In 1780, he also defeated Admiral Langara, off Cape St. Vincent, bringing home five ships of the line as the fruits of his victory. For these and other services rendered his country, a barony and a pension of two thousand pounds were the rewards of his bravery; and a monument voted to his memory, to be erected in the north transept of St. Paul's Cathedral.

Rodney was born in Somersetshire, in 1717; and died in the spring of 1792.

Lord Rodney is described, by some writers on naval affairs, as the first who put in practice the system of tactics afterwards adopted with such success by Nelson and other commanders, the principal feature of which consists in breaking through the centre of the enemy's line.

New Books.

MEMOIRS OF JOHN BANNISTER, COMEDIAN.

By John Adolphus, Esq.[*]

[In these volumes Mr. Adolphus has managed to present a faithful, and, therefore, a very agreeable portrait of a man whose character, both public and private, cannot be contemplated without admiration, and even affection. What the reader will seek for in vain is anything like kindred liveliness between the subject and his biographer; and he will be at a loss to conceive, how, out of such an atmosphere of animal spirits and pleasant *badinage*, should issue a production so merely judicious. To those who recollect Bannister on the stage, the analytical descriptions of plays and characters in which the comedian appeared, will not be without a peculiar interest, but to the mass of readers the effect must necessarily be in a serious degree wearisome.

Even when an actor's life is diversified by many incidents, it will be found that the incidents of one are generally similar to those of all his class; and therefore it is that the reader takes up a theatrical biography, prepared to read that the late Mr. So-and-so, at an early age, became stage-stricken, that his friends had strong objections, that he braved them all, and made his *debut* at a private theatre, afterwards plunged into the thick of country "business," had to contend with the caprices of country managers and country audiences, and at length attained the goal of an actor's ambition—a London engagement.

Bannister's ascent to histrionic greatness, was different from this, in being easier. His father, Charles Bannister, enjoyed a high reputation as a singer at the London theatres, and through his influence, young John early became initiated into theatrical mysteries, and without difficulty stepped into a town engagement. He was born in 1760; at the age of 23 he married a Miss Harper, a young lady in the vocal department of his own profession, and related to Mr. Rundell, the celebrated goldsmith. This marriage, contrary to the predictions of some persons less wise than they supposed themselves, was a singularly happy one. Bannister settled at once into the regular habits of good domestic life, without the sacrifice of a spark of that natural gaiety and boyish cheerfulness, which, throughout his career, made him the delight of all his acquaintance.

Much has been said and written on the fleeting nature of an actor's fame; but, after all, the successful actor has little reason to complain; for, once established in public estimation, he creates in the breasts of many who witness his public exhibitions, feelings which have all the tenderness of private regard, and are not less permanent. It was the good fortune of Bannister, beyond, perhaps, any of his contemporaries, to excite those feelings. When you saw him represent those characters which, from their unaffected generosity, spontaneous outpourings of the affections, the joys or the sorrows of the heart, seemed to be *not* acting, but the natural following out of his own impulses; you could not restrict your admiration merely to the powers of the actor, but felt yourself impelled to extend your regard to the man. Such a man you feel cannot, off the stage, be essentially different from what he here appears, and your sympathies follow him accordingly. If such were the impressions excited by Bannister on the stage, happily there was nothing to contradict them when you were admitted to his home. He stood out a living exemplar of the respectability consistent with a profession admitted to be often perilous to strict principles, and he leaves behind him a character estimable in all the relations of life, conspicuous for companionable qualities, prudent habits, and the liberal exercise of the heart's best impulses. We proceed to give a few extracts.]

Bannister's Opinion of Kean.

"Having introduced the name of that celebrated performer, Kean, candour requires I should state Bannister's judgment on his merits, which I derive from memoranduins to which I have already conferred my obligations, written by the author of 'Wine and Walnuts.' Standing at the first-floor window, he says, of a house in Cecil-street, in the Strand, nearly opposite the residence of Mr. Kean, the tragedian, and seeing him and the late Mr. Whitbread go out from the street door, arm-in-arm, Bannister observed, 'How grateful to Providence that young man ought to be for his sudden elevation, when contrasted with what he has experienced.' I asked Bannister what he thought of Kean as an actor, particularly as to the manner of his playing Richard the Third, in comparison with the performance of the same character by Garrick, asking at the same time whether he could recollect Garrick's Richard. He answered, 'Yes, very distinctly. For some time,' he said, 'I could not form a judgment, and yet was unable to account for it. I had only seen Kean from behind the scenes, so one night I seated myself rather beyond the centre of the pit, and there he appeared to me another man. You think this strange, but it is true. In this new, and, as I suppose, proper station, I seemed at once to discover his merits, which grew upon my imagination, first to approbation of his powers, and ended in surprise and admiration! Indeed, I found his conception of the character so entirely original, and so excellent,

[*] Published by Bentley.

that I almost forgot my old master, Davy Garrick.'"

Characteristics of Bannister's style of Acting.

"Tragedy was his first aim, and in that he was encouraged by the best critics, and the most admired performer of the day. But soon after Bannister's appearance, the tone and mode of tragic exhibition were totally changed. The unforced, natural, and almost comic manner of delivering the mere cursory dialogue, was changed for one, in which it seemed to be assumed, that no sentence, however ordinary, or even unimportant, could have been written without an occult meaning; no phrase could have been penned without a concealed point. 'Will you play upon this instrument?' was delivered as if it had been a declaration of hostility, or the announcement of a detected conspiracy; and the very little which Cibber has left of the rich sportive sarcasm with which Shakspeare endued the character of Richard, is so suppressed, that when the tyrant banters his mother, he may almost be expected to aim his dagger at her heart.

"Garrick's agile movement and elegant levity, in which Bannister might have been a valuable follower, were utterly superseded; a dignified and super-majestic manner was thrown around every character, from Shakspeare's murderous Thane to Rowe's gay rake. This taste descended through all the performers in tragedy; and he who had to deliver a message of no more importance than 'Cæsar sends health to Cato,' would well have earned Quin's indignant reproof, 'I wish he had sent it by some other messenger.'

"Mrs. Siddons and Kemble, by the lofty grace of their persons, and the refined dignity of their manners, put to flight, for their day at least, all hopes that could be entertained by those who, without all the perfections of Garrick, struggled against the disadvantages which result from the want of a stately elevation of form. When Mrs. Siddons appeared and acted, the effect was similar to that which might have been expected, if one of the sublimest conceptions of Michael Angelo had been animated for the occasion, and Kemble gave us everything that could be achieved if the same miracle had been performed on the most perfect production of the chisel or the pencil, employed in the representation of Roman or Grecian life, person, and manners. In them these perfections were gifts of nature, improved to their highest pitch by art and study; in them they were becoming and captivating; but they who attempted to form themselves, by imitating those incomparable models, would soon become monotonous mannerists, mere plaster casts, humbly representing the noble statues; lame, clumsy wood-cuts, engraved after the inimitable picture.

"From such a degraded position—education, taste, and ambition, rescued Bannister; and whatever he might have been in the school of Garrick, he never could have been deemed a proficient in the school of Kemble. It is not meant to be asserted that he would ever, under any circumstances, have been a first-rate tragedian, but certainly the altered state of dramatic performance was adverse to his attempts.

"What he was in comedy and in comic opera, has been so much described that addition is unnecessary; but there is a sort of midway character, uniting the pathos of tragedy with the hilarity of comedy, in which he was peculiarly great, and if the expression may be used without offence, unrivalled. Let those, and they are still many, who recollect him in a long line of characters—in Sadi, for example, La Gloire, Shacabac, or Walter,—speak their feelings, and I am certain they must accord with mine on this subject.

"His power over the audience was derived from the simple, though not very usual, means of appearing to be quite unconscious of their presence. He not only laid no traps for applause and no gestures, looks, or efforts, to obtain it, but when it was given spontaneously, and even tumultuously, he was never driven from the business of the scene; if his voice could not for a time be heard, his action never was suspended, and the character in the play was never for a moment set aside to show the contented, overjoyed, the elate individual Bannister.

"He acquired fame by deserving, not by courting it; and while he enjoyed the public approbation with all the susceptibility of his excellent heart, he never, in public or in private, showed an affected complacency or an overweening pride."

Bannister at the time of his retirement.

"In retiring when he did from the profession he had never ceased to adorn, Bannister evinced that solid judgment and unperverted taste which had distinguished him throughout his life. His absence had never been desired. The public witnessed with regret the attacks made upon him by illness, but they never had reason to think that his infirmity infected his playing; unless the Archbishop of Granada in 'Gil Blas,' whose sermons smell of the apoplexy, the acting of Bannister never was in the slightest degree 'redolent' of gout. The graceful and animated vigour of his motion, the silver tone and deep feeling of his voice, the enlivening play of his smile, and the animated lustre of his eye, had not only remained to him, but were undiminished and unenfeebled; nor was eulogy ever more true and justly applied, than one which declared that his first performance of Walter did not exceed, in any dramatic requisite, his last personation of the character, a character

for which no successor has made compensation to those who remember it, or afforded commensurate gratification to those who had not that advantage."

Sir George Rose and Bannister.

"Sir George Rose, not less known for his wit and vivacity than for those talents which gave such conspicuous success in that arduous profession, the law, was a near neighbour of Bannister, living on the opposite side of Gower-street. One day as he was walking he was hailed by Bannister, who said, 'Stop a moment, Sir George, and I will go over to you.'—'No,' said the good-humoured punster, 'I never made you *cross* yet, and I will not begin now.' He joined the valetudinarian, and held a short conversation, and immediately after his return home wrote—

'*On meeting the "Young Veteran" toddling up Gower-street, when he told me he was seventy.*'

'With seventy years upon his back
Still is my honest friend "young Jack,"
Nor spirits checked, nor fancy slack,
But fresh as any daisy.
Though time has knocked his *stumps* about,
He cannot bowl his temper out,
And all the Bannister is stout
Although the *steps* be crazy.'

This good-natured *jeu d'esprit* was left by its author almost immediately at Bannister's door.

Concluding passages of the Memoir.

"Of Bannister's great predecessor, Garrick, it was said,—

'On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting;'

but Bannister, whether on or off the stage, was always the same. In the drama he was affecting, because he was natural and simple; in society he was distinguished by the same characteristics. His unaffected hilarity in conversation, the flexibility of his mind in adapting itself to every subject which arose, and the almost puerile good humour with which he recalled and recited the incidents of his earliest life and observation, formed altogether a picture equally singular and interesting. In these moments he showed himself to the greatest advantage; his animated countenance displayed at once the intelligence of a man, the sweetness of a woman, and the innocent sportiveness of a child.

His social virtues will never be forgotten; they assured to him the respect and the esteem of all; he enjoyed upon earth the full reward of his talents and good qualities, while his hopes of an hereafter were cherished with the warmth and confidence resulting from a true and lively faith.

His example presents an useful lesson. He was famous, but never indulged in pride or presumption; prosperous, yet never hardened his heart or closed his ears against the appeals of friendship, or the cries of necessity; and as the crown of these good qualities,

And to add greater honour to his age
Than man could give him, he died, fearing God."

CANADA IN 1838.

BY LORD DURHAM.

(*Continued from page* 111.)

Competition of the English with the French Farmer.

The English farmer carried with him the experience and habits of the most improved agriculture in the world. He settled himself in the townships bordering on the seignories, and brought a fresh soil and improved cultivation to compete with the worn-out and slovenly farm of the habitant. He often took the very farm which the Canadian settler had abandoned, and by superior management made that a source of profit which had only impoverished his predecessor. The ascendancy which an unjust favouritism had contributed to give to the English race in the government and the legal profession, their own superior energy, skill, and capital, secured to them in every branch of industry. They have developed the resources of the country; they have constructed or improved its means of communicatioon; they have created its internal and foreign commerce. The entire wholesale, and a large portion of the retail, trade of the province, with the most profitable and flourishing farms, are now in the hands of this numerical minority of the population.

A singular instance of national incompatibility was brought before my notice in an attempt which I made to promote an undertaking in which the French were said to take a great deal of interest. I accepted the office of President of the Agricultural Association of the district of Quebec, and attended the show previous to the distribution of the prizes. I then found that the French farmers would not compete even on this neutral ground with the English; distinct prizes were given in almost every department to the two races; and the national ploughing matches were carried on in separate and even distant fields.

The Labouring Population.

In Lower Canada, the mere working class, which depends on wages, though proportionally large in comparison with that to be found in any other portion of the American continent, is, according to our ideas, very small. Competition between persons of different origin in this class has not exhibited itself till very recently, and is even now almost confined to the cities. The large mass of the labouring population are French, in the employ of English capitalists. The more skilled class of artisans are generally English; but in the general run of the more laborious employ-

ments, the French Canadians fully hold their ground against English rivalry. The emigration which took place a few years ago, brought in a class which entered into more direct competition with the French in some kinds of employment in the towns; but the individuals affected by this competition were not very many. I do not believe that the animosity which exists between the working classes of the two origins is the necessary result of a collision of interests, or of a jealousy of the superior success of English labour. But national prejudices naturally exercise the greatest influence over the most uneducated; the difference of language is less easily overcome; the difference of manners and customs less easily appreciated. The labourers whom the emigration introduced, contained a number of very ignorant, turbulent, and demoralized persons, whose conduct and manners alike revolted the well-ordered and courteous natives of the same class. The working men naturally ranged themselves on the side of the educated and wealthy of their own countrymen. When once engaged in the conflict, their passions were less restrained by education and prudence; and the national hostility now rages most fiercely between those whose interests in reality bring them the least in collision.

Effects of the introduction of English people.

English capital was attracted to Canada by the vast quantity and valuable nature of the exportable produce of the country, and the great facilities for commerce presented by the natural means of internal intercourse. The ancient trade of the country was conducted on a much larger, and more profitable scale, and new branches of industry were explored. The active and regular habits of the English capitalist drove out of all the more profitable kinds of industry their inert and careless competitors of the French race; but in respect of the greater part (almost the whole) of the commerce and manufactures of the country, the English cannot be said to have encroached on the French; for, in fact, they created employments and profits which had not previously existed. A few of the ancient race smarted under the loss occasioned by the success of English competition; but all felt yet more acutely the gradual increase of a class of strangers in whose hands the wealth of the country appeared to centre, and whose expenditure and influence eclipsed those of the class which had previously occupied the first position in the country. Nor was the intrusion of the English limited to commercial enterprises. By degrees, large portions of land were occupied by them; nor did they confine themselves to the unsettled and distant country of the townships. The wealthy capitalist invested his money in the purchase of seignorial properties; and it is estimated that at the present moment full half of the more valuable seignories are actually owned by English proprietors. The seignorial tenure is one so little adapted to our notions of propriatory rights, that the new seigneur, without any consciousness or intention of injustice, in many instances exercised his rights in a manner which would appear perfectly fair in this country, but which the Canadian settler reasonably regarded as oppressive. The English purchaser found an equally unexpected and just cause of complaint in that uncertainty of the laws, which rendered his possession of property precarious, and in those incidents of the tenure which rendered its alienation or improvement difficult.

Character, Manners, and Government of the original French Settlers.

The institutions of France during the period of the colonization of Canada were, perhaps, more than those of any other European nation, calculated to repress the intelligence and freedom of the great mass of the people. These institutions followed the Canadian colonist across the Atlantic. The same central, ill-organised, unimproving, and repressive despotism extended over him. Not merely was he allowed no voice in the government of his province, or the choice of his rulers, but he was not even permitted to associate with his neighbours for the regulation of those municipal affairs, which the central authority neglected, under the pretext of managing. He obtained his land on a tenure singularly calculated to promote his immediate comfort, and to check his desire to better his condition; he was placed at once in a life of constant and unvarying labour, of great material comfort, and feudal dependence. The ecclesiastical authority to which he had been accustomed, established its institutions around him, and the priest continued to exercise over him his ancient influence. No general provision was made for education; and, as its necessity was not appreciated, the colonist made no attempt to repair the negligence of his government. It need not surprise us that, under such circumstances, a race of men habituated to the incessant labour of a rude and unskilled agriculture, and habitually fond of social enjoyments, congregated together in rural communities, occupying portions of the wholly unappropriated soil, sufficient to provide each family with material comforts far beyond their ancient means, or almost their conceptions; that they made little advance beyond the first progress in comfort, which the bounty of the soil absolutely forced upon them; that under the same institutions they remained the same uninstructed, inactive, unprogressive people. Along the alluvial banks of the St. Lawrence and its tributaries, they have

cleared two or three strips of land, cultivated them in the worst method of small farming, and established a series of continuous villages, which give the country of the seignories the appearance of a never-ending street. Besides the cities which were the seats of government, no towns were established, the rude manufactures of the country were, and still are, carried on in the cottage by the family of the habitant; and an insignificant proportion of the population derived their subsistence from the scarcely discernible commerce of the province. Whatever energy existed among the population, was employed in the fur trade, and the occupations of hunting, which they, and their descendants, have carried beyond the Rocky Mountains, and still, in great measure, monopolize in the whole valley of the Mississippi. The mass of the community exhibited in the New World the characteristics of the peasantry of Europe. Society was dense; and even the wants and the poverty which the pressure of population occasions in the Old World became not to be wholly unknown. They clung to ancient prejudices, ancient customs, and ancient laws, not from any strong sense of their beneficial effects, but with the unreasoning tenacity of an uneducated and unprogressive people. Nor were they wanting in the virtues of a simple and industrious life, or in those which common consent attributes to the nation from which they spring. The temptations which, in other states of society, lead to offences against property, and the passions which prompt to violence, were little known among them. They are mild and kindly, frugal, industrious, and honest, very sociable, cheerful, and hospitable, and distinguished for a courtesy and real politeness, which pervades every class of society. The conquest has changed them but little. The higher classes, and the inhabitants of the towns, have adopted some English customs and feelings, but continued negligence has left the mass of the people without any of the institutions which would have elevated them in freedom and civilization. It has left them without the education and without the institutions of local self-government, that would have assimilated their character and habits, in the easiest and best way, to those of the empire of which they became a part. They remain an old and stationary society in a new and progressive world. In all essentials they are still French, but French in every respect dissimilar to those of France in the present day. They resemble rather the French of the provinces under the old *regime*.

Truth and reason are common to every one, and are no more his who spoke them first, than his who speaks them after.—*Montaigne*.

New Publications.

The Quarantine Laws; their Abuses and Inconsistencies. By Arthur T. Holroyd, Esq. (Simpkin and Co.)

Our attention has again been called to the above subject, inferior to none in vast importance to the public: and Mr. Holroyd deserves the thanks of society for thus having so forcibly and clearly laid open the folly and injustice of these Quarantine Laws. We had recently occasion to lay before our readers extracts from Mr. Bowring's Treatise on the Plague (vide *Mirror*, pp. 362, 378, 395, vol. xxxii;) and the above Pamphlet fully corroborates the declaration of Mr. Bowring, that "the Plague is not contagious," and that performing Quarantine is mischievous, unjust, and inefficient. Our limits preclude us from quoting the many startling facts adduced by Mr. Holroyd; we can therefore only refer our readers to them; being fully assured they will be found pregnant with the most important and convincing facts.

Home; or the Months; a Poem for Domestic Life. By John Player. (Ward and Co.)

The aim of the author of the above instructive poem has been "to combine devotional sentiment with picturesque imagery;" and most pleasingly has he performed his task. To those persons who love to dwell on the beauties of nature, and to pour forth their adoration to the Giver of All, this unpretending work will be an invaluable companion; for its reflexions speak to the heart, in strains simple, yet nervous, breathing gratitude, contentment, virtue, and serenity of mind—endearments that tend to render life truly blissful. Every one, after perusing this Poem, will become wiser, better, and happier. We most heartily commend it to the notice of our readers.

The Life and Times of the late Countess of Huntingdon. Part I. (Simpkin and Co.)

This Memoir is not, strictly speaking, the life of *the late* Countess of Huntingdon, but of '*Selina*,' Countess of Huntingdon. The first part is before us; and if the remainder of the work be conducted in the same pleasing anecdotical manner, it will form an interesting piece of Biography. It seems written with great care, and adherence to truth, prodigal of notices relative to Wesley, Whitefield, and other eminent early methodist cotemporaries of the noble subject of the memoir. It is very clearly and neatly printed, and embellished with a portrait of the Countess, which would have been the more acceptable, had greater judgment and labour been bestowed upon it.

MRS. HOPWOOD AND THE HARE'S FOOT.*

* * * * * "With a sort of mincing step, and with many a profound curtsey, did Mrs. Hopwood enter the presence. She had been some few minutes in her chamber, for the purpose of adornment; but such had been her haste, that she had hardly time to do justice to her taste. She determined, however, to cover all deficiencies in style by profusion of ornament, and, after having touched her cheek with the slightest possible tint of the ".hare's-foot," (for cheeks will fade with years,) she pinned a bunch of flowers here, and another there, till her head resembled a huge bouquet, when unfortunately, as she was about to give the finishing touch, she heard her husband's excited voice to Susan; snatching, therefore, a bunch of full-blown roses, she pinned them hurriedly in their place, and casting but too cursory a glance, the general effect seemed so undeniable, that she rushed down stairs, fearful of driving her husband to despair, by her continued absence. Lord Walgrave rose to receive her, and taking her hand, led her to a seat. "I need not say how happy I am to make the acquaintance of the wife of my most estimable friend, Hopwood," commenced the nobleman; but, before he could proceed, he was seized with such a fit of coughing, that he was forced to resume his seat on the sofa, and cover his face with his handkerchief. The fact was, that though Lord Walgrave was a man of fashion, and consequently had his feelings and countenance under great control, yet there sometimes occur such unforeseen, such sudden attacks upon our risible muscles, that even the well-trained habits of a man of society find it impossible to resist them. Unfortunately, as Mrs. Hopwood took her seat, the eyes of Lord Walgrave came upon a level with her head-dress, and there, erect, amidst a profusion of roses and geraniums, stood the identical "hare's-foot" which had created the bloom upon her cheek, and which, having become entangled amongst the wires of the last bunch of roses, was with them transferred to its present unlucky position, producing, it must be confessed, a most extraordinary and startling effect. "Dear me! dear me! what a cold your lordship has taken," said Hopwood, agitated beyond measure, and fidgeting about with the poker in his hand; "this room is so cold, I'm afraid your lordship did wrong in removing from the fire;" and here he emptied the scuttle upon the blazing contents of the grate. "I should never forgive myself, if I thought—"—"Now, do not disturb yourself, Hopwood," interposed Lord Walgrave, somewhat recovering from the effects of his surprise, but not daring to turn his eyes in the direction of the lady of the house; "I must have taken a little cold coming down, but it will pass."—"Will you let me get you a little broth, my lord?" asked Mrs. Hopwood, "a little broth with some chopped parsley in it—chopped parsley is a most excellent thing for a cold."—"No, my dear madam, thank you, it may pass off directly; I am subject—" but here his lordship's cough again became so violent, that he was obliged to take refuge in the folds of his handkerchief. "Do, my dear, pray fetch the cough-drops we take in treacle," said Hopwood; "what can we do? If your lordship would but come a little nearer the fire;" and the more his lordship coughed, the more did Mr. Hopwood stir the fire, and the more did Mrs. Hopwood, in her anxiety to aid his lordship, parade before his vision the apparition of the "hare's-foot," which was the exciting cause of the mischief. At length his lordship's paroxysms were checked by the opportune arrival of Georgina, who advanced just within the door, half timidly, yet without the slightest approach to awkwardness, and bowing gracefully to Lord Walgrave, went to her mother. "Ah! Georgina, my love, you are come at last; let me present you to Lord Walgrave," said her father. "Really;" said Lord Walgrave, rising, "and is this young lady your daughter, Hopwood?"—"Our only child, my lord," answered the proud parent. "Then, indeed, I may say sincerely, that I congratulate you upon your good fortune, in calling so very charming a young lady your own," said Lord Walgrave, advancing towards her in his usually graceful manner, to offer his hand. Georgina, before she received or acknowledged the compliment of his lordship, had detected the anomaly of her mother's head-dress, and with a rapid and almost imperceptible movement, transferred it from its singular position to the fire; while Mrs. Hopwood, thinking she had only arranged a stray flower, smiled her approbation."

* From the novel of "Horace Vernon." Colborn.

AFRICAN MONEY.

Among the many highly interesting specimens presented to the *Numismatic Society*, January 24, 1839, Mr. Holroyd exhibited three curious iron coins of African money, from Cordovan, and read an interesting paper upon them. The form of these was very rude, being not unlike the section of a mushroom, and they were but of recent introduction; for, when the country was under the dominion of Darfour, the only medium of barter or exchange was grain. On its conquest by Ali Pasha, he introduced the Egyptian coins; but, on account of the low rate at which every article of life was sold, they soon found it necessary to procure some lower medium of circulation. Iron ore being very plentiful in the neighbourhood, was employed in the fabrication of these coins, forty of which were worth

one Egyptian piastre, or 2½*d.* sterling. A similar instance of this coinage is recorded by Major Denham, at a village in Africa, where the value of the coin, however, varies, and is settled by the proclamation of the chief. This excites considerable stir and excitement, which the bulls and bears take every advantage of; but a very great cause of its fluctuation is when the chief gives a feast.

The Gatherer.

Titles of the Emperor of Austria.—The following description of the numerous titles of the Emperor of Austria, appeared a short time since in the *Journal de Vienne*:—Emperor of Austria; King of Hungary, Bohemia, Lombardy, Venice, Dalmatia, Croatia, Sclavonia, Galicia, Lodonatia, and Illyria; Archduke of Austria; Grand Duke of Tuscany; Duke of Lorraine, Saltzburg, Syria, Carinthia, and the Ukraine; Grand Prince of Transylvania; Margrave of Moravia; Duke of Upper and Lower Silesia, Modena, Parma, Placentia, Guastalla, Auschwitz, Zator, Steschein, Friaul, Ragusa, and Zara; sovereign Count of Hapsburg, and the Tyrol, Kiburg, Gorz, and Gradiska; Prince of Trente and Brienne; Margrave of Upper and Lower Lusace, and Istria; Count of Hohnements, Feldkirch, Bregentz, and Sonnenberg, Lord of Trieste, Cattaro, and the March of Vendes.

W. G. C.

Solon used to say, that laws are like spider's webs, which catch whatever is weak and light, but suffer what is strong or weighty to burst through and escape.

The Zoological Society have purchased a male chimpanzee; he is from eighteen months to two years old. The last report also states, that the female giraffe is with young.

Sneerers.—The most insignificant people are the most apt to sneer at others. They are safe from reprisals, and have no hope of rising in their own esteem, but by lowering their neighbours. The severest critics are always those who have either never attempted, or who have failed in original composition.—*Hazlitt.*

Augustus, hearing that a Roman knight, who had lived extravagantly, had died overwhelmed with debt, and that his goods were to be sold by auction, gave orders to purchase his bedstead. Some of the courtiers expressing their surprise, "I should like," said he, "to have the bedstead on which a man could sleep, who owed so much."

Set Dinners and Suppers.—It is certain the Goths first brought in the custom of set dinners and suppers; that is, of eating two full meals a-day; whereas the ancients used to make a light dinner, eating only to prevent the gnawing of the stomach, but at supper they would take as much as was fit to maintain and nourish them.—*Rabelais.*

The certain way to be cheated, is to fancy oneself more cunning than others.—*Charron.*

Rising and Falling.—Lord Lovat, who was beheaded for the part he took in the rebellion of 1745, had not risen from bed for the two preceding years. When the news of the Prince's landing was communicated to him, he started up and cried—'Lassie, bring me my brogues—*I'll rise now.*'

Answering Letters.—The best time to frame an answer to the letter of a friend, is the moment you receive them: and then the warmth of friendship, and the intelligence received, most forcibly co-operate.—*Temple.*

A young officer of the police, who was stationed on the quay at the Neva, at the setting in of the winter, to prevent any one from attempting the passage of the river until it was sufficiently frozen, discovered a person on the ice, who had escaped the notice of the guard on the opposite side. Being apprehensive of his danger, he called to him to return; but the other, heedless of his entreaties and his threats, kept advancing, until the ice gave way under his feet, and he sunk. The guard called for assistance; but perceiving that none of the spectators attempted to succour the unhappy man, he threw off his coat and plunged in, regardless of his own danger, and by his strength and courage brought the man to the shore, who, two minutes later, must have lost his life. The Emperor Alexander having arrived on the spot at this interesting moment, addressed the officer in the most flattering terms; and, giving him a ring from his finger, promoted him to a station greatly superior to the one he filled. W. G. C.

There is a fine remark recorded of Betterton, the actor, who was asked by a clergyman, "How is it that you actors, who speak of imaginary things, produce more effect on your auditors than we do, who discourse of realities?"—"It is because we on the stage, speak of imaginary things as if they were real, while you in the pulpit, speak of real things as if they were imaginary."

Two coffins, of a rectangular shape, made of oak planks about three inches thick, roughly hewn and nailed together, were lately found on the line of the Bristol and Exeter railway, the locality being that of a Roman station: the skeletons within the coffins were of gigantic size; one was seven feet long, and the other upwards of six feet five inches. They crumbled into dust shortly after exposure to the air.

LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD 143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.—In PARIS, by all the Booksellers.—In FRANCFORT, CHARLES, JUGEL.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 938.] SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1839. [Price 2*d*.

EASTERN INSTITUTION, COMMERCIAL ROAD.

Among the many literary and scientific institutions that have of late years been established in the metropolis for the development of the human mind, none is more appropriately located, than the *Eastern Institution* in the *Commercial Road;* and it has already proved itself a place of great attraction, particularly on the evenings of the musical performances.

The architects, Messrs. Hopkins and Gray, have here produced a very commodious structure, although sparingly embellished externally, possesses great degree of dignity. The south end, or front, retires a little distance from the road, and consists chiefly of a Doric tetrastyle, with fluted columns; there being no windows either within or externally of the portico, which circumstance is in itself favourable to the style adopted for the façade, and stamps it as a public building. The general plan is a parellelogram, about one-half of which is occupied by the great room at the rear, or north end. This apartment, which measures 80 feet by 50, and is 36 high, has a segmental arched ceiling, and the wall at the farther end forms a similar curve. It is lighted by a single range of five windows on each side, placed at a considerable height from the floor, and dressed with architraves and cornices. But, independently of this degree of architectural decoration, the trusses which support the ceiling, and the enrichments of the last-mentioned part, the whole is quite bare, owing to its being at present in an unfinished state, and without any colour whatever to relieve its monotonousness and blankness. On this account, likewise, the two splendid chandeliers with gas-burners, which are of wood, richly carved and gilt, now form too great a contrast with all the rest. Probably some gilding will be applied to the ceiling, and, were it also to be extended to the chambranles, or dressings of the windows, it would tend greatly to architectural keeping as well as embellishment. In fact, the room requires only to be judiciously coloured and decorated to become a very striking one; its dimensions being noble, and it being admirably fitted in itself to receive embellishment from the pencil, whether of colouring alone, or of design likewise, especially the curved end, in front of which is the

orchestra. As a concert-room it is said to be unrivalled, and to be allowed by all the professionalists who have attended the musical performances that have from time to time been given in it, to be most admirably contrived for sound—indeed, to be superior in that respect to any other concert-room in the metropolis. The benches have handsome stuffed cushions and mahogany backs, both which can be removed, so that, when the room is required for public meetings, or similar purposes, the seats are transformed into mere forms, which cannot be damaged by persons stepping over them, or standing upon them. Whenever the room comes to be decorated, some additional dressings and embellishments ought to be bestowed upon the door, in order to give it that architectural importance which will make it accord with the size and character of the apartment.

PETRARCH AND LAURA.

I SAT beside her, and she seem'd
A being betwixt man and angel form'd,
So lovely was her presence!—
I gaz'd on her, and thought, oh, that thine heart
Were mine! or mine so closely wove
Amid the fibres of thine own, that both
Might beat in one!
For thou art good, art beautiful, and fair,
And I will love thee with such holy love
As angels feel, when to their harps' high sounds,
They chaunt, responsive, melody in heaven.

C. S.

INSCRIPTIONS FROM THE BELLS OF KINVER, STAFFORDSHIRE.

For the Mirror.

(Transmitted by Mr. Allen.)

1 Bell. Cui Deus Pater Ecclesia est Mater.*
2 ditto. In Christo solo spem meam repono.†
3 ditto. In suo templo Numen adoro.‡
4 ditto. Opem petentibus subvenit Deus.§

Translations.

* Whom God is Father to the church is mother to.
† In Christ alone I rest my hope.
‡ I adore the Deity in his own temple.
§ God grants help to those who ask for it.

The above-named bells were cast at Gloucester, by Abel Rudhall, 1746.

TO *****.

(For the Mirror.)

I LOVED thee! e'er I knew the meaning of the word,
And when as children, we did play,
And shared each little pleasure,
Whose voice delighted, or whose praise
Sounded so sweet unto mine ears as thine?
But years passed on,
And then, a strange and awkward shyness,
Came in place of that fond welcome
Which in earlier days of childhood,
I was wont to give thee.
When the first dawn of womanhood
Was bursting o'er me, I began to think
More on thee, to ponder o'er thy every word and look.
Each slight was keenly felt, each kindness
Made my heart to bound with joy.
Thy tone, thy touch, would send
The tell-tale blood rushing in torrents
Over brow and neck.
And why? I asked myself should it be thus,
It was not so with others, nor did I feel
That pleasure in another's company I did in thine.
I had not need to question long, it was soon answered.
Did I not learn and read from others?—it was Love!
And could I longer hide from my ownself
That all my heart was thine, and thine alone.
And is my love to thee now chang'd?
Is the tie broken, which then bound me?
Nay!—rather it has strengthened with my years,
And it will last till death,—unless
Thine own inconstancy shall break the chain.

M. S—k.

AN AMERICAN IN ENGLAND.

IN the year 1831, Mr. Maclellan, an American student of divinity, came over to Edinburgh, in order to complete his studies at the University there. Accordingly, he attended the lectures of Dr. Chalmers, Professor Wilson, and others, during the session of that, and of the following year;—devoting the intermediate summer to a tour on the Continent. During the whole of his travels he kept a journal; and as we had the pleasure of his personal acquaintance while in Edinburgh, and mingled with him in many of the scenes he describes, we can vouch for the general accuracy of his sketches. His promising career was cut short by death, three months after he reached home; but his journal, in a condensed form, has been published since; and may be procured at Mr. Hodson's "Depôt for American Publications," Fleet-Street. We intend to extract a few of the graphic descriptions with which the work abounds. They will give our readers an accurate notion of the first impressions produced on a stranger, on visiting our island.

First View of England.

After a voyage of twenty days, our ship dropped anchor in the Mersey. Green hedges of hawthorn, supplied the place of our wooden fences and stone-walls. The fields are not planted with apple orchards so thickly as in our land; but the regular furrows with which nearly the whole landscape was sketched over, indicated a high state of cultivation. The undulations were soft; and if, therefore, less striking than the steep hillsides, retired valleys, and melting lines of beauty which distinguish *our* scenery, they at least communicated a spirit of unity and studied proportion to the whole view. The houses in the villages stood side by side, in undeviating lines; and instead of *our* lovely white cots and villas, a few prominent mansions reigned over the whole scene.

Ladies in Hats.

We were near enough to one of the mansions to see a servant in livery leading up a pair of saddle-horses; on which a gentleman and lady mounted, and rode gracefully off, until we lost sight of them behind a grove of trees. "I declare," said a fellow-countryman on board, "that lady wears her *husband's hat* capitally." I afterwards remarked that this was the usual head-dress of ladies when on

horseback. It was singular to my eyes; but it certainly had an air of security.

Picture of Liverpool.

In the midst of the transparent air, there was a dense cloud; which rose up among a forest of masts, lines of houses, turrets, and steeples. It was the smoke; which, like an evil spirit, hangs day and night over the great city of Liverpool. A little black steamer now came briskly up to us. It was a custom-house boat. It received our letters, and the cabin-passengers; and, in a few minutes, we were running rapidly by the docks; the massive stone-walls of which shut up the shipping of this commercial metropolis. Here and there the large basins communicated, by tide-gates, with the water of the river. The regular character of these docks, and the peculiar slope given to the yards of all the vessels which fill them, have an imposing appearance. Perhaps this unity made its commerce appear to me more extensive than it really is; for my impression was, that the shipping in the harbour, at that time, did not fall much short of that of New York and Boston combined. I was disappointed with the appearances of the stores [warehouses] along the docks. They were built of brick; but the brick was not only irregular in shape, when compared with ours; but its face was rough, and much soiled with dust and coal-smoke. A dark piazza ran along their front; the face of the buildings resting on square pillars. As far as we could see, all was bustle. Heavy drays, and large wagons drawn by huge horses and loaded with cotton, thundered over the pavements. Three things struck me in particular, as soon as I entered Liverpool; — the large size and powerful appearance of the dray-horses; the vast extent and prison-like aspect of the warehouses; and the convenience and stability of the docks. But while the warehouses were so immense, the streets were narrow and choked up;—the side-walks by men, women, and children (nearly all of whom were clothed in wretched garments); and the rest of the street by carts loaded with merchandize. A narrow strip of sky, grey with smoke, shone dimly above; lighting up the street, it is true; but not with that transparent brightness which cheers our towns. The shops in these streets had a contracted and indigent air. After breakfast, I walked with my American companion to the upper part of the town. In this direction the city had more the air of Boston, or New York, than the streets which I had hitherto seen. In general, however, the houses (which were arranged like our own, in connected streets or retired "courts,") were not so elegant as the ranges which distinguish *our* cities. They were not so much adorned by beautiful porticoes, piazzas, and blinds, as *our* habitations. The brick was not so smooth; it was rarely painted white; it was not sustained on granite-bases, as is almost always the case with *us*; nor were the handles of the doors, and the bell-knobs, so often plaited with silver as is usual in *our* cities. Yet if, in general, the houses fell beneath our own in brightness and beauty, nevertheless there were, here and there, houses of uncommon splendour; which would have surpassed our most expensive buildings. I expected this. Wealth is monopolized by the few; hence there is not that beautiful gradation of style which characterises everything *at home*. You would look, therefore, for shoeless beggars and brilliant equipages; and you find them. The society of Liverpool, so far as I came into contact with it, I found refined and agreeable. An American who goes to Liverpool expecting to find beauty, brilliancy, and life impressed on everything, will be disappointed. It undoubtedly possesses a vast amount of wealth; but this must be seen in its costly docks, and extensive warehouses, and the canals which glide into its deep treasure-houses, and its path-way of iron, with its cars laden with precious merchandize. Of its politeness and affability, he must not take the first outward appearance as the measure; for behind the dark and unprepossessing appearances which strike him at first, he will find there all the sweet courtesies which give a charm to life.

An English Equipage.

Here comes a splendid carriage! How it whirls along! It has four horses. Two "jockeys" bestride them;—bobbing up and down, as they kick and spur along at a furious rate. They are a singular genus;—much the same all over England. They are accoutred in a round riding-cap, a short blue peacoat, tight buckskin breeches, white-top-boots, spurs, and a short whip; and have a round red face, just suited to their habiliments. The footman peers up proudly behind. He looks with elevated disdain on all beneath his conspicuous station. In his gold-laced hat, his new blue coat profusely decorated with the same, his red velvet-breeches, his white silk-stockings, his polished shoes, and his unsullied wash-leather gloves, behold the man of place and dignity! The carriage stopped at a splendid house we were passing. One "jockey" sprung from his horse; the footman tripped down from behind; pulled the bell; and a kindred spirit opened the door, bowing his powdered head most complacently. The carriage-door was opened; and a very beautiful, graceful, and elegantly-dressed young lady was handed out. She entered, and we passed on; while the two lacqueys exchanged compliments together on the steps. We admired the beautiful complexion of the lady; and the elegant simplicity of her dress. An elegant simplicity

of taste seemed to me always a pleasing characteristic of English ladies of the first rank. There is not so much of the French diversity of dress. Beauty is never so attractive, as when simply, yet elegantly adorned. It shines like the diamond out of the chaste gold which it decorates. N. R.

Manners and Customs.

LORD AUCKLAND'S VISIT TO MAHARAJAH RANJEET SINGH.

This imposing interview took place, Nov. 30, 1838. The Governor-general, (Lord Auckland) and his suite, having nearly approached the camp of Maharajah, a discharge of artillery announced that he had left his tents, and in a few minutes afterwards, his highness might be seen coming to meet his noble visitors, in all the 'pomp and circumstance' peculiar to an oriental procession.

The scene which now presented itself is utterly beyond description. All that the imagination can conceive of human grandeur, all that the most exuberant fancy can devise in its endeavours to portray the scene of royal splendour, was here bodied forth. Adown the avenue formed by the serried ranks of hundreds of steady horsemen, whose steel casques and gay appointments glittered in the sun, moved two masses of elephants, bearing on their lofty backs the mightiest potentates of the Orient, seated in their gorgeous howdahs, and attended by the chief officers of their respective courts, sumptuously attired. Beyond were seen columns upon columns of scarlet-clad and helmeted troops, "all furnished, all in arms," arrayed with a precision and preserving a steadiness worthy of the best European discipline; while behind and about their ranks, stretching to the east and to the west, was an extensive encampment, in the centre of which were numerous tents of crimson and gold, indicating the chosen abode of a powerful military chieftain. Crowded together, at viewing distance from the legions, thousands of spectators of the humbler classes stood in ranks, preserving a silence, a decorum, and an immobility, which proved the existence of a severe military discipline, even in the walks of civil life. No shouts rent the air, save the licensed clamours of some rude faqueer; no vociferous cheers manifested the exuberant joyousness of a happy population. The admiration of the people—if admiration it were—was only depicted in their silent awe and breathless astonishment, or kept in check by the apprehension of high displeasure. Not many minutes elapsed before the transient view here attempted to be described was interrupted by the rencontre of the two stately processions. It was not difficult to distinguish the Maharajah from his proud and gallant Sirdars, seated on a ponderous elephant in the centre of the line, and habited, as the day before, in his dark crimson shawl-cloth tunic, trousers, and turban, without any tinsel or trinkets—in short, without any relief to the uniformity of his exterior than that presented by a flowing white beard; the sagacious old man came out in strong contrast with his richly-clad attendants and chieftains. On closing with the Governor-general, who, dressed in the blue and gold uniform of a minister of state, bore himself throughout as a nobleman might be expected to do on such an occasion, the Maharajah saluted his lordship, and received him into his howdah, upon which the cannon again "spoke to the trumpet," and the columns of elephants, now united, proceeded to the durbar tents. The arrival at the destination was the signal for another salute from the batteries of Runjeet Singh's horse artillery, while bands of music, uncommonly well trained, played our national anthem, and loud clarions proclaimed the glory of the Maharajah. The tents were enclosed within a vast area of crimson cloth walls, about nine feet high, and decorated with yellow lace. Within the enclosure, in well-arranged ranks, forming numerous allies and guards of honour, stood some 2,000 or 3 000 of the household troops of the Maharajah, clad, for the most part, in crimson silk, or elegant kincaub, and armed with highly-polished matchlocks and shields. The most perfect order, the most profound silence prevailed, broken only by the royal band (formerly in the service of the Begum Sumroo,) and the murmurs of approbation proceeding from European lips. Alighting within this splendid enclosure, the Maharajah conducted Lord Auckland, the Commander-in-chief, and their suite, to the durbar tent, which consisted of a splendidly-carpeted floor, provided with numerous gold and silver chairs, and covered in by a spacious surmeeaun, lined with shawl cloth, placed in front of the Maharajah's principal pavilion. Here the whole assembly took their seats, and the ceremony of the introductions took place, Major Wade, and Mr. W. H. Macnaghten, who sat on Lord Auckland's right, acting as interpreters on the behalf of the English visitors. As the British officers were severally introduced to Runjeet Singh, he addressed a few words to them, and rallied Colonel Skinner upon their old acquaintanceship. The principal Sirdars then presented themselves, and severally did homage to their chief, receiving a few complimentary salaams, and now and then an expression of good will. When the presentations were over, a band of Nautch girls, bedizened with jewellery, and beautified after their fashion with missee, silver-dust, &c. were called in, and formed a little circle, while the most celebrated bayadere treated the company to a few of those singular movements, which here pass for

dancing. The shawls, trinkets, cloths, &c., which constituted the presents on these occasions, were now brought in, exhibited, and then appropriated by the officers of the Governor-general's suite after the ordinary system. The horses, &c., were then inspected; and here terminated the ceremonials of the meeting on the modern "Field of the Cloth of Gold." Some little time was passed in visiting the different tents, inspecting the furniture and other paraphernalia, and conversing with the chief sirdars; and the Governor-general then offered his adieus to the Maharajah, resumed his seat in the howdah, and departed in the order of his coming, the horse artillery, as before, honouring the event by a royal salute.

HUNGER AND GOLD.

Pithius, a Lydian prince, had many gold mines in his small dominions. His poor subjects were used like slaves, and he constrained them to work in his mines, by day and night, without giving them the least respite. His princess, who had a large portion of good sense and humanity, was desirous to reform this inordinate passion in her husband, for though he possessed such large quantities of gold, he was reluctant to purchase even the necessaries of life, and his only pleasure was to hoard it up, and the beholding of it with his insatiable eyes.

Seeing a favourable opportunity, when he returned one day from the amusements of the chase, exceedingly hungry, she took care to have large chargers full of massy wedges of gold served in for dinner. The prince was, at first, much pleased with the spectacle, and gazed upon the gold with peculiar affection; but this delightful and brilliant sight did not remove the urgent cravings of hunger, and he begged of his princess that he might have something to eat.

The prudent princess then addressed her husband with a smiling countenance, "Now is not this what you like best." "You jest," said the prince, "I cannot feed upon gold; and I might starve, though I had in possession all the treasures of that rich metal which the world can afford." The princess replied, "it must, therefore, be a great fault, and the extreme of folly, to have so great a passion for a thing that lies useless in your chests. Be persuaded, my dear prince, that sums locked up are not wealth, and are only valuable when they are exchanged for the necessaries and comforts of life." Pithius took the hint given by his prudent and humane princess. He was quickly so altered in his dispositions, that he became as generous as he had formerly been covetous.

HOROLOGIA HISTORIA.

THE CLOCK-SPHERES OF THE ANCIENTS.

(*For the Mirror.*)

It is probable, that from the most remote times there have been methods of different kinds, and instruments of various forms and principles, used to keep some kind of an account of time; the variation of the lengths and different positions of the shadows cast by vertical objects, would, doubtless, be the first observations made for determining the different times of the day; for the shadows of objects, as is well known, follow in an opposite direction of the sun; thus, in all countries, and at all times, when the sun is rising in the east, the shadows of objects cast on any plane will be towards the west; and on the contrary, when the sun is westerly, the shadow falls eastward; and at the time of the sun's coming to the meridian, the shadows east will fall in a line at right angles to the equator, or due north and south. All these remarkable changes could, I should imagine, not fail to arrest the attention of man, even in the most rude and uncivilized state—for the patriarchs of old, accustomed as they were to seek the shelter afforded by the fine trees of their climate, must have observed, and, perhaps, with astonishment, the continual motion of the shade under which they delighted to sit, whilst enjoying their meals, or sheltering themselves, during repose, from the noontide heat—from which it is easy to imagine that the first instrument used to keep an account of time, would be some sort of machine, so constructed, as to imitate the motions of the shadows cast by vertical objects; and the idea derives considerable support from the curious fact, that the very first instrument recorded, is precisely of this nature, namely, the famous dial of *Ahaz*, of which we learn, from biblical history, that about seven hundred and thirteen years before the birth of Christ, the King Hezekiah revolted against the Assyrian King Sennacharib, to whom he was tributary, but was overpowered by Sennacherib, who took from him several of his fortified cities, and ultimately threatened Jerusalem; and Hezekiah finding that he was in danger of losing both his life and kingdom, made his peace as he could with the Assyrian conqueror; and about this time he was taken seriously ill, and warned by the Prophet Isaiah of his approaching end, but, by his prayers and entreaties, he induced the Lord to order the prophet to return to him, and promise that not only should he recover, but also that his life should be prolonged fifteen years, and his kingdom saved from the impending danger of Syrian invasion; but Hezekiah scarcely crediting these contradictory communications from the prophet, he asked for some signal proof, which the prophet obtained for him by his prayers; and this proof

was the recession of the shadow on the dial ten degrees. The literal meaning of the original words are, "And the Lord brought back the shadow of the steps, or degrees which was gone down by the dial, or degrees of Ahaz, ten degrees or steps." It is extremely difficult either to understand the nature or form of this dial, or the literal meaning of the text; but in regard to the former, perhaps the nearest conclusion is, that it was nothing more than the pannels of the steps or stairs leading to the palace; for the original Hebrew word "Megaloth" means nothing more than "steps, stairs, degrees, or ascents;" and this is the version of the Septuagint, and also, as such it has been translated by the Chaldiac Pharaphrasts, which they rendered by the Greek word "*αναβαθμος*," which is of the same meaning and signification; it has also been called the "stone of time." And most of the various translations make "Maloth" of Ahaz, either "*βαθμος*" or "*αναβαθμος*;" and it may not be uninteresting to know that the Syriac, Arabic, and other versions, give it the same meaning. There are some who have endeavoured to give an account and description of this dial, but their attempts are but guess work, and unsatisfactory, and not to be depended upon; because, from the paucity of the information we have of it, and the length of time elapsed since the miracle happened, we have no means of verifying their assertions.

It has also been a point of controversy, whether the retrogradation of the shadow was occasioned by the actual recession of the sun, or merely of the shadow on the dial alone; the general opinion appears to be that it was confined to the mere recession of the sun's rays on the dial; and this, it is argued, is supported by the fact, that some of the neighbouring kings actually sent ambassadors to Hezekiah to know whether this was really the case or not, because no such phenomena had been observed by them, which would have been the case, undoubtedly, had the sun himself gone back ten degrees, and it is therefore concluded, that this effect was produced by the recession of the sun's rays only; but this does not form any part of our inquiry; it is sufficient for our purpose to know that this is the first time-measuring instrument of which we have any records, and which is brought forward as an illustration of the assertion, that the idea probably originated from observing the variations of the lengths of shadows cast by vertical objects.

And it may be observed here, once for all, that I do not profess to give a detailed account of all the instruments, but only a rapid glance of the progress made towards perfection, omitting many instruments that partake of time-measurers, but are not noticed here, as not coming within the precise nature of the views of this dissertation.

Among the Greeks and Romans, there were principally two methods of measuring their time, which they had already divided into hours, each being of very different principles, the first of which is the "solaria," or sun-dial, and the second, the instrument called the "*πλεψυδρια*," or the Clepsydræ, commonly termed hour-glasses; and they were sometimes also called "Clepsammidium," which is derived from "*πλεψαμμιδιον*," and they are defined as being "*horologium quo metimur horas effletu arenæ*;" that is, a clock measuring time or the hours by the running of sand; but this appears to have been a later mode of making them; for we find, "*nam antiquii aquam in clepsydris ponebant sicut nunc arenas*;" from which we evidently learn that water was the first thing they employed in making their hour-glasses, and they are defined "*est etiam astronomicum organum, sydera dimentients*;" from which we find that they employed them in their astronomical operations. Suidas and Phavorinus also mention that they were employed for this purpose; and we are farther informed by Phavorinus, that it was "a vessel having a little hole in the bottom, which was set in the courts of judicature, full of water, by which the orators pleaded;"* and this, according to the same authority, was to prevent a useless waste of time, by long and unnecessary speaking, a fault, it appears, to which the ancient pleaders were addicted, as well as our modern orators. This mode of speaking by time, was an old custom of the ancient Greeks, and was introduced at Rome by Pompey, the third time he was consul. It is plain that there are many sources of error in the construction of these hour-glasses; for if we allow the time to have been counted or measured by the spouting of the fluid, it will be plain that it will

* Hour-glasses were made use of by the preachers in the days of Cromwell, who, on their first getting into the pulpit, and naming the text, turned up the glass, and if the sermon did not last till the glass was out, it was said by the congregation that the preacher was lazy; and if he continued to preach much longer, they would yawn, and stretch; and by these signs signify to the preacher, that they began to be weary of his discourse, and wanted to be dismissed.*

Hogarth, in his "Sleeping Congregation," has introduced an hour-glass. Ireland, in describing the above print,† gives the following anecdote:

"Daniel Burgess, of whimsical memory, never preached without an hour-glass, and he frequently *saw it out* three times during one sermon. In a discourse which he once delivered at the conventicle in Russel-court, Drury-lane, against drunkenness, some of his hearers began to yawn at the end of the second glass; but Daniel was not to be silenced by a yawn; he turned his time-keeper, and altering the tone of his voice, desired they would be patient a while longer, for he had a much more to say upon the sin of drunkenness; 'therefore,' added he, 'my friends and brethren, we will have another glass—and then I'"

Hour-glasses are now very rarely to be met with in our churches, but there is one on the right of the reading-desk of the church of St. Alban, Wood-street, London.—*Ed. M.*

* Gent. Mag. vol. 74, p. 201.

† See Hogarth illustrated, vol. 1, p. 110.

continually decrease in velocity, according as the head of water decreases,—therefore they must either have had some mechanical means of graduating them, or of having them maintained at constantly the same head of water;—but whatever may have been the exact mode of regulating them, I have not been able to find in any authority.

Ancient sculpture has, in some instances, given us a slight knowledge of their form, which appear mostly to be in shape similar to what we now call minute-glasses: if the instrument was of this nature, it would, as an inevitable consequence, have required a constant attendant to have inverted it when run out; but the previous description expressly states, that they had a hole in the bottom, whence we must certainly infer that this was not the form of the clepsydræ here alluded to. Who was the actual inventor of them is not easy, at this distance of time, to infer; but *Censorinus*, in his *De die Nat*, attributes the invention to *P. Cornelius Nascia*, or, as *Pliny* calls him, the Censor Scipio Nascia, in the following words:—

"*Primus aqua divisit horas atque noctium: erat dierum idque horologium sub lecto dedicavit, anno Urbis 595:*" that is, "Scipio Nasecio was the first that measured the hours by water, by night as well as by day, and that clock he dedicated within doors, in the year U. C. 595," which time would be about the era of Judas Maccabeus, or about 150 years before the birth of Christ. It is rather difficult to understand the exact meaning of the latter part of the sentence used by Pliny, namely, "*sub lecto decavit*;" the literal meaning of *lecto* is to cover, or under shelter or roof; hence, *sub lecto* may be read, as in the text, "within doors."

This short account would lead us to conclude that there was some contrivance or other to maintain the clock in a constant state of action, and also to regulate it, by means not handed down to us; for this was a water-clock. In modern times, we have had several instances of water-clocks being made; amongst many of which, we cite the clock made by Newton, when a boy, which, however, like the rest, was not of much service, either for common use, or the more exact purpose of astronomical observations. But, however, all this vagueness, which characterises the accounts and descriptions that have reached us, will give us some idea of the great difficulty the ancients must have had to combat in their astronomy; and as so much depends upon the accuracy of the time in astronomy, we may wonder however they made so many discoveries in this beautiful and difficult science as they did, and cannot fail to admire their patience and industry, which alone could surmount so many difficulties. We may here observe, that the ancients did not reckon their time as we do, but from sun-rising, and their method of counting the dimensions of the day, differed from ours; the modern day is divided into 24 equal hours, or parts, but the ancient hour was equal to a twelfth part of the day, let what might be the length of the day; and it must therefore be plain, that the hours were longer in summer than in winter. It is not difficult to find the ratio of one of these ancient hours to a modern one; and amongst the Babylonians, Grecians and Romans, three of these hours constituted a "Vigilia," or watch, and amongst most of the ancients generally.

The other method of measuring time, namely, by the solaria, or sun-dial, appears from all the accounts to be of prior date to the clepsydræ, as stated at the beginning of this paper. Pliny, in the second book of his Natural History, states, that "Anaximenes Milesius, the pupil of Anaximander, invented dialing, and was the first that showed a sun-dial at Lacedemon."

Vitruvius calls him Milesius Anaximander, in his well-known book (De Architeo, &c.) Anaximander was one of the ancient philosophers who supported the famous opinion of Pythagoras, that the earth revolved round the sun, and that the sun, and not the earth, was the centre of the world; and according to some, it is believed that they even taught the doctrine of the plurality of worlds.

Having now given a rapid sketch of the early history and opinions as to the origin of the method of time-measuring, &c., previous to the introduction of clock-work, or, more properly speaking, wheel-work, I shall pass at once to a summary description of such machines as are to be found mentioned in the works of the ancients, at all worth noticing.

And the first of these, is that of Dionysius, which is mentioned by the historian and biographer Plutarch, in his life of Dionysius, in which he speaks of a remarkable piece of mechanism, but what it was he does not expressly state; it appears to have been nothing more than a sun-dial of some kind; and therefore, as well as for want of more precise information respecting it, we shall say no more about it.

There is also one mentioned by Eusebius, which belonged to Sapor, one of the kings of Persia; but whether this king was contemporary with that of Constantine the Great, does not sufficiently appear; so inexact are the chronicles of the ancient historians. Cardan, an illustrious mathematician of the middle of the 16th century, and author of the well-known Algebraic Formulas that are called by his name, says, that Sapor could sit in the middle of it, and see its stars rise and set, and that it was made of glass; according to this account, it would appear to have been a large and peculiarly-constructed sphere; but how the king could possibly contrive to sit in the centre of it, is not easy to be con-

ceived; neither does the account state whether this curious machine was moved by clock-work, or whether it had any regular motion at all; but the account stating that the stars in it appeared to rise and set, we therefore infer that it must have had a motion of some sort; but it is extremely difficult to reconcile its motion with the statement of the king being able to sit in the middle of it.

Vitruvius gives a description of another machine of this nature, which is too long to quote here, it appears to have been a piece of clock-work moved by water—the French edition of Vitruvius gives an engraving of it; this instrument performed a great variety of feats, such as blowing trumpets; according to some accounts, which the words of Vitruvius in no way states, it showed the hours through every month of the year, and was capable of projecting stones; the original words relating to this feat are, "*Calculi aut tona projecitur;*" and this also refers to its power of sounding trumpets. And it is not a little curious, that from these three words nearly all the musical historians have laid claim to it as being an hydraulicon, or water-organ; whether they are justified in so doing depends upon the extension they give to the meaning of "tona," for Vitruvius himself appears to be somewhat at a loss here, for he uses the indefinite "*aut*," instead of the positive "*et*." The maker of this curious machine, according to Vitruvius, was one Ctesibius, the son of a barber of Alexandria, and a philosopher of some note, who flourished under Ptolemy Evergetes, according to Athenæus; if so, he lived about one hundred and forty years before the birth of Christ. DALBY LOCKWOOD.

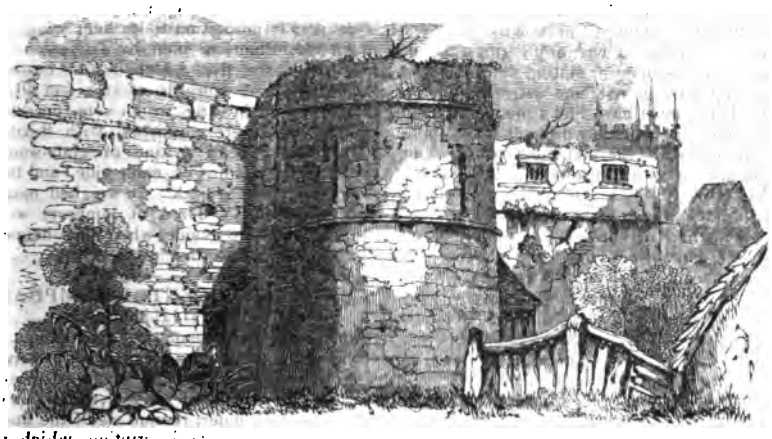
(*To be concluded in our next.*)

MONK FISH.

THE following description of a curious fish is given in the History and Memoirs of the Royal Academy of Sciences, at Paris, for the year 1759:—Some fishermen, who had been out to catch tunny, near the port Cette, on finding their nets heavier than usual, dragged them to shore, when they discovered a monstrous fish, having, between the head and the thickest part of the body, five large membranes, in the form of a monk's hood, which occasioned them to give it the name of monk fish. Under those membranes were holes, through which the water passed in and out with impetuosity; its skin was rough, scaly, and cutting or sharp like the sea-dog. It was twenty-two feet in length, and seventeen in circumference in the largest part of its body; its head was four feet long, with a snout that advanced upwards of a foot beyond the mouth, which was very wide, and of the form of a crescent underneath: it was furnished with very small and sharp teeth, which jutted out a little: the nostrils were under the extremity of the snout: the eyes were little in proportion to its size, being not much more than an inch in diameter: the breadth of the five detached and floating membranes was upwards of two feet; and the organs of hearing, which were concealed under them, were garnished with flexible barbs, that formed a kind of grate-work: there were three fins on each side, and two eminences on the back. It weighed nearly fifty quintals. A dozen of lampreys were found adhering to its sides when the fishermen disengaged it from their nets.—W. G. C.

THE MAGNIFICENT TRIUMPHAL ARCH AT DJIMMILAH.

THE most remarkable object in all Africa, is a splendid triumphal arch, in perfect preservation, at Djimmilah. The sculpture of the cornices, capitals, and freeze, which are of the Corinthian order, remind me of the finest works of Rome. The inscription, which remains entire, informs us that it was dedicated to Caracalla, and Julia, his mother, in the third century of the Christian era. A few paces from this are the remains of a temple, with four pedestals, each supporting a statue, one of Severus, and one of Venus, but the other two are unknown. Opposite to the triumphal arch is a circus, still in good condition. Sepulchral inscriptions abound here, as in all parts, and every thing concurs in proving that Djimmilah, the ancient Cuicul-lum Colonia, was an important Roman station, and in fact a capital city. Near the ruins at Mons was found a fragment of sculpture, representing Roman soldiers, wrought in a pure style. Not far from this were observed a number of tombs, close to each other, four or five of which appear to have been perfectly uninjured. The upper stones alone have been removed, merely to admit of a search for the contents, the Arabs having been satisfied with opening without destroying them. On arriving at Setif, our notice was first attracted by the ruins of a citadel, forming a rectangle, about 200 yards by 150 yards. We counted ten towers on the walls, placed at unequal distances, and in positions to flank each other. The stones with which this citadel was built, were evidently taken from some more ancient structure, and we hence infer that it was not erected by the Romans. Among the ruins we turned up several capitals of a rude and irregular order. There were, in fact, three generations of ruins. Some of the towers have been converted by the Beys into *silos*. Every opening in the sides is carefully closed up, and the corn is let down from an aperture in the roof, which, when the *silo* is full, is also closed up, and when the corn is wanted for consumption, a new opening is made at the bottom, by which it is taken out.—*Correspondent of the* Debats; *inserted in the Times Journal*, 1839.



NORTH-EASTERN ANGLE OF THE CITY WALLS AT ROCHESTER.

THE above engraving will convey to the reader not only a representation of the venerable relic named above, but also enable him to form some idea of those propugnacula, or bulwarks, by which our civic forefathers were erst defended. The wall, which is about thirty feet high, is remarkably entire near this point, and still retains its ancient form and embrasures, but the circular tower at the angle was probably of greater altitude. It consists, at present, of three stages; the second having long narrow windows, at once affording light, and the means of annoying an enemy: the third, or upper stage, was, no doubt, crowned with embrasures similar to the wall. Within this tower is a winding staircase. The walls of Rochester, of which there are considerable remains, are of great antiquity, having been mentioned so far back as the time of Ethelbert, A.D. 600, in a grant which he made to the neighbouring cathedral; and from the Roman bricks now, or until lately, to be seen in them, there is very little doubt of its having been a fenced city, though the general appearance of the present relics only allow us to consider them coeval with the walls of the adjoining castle, which they exactly resemble; both having been repaired by Edward the Fourth, in or about 1472. C. S.

Fine Arts.

THOUGHTS OCCASIONED BY THE APPEARANCE OF PREMATURE DECAY IN THE PAINTINGS OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

THERE is not perhaps a more humiliating sensation in the breast of the man who really loves his country, and rejoices in the progress of her arts, than the sad conviction that some of her brightest ornaments are sinking into premature oblivion. Such have been my feelings both in the public repository and private gallery, when the works of this illustrious artist have been presented to my view; and I have lamented that while Titian and Rembrandt ramained in unsullied purity of colour, and the sunshine of Claude illuminated every landscape with its fascination and glory, many of the productions of the man who could raise by his transcendent talents, the degraded and fallen English School of Art, and at the same time elevate himself to the highest point of pictorial greatness, should show but too evident symptoms of decay. I would that I were mistaken, and that others might convince me of erroneous judgment! But alas! there are not a few who will be inclined to agree with me, and think, that even as the shades of night fall thickly upon and obscure the beautiful landscape, which during the day we have been delighted to contemplate, so is there reason to fear that the nullifying spirit of obscuration is covering the splendid works of Sir Joshua with its wings. Nor need we go far for proofs of this regretted fact: for both at Dulwich and the National Gallery are instances at once painful to the artist and the Englishman. Who can regard any of the beautiful pictures of Claude in the Angerstein Collection, magnificent in composition, glowing in all the beauty of their magic lights, and faultless in perspective; or study the stupendous painting of the Rape of Ganymede by the matchless Titian, and Lazarus again *revivified*, if I may use such a pleonasm, by the pencil of Sebastiano del Piombo—who, I repeat, can look upon these exquisite gems, their colours all rich, all brightly glowing, as it were, in the garments

of yesterday, though ages have elapsed since the hand that painted became motionless and cold, and then turn to the Banished Lord, or the Holy Family, in the same collection, without exclaiming, in the anguish of his heart, Ichabod! Ichabod! the glory is departing from among us? It would be well, if while sympathising in an exile's fate, which the melancholy countenance pourtrayed in this matchless painting never fails to bring vividly on the speculum of the mind, or regretting the sad discoloration which has taken place in the latter-mentioned beautiful picture, which has been considered as one of the first productions that ever emanated from Sir Joshua's pencil, we could console ourselves with the reflection that these were the only instances. But no, the same lamentable contrast is visible elsewhere; the picture at Dulwich, of "Mrs. Siddons, in the character of the Tragic Muse," is fast fading away; and I fear that no great period will elapse ere it will become to us, even as the form it was intended to represent, lost and irrecoverable. The "Death of Beaufort" is another proof of the declination I deplore; though perhaps the composition of this picture will enable many to say, that it might be better spared than any other of his works; for notwithstanding the eulogium of Opie, who professes to know of "none in modern times who availed himself of poetic license with more address than Sir Joshua did in this instance," and who declares, what possibly may be the fact, with one exception, that "the varied beauties of this work might well employ a great part of a lecture," though he passed them over, and discussed only the *effect* of the "visionary devil crouched close, and listening eagerly behind the pillow of the dying wretch;" which he considers as invigorating "the subject with appropriate interest and terror," and clearing up all *ambiguity*, by informing us, "that the sufferings" so forcibly delineated "did not originate in the mere pang of death," but in "the overwhelming horrors of a guilty and awakened conscience." Opie insists most energetically on the absolute necessity for the presence of the demon, and declares it to be an accessory "so completely successful, that far from being regarded an unwarrantable license, it is justified by all rules of sound criticism," and ought to be considered a signal example of artistical invention. Such was the opinion of Opie on this subject; but I rather agree with Allan Cunningham, in decrying this hideous and shapeless supernumerary "as foreign to any just perception of the poet, and consider it as offensive to the feelings of charity in man. Do we need any stronger proof in the poet to express the utter hopeless state of the departing sinner, than the words,

"Lord Cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thine hand, make signal of thy hope—
He dies, and makes no sign."

Or can any attribute in the painting be necessary beyond the agonized countenance, the firmly-closed teeth, the horribly-fixed and dying eye, together with the distorted position of the head upon the pillow, to prove that the wretched being before us

"Died not the death of the righteous, neither was his end like his."

But however opinion may be divided respecting this picture, it partakes largely of the appearance of decay which seems to pervade the generality of the paintings by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Many commentators have spoken respecting the cause of this decline; by some he has been accused of using colours liable to speedy volition, though perhaps the most likely point to which it may be referred was a mania for discovery, which induced him to enter the wide, and (to an artist) dangerous region of chemical experiment. Whatever the cause may have been, we are told by Cunningham, that this great painter was at length convinced of its dangerous effect by the appearances of decay in those very works which he doubtless hoped would have become monuments of art for the imitation of posterity. Poor Sir Joshua, what must have been thy feelings at the discovery of the nascent symptoms which have now become so alarmingly apparent! you had taken Titian for your prototype; to be a Titian was the supreme object of your great ambition. An object which you nobly attained; for your productions have shown an admiring world the glories of the Venetian School, combined with all that is good and excellent in the practice and colouring of others; and whenever art shall be encouraged, or science esteemed, then will thy name and memory be held forth for honourable distinction.

C. S.

TRAVELS TO DISCOVER THE BEGINNING OF THE WORLD.

I was the only son of Athenian parents, who bestowed on me the name of Ctesias. Brought up under the care of a mother, who was known by the title of "the Beautiful Cinyra," I became, in my younger years, skilful in most of the elegant accomplishments of the day. I arrived at some excellence in touching the strings of the harp, and could sing many a national melody, either to tones Ionian or Doric. But as I advanced to maturer years, the elegancies of life gave way to the pursuit of manlier studies; and without mingling in the affairs of the state, I consecrated my days to the study of philosophy. The celebrated masters who attended me, perpetually enlightened me by their counsels, and with them I re-ascended to the principles

of morality and natural physics. The profundity of their wisdom, the abundance of their entertaining information, enhanced by a forcible style and pleasant mode of conveyance, altogether enraptured me, and made me surrender up myself totally to them. It was through these conversations, and under the imposing majesty of the discourses delivered to me by my chief tutor, the Philosopher Anaxagoras, who delighted to develop to me the principles of being, and the phenomena of nature, that my mind, (though naturally elevated,) seemed to have become imperceptibly aggrandized.

Happy indeed was the climate I inhabited: the spring-tide of it is like the morning of a beautiful day: one not only enjoys the blessings which it brings, but those also which it promises. The day of which I speak was one of the loveliest of which the clime is capable: a pure and equal light, reposing sweetly upon all objects, seemed like the light with which the gods are crowned on Olympus. I became insensibly lulled into a kind of dreamy existence by the sound of trees agitating their leafy tops—the borders of Ilyssus, resonant with the melody of birds, and swarms of "the children of the golden hive," busily humming about thymy hymettus. I was aroused from my reverie by the sound of many approaching footsteps, and the murmur of many glad voices. I waited expectingly, and at length a troop of youthful Athenians, crowned with flowers, and redolent of perfumes, passed by me, on their way to offer their festal gifts at a neighbouring altar, pouring as they went, sweet hymns on the fragrant winds. The clear light, while it illuminated their white vestures, brought out more conspicuously than all the rest of their attire, a golden "lettix," or grasshopper, which the whole company bore upon their heads. Though I had made myself acquainted with most of the mysteries and modes of worship of my own and of other nations, yet this symbol had escaped my notice. Upon making inquiry as to the signification of this insect, I was informed that they carried it in remembrance of their race having had its beginning in the soil: that they considered themselves as the Autochthons, or Aborigines of the world, and that they therefore wore it, in testimony of their origin. This explanation led me into a new train of thought: there seemed to me something repugnant to philosophy in the idea that my forefathers should have had their beginning in the soil, and indignant that my fellow-countrymen should assume or receive appellations conformable to such a conceit. This doctrine indeed afforded me very slender satisfaction, and appeared to me to affix a very improbable point to the beginning of the world.

At this time a great sensation was created in the literary world of Greece, by a report spread abroad that the ablest philosopher of the day was about to produce a new book, (Aristotle de Cœlo,) treating on the constitution of the heavens. I was hereupon anxious indeed to know what the wisest of the philosophers determined about the beginning of the world, since it had escaped that a branch of his work touched upon this singular question. Judge how cruelly I was perplexed by the new hypothesis started by him—one which seemed to plunge me into much deeper gloom and darkness than the former grovelling opinion, when I found him maintaining that the world never had any beginning at all: an opinion which he endeavoured to confirm with arguments of reason, and those apparently demonstrative, and wherein it seemed, upon the grounds assumed by him, (that of physical generation, and a primary or first matter, beyond which there was no band apprehended,) that his labours were rational, and even uncontroulable.

Zealous on this point, I penetrated still further into metaphysical subtleties, and engaged myself in forming new theories on this intricate subject: but I at length gave up the search bewildered, and found myself at the conclusion little wiser than at the outset.

Still it was a point on which I was resolved to know something more. From travellers who had visited Egypt, and others who had penetrated into the inhospitable Scythia, great accounts had been from time to time brought, of the wisdom of the priests of the one, and of the magi of the other country. I was rich and wealthy—what impediment was there then to my travelling in those regions. I determined finally to visit Egypt,—to contemplate the enormous Pyramids, which had already stood for ages, and which promised to last for the coming eternity. Surely I should there find an account to my satisfaction. Whether or not I would venture; and if unsuccessful there, I would then wrap my cloak around me, and set out in search of Scythia and her wisdom.

I accordingly departed for Egypt. I need not tell of my emotions, as I sought this land of wonders; for they have often been expressed by abler tongues than mine. On inquiring of the dark-cowled priests of Ombos, I found that they also referred to their soil for their origin and antiquity. Not from chronology, or the records of time, did they attempt to deduce the origin of things, or deliver their own beginning, but they betook themselves to probabilities, and the conjectures of philosophy. I found that they were quite at a loss to account for the origin of men, but they were vehemently eloquent in pleading their antiquity from the fertility of their soil, showing that men must have first inhabited, where they were with most facility

sustained, and such a land they conceived their own to be. But this argument, deduced from the fertility of the soil, when I came to duly inquire into it, seemed to me rather to overthrow, than promote their antiquity: for their own country, whose fertility they so haughtily advanced, was in elder and ancient times neither firm or open land; but rather a vast lake, or part of the sea; and indeed, according to their own tradition, became a gained ground by the mud and alluvial matter brought down by the river, which settled by degrees into a firm land, and was in reality an accession of the earth, or tract of land acquired by the river.

But the Egyptians invented also another way of trial to prove which was the elder nation, and which had consequently the priority of beginning. Psamnitichus, their king, attempted this decision by a new and unknown experiment. He determined upon bringing up two infants with goats, in a place where they had never heard the voice of man, concluding that to be the ancientest nation, whose language should be first spoken. But king Psamnitichus did not go far enough back, for herein he forgot, that speech came by instruction, not by instinct—by imitation, not by nature.

Such then were the unsatisfactory reasons which I obtained from Egypt, concerning the beginning of the world. One resource was now only left me. There was another nation famed as highly for its learning as the Egyptian, and who maintained their point with the same violence and prejudice as did the descendants of Mizraim.

Transporting myself, therefore, to the bleak latitudes of Scythia, I addressed myself to those who were most distinguished for the profoundness of their attainments, and the sagacity of their understanding.

The Scythians, although a colder and a heavier nation, yet urged more acutely than the Egyptians, that theirs was the greater antiquity—that they were the beginners of the world. They deduced their arguments from the two active elements and principles of all things, fire and water: for, reasoned they, if of all things there was first an union, and that afterwards fire over-ruled the rest, surely that portion of earth which was coldest would first get free, and afford a place of habitation: but if, on the other hand, all the earth were first involved in the opposite power, namely, water, still those parts would surely first appear, which were most high and of most elevated situation: and such was theirs.

I must confess, that this plausible exposition pleased me wonderfully at first: they were reasons which carried the palm of antiquity from the Egyptians: but yet it confirmed it not to the Scythians. But on graver consideration afterwards, I saw that I was still no wiser than before, and that the beginning of the world was still to me a marvel, and a hidden mystery.

I once again returned to my native country. Walking again over the fields of Greece, sporting in its vallies, enjoying its brilliant days and its delicious nights, I lost the sense of mortification and disappointment which the failure in my search had occasioned. Yet when at times the recollections of this theme come across my mind, the subject seemed to me so veiled and lost in such an authentic obscurity, that unless some supernatural power scatter the darkness, and lay open the yet concealed truth, men will still come to the end without having arrived at the beginning.

W. Archer.

INGRATITUDE PUNISHED.

In the renowned city of Athens there were judges appointed to punish ingratitude, but the case happened so seldom, that they had no employment. They deemed it very irksome to go to court without having any cause laid before them, and at last suspended a bell, to be rung by those who had any employment for them. The bell hung a long time before any person had occasion to ring, so long, indeed, that some grass upon the side of the wall had entwined around the bell-rope. It happened about this time, that a man had an horse become so feeble by age, that he was unable any longer to work for his meat, therefore he turned him out of the stall to die, or to seek his food where he could find it.

The poor horse walked in a very disconsolate manner through the streets, as if he had foreseen that he would soon be starved to death. During his painful wanderings, he, by chance, approached the court-house of these judges, and perceiving the grass growing upon the side of the wall, he exerted his whole remaining strength to seize it. He raised himself upon his hinder feet, but it was in vain. He could not reach the grass, but only the rope, which, by pulling, he rung several times.

The judges coming, and seeing no person, were convinced that the horse had rung the bell. They inquired to whom he belonged, and were informed by the neighbours, that he belonged to no person, because his master had turned him off, being unable to work. The judges said, this is really a case which comes properly before us. It is cruel ingratitude for this man to cast away a poor animal worn out in his service—it must not be permitted. They accordingly sent for the master, and made him pay a sum of money sufficient to maintain the horse during the evening of his days.

ANECDOTES OF CELEBRATED PERSONS.

From German Works.

Louis XIV.—The grand monarque was noted for his imposing look. On one occasion, however, as he was reviewing some of his troops, he was unable to put a soldier out of countenance, so stern and unbending was the man's gaze. "How is it," said the king, "that you dare thus look at me?" "Sire," replied the undaunted son of Mars, "none but the eagle can fix his eyes on the sun." This man, from the fixed nature of his gaze, was surnamed "the Eagle."

Fontenelle.—This celebrated man lived to be a hundred years of age. A few months before his death he was at the theatre, when being accosted by an English nobleman, who professed to have come all the way from England on purpose to see him, he replied: "My lord, I have left you plenty of time."

Frederick II.—His majesty, looking out of the window one day, saw a number of people reading a paper stuck against a wall. "Go and see," said the king to a page in waiting, "what those people are reading." "Sire," said the page, on his return, trembling with fear, "it is a satire on your person." "Indeed," replied his majesty, coolly; "just step down again, and put the paper more on a level with their visual organs, I am afraid it is rather too high."

This monarch was of an exceedingly familiar turn of mind: "Come," said he, one day to the Abbé Raynal, who was presented to him, whilst surrounded by his generals, "Come, my good fellow, we are both old, let us sit down and have a chat."

Reuchlin.—The celebrated author of "De Arte Cabalistica," having reached a village where he was obliged to wait for his carriage at an inn, filled with drunken obstreperous peasants, hit upon one of the strangest plans for silencing such an assemblage, as was ever heard of. He called for a glass of water and a piece of chalk. With the latter he described on the table a circle surmounted by a small cross; on the right of this circle he placed the glass, on the left a knife, and in the very middle his book. and so began to read, at times uttering strange sounds. The peasants taking him for nothing less than a sorcerer, held their tongues in amazement, and Reuchlin was thus enabled to read for a good half hour in peace, when at length his carriage came.

Montesquieu.—On leaving Rome, Montesquieu waited on the Pope, Benedict XIV., with the intention of taking leave. His holiness, desirous of conferring on the Savan some signal mark of his favour, said to him, "We grant you the permission to eat flesh on all fast days, and of our goodness extend this favour to your posterity for ever." Montesquieu tendered his thanks to his holiness, and took his leave. The bishop who acted the part of chamberlain, conducted the author to an adjoining apartment, where the Pope's bull of dispensation was handed over to him, accompanied with the demand of a pretty considerable fee. Montesquieu having cast his eyes on the document, returned it to the donor, observing, that as the Pope was so righteous a man, he would not think of doubting his word, which he certainly would do, in taking the bull of dispensation.

Frederick II. was, on the occasion of his passage through a small town, accosted by several of the dignitaries of the place. One of these, stepping forward to deliver his speech, was most unceremoniously interrupted by a donkey a few feet off, which began to bray in a most unmusical strain. The king was unable to restrain his merriment, and laughing outright, exclaimed, "Do, I beg of you, each speak in your turn; it is impossible for me to understand you, if you will both talk together."

Philip the Good.—As Philip, Duke of Burgundy, was walking through the streets of Bruges, he found on his path a drunken man, sound asleep. He had him removed and carried to the ducal palace, where having caused him to be stript of his rags, he was placed in one of the richest beds, with a costly night-shirt on his body, and a perfumed night-cap on his head. As may be supposed, the poor drunkard was not a little amazed when he awoke, to find himself in such strange circumstances—he was much more so when he saw several fine gentlemen approach him with low bows, inquiring what dress his highness would be graciously pleased to wear on that day. This question, of course, completed the poor fellow's astonishment; he was, he said, nothing more than a wretched cobbler—but it was all to no purpose, the attentions paid to him were redoubled, and he at length found himself compelled to submit to all their officiousness. When he was dressed, the transformed cobbler was conducted in state to the chapel, to hear mass; at the end of which ceremony, he goodnaturedly allowed his hand to be kissed, which, however, as may be supposed, was not one of the fairest. After this pantomime, he was sumptuously fared, then taken for an airing in a superb chariot, then to the opera, and to wind up all, to a magnificent ball, where the most lovely creatures he ever beheld, vied with each other to please and to amuse him. A substantial supper followed the dance; bottle after bottle passed before the eyes of the enraptured cobbler, glassfulls after glassfulls followed each other in rapid succession down his throat; till at length, completely overwhelmed by liquor and excitement, he dropped off into a sound sleep,

during which he was once more reinvested in his old clothes, and carried to the spot whence he was conveyed to the Duke's palace. The next morning he could not find words enough to relate to his wife with sufficient effect, the delightful dream he had had. H. M.

ON THE INSTINCT AND INTELLIGENCE OF ANIMALS.

*By Lord Brougham.**

"BEGINNING with laying aside those actions of animals which are either ambiguous, or are referable properly to reason, and which, almost all philosophers allow, show a glimmering of reason; and confining ourselves to what are purely instinctive, as the bee forming a hexagon, without knowing what it is, or why she forms it; my proof of this, not being reason, but something else, and something not only differing from reason in degree, but in kind, is from a comparison of the facts, an examination of the phenomena in each case—in a word, from induction. I perceive a certain thing done by this insect, without any instruction, which we could not do without much instruction. I see her working most accurately without any experience, in that which we could only be able to do by the expertness gathered from much experience. I see her doing certain things which are manifestly to produce an effect she can know nothing about; for example, making a cell, and furnishing it with carpets, and with liquid, fit to hold and to cherish safely a tender grub, she never having seen any grub, and knowing nothing, of course, about grubs, or that any grub is ever to come, or that any such use—perhaps, any use at all—is ever to be made of the work she is about. Indeed, I see another insect, the solitary wasp, bring a given number of small grubs, and deposit them in a hole which she has made, over her egg—just grubs enough to maintain the worm that egg will produce when hatched; and yet this wasp never saw an egg produce a worm, nor ever saw a worm—nay, is to be dead long before the worm can be in existence; and, moreover, she never has in any way tasted or used these grubs, or used the hole she made, except for the prospective benefit of the unknown worm she is never to see. In all these cases, then, the animal works positively without knowledge, and in the dark. She also works without designing any thing; and yet she works to a certain defined and important purpose. Lastly, she works to a perfection in her way; and yet she works without any teaching or experience. Now, in all this she differs entirely from man, who only works well, perhaps at all, after being taught—who works with knowledge of what he is about—and who works, intending and meaning, and, in a word, designing to do what he accomplishes. To all which may be added, though it is rather, perhaps, the consequence of this difference, than a separate and substantive head of diversity, the animal works always uniformly and alike, and all his kind work alike; whereas no two men work alike, nor any man always, nay, any two times, alike. Of all this I cannot, indeed, be quite certain, as I am of what passes within my own mind, because it is barely possible that the insect may have some plan or notion in her head, implanted as the intelligent faculties are: all I know is the extreme improbability of it being so; and that I see facts, as her necessary ignorance of the existence and nature of her worm, and her working without experience; and I know that, if I did the same things, I should be acting without having learned mathematics, and should be planning in ignorance of unborn issue; and I therefore draw my inference accordingly as to her proceedings."

We shall now quote a few *facts* relative to the sagacity of animals.

"In the forests of Tartary and of South America, where the wild horse is gregarious, there are herds of 500 or 600, which, being ill prepared for fighting, or indeed for any resistance, and knowing that their safety is in flight, when they sleep, appoint one in rotation who acts as sentinel, while the rest are asleep. If a man approaches, the sentinel walks towards him, as if to reconnoitre or see whether he may be deterred from coming near—if the man continues, he neighs aloud, and in a peculiar tone, which rouses the herd, and all gallop away, the sentinel bringing up the rear. Nothing can be more judicious or rational than this arrangement, simple as it is. So a horse, belonging to a smuggler at Dover, used to be laden with run spirits, and sent on the road unattended to reach the rendezvous. When he descried a soldier, he would jump off the highway, and hide himself in a ditch, and when discovered, would fight for his load. The cunning of foxes is proverbial; but I know not if it was ever more remarkably displayed than in the Duke of Beaufort's country; where Reynard, being hard pressed, disappeared suddenly, and was, after strict search, found immersed in a water-pool up to the very snout, by which he held a willow bow hanging over the pond. The cunning of a dog, which Serjeant Wilde tells me of as known to him, is at least equal. He used to be tied up as a precaution against hunting sheep. At night he slipped his head out of the collar, and returning before dawn, put on the collar again, in order to conceal his nocturnal excursions.* Nobody has more familiarity with various animals

* *Dissertation on Subjects of Science Connected with Natural Theology*; 2 vols. Knight and Co.

* [There are numerous instances of similar sagacity in dogs: one will suffice:—A farmer, of Presteign, in Radnorshire, having had a number of sheep killed, was resolved on discovering the des-

(besides his great knowledge of his own species) than my excellent, learned, and ingenious friend, the Serjeant; and he possesses many curious ones himself. His anecdote of a drover's dog is striking, as he gave it me, when we happened, near this place, to meet a drove. The man had brought seventeen out of twenty oxen from a field, leaving the remaining three there mixed with another herd. He then said to the dog, "Go, fetch them;" and he went and singled out those very three. The serjeant's brother, however, a highly respectable man, lately sheriff of London, has a dog that distinguishes Saturday night, from the practice of tying him up for the Sunday, which he dislikes. He will escape on Saturday night, and return on Monday morning. The serjeant himself had a gander which was at a distance from the goose, and hearing her make an extraordinary noise, ran back and put his head into the cage—then brought back all the goslings, one by one, and put them into it with the mother, whose separation from her brood had occasioned her clamour. He then returned to the place whence her cries had called him."

THE ABOLITION OF THE GLADIATORS AT ROME.

An historian informs us, that "the first Christian emperor may claim the honour of the first edict which condemned the art and amusement of shedding human blood, but this benevolent law expressed the wishes of the prince with reforming an inveterate abuse, which degraded a civilized nation below the condition of savage cannibals. Several hundreds, or thousands of victims were annually slaughtered in the great cities of the empire; and the month of December more particularly devoted to the combats of gladiators, still exhibited to the eyes of the Roman people, a grateful spectacle of blood and cruelty.

Amidst the general joy of the victory of Pollentia, a Christian poet entreated the emperor to extirpate, by his authority, the horrid custom which had so long resisted the voice of humanity, and of religion. The pathetic representations of Prudentius, the Christian poet, were less effectual than the generous boldness of Telemachus, an Asiatic master, whose death was more useful to mankind than his life. The rash master descended into the arena to separate the gladiators; but the Romans were enraged with the interruption of their pleasures, and overwhelmed the master with a shower of stones. The madness of the people, however, soon subsided; they respected the memory of Telemachus, who had deserved the honours of martyrdom, and, without a murmur, they submitted to the laws of Honorius, which for ever abolished the human sacrifices of the amphitheatre.

troyer; and, accordingly, having secreted himself so as not to be seen by the enemy, yet to have a full view of the field, he took his station; and before morn had scarcely dawned, he saw *Boxer* enter the field, stealing alongside the hedge, and presently seizing one of the sheep by the throat, began to suck its blood: having satisfied himself, he returned home, cautiously followed by his master, who perceived him enter his kennel, place his fore feet on the collar to steady it, and then thrust his head in. This creature was a great favourite, being an invaluable yard dog, for, like some bibeds, although himself a culprit, he would allow no one else to rob within his domain. The farmer hesitated for some time; at length public justice overcame private friendship; and *Boxer* was condemned to be shot.—*Ed. M.*]

THE EMPEROR OF CHINA AND THE MERCHANT.

During the reign of an emperor of China, who was celebrated for the vigour and strictness of his justice, a viceroy of one of the provinces of that vast empire, that lay most remote from the imperial city, having wrongfully confiscated the estate of an honest merchant, and reduced his family to poverty; the poor man found means to travel as far as the emperor's court, where he obtained a letter to the viceroy, commanding him to restore the goods which he had taken so illegally. Far from obeying this command, the viceroy put the merchant into prison; but having the good fortune to escape, he went again to the capital, and threw himself at the emperor's feet, who treated him with great humanity, and gave orders that he should have another letter. The merchant wept at this resolution, and represented how ineffectual the first had proved; and the reasons he had to fear that the second would be as little regarded. The emperor, who had been stopped by this complaint, as he was going in great haste to dine in the apartment of one of his favourites, became a little discomposed, and answered with some emotion, that he could do no more than send his commands, and that if the viceroy refused to obey them, he told the merchant to put his foot upon the viceroy's neck. "I implore your majesty's compassion," replied the merchant, at the same time holding fast the emperor's robe, "his power is too mighty for my weakness; and your justice prescribes a remedy, which your wisdom has never examined." The emperor had, by this time, recollected himself; and, raising the merchant from the ground, said, "you are in the right: to complain of him was your part, but it is mine to see him punished. I will appoint commissioners to go back with you, and make search into the grounds of his proceeding; with power, if they find him guilty, to deliver him into your hands, and leave you viceroy in his stead; for, since you have taught me how to govern, you must be able to govern for me."—W. G. C.

R. BURFORD'S PANORAMAS OF ROME, AND THE COLISEUM.

We were invited to a private view of Mr. Burford's Panoramas of Rome, and the Coliseum, on Monday last; and a real intellectual treat it was.

The painting in the Upper Circle, represents the *Ruins of the Coliseum*, taken from the third tier of arches; thus enabling the spectator to obtain a comprehensive view of the magnificent remains of this celebrated amphitheatre, he seems standing

> "Within the Coliseum's wall,
> 'Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome;"

and while gazing on this splendid wreck of "ruinous perfection," the mind is lost in awe and admiration. What a lesson it presents to the philosopher, the poet, and the historian! how forcibly it tells us, that "nations and empires rise and fall, flourish and decay;" not alone by Time, but as much perhaps by the ambition and mischievousness of Man! It is indeed difficult to describe this truly brilliant picture, so replete with *faithful* scenes of sublime interest. The colouring is vivid—the effect of the whole enchanting.

In the Lower Circle is the *View of Rome*; taken from the Tower of the Capitol. This is also a painting that reflects the highest credit on Mr. Burford. We know not which to admire most—the gigantic fragments, and splendid monuments, telling us so forcibly of mighty Rome's former grandeur; or the defaced triumphal arches; its prostrate columns; or its porticos; all are so powerfully impressive, blended as they are with the architectural beauties of the magnificent palaces and other stupendous structures of this once Mistress of the World!—The "Eternal City!"—Imperial Rome!

The above two panoramas are, certainly, Mr. Burford's *chef d'œures*; and ought to be seen by every one; presenting, as they do, scenes of such vital interest. Doubtless they will prove great favourites with the Public; as they richly deserve to be.

The Gatherer.

Inland Navigation.—The navigable canals used for the transport of goods and produce in England alone, are estimated now to exceed 2,200 miles in length, while the navigable rivers exceed 1,800 miles, making together more than 4,000 miles of inland navigation, the greater part of which has been created or rendered available during the last 80 years. The whole extent of navigable canals at this moment available in Ireland, does not amount to 300 miles; and, including navigable rivers, the entire water communication does not exceed 400 miles for the whole island.

Extraordinary Egyptian Stone Coffin.—There is now on board of the brig Elizabeth Ann, Captain Ellis, lying at the north end of the Queen's dock, a remarkably ancient Egyptian stone coffin, recently imported from Alexandria, in the vessel called the Hope, whence it has been transhipped, to be taken to the British Museum. It is eight feet six inches in length, measured outside, and three feet six inches in width. It is covered with curious carvings of human figures, hieroglyphics, and emblematical devices. It was discovered far in the interior of Egypt, and has been sent to England by our consul at Alexandria. The cost of its conveyance it is supposed will reach 1,000*l.*, owing to the want of roads in Egypt, and the necessity of employing men, chiefly as carriers.—*Liverpool paper.*

Society.—No one living thing in society can be independent. The world is like a watch-dog, which fawns on you or tears you to pieces.

The strong and growing disposition of the working-classes to provide against the casualties of life, is evidenced in the rapid increase of deposits in the various Saving Banks. In the St. Mary-le-bone Bank, 2,888 new deposits were made in the last year: 11,278 deposit accounts remained open in November last; when upwards of £196,200 was invested with the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt; and the amount has since risen to £205,000, and is rapidly advancing.

Augustus, having ordered a purple robe, complained to the maker, when he brought it, of the dullness of the colour. "You will not think it dull," said the man, "if you will hold it up to a bright light."—"What, then," said the emperor, "will it be always necessary for me to sit in a bright light when I wish to appear well dressed?"

Macrob. Sat. II. 4.

Edward Moore.—(Author of a periodical paper called The World.)—It is rather extraordinary, that though this gentleman was totally ignorant of every language but his own, it has been universally allowed, that few men wrote better in prose or verse, or showed more knowledge of the classics in applications and allusions to them.

Napoleon.—A stranger having entered the apartment where the Emperor Napoleon was shaving himself, when in a little town in Italy, he said, "I want to see your great Emperor—what are *you* to him?" The Emperor replied, "*I shave him.*"

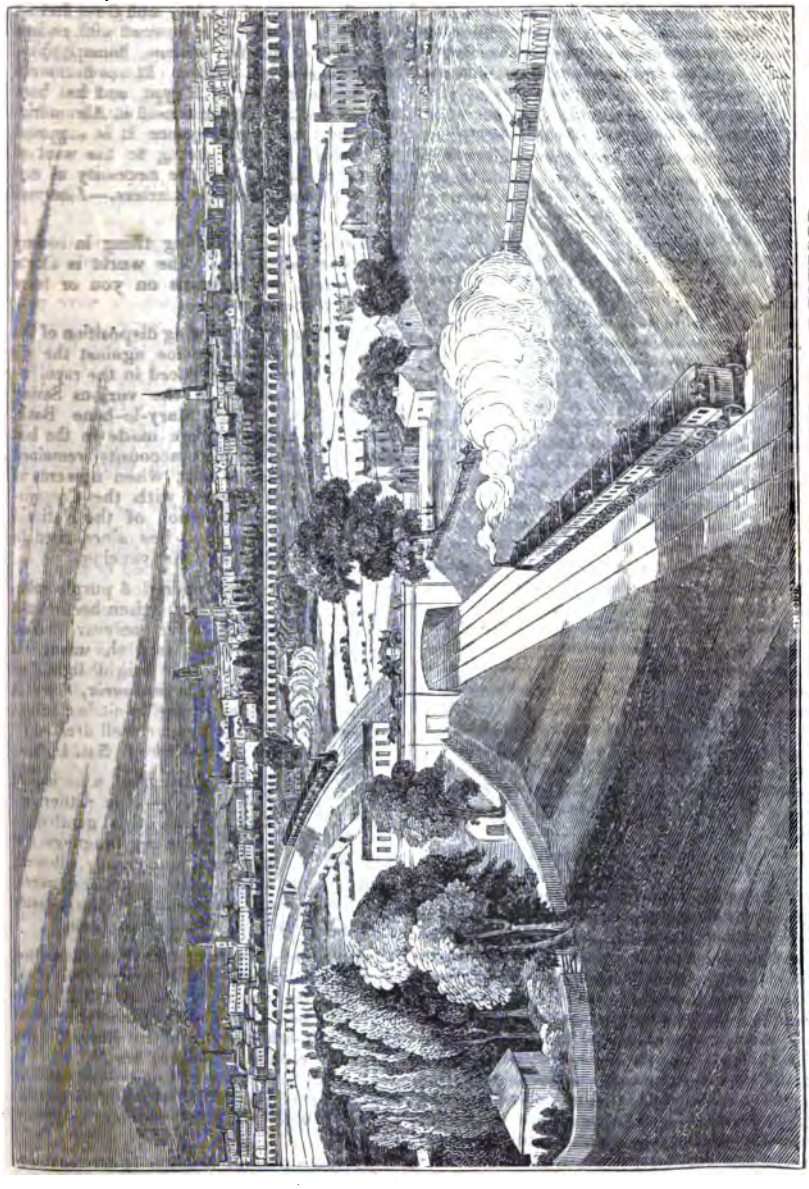
LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 148, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.—In PARIS, by all the Booksellers.—In FRANCFORT, CHARLES JUGEL.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 933.] SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1839. [Price 2*d*.



LONDON AND CROYDON RAILWAY, FROM NEW CROSS, DEPTFORD.

THE LONDON AND CROYDON RAILWAY.

"WHEN we look upon the many and important changes which have been wrought upon the externals of the world, and consider the mighty elements of power and knowledge which are rifely active in their existence, and extensively engaged in modifying the face of society, we are almost *compelled* to reflect upon the means by which they act, and the amount of good which they have already accomplished. However great the ridicule may be which has been thrown upon the hackneyed expression of the "march of mind," we cannot observe these changes, or think upon these elements, without allowing it to possess much meaning, and to represent that which is always amazing, and sometimes astounding, in its effects. To inquire into the principles by which it has been impelled, is not our present business, we have now only to contemplate one of its results. One, it is true, but one so fraught with important consequences, and so necessary to the general advancement, as almost to be looked upon as a cause, rather than an effect, of national greatness. And, indeed, what is so likely to exalt a people collectively in acquirement and virtue, as that frequent, nay, almost constant attrition of mind, which is invariably produced by facility of intercourse. Man is naturally gregarious; he is made for community and fellowship; and experience has proved, that wherever there is constant or continual association, there, just in an equal proportion, will high and noble, and valuable qualities, prevail.

Never were these observations more strikingly illustrated, than by the progress made in this country and in America during the last twenty years, by the introduction of railways and steam carriages. So rapid has been the advance within that period, that we can with difficulty suppose what is the fact, that it is nearly two hundred years since the principle, thus influential, was first brought into notice, and applied to the purposes of life.

When once the impetus had been given to the public mind, and the advantage of transit by railways made apparent, schemes for their construction almost inundated the public press. The activity which had been excited in commercial enterprise, by the over-trading of the years 1823-4 and 5, doubtless contributed very much to awaken a desire to promote these novel plans of conveyance, by apparently providing the means for their execution; and, though the matter was certainly not nearly so well understood as it was soon afterwards, yet sufficient was known of it to enable practical men to calculate the results and depend upon the profit. That railways would early become remunerative investments, was readily believed; for it was a common conviction, and not unfounded in fact, that those ways which had been instituted for the convenience of private concerns had paid a high rate of per centage.

At length the idea of forming railways of considerable extent was seriously taken up, and, in 1825, the first result appeared in the Stockton and Darlington Railway. On the 17th of September, in that year, this great undertaking was opened to the public, and, after a few months, sufficient indication was given, that the experiment was likely to prove in every way satisfactory. The excessive cost was counted as nothing, for the intercourse which had existed between the two towns prior to the opening of the railway was more than quadrupled. The benefit which the successful termination of this undertaking occasioned was soon felt, and its influence became perceptible in the increased activity of those who were maturing even far more extensive schemes.

The wild propositions which were put forth for public approval were, doubtless, both injudicious and injurious; and many a broken heart, while mourning in secret, bore testimony to the fatal worship of the moloch of wealth. Yet were they, nevertheless, productive of this great good, that they turned the powers of intellect to the concoction of plans of public good, which were speedily brought into effect.

The object of railways was the easier conveyance of weighty goods, and, for the period we have named, the facility afforded by the use of the plain way of a wood or iron rail, instead of the rough friction of a bad road, had sufficiently answered the purpose. Expedition, as well as facility, however, or rather a higher degree of facility, was now required, and it was discovered that if the railway were laid upon a sufficient descent, the use of animal power might be altogether dispensed with."*

The first act which passed for the forming of a railway, was carried through parliament in 1801, and, with the exception of a very few sessions, one act or more has been passed every year since, progressively increasing in number up to 1838.

Our embellishment to this Number is a View of that part of the London and Croydon Railway, from the deep cutting made through the hill at New Cross, Deptford, looking towards Greenwich Railway, with its unparalleled viaduct, composed of upwards of a thousand arches, and part of the mighty metropolis of England in the distance; forming, upon the whole, a picturesque and animated scene.

It is expected that the London and Croydon Railway, of which Mr. J. Gibbs is the engineer, will be publicly opened in May next.

* "From "Gilbert's Railways of England and Wales." 1838.

SUPERSTITION AND CRUELTY.

In noticing Dr. Rogers's second lecture on the Mythology of the Ancients, (comprising the Religious System of the Greeks and Romans,) we referred to a previous lecture, which related to the mythology of the earlier nations.* Both of these lectures have since been repeated at the Marylebone Institution, Edward-street, Portman-square; and have called forth the following testimonial from the secretary; a testimonial which confirms the remarks we made on the occasion alluded to:—"I have the pleasure of informing you that, at a meeting of the committee held last evening, a vote of thanks was unanimously passed to you, for your highly-interesting lectures on the Mythology of the Ancients, delivered at this Institution." From the first of these lectures we have culled some passages, which we think will interest our readers.

Human Sacrifices.

The most ancient of the Canaanitish idols, was Aglibolus, or Baal. The meaning of the word "*Baal*," is "*Lord*;" and refers to the sun. Another idol was Malachbolus, or Moloch; a male personification of the moon. To both these idols human sacrifices were offered. Before entering Canaan, the Israelites received the strongest possible injunctions, to preserve them from adopting these abominations. Death was denounced against those who should imitate the idolators by offering their children. But notwithstanding these threatenings, the kings of Israel set their people the example of conforming to these horrid rites. Solomon built a temple to Moloch on the Mount of Olives; and Manasseh reared altars to Baal, and "made his son pass through the fire." It is believed that the children were sometimes obliged only to pass between fires, or to leap over them. Generally, however, there can be no doubt they were really sacrificed. So infamous did the valley of Tophet become, on account of these barbarities, that the prophet Jeremiah declared it should be called "the valley of slaughter."

Mr. Croker, in his "Fairy Tales and Legends of the South of Ireland," gives an account of some curious relics of the ancient worship of this deity. He says that May-day is called "the day of Beal's fire;" and Mayeve, "the eve of Beal's fire;"—from having been, in heathen times, consecrated to the god Beal, or Belus; whence, also, the month of May is termed, in Irish, "Mina Bealtine." He goes on to observe that the ceremony practised on May-eve, of making the cows leap over lighted straw, or faggots, has been generally traced to the worship of that deity. It is now vulgarly used in order to save the milk from being pilfered by "the good people," as the fairies are called.

Moloch, according to the Jewish Rabbies, was an idol of brass, with a calf's head, and seated on a brazen throne. It was hollow, and divided into seven compartments. In the first compartment was placed meal; in the second, a turtle; in the third, an ewe; in the fourth, a ram; in the fifth, a calf; in the sixth, an ox; and in the seventh, a child. The idol was then heated; and the whole of its contents were consumed together, amid the noise of shouts, and warlike instruments. Milton thus notices some of the particulars we have mentioned:—

"First, Moloch!—horrid king!—besmeared with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears;
Though (for the noise of drums and timbrels loud)
Their children's cries unheard, that pass'd through fire
To this grim idol.
The wisest heart
Of Solomon he led, by fraud, to build
His temple, right against the temple of God,
On that opprobrious hill; and made his grove
The pleasant vale of Hinnom;—Tophet, thence,
And black Gehama, called,—the type of hell!"

The grand object of worship among the Carthaginians, was Saturn; and the rites performed to his honour were of the same horrid character as those of Moloch. The statue of this idol was of brass; with its arms extended, and so inclined, that whatever was placed on them rolled into a fire. The most respectable authors of antiquity unite to assure us, that to this deity infants were sacrificed; and those who had no children of their own, purchased those of the poor for this dreadful purpose. The attendant priests were clothed in scarlet;—fit emblem of their bloody office! Their sacrifices were always attended by drums, and other noisy instruments; in the same manner as those of Moloch previously, and of the Hindoos to this day. When Agathocles was approaching to beseige Carthage, the inhabitants imagined they had offended Saturn, by neglecting the proper sacrifices; and two hundred children, of the first families in the city, were publicly immolated.

Worship of Animals.

One of the most remarkable features of the Egyptian Mythology, was the worship of animals. They imagined that some animals partook of the nature of their celestial deities; and were therefore entitled to divine honours. Thus when the worship of the moon had become established, and her increase and diminution superstitiously considered, it was thought to bear some analogy to the dilating and contracting pupil of the cat's eye; and puss was accordingly deified. In the same manner, the asp and the beetle became sacred; because they were supposed to exhibit some faint images of particular

* See "The Mirror" for December 1, 1838, (No. 923, Vol. 32, page 355.)

deities. The hawk was dedicated to Osiris; the ass, the crocodile, and the hippopotamus, to Typho; the serpent, or dragon, to Nephthe. Every element was laid under contribution; and men, women, bulls, cows, rams, goats, dogs, cats, snakes, crocodiles, frogs, beetles, and innumerable others, were all included in the sacred catalogue. Ophilatria, or serpent-worship, was very famous; and was celebrated with the most horrid rites. To this animal human victims were immolated. Richardson, in his researches in Egypt, discovered a tomb at Biban al Melook, in which there is a representation of six men sacrificed at one time. The walls of their tombs are frequently covered with representations of this idol; as may be seen by consulting the volumes of the "Library of Entertaining Knowledge" devoted to "Egyptian Antiquities," and Dr. Taylor's recently published work on the subject.

The bull was sacred to Osiris; and was called Apis. It was to be black, with a square piece of white on the forehead. Many years sometimes elapsed, before an animal could be found exactly answering this description. When Cambyses, the son of Cyrus, (called, in Scripture, Ahasuerus,) invaded Egypt, he desired the priest to show him their god. They immediately, with much pomp, led Apis before him. Cambyses, enraged at their stupidity, drew his dagger, and thrust it into the animal's thigh;—of which wound poor Apis died. The priests were shocked at his profanity; and predicted the most direful calamities in consequence. Some time afterwards, Cambyses, in drawing his sword, wounded his *own* thigh; and, like the bull, died of the injury. The priests, of course, did not fail to represent it as a judgment on his daring crime. Dr. Prideaux, in relating this occurrence, actually coincides with the priests; and thinks that God punished the king for his contempt of their religion, though that religion was idolatrous. For so eminent a man, and a Dean of the Church of England, such an opinion appears a little extraordinary. N. R.

APOPHTHEGMS.

(*From the Persian.*)

A SAGE, whose eyes and hands were lifted up towards heaven, offered up this prayer to the throne of mercy:—"Great God, have pity on the wicked; for thou hast done all for the good, when thou hast made them good."

A man is born, he begins to build, and dies; another is born, who also begins to build, and dies likewise. Thus generations succeed each other; everything is begun: nothing is finished. Happy the man who has gained on earth the prize of goodness: his reward awaits him in the other life.

W. G. C.

MODE OF EMPLOYING SERVANTS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

(*For the Mirror.*)

The Azamoglans, in Turkey.

AZAMOGLANS, Agemoglans, or Agiamoglans, are under-officers, or servants destined for the meaner uses of the seraglio. They are sometimes captives taken in war, or bought of the Tartars, but more commonly the sons of Christians, taken from their parents at the age of ten or twelve years, being seldom the sons of natural Turks, but yearly collected from the increase of the poor Christians in the Morea of Albania; the yearly number of those thus collected, amounts to about 20,000,—who are brought to Constantinople, presented before the vizier, and by him placed in divers situations, either in the seraglio's of Galatæ, Okmedon, or Adrianople; others are put forth to learn different trades in the city, brought up as seamen, and many are placed in the great seraglio at Constantinople, where they are made to serve in the stables and kitchen, to dig in the gardens, to cleave wood, and to do whatever service they are commanded by the superiors set over them, who are called the odabaschees.

Those of the Azamoglans, who are designed for the grand signior's seraglio, are the choicest of the whole number, possessing the strongest bodies, and most promising aspects. The discipline they undergo is very severe; so that they are taught obedience and readiness to serve; with watching, fasting, and other penances. Their clothing is of coarse blue cloth, made at Salonica—their caps of felt, after the form of a sugar-loaf, of hair colour. Some of them are taught to read and write, who are esteemed as the most acute, and fit for instruction; but the greater part are exercised in running, leaping, wrestling, throwing the iron bar, or other agilities. Their lodgings are pent-houses, or sheds built under the walls of the seraglio—their diet flesh and rice, sufficient, though not luxurious. Out of those belonging to the seraglio, none are drawn out for jannissaries, but are sometimes preferred for the service of bashaws, according to their fidelity or good conduct. The Azamoglans who are distributed into other quarters than the seraglio, are principally designed, as they grow up, for jannissaries in the place of those deceased of that body. Their names, with the places where they are distributed, and their pay, which is from two to five aspers a day, are written in a book, which book is signed by the grand signior and teftendar, who pays their salaries every three months, being obliged at that time to inquire who is dead or removed, and to make a true report to the grand signior.

C. P. S.

HOROLOGIA HISTORIA.

THE CLOCK-SPHERES OF THE ANCIENTS.

(*For the Mirror.*)

[*Concluded from page* 136.]

But the most celebrated of all the ancient clock spheres of the ancients, is that of the famous Archimedes, the well-known philosopher and defender of Syracuse, against the Roman Legions, under Marcellus; and what is not a little remarkable is, that it is not mentioned in any of the extant works of Archimedes; we are, therefore, as usual, compelled to have resort to contemporary historians; and what is more to be regretted, these authors do not give any clear account of them, being, in many instances, nothing but mere passing mention of them, as in the present case. Cicero speaks of this more than once; and in the second book, "De Natura Deorum," are the following curious words:

"*Archimedem arbitrantur plus valuisse in imitandis Sphæra conversionibus, quam Naturam in efficiendis.*" And again, in his "Tusculane" questions, "*Nam cum Archimedes Lunæ, Solis, quinque errantium motus in spheram illigavit efficit;*" from which last we gather, that Archimedes had constructed a sphere which combined in it the motion of the moon, sun, and the five wandering stars, or planets. Though these brief and imperfect descriptions are sufficient to let us know that such a machine had been made by Archimedes, yet they convey but little information that is at all satisfactory. And in regard to the nature of its construction, and the purposes to which he may have applied it, we learn nothing—and indeed this barren kind of notice is all that is to be found in the greater part of the accounts handed down to us—but by far the most accurate description is that of the old poet, Claudian, which has been translated in the following words:—

"When Jove espied in glass his heaven's made,
He smiled, and to the other gods thus said:
'Tis strange that human art so far proceeds
To ape in brittle orbs my greatest deeds,
The heavenly motions, nature's constant course.
Lo here old Archimede to art transfers
The enclosed spirit, here each star doth drive,
And to the living work some motions give.
The sun in counterfeit his year doth run,
And Cynthia to her monthly circle turn.
Since now bold man, worlds of his own descryd,
He joys, and the stars by human art can guide.
Why should we so admire proud Solomon's cheats,
When one poor hand, nature's chief work repeats."

From the concluding lines of this long epigram, as well as from the previous remarks of Cicero, we may conclude that this contrivance of Archimedes, or as the original styles him, "Syracusus senex," had made no little noise amongst his cotemporaries, who appear by their inordinate admiration to have made themselves the butt of the poetical writers of the day, or why all these satirical remarks of Cicero and Claudian.

And here again, although we have quoted at much length, we have derived but little information respecting the mechanism of the sphere; however, we learn that in it the sun, moon, and the other heavenly bodies, had each of them their proper motions and positions assigned to them; and this motion, curiously enough, is assigned by Claudian as the work of some kind spirit, for he says, "*Inclusus variis famulator spiritus astris.*" What this enclosed spirit really was, will not take us much time to discover, for from the great mechanical celebrity of Archimedes, we may presume it, without much liability to error, to have been neither more nor less than a well-contrived combination of wheels, weights, springs, pullies, or some such kind of clock-work, which being artfully concealed from the public view, would, in those times, be readily accounted as the agency of some spirit, or divine power; but we must not suppose the epigrammatist himself to have been ignorant of its action, for he states, "*Gaudet, humanâ sidera mente regit,*" or that his stars are governed by human art.

There is little doubt but that the machine, or whatever it may be termed, was of very superior construction, for the time in which it was made; especially when we bear in mind that no less a person than Archimedes was its author, unquestionably one of the greatest geniuses of the age in which he lived, and who, as his works now extant amply testify, was deeply versed in all the mechanism then known, and which his transcendant genius greatly improved and extended. Both friend and foe bear testimony to his great mechanical skill, as more especially exemplified in his glorious but unfortunate defence of Syracuse, in which he unfortunately perished by the hand of a barbarian Roman: he has left behind him a name that will be perpetual, whilst the sphere and cylinder exist in form or figure.

All these great qualifications being duly considered, we need not be surprised at the admiration excited amongst his cotemporaries by this performance.

There is another of these ancient clock-spheres mentioned by Cicero, in his work, "*De Natura Deorum,*" and which, curiously enough, is brought in to prove,

"That there is some intelligent, divine, and wise Being that inhabiteth, ruleth in, and is as an architect of so great a work as the World;" but as we have nothing to do with any such argument, we shall pass on to the words of Cicero himself, which bear more directly upon the question in hand: he states, "*Cum solarium vel descriptum aut et aqua contemplore, intelligere declarari horas arte;*" from which brief and curious passage we learn that "there were sun-

dials drawn and described, and some made with water." And again, a little farther on, in the same work, he states more at length, "Quod si in Scythiam, aut in Brittaniam Sphæram aliquis tulerit hanc, quam nuper familiaris noster effecit Posidonius, cujus singulæ conversiones idem efficiunt in Sole et in Lunæ, in quinquime stellis errantibus quod efficitur, in Cælo singulis diebus et noctibus;" from which, with a slight alteration, we learn that "Posidonius had lately contrived a sphere, whose motions were the same in the sun, moon, and five planets, as were performed in the heavens each day and night."

In the former of these quotations, we must observe that the sun-dials here mentioned were made very similar to those now used, by lines drawn according to the kind and position of the solaria itself, and the words "aut et aqua," do not refer to sun-dials made by water, as might be supposed, but to the clepsydræ already mentioned, which were different both in form and principle from the solaria. This sphere of Posidonius was invented about the time of Cicero, whose account we have given in the above extract; and, consequently, its age will be about eighty years before the birth of Christ.

This sphere, it is generally believed, imitated the annual as well as the diurnal motion of the heavens, though the words "*errantibus quod efficitur en cœlo singulis diebus et nootibus*," scarcely seem to mention such a compound motion; it does not speak of any annual motion, unless we conceive "*Singulis diebus*," to be more expressive than usual, and stand for an equivalent to every day through the year.

If this is admitted, then I think such a machine could not possibly have been regulated by any other means than a combination of wheel-work, as in the different artificial spheres, and instruments of a similar nature, now used; but, by whatever method motion and regularity were given to these instruments, it undoubtedly implies great mechanical skill and contrivance, as well as very considerable constructive perfection, for upon the regularity of these instruments depends their beauty.

After the foregoing brief and rapid description of some of the most curious and interesting of the early specimens of time-measuring instruments, it may not be uninteresting to make some remarks upon their probable application to the more practical and useful purposes of life; and to inquire whether they were used as mere curiosities, or specimens of the inventor's mechanical ingenuity; undoubtedly, in regard to the latter case, they may have been exhibited as illustrations of their system of astronomy, as I should imagine is sufficiently evident from the instances already quoted of their having imitations of the annual and diurnal motions of the sun, moon, and planets then known, included in their construction, as well as being able to show the hours through every day of the month, and in some instances through the year.

Suppose we admit with Cardan, in the case of the sphere just mentioned, as belonging to Sapor, the king of Persia, that it was made of glass, and also, that the king could sit in the middle of it, and see its stars rise and set.

How are we to reconcile the statement of the king's being able to sit in its centre, with the actual motion of the sphere, which undoubtedly it must have had, for by this motion alone could the stars have been made to rise and set; from this, I presume, we may infer, with some appearance of truth, that it could not have been of the nature of our modern celestial spheres which are made of glass; and it is equally difficult to conceive how Sapor could have sat in the middle of it, if it had been of the nature of an armillary sphere. We are aware, from fragments of ancient astronomical history, that the ancient observers used an instrument for fixing the positions of the heavenly bodies, something of the nature of an armillary sphere, being made up of circles, &c., which were placed in the planes of the different astronomical circles, as the meridian, equator, ecliptic, &c., by which the required observations were made.

This leads me to doubt the assertion of Cardan, and to imagine that they must have been either a skeleton celestial sphere, in which the planetary paths were represented by circles, or else on the principles of those little instruments which are used by lecturers on astronomy, in the present time, to illustrate the relative motions and positions of the sun and planets through one revolution.

And therefore, we may conclude that these spheres were looked upon more as mechanical or astronomical curiosities than as useful domestic instruments; though we must not deny that it is extremely probable, that some modification of them may have been made, so as to answer some of the ordinary purposes required; this idea is strengthened by the accounts already given of the spheres of Archimedes and Posidonius showing the hours, though we are not aware that they were commonly employed for such purposes; indeed the nature of the construction of these clock-spheres is plainly of too complex and intricate principle ever to have been of much use for such purposes as those mentioned. But in the case of the Solaria and Clepsydræ, it is very different, because they are neither so complex in their construction, nor so difficult of comprehension as the spheres.

A solaria might be placed in the centre of a court-yard, or entrance to a building, and be exposed for years to all the fluctuations of the weather, without being deranged, or subject to irregularity: and indeed we know that large sun-dials have been made with the ancient Egyptian obelisks, as for instance, the one erected by the Emperor Augustus, in the Campus Martius, at Rome, the obelisk, which is one of Cleopatra's needles, I believe, was the gnomon, or stile, and the hours were marked in a large circle on the pavement round the obelisk; and the astronomer Manlius also used it for finding the sun's altitude, which, as is well known, was the ancient method, the shadow of the obelisk being the radius, the obelisk will be the tangent of the angle of the sun's elevation.

And evidently the simplest case of these solaria is that of the vertical gnomon and horizontal dial, precisely as takes place on a grander scale in nature, as mentioned at the beginning of this paper.

After these times, the clock in its most primitive form was introduced; but as this does not form any part of the object of this present paper, I shall here conclude the subject. DALBY LOCKWOOD.

Manners and Customs.

SKETCHES OF PARIS.

The Gardens of the Tuileries.

UNLESS you have witnessed it, you can have no possible idea how fond the Parisians are of walking about. Wet or fine, warm or cold, winter or summer, they turn out just the same, to wander up and down the public promenades of their adored city, or dream away the day upon those eternal little rush-bottomed chairs which they hire at two sous each, reading the newspapers, or tapping the pointed toes of their well-polished boots with their umbrellas. How or when they find time for business, or the common domestic affairs of their establishments, we never yet could make out. It is lucky the English words *home* and *comfort* have no synonyms in their language, for we are convinced they would not understand the meaning of them.

The chief resort of the outdoor people of Paris is the garden of the Tuileries. You will find almost equal multitudes at the same time in the Jardin des Plantes, the Luxembourg, the Palais Royal, and the Champs Elysées, but the Tuileries appears to be the most favoured spot. Its population varies naturally according to the hours of the day, the seasons of the year, and the state of the temperature. During the morning, you will see only persons who take it in their way from one place to another; soon, however, the reading of the journals, which are let out here, attracts numerous grave and sedentary groups. Towards noon, a fresh movement of laughing mirth and noise commences, by the arrival of the children and their *bonnes*; after this the mothers of the said children appear, and then gradually 'all the world,' to adopt their translation of 'everybody.'

But there is a marvellous lack of intelligence displayed by the groups who collect in the different parts of the gardens of the Tuileries, for all do not arrive with the same end. Upon the terrace, on the borders of the Seine, for example, where the view is so agreeable, the air so pure, the walk so smooth, and the sun so warm even in winter, you will be almost certain not to find a soul. You may perhaps encounter a student, deeply engaged in 'grinding' the preparations for his approaching examination, which he expects in eight or ten days, or an actor who is threatening the lower boughs of the chestnut-trees with his stick, (all actors carry sticks,) while he is rehearsing his part in some tremendous melo-drama for the Theatre de l'Ambigu Comique; but beyond these, and a few old men who have walked there for the last twenty years, the place is quite desolate.

And yet, solitary as it is, and half deserted, it is never chosen for the purpose of tender declarations, avowals, promises, oaths, quarrels, and all the other usual accompaniments of courtship. No, in this respect the French show their wit—the world with its broad daylight, its tumultuous noise, and its distracted eyes, (and heads too very often,) is far more adapted for secrecy than the shade and the retreat; and more than this, society will always lend itself as an accomplice of things which are not sought to be concealed.

When you have descended the slope that terminates the raised walk which overlooks the Place de la Concorde, you will see in face of you, at the other side of the octagonal basin, a perfect living border to the wall. It is there that the worship of the sun is followed with as much ardour as in Peru. A crowd of old men, chiefly invalides, children and nursery-maids from Normandy, with their clear healthy faces, and high towering lace caps, are there waiting to bask in the warm sunbeams, and watch the passers by. It is there that a generous foresight has multiplied the stone benches, and there also are chairs to let upon speculation, which, however, do not find occupants until the benches are filled. And how droll it is to see chairs let at a penny each in the gardens of a palace; to say nothing of its very hall being a thoroughfare!

At the turn of the wall begins the grand resort of the loiterers, irrevocably fixed by usage between the long rows of orange-trees which run parallel with the Rue de Rivoli. Entire families turn out and sit here nearly the whole day, some talking, others working,

more reading, and all occasionally amusing their neighbours. There exists a certain class of society in Paris which has made the Tuileries its theatre—its world. You will rarely see those who compose it anywhere else, but you will always find them there, and there they direct all their thoughts and ambition. It is there that the newest invention of the *toilette* is published; it is there that the last dress, with all its lustre of novelty, is displayed, or the *debut* of a bonnet is risked. There they invent half the scandal and daily rumours of Paris. Each day, at the fixed time, the same groups assemble, and each day its promenaders approach each other to offer compliments, and retire to find fault with the dress, manners, or reputation of the friend they have just been adulating.

But of all those who resort here, at least in our opinion, the great attraction lies in the children—we mean those who have not yet numbered eight years, and whose limbs have still all the smooth roundness of infancy. In spite of the *monkey-jacket* style of dress, with which the French delight to trick out their children, there is something very pleasing in their graceful movements, their fresh cheeks and their beautiful hair; and a perfect charm in their gaiety;—in the innocent joy sparkling in their eyes, and in the pure and living blood colouring their cheeks, which even the *belles* of Paris cannot imitate. It is almost enough to make you a convert in favour of matrimony. We might perhaps add, that this attraction belongs only to those who can run about;—the infants are not so pleasing; indeed it would take a great deal to beat the saucy beauty of an English baby—we saw few like them in either France, Switzerland, or Italy. But, mothers of Paris, do not clothe your children in such *bryarres* disguises. Abolish all their mimic uniforms, and foraging caps, and epaulettes, and other military trappings for little rogues who are so fond of rolling about in the dust, and giving their hair to the winds to play with. Let their necks be naked, their limbs free, and their tresses falling down their backs, for they ought to fall. There are enough grown up infants in the National Guard without adding to the number. Let them laugh, and tumble and run as they like, while they can. The only pity is, they should ever be destined to become men. KNIPS.

THE TRUE PHILOSOPHER.

INSTEAD of shutting himself up in an island, and abusing the rest of mankind, the philosopher should make the world his country, and should trample beneath his feet those prejudices which the vulgar so fondly hug to their bosoms.—*W. Lawrence.*

Biography.

MEMOIRS OF MRS. TROLLOPE.

THE lady is the youngest daughter of the Rev. William Milton, vicar of Heckfield, Hants—a new college living, of which society he was for some years a fellow. He was an able mathematician and mechanician, and was well known among the scientific men of his day.

In 1809 Miss Milton was married at Heckfield, to Thomas Anthony Trollope, barrister-at-law, of Lincoln's Inn, Esq., son of the Rev. Anthony Trollope, and grandson of Sir Thomas Trollope, Bart., of Casewick, Lincolnshire. He lived to witness the decisive success of Mrs. Trollope's first work, and the commencement only of the brilliant literary career, of which that was the opening. He died in 1835.

It was in 1827 that Mrs. Trollope left England for America; and in 1831 that she returned to her native country. In the following year she published her two volumes on the "Domestic Manners of the Americans;" and from that time to the present, a rapid succession of popular and successful works has confirmed and extended the reputation which her first book achieved; and have won for her an undisputed place amid the principal favourites of the public,

Such are the leading facts and general outline of Mrs. Trollope's history. Of the details of her domestic life, which should complete the sketch, we know but little; but we would make a few remarks on one peculiarity in the reception which her works have met with from the public.

That Mrs. Trollope has, from the first commencement of her career up to the present time, been uniformly and eminently successful as an author, no one can gainsay or doubt. But on the other hand it is equally clear, that scarcely any of her works—the charming "Widow Barnaby," perhaps, excepted—have escaped the vehement and angry censure of some portion or other of the press. Certainly no other author of the present day has been at once so much read, so much admired, and so much abused. Now how is this to be accounted for? Does it not arise from the bold, and uncompromising expression of her own honestly-formed convictions and opinions, on every subject, whatever they may be, on the one hand; and from the intrinsic talent, and charming style of her works on the other? We can trace the circumstance to no other cause.—*(Extracted from No. 219 of Colburn's New Monthly Magazine, which is embellished with a portrait of Mrs. Trollope.)*

Fine Arts.

NELSON MEMORIAL.

THE Committee of Taste have recommended the three following designs for the approbation of the General Committee. The description of them we have quoted from *The Civil Engineer and Architect's Journal, No.* 18; which work is this month replete with more than its usual valuable statistical and other useful information. As it is generally imagined, the whole of the models and drawings will shortly be publicly exhibited, care will then be taken to give our readers a succinct account of the most admired among the various designs.

Design by W. Railton, Architect.

To which the first premium is proposed to be adjudged by the Committee.

The design makes no pretension whatever to originality, being no more than a fluted Corinthian column, 174 feet high, on a pedestal, ornamented with reliefs, and surmounted by a statue 17 feet high; consequently, for want of some basement or substructure, will be apt to look too small, except as merely a lofty central ornament in the square.

The following description of the two other prizes are by their respective authors:—

Design by E. H. Baily, R. A.

To which the Committee propose to award the second prize.

DESCRIPTION.—An Obelisk raised to the memory of Nelson, by his grateful country. At the base, our great Naval Commander is represented supporting the Imperial Standard; on his left stands the Genius of Britain, hailing with affection the Hero of Trafalgar; his attendant, Victory, being seated on his right. At the back of the Obelisk rests the Nile—Neptune, with the subordinate Deities of the Ocean, form a Triumphal Procession round the Rock on which the Monument is placed, thereby indicating that the Victories of Nelson were as extensive as the Element on which he fought.

DIMENSIONS.—The height of the monument is intended to be 60 feet; the diameter of the steps the same extent; and the height of Nelson to be nine feet, the other figures in proportion, as in the sketch.

ESTIMATE.—To execute the whole monument in Ruvaccioni Marble, (the same as the arch before Buckingham Palace is built of,) 22,000*l.*—if executed in Bronze, 30,000*l.*

Drawings and Model by Charles Fowler, Architect, and R. W. Siever, Sculptor.

To which the Committee propose to award the third prize.

This design has been composed upon the principle of combining Architecture and Sculpture; with a view to obtain a more striking effect from their union than either is calculated to produce separately; the one by its forms and mass, to arrest the attention and make a general impression, which may be heightened and perfected by the more refined and interesting details of the other. It would appear from the result of existing instances, that a mere structure cannot properly convey the feeling or produce the effect intended by a Monument, designed to commemorate any celebrated character or event. On the other hand, a Statue or Sculpture Group is inefficient for want of mass and general form; the former is appreciated as a distant object, and the latter only on close inspection. The desideratum, therefore, lies in avoiding these objections, or rather in combining the advantages which peculiarly belong to each art, so that the many who pass by may be struck with the general aspect of the Monument, and the few who may pause to examine its details may find their first impressions carried forward and perfected by the beauty and significance of its historical illustrations.

With respect to the design now submitted, the endeavour has been to render it characteristic and appropriate to the occasion, avoiding plagiarism, but without affecting novelty. The rostrated decorations of the pedestal, and its accessories, proclaim it at once to be a naval trophy; and the hero to be commemorated will be not less plainly indicated; whilst the sculpture and other details will set forth his achievements.

In regard to the structure, simplicity and strength are the distinguishing qualities of the basement, which is proposed to be constructed of granite, in large blocks, so as to be striking for their massiveness, solidity, and giving dignity to the superstructure. The pedestals at the angles of the platform are to be surmounted with piles of trophies, executed in bronze, and crowned with lamps, to light both the area and monument; massive granite basins are set to receive the running fountains on three sides, the fourth being reserved for an entrance to the structure within. The colossal figures seated against the four fronts of the pedestal, are designed to represent Britannia, Caledonia, Hibernia, and Neptune, distinguished by their appropriate insignia and attributes.

On the south front of the pedestal, and at a legible distance from the spectator, is proposed to be inscribed a brief eulogium of the hero,—some attempt at which, by way of illustration, is made in the drawing, without presuming to anticipate that delicate task, which will properly devolve upon other and more able hands. The opposite side is intended to contain the historical or matter-of-fact inscription, comprising also a record

of the section of the monument. The other two sides are to have each a shield of arms in relief, encircled by a wreath. The cap or cornice of the lower pedestal is decorated by antique prows of vessels, to give the rostrated character; enriched with festoons of oak and marine ornaments.

The middle compartment of the structure contains on the four faces of the dado simply the names of the four principal actions in which Nelson was engaged; and in the panel over each is a representation, in *Basso relievo*, of some striking incident in each battle—the front being distinguished by the grand catastrophe, which formed at once the climax of his achievements, and the termination of his brilliant career.

In order to give character, as well as to provide for an unusually bold projecture, the Gallery above is supported on Cannons, in lieu of the usual architectural consoles: and the intervals in the soffite are enriched with bombs and grenades. The railing of the gallery is composed of decorations and emblems, having reference to the occasion, so as to combine ornament with characteristic expression.

The upper compartment of the monument is distinguished by its circular form, and is more completely charged with decoration, illustrative of the honours which Nelson had achieved. The four large wreaths, embracing the entire circuit of the pedestal, contain respectively the Naval Crown, the Viscount's Coronet, the Mural Crown, and the Ducal Coronet. From these wreaths are suspended the decorations of the four "Orders" to which he belonged.

The frieze of this pedestal is entirely occupied by the heraldic motto, which happens to be peculiarly appropriate to the occasion. The ornaments surmounting the cornice, which are analogous in form and application to the Grecian antefixæ, are composed of escallop shells, and the cupola is to be of copper gilt.

The statue of Nelson crowns the whole, and is to be executed in bronze, about sixteen feet in height, and the entire height of the structure and statue will be 120 feet from the area of the square—viz:—eleven feet more that the Column of the Duke of York.

The monument, with all its decorations and accessories, to be completed in the most perfect style for the *sum of twenty-five thousand pounds*.

Let whoever may be the fortunate artist, we ardently hope such a design will be chosen that will be worthy of the subject; for, as the *Times* justly remarks: "It is a 'national' monument that is wanted—a monument to the memory of the greatest naval commander that the history of the world can record."

The Public Journals.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF MICHAEL ARMSTRONG, THE FACTORY BOY.

(*By Mrs. Trollope.*—Part I.—Colburn.)

[We think it impossible Mrs. Trollope could have chosen a theme better adapted for a display of her peculiar talent, than the one she has here selected; and we feel assured, this lady will portray scenes of the greatest interest, for it is a field abounding in heart-stirring materials, which only want gathering to produce a picture of such sordid avarice and appalling misery that will astonish her readers; and, if the author should from such prolific sources draw an instructive and moral essay, rich indeed will be her harvest.

The work opens favourably, giving a lively and graphic description of the family of Sir Matthew Dowling, a wealthy cotton-spinner, and of his company invited to a grand dinner given by him at Dowling-lodge. Among the party assembled on that occasion, Lady Clarissa Skrimpton forms a prominent character; who, to avoid the heat of the drawing-room after dinner, walks out with Sir Matthew, when they are met by a cow, to the great horror of Lady Clarissa; at this critical juncture our little hero makes his appearance, and is the means of driving the animal away from the affrighted lady, who, to show her gratitude for his services, induces Sir Matthew to take him under his care, which he *benevolently* agrees to do; and accordingly orders his gardener, a Mr. Macnab, to show him into the servants' hall; and thus is the

Introduction of Michael Armstrong to the Servants at Dowling-lodge.

"When Mr. Macnab and his little companion entered the kitchen, in their way to the servants' hall, to which place of honour the wondering Scotchman remembered he had been commanded to conduct his charge, the first person they encountered was Mr. Simkins, the butler, whom some accidental wish or want had led to enter a region but rarely honoured by the sunshine of his presence.

"Good morning, Macnab. What! empty-handed? I am afraid you have forgotten the little basket of peaches I desired to have; and upon my word, sir, if you leave it much longer, I shall not consider them worth presenting to the lady for whom I desired to have them. Be pleased to recollect, good Mr. Sawney, that when every garden-wall is hung with ripe fruit, a bottle of comfort will be rather too high a price for a dozen."

"A factory-boy, certainly," Mrs. Thompson replied, with the dignity that was peculiar to her, "nobody is likely to doubt *that*, Mr. Macnab; one might know his calling at half a mile's distance. The vulgar factory itself,

with its millions of windows, is not more easily known than the things that crawl out of it, with their millions of cotton specks—that is not the main point of the question, Mr. Macnab: it is not what the boy is, but who he is, and for what reason any one has dared to say that he was to sup in the servants' hall."

"Oh! dear me, ma'am," replied the gardener, endeavouring to look very grave, "that wasn't one half of it. To you, ma'am, it's my duty to repeat Sir Mathew's words exact, and this is what he said. 'Macnab,' or 'Mr. Macnab,' for he calls me both at times, 'take this little boy,' says he, 'into the servants' hall, and tell every body there to take care of him—every body to take care of him'—that was it, Mrs. Thompson, word for word. And then he went on: 'He is to have a bed,' says he, 'made up on purpose for him, and he is to be waited upon with supper and breakfast,' and a great deal more, that Mr. Parsons is to make known to-morrow. But you have not heard all yet, ma'am," continued Macnab, raising his voice, on perceiving that the stately housekeeper was putting herself in act to speak. "Sir Matthew went on, raising his arm like one of his own steam-engines, 'Observe, Mr. Macnab,' says he, 'and take care that all the servants, little and great, know it, that *this boy is to be the object of the greatest benevolence.*' That's something new for you, Mrs. Thompson, isn't it?"

"Sir Matthew may settle about his benevolence with himself when he is in his own pew at church," replied Mrs. Thompson, with a very satirical sort of smile; "but most certainly it shall not be brought to dirty my premises; so let me hear no more about it, gardener, if you please." And with these words, she turned haughtily away.

"I have done my share of the *benevolent* job, so I will wish you good night, Mrs. Thompson; and whether this little fellow eats his supper and breakfast in the kitchen or the hall, it will be much the same to him, I fancy." So saying, the gardener rose, and giving a sort of general nod to the company, left the kitchen.

"Look up in my face, little boy," said the housekeeper, as soon as she had seated herself, and saw that those around her stood still, as if they had taken their places, and were prepared to listen.

Michael did not move; he was probably ashamed to show that he was weeping, before the face of a lady who spoke so very grandly.

The kitchen-maid gave him a nudge, but a gentle one, whispering at the same time—"Look up, my boy. What be you 'feard of? There's nobody as wants to hurt you here."

Thus encouraged, Michael let his arm drop by his side, and discovered a face that was indeed sallow, and by no means very plump, but with features and expression which, whatever Sir Matthew Dowling's men and maids might think of it, might have sufficed to make the fortune of an able painter.

"Whose child are you?" demanded the housekeeper. "Mothers," replied the boy.

"I suspected as much," rejoined the inquisitor, half aside to Mr. Jennings.

"And I beant no ways surprised to hear it, I promise you," he replied.

Mrs. Thompson sighed deeply. "It is dreadful!" said she. Then, after taking a moment to recover herself, she resumed, "And where does the unhappy person live?"

"Please, ma'am, who?" said the puzzled boy.

"The—your mother, child.—Shame upon you for forcing me to name her!"

Michael gave a little shake of the head, which seemed to the merciful kitchen-maid to say, that he did not know what the great lady meant; but he presently replied, as if discreetly determined to mind only what he did understand, "Mother lives in Huxley Lane, ma'am."

"The most deplorable situation in the whole parish! inhabited only by the *very* lowest!" observed the housekeeper, with another indignant sigh.

"So much the worse for she," muttered the kitchen-maid; but not loud enough to be heard by her in whose hands rested the appointment of kitchen-maids as well as cooks.

"And why does such as you come here?" resumed the housekeeper.

"Because the squire ordered t'other man to bring me," answered Michael.

"I suspect that the boy is a natural fool," observed Mrs. Thompson, addressing the butler. "It is a sure fact, and a great dispensation—bad parents have almost always children out of shape, both mind and body. You may take my word for that, all of you," she added, looking round her; "and you will do well to teach it to your children after you."

"I'll be burnt if I don't think it very likely that it was his own father sent him here, and no one else," said Mr. Jennings, chuckling.

"Fie! Jennings, fie!" returned Mrs. Thompson, with a frown. "God in heaven only knows what may have been the cause of it!—Not but what it does look strange, there's no denying that."

"Do you know any thing about your father, child?" said Mr. Simkins in a magisterial tone.

"Father's in heaven," replied the child.

"Mercy on me! do you hear him? Is not that like mocking the Lord's prayer?" exclaimed the lady's-maid.

"No, it is not!" said Michael, while a flash of youthful indignation rushed into his face. "My father is in heaven along with God."

"I dare say he means that his father is dead," observed the butler, with an air of great sagacity; "and if what has been jealoused at is correct," he added, winking his eye at Mr. Jennings, "it is very natural that he should have been told to say so."

"That's very true," said the housekeeper, "and it may be, certainly, that the child knows nothing about it whatever, either one way or t'other—indeed I think it's a good deal the most likely that he does not;—but, any how, it's a very shocking business, and, as far as I am concerned, I'll neither make nor meddle in the matter.—Of course, the men-servants may do just as they like about taking notice of him—for here he is, and here he will abide, I dare say; but I recommend the maids to follow my example, and not to injure their characters, nor to corrupt their morals, by having any thing to do with the offspring of——It is more decent not to finish what I was going to say for your goods, young women,—and lucky it is that there is no need. You must all understand me without it."

Mrs. Thompson then rose from her chair, and turning her eyes, and indeed her head, aside, to prevent herself from again seeing Michael, she walked with a degree of stateliness and majesty that few housekeepers ever attained, through the kitchen, along the passage, across the servants' hall, into the sacred shelter of her own parlour, where she gave way to emotions which rendered a glass of prime London Madeira absolutely necessary.

[The author thus depictures the *benevolence* of the factory lord, in the following conversation between Sir Matthew and his head over-looker.]

"Have you heard any thing of this meeting at the Weavers' Arms, Parsons?" inquired Sir Matthew.

"As much as a man was likely to hear, Sir Matthew, who, as you will easily believe, was not intended to hear any thing," replied the confidential servant.

"And how much was that, Parsons? Sit down, Parsons—sit down, and let us hear all about it."

"I was a coming, sir, if you hadn't a sent for me," rejoined the overlooker; "for to say truth, my mind misgives me, that there's mischief brewing."

"I have heard as much," said the master; but it can hardly have gone very far yet, if such a sharp-sighted fellow as you only suspect."

"That's true, sir," said the man, with a grim smile, in acknowledgment of the compliment; "and I've not been idle, I promise you. But all I know for certain is, that the people, old and young, our own people I mean, have, one and all, taken dudgeon about that girl Stephens, that died the week before last, just after leaving the mill. She had been at work all day in the spinning-mill, and who was to guess that she was that low?"

"It was a d—d stupid thing though, Parsons, to have a girl go on working, and not know whether she was dying or not."

"And how is one to know, sir? I'll defy any man to find out, what with their tricks, and what with their real faintings."

"You won't tell me, Parsons, that if you set your wits to work, you can't tell whether they are shamming or not?"

"That's not the question, Sir Matthew, asking your pardon. There's no great difficulty in finding out whether they are in a real faint, or only making the most of being a little sickish from standing, and want of air. That's not the difficulty. The thing is to know, when they really take to the downright faintings, whether they are likely to live through it or not."

"And where is the great difficulty of that? You know Dr. Crockley would come at a moment's warning at any time, and feel their pulses."

"And he does do it, sir. But, in the first place, I doubt if any man can justly tell, whether girls are likely to go on fainting and up again, as lots and lots of 'em do for years, or drop down and die, as Nancy Stephens did. That's one thing; and another is, that Dr. Crockley is so fond of a joke, that 'tis rarely one knows when he speaks earnest, and when he does not. He *did* see Nancy Stephens, about a month ago, and all he said was, 'she do look a little pale in the gills, to be sure, but a dance would cure her, I have no doubt.' A dance! says I, doctor. And please to tell me, says I, how the work is to get on, if the factory boys and girls sets off dancing?"

"'Maybe you haven't got a fiddle?'" said he.

"Maybe I haven't," said I.

"'Well, then,' says he, 'if it don't suit you to let them dance to the fiddle, I'll bet ten to one you'll be after making them dance to *the strap*' And with that, if you'll believe me, sir, he set off capering, and making antics, just as if there had been somebody behind a-strapping him. To be sure, it was fit to make one die of laughing to see him; but that's not the way you know, sir, to do one any good as to finding out the real condition of the people."

[There is no doubt that these 'Adventures', so pregnant with subjects for delineating the workings of the human mind, if told in such graphic and vigorous language as the above extracts are, will become one of the most favourite publications of the present day; at the same time, it grieves us to see it accompanied by two engravings, representing neither English persons nor English manners; they are indeed purely French; and, we think, the spits and lances, with the carrot, celery, pine-

apple, and strawberry pottles, or Cupid's torches, whichever they are meant to represent, with an infant Satyr balancing on a rope of flowers, catching butterflies with a hand fish-net, form curious, and not *very* appropriate borders; we would advise the spirited publisher to 'reform them, altogether.']

ENGLISH NAMES.

Names were first used amongst men for distinction. The Jews gave names at their circumcision, the Romans on the ninth day after their children's birth, and the Christians at their baptism; which names were generally intended to denote the future good wishes or hope of parents towards their children.

English names of baptism are generally either Saxon as Edmund, Edward, Edwin, Gilbert, Henry, Leonard, Robert, Richard, Walter, William, &c.; or from the Bible and Testament, as Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, John, Thomas, James, &c.; or it sometimes consists of the mother's surname, or occasionally of two Christian names, which is still customary in other countries, especially in Germany.

The French called names superadded to the Christian names, surnames, *i. e. super nomina*.

The Hebrews, Greeks, and other nations of antiquity, did not affix surnames to their families, but counted thus; for example, the Hebrews, *Meloh Ben Addi—Addi Ben Casan*, &c.; the Welsh, *Hugh ap Owen, Owen ap Rhese*; the Irish, *Neul mac Con—Con mac Dermodi*, &c.

As Christian names were given to distinguish persons, so surnames were used for the distinction of families.

About A.D. 1000, the French began to take surnames, with *de* prefixed for a place, and *le* prefixed for some other qualifications. The English also adopted the use of surnames, but it was not until the reign of Edward the First that they became general.

Offices of honour have given rise to many surnames; for example, the Duke of Ormond and his descendant took the surname of Butler, their ancestor, Edward Fitz Theobald, having been made Butler of Ireland;—and again, John, Count Tanquerville, of Normandy, being made chamberlain to the king of England about 600 years since, his descendants still bear the same coat of arms, by the name of Chamberlain.

At first the English gentry took the names of their birthplaces, or habitations, for surnames, as Thomas of Aston, or East-town. John of Sutton, or South-town; and, as they altered their habitation, so they changed their surname. When they afterwards became the lords of manors, they styled themselves Thomas Aston of Aston, John Sutton of Sutton.

Among the Saxons, the common people added for surname their fathers' names, with *son* at the end thereof, as Thomas Johnson, Robert Richardson. They often took their fathers' nick-name, or abbreviated name, with the addition of an *s*, as Gibs, the nick-name of Gilbert, Hobs, of Robert, Nicks, of Nicholas, Bates, of Bartholomew, Sams, of Samuel, Hodges, of Roger; whence Gibson, Hobson, Nickson, Batson, Samson, Hodson, &c. Many were surnamed from their trades, as Smith, Joyner, Weaver, Walker,* Goff,† &c.; or from their employments, as Porter, Steward, Shepherd, Carter, Spencer,‡ Cook, Butler, Kemp;§ or from their places of abode, as Underwood, Underhill, also Atwood, Atwell, Athill; or from their colours or complexions, as Fairfax,‖ Pigot,¶ Blunt,** or Bland; and from Birds and Beasts, as Arundel,†† Corbet,‡‡ Wren, Finch, Woodcock, Lamb, Fox, Moyle,§§ &c.

The Norman descendants in this country, about 200 years after the Conquest, also took their fathers' Christian names for surnames, with *Fitz* or *Fils* prefixed, as Robert Fitz-William. Henry Fitz-Gerard, afterwards Williamson, Gerardson, &c.

The Welsh were the last to adopt surnames, which they did chiefly by dropping the *a* in *ap*, and annexing the consonant to their fathers' Christian names; as, instead of Evan ap Rice, Evan Price; and for ap Howel, Powel; ap Hughe, Pughe; ap Rogers, Progers, &c.

The most ancient families in this country are such as have taken their surnames from places in Normandy, or England, and Scotland, as Evreng, Chaworth, Seymour, Nevil, Montague, Mohun, Biron, Bruges, Clifford, Berkley, Arcy, Stourton, Morley, Courtney, Grandison, Hastings, &c., which formerly had *de* prefixed, but now made one word, as Devereux, Darcy, &c. J. R. S.

ANECDOTES OF EMINENT PERSONS.

(*From French Works.*)

The Empress Catherine.—At the time of Jégur's embassy at the Russian imperial court, in the reign of Catherine II., a stranger of the name of Suderland filled the office of treasurer to the empress. One morning he was informed that his house was surrounded by soldiers, and that the commanding officer requested an audience.

This officer, whose name was Relieu, came in then with an appearance of the utmost consternation; "Mr. Suderland," said he, "it is with indescribable grief that I see myself called upon to perform on you an execution of a most horrible nature, oh!

* *Fuller* in old English.
† *Smith* in Welsh.
‡ *i. e. Steward.*
§ *Soldier* in old English.
‖ Fair locks.
¶ Speckled.
** Flaxen hair.
†† Swallow.
‡‡ Raven.
§§ Mule.

horrible in the extreme! and I am totally ignorant of what crime you can have been guilty, to have incurred the mighty displeasure of her most gracious majesty." "I! what have I done?" replied the treasurer, in amazement, "What in the world do you mean? I know no more than you do, what I can have done. And what is that dreadful execution you speak of?" "Sir," answered the officer, fetching his breath, "I really have not courage to mention it—it is fearful."

"Have I then lost the confidence her majesty trusted in me?"

"Oh, if that were all, you would not see me so afflicted. Confidence may be regained: an office may be restored."

"Well," asked Sutherland, "am I to be banished—banished to Siberia; oh, tell me, is that my dreadful fate?"

"It might be possible for you to return from there. That is not it."

"Am I then to be cast in a dungeon?"

"That were preferable."

"Gracious Heavens! am I then to suffer the *knout?*"

"It is a dreadful torture; but you might recover—it is not that."

"Oh! for the mercy of heaven, no longer keep me in doubt—am I then to die?"

"My gracious sovereign," replied the officer, trembling with emotion, "ordered me to have you—good heavens! how dreadful—to have you—stuffed!"*

"To be stuffed!" exclaimed the astonished treasurer, "to be stuffed! Either you must have lost your senses, or her majesty must be in a dream. Surely, you never received this order without remonstrating on its barbarity?"

"Alas! my poor friend, it was all to no purpose, 'Go,' said her majesty, 'and recollect that it is your duty to execute what orders I deign to give you!'"

It would be impossible to depict the amazement, the anger, the fear, the despair of the poor treasurer, that one short quarter of an hour was granted him to put his affairs in order; and it was with extreme difficulty that permission was given him to write a short note to Earl Bruce. His lordship having read this note, stood transfixed, as may be supposed, with astonishment; he lost no time in requesting an audience of the empress, to whom he revealed the contents of Suderland's note.

Catherine, hearing this strange recital, was at a loss to imagine what it could be that could have given rise to this extraordinary circumstance. "Good heavens!" she exclaimed, "run, run, my lord, and be in time to deliver my poor treasurer from his terror."

The earl hastened to Suderland's house, fortunately, in time to save him; and on his return, found the empress laughing to her heart's content; her majesty had discovered the cause of this estrangement. "I see now," said she, "how it is; my poor little favourite dog, that I had christened *Suderland*, after my treasurer, who had made me a present of it, lately died, and I gave orders to have it stuffed this morning."

* To impale and to stuff are expressed by the same word in the Russian.

Rembrandt.—His strength began to fail him, and he was now unable to leave his bed. One evening, he awoke his sister, who had fallen asleep in an arm-chair by his side. She was weary, poor Louise; many had been the nights she had watched by his couch.

"Sister," said he, "I am now at length dying. I am going to ask you a favour, don't refuse it me."

"What is it, my brother, speak?"

"Do not refuse it me, or you will make me die miserable—lift that little trap-door up, that I may once more behold my gold—my gold—my treasures."

Louise did her brother's biddance; and when the hoarded treasures met the eyes of the dying painter, they glistened, and tears started from their sockets. A mother, taking leave of her cherished offspring, would not have testified greater sorrow.

"Farewell! farewell! he murmured in a faltering tone; "farewell, my life, my soul! farewell, for ever, farewell! And I must leave you! No longer possess you!—Louise, I must be buried in the midst of these treasures. Tell no one that I am dead. Tell no one that there lies my gold—not even my son. He is an ingrate, he neglects me! Do what your brother asks you on his death-bed, and I will for ever bless you. I will pray God, Louise, that you may join me in heaven."

He wept, he sobbed, and he made an effort, a useless one, to go to his treasures—never was grief more expressive, never was despair more frightful.

A long period of insensibility followed this burst of emotion; and when he recovered, a strange alteration had taken place; his countenance now shone with a majestic solemnity. Death, at this awful moment, had divested the spirit of its terrestrial dross, and it now appeared in all its grand sublimity.

"Louise," said he, "my eyes behold a new and celestial light, that I sometimes have dreamt of. It makes me happy, it fills my soul with gladness. Angels are calling me, 'Brother, come!' they cry. Oh, Louise, let me go and join them, I will pray to God, that you may soon follow me; angels, my brothers, I come, I come; oh! I go to heaven!"

His body fell back—Louise now held but the hand of a corpse.

Louis XVIII.—A celebrated musician had the misfortune to be too fond of Madeira and Bordeaux. One day that he had performed at St. Cloud a piece of music, that had excited the admiration of the court, Louis XVIII. had him called in about two hours afterwards, when it happened that the performer was in a state little worthy of such talents. "Where do you come from in such a miserable state?"—"Sire, I have been dining."—"Often dining in this fashion will ruin you."—"Not at all, your majesty; besides, I was very thirsty."—"Mind what you are about," observed the king, "that *thirst* may *starve* you."

H. M.

THE GRECIAN MONUMENTS.

Among the numerous monuments of Athens, (observes a modern traveller,) the first thing which attracts the admiration of the beholder, is their lovely colour; the clear sky, and brilliant sun of Greece, having shed over the marbles of Paros and Pentilicus, a golden hue, comparable only to the finest and most fleeting tints of autumn. The Athenians, who were a people far from rich, and few in number, have succeeded in moving gigantic masses; the blocks of stone in the Pynx and the Propyleum being literally quarters of rock; the slabs which stretch from pillar to pillar are of enormous dimensions. The columns of the temple of Jupiter Olympius are above sixty feet in height, and the walls of Athens, including those which strerched to the Piræus, extended over nine leagues, and were of that width, that two chariots could drive on them abreast. These chefs d'œuvre of antiquity, which travellers go so far to admire, owe their destruction chiefly to the moderns. The Parthenon was entire in 1687, the Christians at first converted it into a church, after which the Turks used it as a mosque. The Venetians, in the middle of the seventeenth century, having bombarded the Acropolis with red-hot shot, a shell fell on the Parthenon, which pierced the roof, and blew up some barrels of gunpowder, by which means a great part of the edifice was destroyed. As soon as the town was captured, Morosini, in the design of embellishing Venice with its spoils, took down the statues from the front of the Parthenon; and another modern has completed that which the Venetian had begun. The invention of fire-arms has been fatal to the monuments of antiquity. And the barbarians who overrun the Roman empire, been acquainted with the use of gunpowder, not a Greek or Roman edifice would have survived their invasion: they would have blown up the pyramids in the search for hidden treasures.

W. G. C.

Sports and Pastimes.

DEATH OF THE FOX.*

Now, when every startling sound is hushed in silence, when every hostile eye is closed in heavy sleep, "The Fox" steals forth from his earthy den. In the broad glare of day invisible, he lives but for the night. Creeping through the still covert, when no chattering pie nor screaming jay give notice of his whereabout, and the wood-pigeon sleeps undisturbed on the bough above his path. he leaves the wood—he creeps along the shadow of the dark fence down the hill, into the home-field, close to the very house—under the very nose of Farmer Dobbins; and then, woe! to the feathered slumberers of the hen-roost!—woe! to the quacking, cackling, waddlers of the farm-yard—to the well-furnished larder, woe! woe! woe!

"A good fat hen, and away she goes."

Reynard! thine is a devoted race—thine is, indeed, a sorry tale of sad injustice and unrelenting persecution. Born in a burrow,—nursled in a drain—hunted through the world until thou art hunted out of it; thou hast no peace on earth. Abused, reviled, unfriended—surrounded on all sides by foes, fierce, restless, and implacable; thy many talents can avail thee nought; they are exerted but to fail thee at thine utmost need.

The morning mist is rising with the sun, curling in heavy wreaths from close and covert, upward around the early rays. The frosted dew-drop glistens on the withered leaf, but hangs in the still air motionless over the footway or the fox, as he comes stealthily creeping through the crispened glade. Above the deep silence of that woodland scene, a faint sound floats in the heavy air. He stops; his ears erect—his fore-foot raised—he listens anxiously. Again it comes— nearer—and now he knows the hated cry of the hounds. Another moment,—and, assured that they are on his trail, with swift, but cautious step, he turns to flight. First, hastening forward—then doubling on his track—stopping awhile,—springing in a few efforts to a vast distance, he tries to foil them; but they follow still. Long and wistfully he clings for safety to the covert, but they are closing on him; and, beset by foes on every side, he bursts into the open.

Now ring the shouts of the excited hunters in echo to the music of the hounds; but both soon weaken on his ear, for he has left them far behind. Again he seeks the covert, there to stop and breathe awhile in fancied safety. Again the hounds are near, and once again he flies for life.

But flight is vain; he is out-numbered—

* Extracted from that entertaining periodical, "*The Sporting Review*," No. 3.

they press him, and he once more crosses the open country. His covert and his native earth are now in sight, but he is headed by old Farmer Dobbins's shepherd's dog, and forced to take another line. The dogs are close upon his brush. Each cunning shift is tried,—each nervous sinew strained to the very utmost; but in vain. His strength is failing fast, and every moment now his savage enemies draw nearer to him. One last resource remains. He turns toward Farmer Dobbins's homestead,—the very sanctuary which last night himself had violated; and, like the persecuted heroes of antiquity, seeks shelter in the stronghold of his bitterest enemy. The fowls run screaming to and fro, as their crest-fallen foe now totters panting past them; but Reynard's thoughts are not of dainty feasting now. A broken window catches his quick eye, and in a moment he is housed within the sacred precincts of the dairy; but here he meets no welcome of a generous enemy. The door is locked, and pots and pans afford him no concealment from the angry eyes which glare upon him from the hole by which he entered, and cut off retreat. Shortly the place is filled with eager foes. He grapples with the foremost. There is a fearful clattering of copper-pans—a crash of fallen pottery,—cries of a death-struggle, which last but for a moment, and then the ringing horn and echoing "war-whoop," proclaim *The Death of the Fox.*

NATURAL ELOQUENCE AND TRUE MAGNANIMITY.

When Ireton, the commander of the Parliamentary forces, made large offers to James, Stanley, Earl of Derby, in order to induce him to surrender the Isle of Man, which he retained for the king, he sent him the following spirited answer, "I have received your letter with indignation, and with scorn return you this answer: that I cannot but wonder whence you gather any hopes that I shall prove, like you, treacherous to my sovereign; since you cannot be ignorant of my former actings in his late majesty's service, from which principles of loyalty I am no whit departed. I scorn your offers; I disdain your favour: I abhor your treason: and am so far from delivering up this island to your advantage, that I shall keep it to the utmost of my power to your destruction. Take this for your final answer, and forbear any farther solicitations, for if you trouble me with any more messages of this nature, I will burn the paper, and hang up the bearer. This is my immutable resolution, and shall be the undoubted practice of him who accounts it his chiefest glory to be his majesty's most loyal and obedient subject."

The Gatherer.

The method used by the Tartars, for the preservation of butter, consists in fusing it in a water-bath, at a temparature of a hundred and ninety degrees of Fahrenheit; retaining it quiescent in that state, until the gaseous matter has settled, and the butter become clear; it is then decanted, passed through a cloth, and cooled in a mixture of salt and ice, or spring water; after which it is put in close vessels, and kept in a cool place. It is stated that butter prepared in this manner, will keep for six months as good as when first made. W. G. C.

The base measure all men's marches by their own pace.—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

In Venice they have a law relating to bankrupts which is singularly severe. "If a member, of either council, become a bankrupt, he is immediately degraded, and from that moment is rendered incapable of holding any post under government, until he shall have discharged all the just demands of his creditors; even his children are subjected to the same disgrace, and no citizen can exercise any public employment whatsoever, while the debts of his father remain unpaid."—*Sketches of the Natural, Civil, and Political State of Switzerland. By Wm. Coxe, M.A.*

"At Basil, one of the Swiss cantons, they have a very singular custom, of keeping their clocks always an hour too fast—and so tenacious are they in maintaining this prejudice, that notwithstanding some of the inhabitants have more than once attempted to set them right, the magistrates were compelled to have the clocks set again as usual."—*Ibid*

A Sharp Frost in Holland, and the Effect of a sudden Thaw.

'Tis said at a *Kermes*—or Dutch country-fair,
Once the shouts of the populace froze in the air;
Their screams, cries, and curses, "*Godt Donder en bliksem!*"
With their oaths mix'd their prayers, that go always betwixt 'em,
Of men, women, children, so horrid a gabble
Had never been heard since the building of Babel.
Like swallows at Christmas their words, strung together,
In icicles hung, 'till the change of the weather;
When suddenly thawing, they all burst asunder,
And rushed on the ear like a nigh clap of thunder.
Macgreggor's Battle among the Busts.

Man is a foolish and a short-sighted creature, frequently wandering to a fearful distance from the path of rectitude before he is even aware of having departed from it.

C. S.

LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD 143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.—In PARIS, by all the Booksellers.—In FRANCFORT, CHARLES. JUGEL.

The Mirror

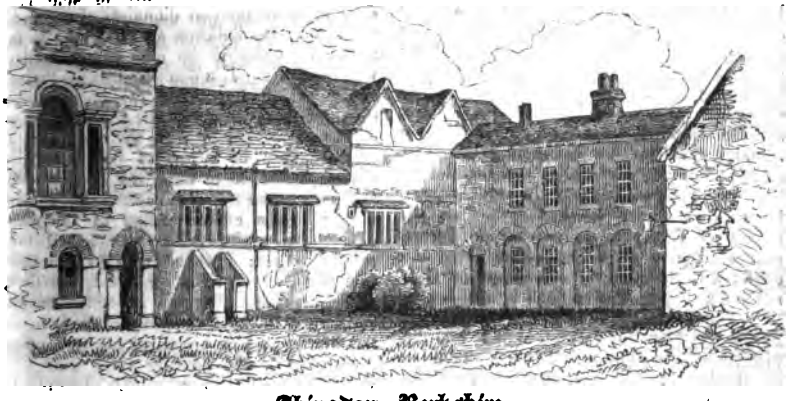
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 940.] SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1839. [Price 2d.

FREE GRAMMAR-SCHOOLS.

Grantham, Lincolnshire.



Abingdon, Berkshire.

Evesham, Worcestershire.

THE FREE GRAMMAR-SCHOOL, AT GRANTHAM, *Lincolnshire,*

Was founded in 1528, by Richard Fox,* Bishop of Winchester, who endowed it with the revenues of two chantries, which, prior to the dissolution, belonged to the church of St. Peter, the endowment having been subsequently augmented by Edward VI.: the annual income exceeds £700, the surplus of which, after payment of the salaries to the masters, is appropriated to the establishment of exhibitions to Oxford and Cambridge, to which all scholars who have been two years in the school are eligible. Sir Isaac Newton, (who was born on Christmas-day, O. S. 1642, at the manor-house of Woolstrope or Woolsthorpe, about eight miles from Grantham,) received the rudiments of his education in this school.

THE FREE GRAMMAR-SCHOOL, AT ABINGDON, *Berkshire,*

Was founded by John Royse, citizen of London, in 1563, and endowed with a house and premises in Birchin-lane, London. The master, in addition to his salary, receives one guinea per quarter for each pupil instructed in writing and arithmetic, and is allowed to receive ten private pupils. William Bennet, in 1608, bequeathed lands which now produce £100 per annum, for instructing, clothing, and apprenticing six boys on this foundation. Thomas Teasdale, formerly a scholar here, bequeathed the glebe and tythes of the rectory of Ratley in Warwickshire, for the maintenance of an usher, whose duties are confined to the classical instruction of Bennet's six boys. The school is entitled to four fellowships and six scholarships of Pembroke College, Oxford, under the respective endowments of Thomas Teasdale and Richard Wightwick. Bennet's scholars have the preference, and in default of applications from free boys, the master's private pupils are eligible. Many eminent characters have been educated in this school. Among them are: Clement Barksdale;† Job Roys, a Presbyterian writer; and Sir Edward Tumour, Speaker of the Irish House of Commons in Ireland, in 1661; and Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, 1671.

THE FREE GRAMMAR-SCHOOL, AT EVESHAM, *Worcestershire,*

Was endowed originally by abbot Lichfield.‡ Henry VIII., after the dissolution of the abbey at Evesham, for Benedictine monks, refounded this school, restoring only a part of its previous revenue. The charter which James I. granted to the inhabitants, remodelled the institution, when it was called the Free-School of Prince Henry. The master receives £10 annually from the crown, with a house, rent-free, and some minor emoluments.

THE VARIETY OF THE PASSIONS.

An elegant writer remarks, "The variety of the passions is great and worthy; and every branch of that variety is worthy of the most diligent investigation. The more accurately we search into the human mind, the stronger traces we every where find of his wisdom who made it. If a discourse upon the use of the different parts of the body may be considered as a hymn to the Creator, the use of the passions, which are the organs of the mind, cannot be barren of praise to him, nor unproductive to ourselves of that noble and uncommon union of science and admiration, which a contemplation of the works of infinite wisdom alone can afford to a rational mind; while refering to him whatever we find of right, or good, or fair in ourselves, discovering his strength and wisdom, even in our own weakness and imperfection, honouring them where we discover them clearly, and adoring their profundity where we are lost in our search. We may be inquisitive without impertinence, and elevated without pride; we may be admitted, if I may dare to say so, into the counsels of the Almighty, by a consideration of his works. This elevation of the mind ought to be the principal end of all our studies, which if they do not in some measure effect, they are of very little service to us."

* This eminent prelate was born at Ropesley, near Grantham, about the latter end of the reign of Henry VI. He was promoted to the see of Exeter in 1487; translated successively to the sees of Bath and Wells, Winchester and Durham, and died in 1528, after having employed the greater part of his public life in the service of Henry VII., by whom he was sent on almost every mission of any importance into France, Germany, and Scotland.

† A native of Winchcombe, in Gloucestershire, and born in 1609. He graduated at Oxford, and succeeded to the head-mastership of Hereford grammar-school; and died rector of Naunton, 1687-8. His works are, a "Life of Hugo Grotius," in 12mo. "Memorials of Worthy Persons," 12mo., 1661; "Nympha Libœthris, or the Cotswold Muse," 12mo., 1651; and "Monumenta Literaria, sive obitus et elogia doctorum virorum," 4to., 1640.

‡ The last English abbot but one. The handsome isolated tower of the convent at Evesham, was erected by abbot Lichfield; it is a beautiful specimen of the later English style, and is one hundred and ten feet high, and about twenty-eight square at the base; the north side is plain, the other three sides adorned with tracery; strengthened with panelled buttresses, and crowned with open battlements and pinnacles. At the general demolition, it was purchased by the inhabitants. It is unknown when abbot Lichfield died; but he was buried in the convent here. His tomb was opened in 1817, but without furnishing any corroborative proofs, or supplying the means of enlarging the little information we have of this public-spirited abbot.

(For the Mirror.)

Seek me not in renowned halls,
Nor at the gay and festive board;
But meet me ere the pale moon falls,
In twilight shades, the trees afford.

Seek me not in the bust'ring crowd,
But singly—find me out alone;
Nor mixed with gallants or the proud,
But where the birds their young ones moan.

Seek me not out where beauty dwells,
Nor where the gay and thoughtless smile;
But seek me where the blue stream swells,
At night—when all is hushed awhile.

Oh seek me not in garden bowers,
Where wanton beauty idly talks;
But meet me where the cypress flowers,
Or by the yew's sad shady walks.

But if you seek me let it be,
When none are by my vows to hear;
Then seek me near the dark blue sea,
And there "for me let fall a tear."

Or seek me when the day is past,
When winds stir not a single breath;
But if you find me not at last,
Believe me gone, and lost in death.

H. B. S.

ON MAN'S MORTALITY.

"Like as the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree,
Or like the dainty flower of May,
Or like the morning to the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had—
Even such is man, whose thread is spun,
Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The gourd consumes,—and man he dies.

"Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like a tale that's new begun,
Or like the bird that's here to-day,
Or like the pearled dew of May,
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan—
Even such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.
The grass withers, the tale is ended,
The bird is flown, the dew's ascended,
The hour is short, the span not long,
The swan's near death,—man's life is done!"

Attributed to Quarles.

THE ADVANTAGES OF GEOMETRY.

A Geometer is a man who labours according to rule. He is always with a plummet and rule in his hands; he measures, he calculates, he draws lines, he acquires the habit of doing all things by rule; he looks upon nothing as clear that he has not calculated; and in as far as possible, proceeds with the same exactness in all other sciences. Geometry accustoms the mind to a regular process, to an exact calculation; and geometrical truths are always evident, as there is no rule without a clear proof. It is, therefore, highly proper for all young persons to endeavour to acquire a geometrical understanding, to make the best use of that natural geometry which God has implanted in the minds of all men, even to act upon certain and undoubted principles.

THE ATMOSPHERE.

A great quantity of air, when looked through, has a coloured tinge; although a small quantity appears to be colourless; just as, in a pane of window-glass, we see no colour, unless we look at it edgewise; when, from the great thickness seen through, it has a blue tinge. Hence "the sky" (meaning the *atmosphere*) is said to be blue. The atmosphere, in its elevated regions, is much more transparent than near the earth; on which account, when we ascend mountains, distant objects seem to be very near.

It is of great importance to know precisely the constitution of the atmosphere; in order that subsequent observers may ascertain whether it degenerates in the lapse of ages. It consists principally of two gases,—oxygen and nitrogen; in the proportion of about twenty parts of the former, to eighty of the latter. It also contains carbonic acid (or "fixed-air," as it is called), and water, in the form of vapour. The quantity of the latter varies, at different times and places;—being greatest in hot countries at hot seasons, and least in cold countries at cold seasons. It was once thought that the presence of the carbonic acid (which forms only about a thousandth part of the whole) was accidental; but it is found in the air taken from the greatest heights to which men have attained; as in some which was brought by M. Gay Lussac, from the greatest height which he attained in his balloon, which height was more than four miles. The air which is over a wet soil, contains less carbonic acid than air which is over a dry one; and contains more at night, when plants give it out, than during the day. Although carbonic acid is much heavier than the other gases which compose the atmosphere, yet rather more of it is found in the upper regions of the latter, than in the lower. This may be owing to much of it being absorbed by damp soil; for water has a great avidity for it. In some districts of the globe, the air is highly impregnated with it; owing, probably, to subterranean fires being at work there. If, when thus given out, it is confined in a cave, instead of being dispersed through the atmosphere generally, it is fatal to animals which enter. This is the case with a cave near Naples, called the *Grotto del Cane*, or "Grotto of the *Dog*"; because if this animal (or any other of a similar height) enters, it is suffocated. It is customary for guides to thrust into it fowls, tied to the end of a stick. They are soon stupified; and unless drawn out, would perish. A man may enter with impunity; because the foul air does not reach so high as his head. A traveller in India has lately given a graphic description of a valley, filled with similar deadly exhalations; in which he saw a great number of skeletons of

birds, tigers, and other animals, which had perished from breathing the poisonous air; and even of men, who had unwittingly taken refuge within its fatal precincts.

There are various accidental substances, which are found in the atmosphere, in different situations. One of these is carburetted hydrogen, which constitutes the "fire-damp" of coal-mines, and is similar to the gas which is burned in our streets. It has been found, in great quantity near volcanoes, and over fissures in the earth, and often in the neighbourhood of marshes in hot weather. The boiling appearance which some lakes present, is probably owing to this gas being formed at the bottom, and rising through the water in bubbles. Pure hydrogen is sometimes found in the atmosphere. Then there are various *miasmata* (as they are called); which exist in the air, in particular regions, and at particular times; though they cannot be detected by any chemical means we have yet been able to employ. One of the principal of these, is *marsh-miasma*; consisting of the exhalations from marshes, and producing agues. We know nothing of its chemical nature; for air taken from over the foulest marshes, has not been found to differ chemically (so far as science at present enables us to ascertain) from air taken from the most healthy regions. It is this *miasma* which renders the fens of Lincolnshire so unhealthy, and which reigns, on a still greater scale, over the Pontine marshes near Rome; so that to sleep a night in them, is at the imminent risk of being attacked by ague. In the unfortunate expedition to Walcheren, during the last war, our army lost ten thousand men, in a few months, from sickness chiefly induced by this cause. This pestilential exhalation never ascends above a particular level over the district in which it is generated. Among these *miasmata*, should be reckoned those which produce various epidemic diseases;—such as measles, hooping-cough, small-pox, fevers of various kinds, and those awfully frightful visitations,—the plague and cholera. Notwithstanding, however, the high state of advancement (we had almost said *perfection*) to which chemical analysis has been brought, and by which the ten thousandth part of a grain of many substances can be ascertained, it has not been able to detect any difference in air impregnated with these various forms of "the pestilence that walketh in darkness," and "the destruction that wasteth at noon day."

It has been a question whether the oxygen and nitrogen gases which compose the atmosphere, are simply mixed, or are chemically combined. We consider the former to be the true state of the case. It might, indeed, have been expected that, if they were only mixed, the oxygen (being the heavier) would collect in the lower part of the atmosphere. But gases have a natural tendency to mix with each other, however they may differ in weight. Thus, if oxygen and nitrogen be put into a tube together, and confined for years, no separation takes place. Nay, if oxygen be put into the lower part of the tube, and nitrogen into the upper, they become intimately mixed in a few hours. The air, too, has all the properties which should belong to a mere mixture of the two gases which compose it. No change of volume, form, or temperature is occasioned by the mixture; though we should expect some change in one or other of these particulars, if any chemical combination took place. Bodies, likewise, which have an affinity for oxygen, abstract it from atmospheric air, as easily as if there were no nitrogen present. This is the case even with water; for the air which is expelled from rain-water by boiling, has more than the usual proportion of oxygen; which the rain must have imbibed in its passage through the atmosphere.

In order to show the tendency which gases have to mix with each other, Dr. Dalton, of Manchester, put carbonic acid (a very heavy gas) into a vessel and over it, connected by a narrow tube, a vessel containing hydrogen (the lightest gas known); and after a few hours, the two gases were found to be intermixed; although the one is more than twenty times heavier than the other. This mixture is not to be attributed to any chemical affinity between them; for carbonic acid and hydrogen cannot be made to combine with each other. Dalton says that the particles of the same gas repel, while those of different gases attract each other; so that one gas acts as a vacuum to another; only that, from the mechanical obstacle which the particles of one gas present to those of the other, the gas from one vessel does not pervade the other vessel so quickly as it would if there were a real vacuum.

It has often been asked why the quantity of oxygen in the atmosphere always remains the same, notwithstanding the constant demands which are made upon it, by the respiration of animals, the burning of fires, &c. It has been supposed to be kept up by the respiration of plants; which are said to give out more oxygen than they consume. But the quantity furnished in this way, is not sufficient to account for the whole; and a satisfactory explanation has not yet been given. N. R.

LOSS OF MEMORY.

In December, 1765, an Echevin* of Newbourg, about 60 years of age, being at table, and without having felt any previous headache, or pain in any part of his body, began, for the first time, to talk without any con-

* Alderman.

nexion. His wife, perceiving that he continued to speak in an unconnected manner, sent for the assistance of Dr. G. Legerus, from whose account the following particulars are extracted:—Having well examined the patient, I judged that his condition was occasioned by a loss of memory; for, so soon as he began a phrase, he remained for an instant thoughtful, and then began another, which he did not finish any more than the first; and sometimes he complained that he did not know what answer to give to the questions put to him. Having asked him if he had a head-ache, or felt pain in any part of his body, he answered that he did not; after which he continued to talk for some days in the same manner. His situation was without any alteration during a fortnight, at the expiration of which, he was seized with a fit of the gout, a disease that was habitual to him. In about another fortnight he recovered his memory so as to be able to converse on different subjects; and nothing remained of his indisposition except a total forgetfulness of characters; which continued for about six weeks, when he found himself perfectly recovered, and able to read with as much facility as before.

W. G. C.

PROVERBS.

(*For the Mirror.*)

Proverbs are said to be the condensed wisdom of ages: the wise sayings of our own country are probably more in number, and at least equal in terseness and point to those of any other nation. Ray's collection is the largest, but he has left several unexplained, and given in many instances wrong elucidations. The lapse of time has undoubtedly rendered some of them totally inexplicable, particularly the local ones alluding to customs long obsolete, or persons now forgotten; but those of a more general application from the use of words which have long ceased to form part of our English vocabulary, require now the aid of a glossary. The following have been wholly unexplained both by Ray and the Gnomologia of Fuller.

"*Two* slips *for a* tester."

A slip was formerly a cant word for a counterfeit piece of the current coin, it was commonly made of brass, and silvered over; *tester* is not yet obsolete for *sixpence*. Shakespeare alludes to the *slip* in Romeo and Juliet.

"*Rom.* What counterfeit did I give you?"
"*Mer.* The *slip*, sir, the *slip*!"

The obvious meaning of this adage is, that quantity should not be preferred to quality.

"*What is gotten over the devil's back is spent under his belly.*"

This proverb is derived from the Welsh, "A gasgler ar farch *Malen* dan ei dorr ydd a." Malaen, according to the legendary tales of the ancient Britons, signified an evil spirit, or devil, who was supposed to be in possession of a magic horse, on which witches were carried to any place for evil purposes; hence the origin of the proverb, indicating that what is got dishonestly is generally spent in riot and extravagance.

"*Essex stiles, Kentish miles, Norfolk wiles, many men beguiles.*"

What reason our ancestors had for complaining of the Essex stiles, or the extraordinary length of Kentish miles, is now a vain conjecture, but the Norfolk wiles can be better understood. The Norfolk men were said to be notoriously given to legal litigation; this is manifested by the statute, 33 Henry VI., which limits the number of attornies allowed to exercise their profession in that county.

"*A man's a man, though he hath but a* hose *on his head.*"

Caps made of woollen were anciently worn in England by the lower classes, long after the introduction of hats, which were chiefly worn by the nobility, and other men of rank. Breeches were formerly called *hose*, from the Saxon *hosa*, and were generally made of woollen. I consider the term was applied to the cap, or covering for the head, because made of that material, the covering for the leg is now called *hose*, and that article in the great manufacturing counties of Leicester and Nottingham, is still distinguished by that name, viz., *Jersey hose*, which are made of wool, but those made of cotton are usually called stockings.

"*He is in his better* blue *clothes.*"

Blue was of old the prevailing colour of the clothes of servants in livery, and the retainers of great men; the city of Coventry was at one time famous for its blue dye, and hence, perhaps, the universality of the colour; the custom of wearing blue is retained to this day in the almost general costume of charity children, and the jackets of watermen. Pliny states that blue was the colour in which the Gauls clothed their slaves, and the bedesman, a privileged beggar, wore a blue gown; but probably the custom in England derived its origin from the facility of getting the article of home manufacture, and as far as regarded the colour, not to be obtained elsewhere. Coventry blue was for centuries distinguished for its beauty and durability. The proverb alludes to a person dressed extraordinary fine, and beyond his grade in society.

"*The* black ox *never trod on his foot.*"

This proverb is said to be founded on an historical fact: it is applied to a person to whom misfortune has never happened; the ancient Britons had a custom of ploughing their land in partnership, each person finding

one draught ox; if either of the oxen died, or became disabled during the process of ploughing, the owner of the land (if not his own beast) was compelled to find another animal of equal value, or at his option to give an acre of land to the owner of the dead or disabled animal; this acre was called "*erw yr uch ddu*," *i. e.* "the acre of the black ox," and many acres in Wales are at this day known by that title; without this explanation the words convey no conceivable meaning.

WM. TOONE.

ORIGIN OF NAPOLEON'S GENERALS.

THE age of Napoleon was an age of wonders; only witness the following account of the origin of his most celebrated generals. We see *Augereau*, the hot, the sanguine Augereau, the son of a poor fruiterer, struggling for his livelihood; we see him urging on his course, and at the age of thirty-five, still a private soldier, not despairing of success; we see him at last, in four years, rise from the lowest rank to the highest grade of military command, and created a duke. Then comes *Bernadotte*, who was destined to be one of the greatest, and by far the most fortunate of Napoleon's lieutenants; he was born at Pau, the capital of Berne, January 26th, 1764. In his sixteenth year, he enlisted as a private soldier into the Royal Marines. In 1792, he was a colonel. In 1806 he was created Prince of Ponte Corvo, and lastly, was elected King of Sweden. Then follows *Berthier*, the son of a porter of the Hotel de la Querre, who for his signal services was created Marshal of the Empire, Grand Huntsman, and Prince, first of the Neufchatel, then of Wagram. The next in succession is, *Bessieres*, born at Preissar, August 6th, 1768. He was a private soldier in 1792. In the north of Spain, through his exemplary conduct, he rose to the station of captain in 1796; was created Marshal in 1809, and afterwards Duke of Istria. *Kellermann*, the son of a citizen of Strasburg, next follows; he rose from the rank of a private soldier to that of Duke of Valmy. The impetuous and valiant *Lannes* now excites our admiration and wonder; born at Lectonre, April 11th, 1769, of indigent parents. He at an early age enlisted into the army. He was sent ambassador into Portugal, and on his return became Marshal of France, and ere long Duke of Montebello. *Macdonald*, whom we shall next cite, was born in the little town of Sancerre, November 17th, 1765. At an early age he entered into the army as lieutenant; he was created marshal, and after Duke of Tarentum. Lefebvre was born of humble parents, on the 25th of October, 1755. We see him in September 1793 raised to the rank of captain; in December, the same year, to the rank of general, and lastly to the dukedom of Dantzic. *Massena*, one of the ablest of Napoleon's generals, was born at Nice, May 6th, 1758. At an early age, he was, by a relative, introduced to a maritime life, but soon becoming disgusted with the sea, he subsequently entered the army as a private soldier. His promotion at first was not at all rapid; and having lost all hopes, retired to his own nation, and married. The stirring affairs of the revolution called his attention once more to a soldier's life; his promotion was now astonishingly rapid, for in 1793 he became general, soon after, Duke of Rivoli; and to close his career, was created Prince of Essling. *Monvey* was born at Besançon, July 31st, 1754. The education he received was good, as his father was a lawyer. He enlisted as a private soldier, of his own accord; his parents, however, obtained his discharge. But at last, in 1790, when at the age of forty-six, he became a sub-lieutenant of the dragoons, and in 1804 was created Duke of *Conégliano*. *Mortier* was born at Cambrai, 1768. In the year 1791 he was captain, and lastly, received the title of Duke of Steriso. The great *Murat* next engages our attention; he was born March 25th, 1767, of humble parents, his father being only an inn-keeper, of Bastide, near Cahors. When he was in his twentieth year he enlisted into a regiment of chasseurs, and shortly after, for his gallantry and bravery, was made general of division; in 1805 created Grand Duke of Berg and Cleves; and in 1808 had the crown of Naples conferred on him. The end of this extraordinary man, whose life must have appeared to him a dream, was, as is well known, tragical; he was shot, and himself gave the word to the soldiers to fire, saying, "Save my face—aim at my heart—fire!" The errors of Murat may be ascribed to a bad education; he wanted moral energy, reflection, and patience.

Ney, the "Bravest of the brave," was born at Sarre Louis, January 10th, 1769. His father was a poor tradesman. In 1787 he filled the inferior station of private soldier, and in 1793 was lieutenant. The year following he was brought under the notice of General Kleber, and in 1796 received the title of general himself. He was also created Prince of Moskwa. A miserable and untimely end, however, awaited this prodigy of military genius; like Murat, he was shot, and when at the place of execution, in a firm voice, gave the word, saying, "Soldiers, fire!" His father died in 1826, aged nearly 100 years. His love for his son was so great, that at his death, in 1815, his family fearing the effect which the sad event might produce on him, kept it a secret amongst themselves. By the mourning of his daughter, however, he understood that some tragical event had taken place; but he never made

any inquiries, and seldom pronounced the name of his son. He lived till 1826, and expired without ever being acquainted with his son's death. *Oudinot* now claims our notice; he was born April 2nd, 1767, and distinguished himself so much as a private soldier, that he was created Count of the Empire in 1804, and for his brave valour at Wagram, Duke of Reggio. Soult, this daring and enterprising soldier, was born March 29th, 1769, at St. Antan's. His origin was mean. In his sixteenth year he entered the army as a private soldier, and rose gradually from rank to rank, till the year 1794, when he was made general; he was afterwards honoured with the title of Duke of Dalmatia. *Suchet*, who was the son a silk manufacturer of Lyons, was born March 2nd, 1772. In 1792 he enlisted as a private soldier; his promotion was rapid, though not perhaps so much so as some others. In 1798 he gained the rank of general; and in 1812 the title of Duke of Albufera. These are the principal and most celebrated of Napoleon's lieutenants, nearly all of whom rose from the rank of private soldiers, to the possession of the sword of a general, the staff of a marshal, and even the sceptre of a king.

M. D. M.

Manners and Customs.

SKETCHES OF PARIS.

A Masked Ball.

"Le vin! le vin! le vin, le jeu, les belles!
Voilà! voilà! voilà nos seuls amours!"

Such was the joyous refrain to the opening chorus of the magnificent *Robert Le Diable*, which we were lustily singing to the great amusement of all the quiet coffee-drinking members of the Legion of Honour, as we entered the glittering *Brasserie Anglaise* in the Palais Royal, on the evening of the first masked ball of the season at the Theatre de l'Opera Comique. We were *en costume*, and anywhere but in Paris the circumstance of three rakes entering a public coffee-room would have attracted a crowd of gazers after them, "but they manage these things better in France." Imagine the sensation we should have caused at Evans's, in Covent Garden, under similar circumstances. Sloman's improvisatorial sketches would have been suspended—the glee-singers would have forgotten now, when, or where "Willie brew'd a peck of malt,"—Herr Von Joel would have stopped his "Lur-li-e-ty" in dumb amazement, and Evans himself would have hindered the return of the admiral, and probably requested the gentlemen to leave the room. But we marched in here without the least disarrangement of the parties assembled. The only ones who stared at us were the English, and those we didn't care about.

The ball in question was under the direction of M. Magnus, the chief of the orchestra at the Prado; and as the Prado is the grand winter resort of all the dancing students of Paris, and moreover, as Magnus is very popular in that rational and well-conducted circle, we were aware we should meet many of our friends, and be certain of good arrangements for the evening. Accordingly, two days before we sought out a *Magazin des Costumes*, near Galignani's, in the Rue Vivienne; and having, with our friends, stipulated for the loan of such habits as became a Postillion, a Lancer, and a *Debardeur*, (characters much in vogue at the masked balls of Paris,) by a payment of eight francs each, and a deposit of a sum equivalent to the value of the dresses, we had them sent home to us on the morning of *the* day, and amused ourselves until evening by looking at them, and disputing which was the handsomest. As the Opera Comique does not finish its performances until eleven o'clock, and after that the pit had to be boarded over level with the stage, as they do for the masquerades at our London theatres, the doors did not open for the ball until twelve; it was, in fact, as stated in the bills, a "*bal de nuit.*" In our anxiety, however, to behold ourselves in our new costumes, we were all dressed, and perfectly ready by nine; and when we had skipped about the room a little, to try our pumps, and thrown ourselves in melodramatic attitudes, and looked at ourselves in the glass, over one another's shoulders, until we knew every stud and buckle in the dress, we began naturally to think what we could do with ourselves until midnight. "Let us go and sup at a café in the Palais Royal," said one of our friends, inspired by a sudden happy thought. "We shall get refreshments cheaper there than in the theatre, and certainly much better;" and acting on the impulse, a *fiacre* was called, we jumped in, and in a quarter of an hour were established at the Brasserie Anglaise, in the divan, on the "troisiéme." It is a nice and comfortable place, that elegant café, which they have been pleased to think resembles an English brewery. The waiters are civil, the accommodations first rate, the beer passable for France, the coffee delicious, and moreover, they take in the Morning Post. Well, then, here we remained until twelve o'clock, and as soon as that hour had sounded, we started off to the doors of the handsome theatre of the Place de la Bourse. We shall never forget our first start at entering the *salle*—it was only exceeded by our feelings the first time we went to Vauxhall, where we have an imperfect remembrance of having got slightly elevated, and dancing with one of the red-coated waiters in front of the supper-box.

We still think it must have been the profusion of lamps that upset our stomach—our friends said it was the "rack punch."

The whole area of the theatre was covered with the most animated medley of costumes possible to conceive. We were not overrun by Greeks, field-officers, and Swiss peasants, as in London; but the gayest and most picturesque dresses were everywhere to be seen. It was the ball scene in Gustavus realized. Twelve splendid chandeliers depended from the ceiling, and at the end of the stage was Magnus, in all the glory of a leader, with a white waistcoat on, surrounded by nearly eighty musicians, who were playing the quadrilles, as if their life and soul was in them, as well as the dancers. Crowds of other masks were likewise in the boxes as mere spectators of the scene, but there was quite enough to attract our attention below, without seeking amusement up stairs. The order of dancing was a waltz and galoppe alternately, after every two quadrilles; but the galoppe was the fun. Oh! what a stirring chase it was. Down the declivity of the stage, as hard as we could tear, to the boarded pit, and then whirling wildly round underneath the boxes, and up again to the back of the theatre. It was indeed a *galoppe d'enfer*, as our partner observed, and to Clapisson's inspiring "*Postillon de Ma'm Ablou*," we thought everybody would have gone mad. Not only was the air of that favourite song introduced, but we had the accompaniments of the crack of the postillion's whip, and the jangling of the diligence bells. We must have them in London for our approaching season, for they are a delicious set. Then came the galoppe from "*Le Domino Noir*;" then the galoppe from "*La fille du Danube*," and a dozen others equally spirited, and waltzes by Labitsky, Strauss, and Julian, without end. The quadrilles were mostly too crowded, but all made way for the other dancers.

As the refreshments in the *foyer* of the theatre were enormously dear, at least for Paris, we fed at the Café de l'Opera Comique, next door to the theatre, and opposite the Bourse. It was open all night long, as may be supposed, and an occasional bottle of "*limonade gazeuse*" was very refreshing, especially when half choked with dust.

In the *salle*, as usual, the municipal guard and *gens d'armes* were in attendance, and more than one unfortunate wight was condemned to the solitude of the *cachot* below the box staircase for the rest of the evening, for transgressing the known and established rules of the ball-room. As the females alone covered their faces, we recognized, as we had anticipated, many fellow students amidst the throng with whom we were acquainted, and were at no lack for introductions to partners; indeed we completely danced a pair of patent prettily polished pumps to pieces—we like alliteration.

We think it is not often that the English attend these balls as dancers, although many of our countrymen were in the boxes as spectators; for we heard "*Tiens c'est un Anglais*" in a tone of surprise often repeated behind us. Be this as it may, if they do not go to these balls when in Paris, and enter into the spirit of them, as our foreign brethren do, they lose a great deal of amusement.

The worst part of the story was turning out at six in the morning to come home. The half-deserted streets look cold, dark, and cheerless, and we were not sorry to tumble into bed, where we had a most confirmed dream of chandeliers, music, *pierrettes*, municipal guards, and fairy-like forms flitting before us, with brigands' hats, and postilions' boots.

Kenilworth.

A POPULAR VIEW OF NATURAL HISTORY.

BY JAMES H. PENNEFATHER.

(*For the Mirror.*)

[*Continued from page 108.*]

Those husbandmen who have possessed some knowledge of natural history, have not only been better enabled to cultivate their plants, and protect them from the attacks of destructive animals, but they have learnt thereby to know what creatures are harmless and useful, and ought to be protected and encouraged, either for the pleasing sight and sounds they afford, or the good that they do. But many, yet ignorantly supposing that all wild animals that presume to peck about their grounds must be foes, destroy even those which on closer observation will be found to be harmless, or, perhaps, useful. Thus the very creatures that come to relieve them from those which are really injurious, are wilfully and remorselessly killed, notwithstanding their innocence and utility. Rooks, for example, are killed by many persons. It is certainly true that, in harvest and seed-time, rooks do *some* mischief, but it is a very little in comparison to the great good they do in spring, when their food, and apparently their *only* food, is the grubs of insects, chiefly those of the cock-chafer, (*melolontha vulgaris*,) and other destructive species, to procure which they are so eager, that they will even follow the plough; and, moreover, it is well known to practical entomologists that the neighbourhood of a rookery is not the place where many, if any, insects are to be found. Some years ago, the proprietors of some extensive farms in Devonshire paid large sums of money to those who destroyed the rooks; but what was the consequence? During the three following years, destructive insects multiplied to a greater extent than ever, and caused the failure of almost the whole of the crops;—a circumstance which made the farmers so sen-

sible of their ignorance and folly, that they actually introduced a supply of rooks on to their estates again. Benjamin Franklin says, in a letter to Peter Collinson, that "whenever we attempt to interfere with the [natural] government of the world, we had better be very circumspect, lest we do more harm than good. In New England they once thought blackbirds useless and mischievous to the corn. They made efforts to destroy them. The consequence was, the blackbirds were diminished; but a kind of worm which devoured their grass, and which the blackbirds used to feed on, increased prodigiously; then, finding their loss in grass much greater than their saving in corn, they wished again for their blackbirds."

The gardeners in America are in the habit of destroying the mocking-bird, (*muscicapa tyrannus*,) and they thus unwittingly deprive themselves of the benefits it would concur upon them by protecting their crops and cattle from troublesome insects, and their poultry from predacious birds. The celebrated Alexander Wilson thus humanely expostulates with those who so cruelly requite the valuable services of this useful bird:—

"Kill not the friend, who thy whole harvest shields
And sweeps the thousand vermin from thy fields:
Think how this tuneful bird, thy poultry's guard,
Drove every hawk and eagle from the yard;
Watched round thy cattle as they fed, and slew
The hungry blackening swarms that round them flew;
None could return, some little right resign,
And spare his life, whose services are thine!"

"It behoves every one," says Swainson, "to show humanity to animals, although we are authorized and justified in destroying such as are found, by experience, to injure our property." Under this head, however, we are committing so many mistakes that, ere long, some of the most elegant and interesting of our native animals will probably be extirpated. Country gentlemen give orders to their gamekeepers to destroy all *vermin* on their premises; and these men, equally ignorant with their masters, of what animals are really injurious, commence an indiscriminate attack upon all. The *jay*, the *woodpecker*, and the *squirrel*—three of the most elegant and innocent inhabitants of our woods—are doomed to the same destruction as the *stoat*, the *polecat*, and the *hawk*. Nothing in our native ornithology can be more beautiful than the plumage of the jay; while its very wildness and discordance is in harmony with the loneliness of the tangled woods it loves to frequent. The sudden and sharp cry of the *green-woodpecker*, (*picus viridis*,) is a similar character; and the sound of its bill 'tapping the hollow beech-tree,' is interesting and poetical. The *squirrel*, again, is the gayest and prettiest enlivener of our woodland scenery; and in its amazing leaps shows us an example—unrivalled among our native quadrupeds—of agility and gracefulness. Yet these peaceful denizens of our woods are destroyed and exterminated from sheer ignorance of the most unquestionable *facts* in their history. The jay, indeed is said to suck eggs; but this is never done except in a scarcity of insect food, which rarely, if ever, happens. The *woodpecker* lives entirely upon those insects which destroy trees, and is, therefore, one of the most efficient preservers of our plantations; while the *squirrel* feeds exclusively on fruits and nuts. To suppose that either of these is prejudicial to the eggs or the young of partridges and pheasants, would be just as unreasonable as to believe that *nightjars*, commonly called goatsuckers, milk goats and cows, or that *hedgehogs* devoured poultry. It is surely desirable that right notions should be had on such things, and that by an acquaintance with the most common facts of natural history, our few remaining native quadrupeds and birds should be preserved from wanton and useless destruction. If natural history can teach us nothing more than humanity towards such inoffensive creatures, a little attention to it would not be misplaced."

Many species of insects are execrated and destroyed, as being injurious to agricultural welfare, but which upon a little patient observation of their habits, would soon be found to be harmless. Natural history has taught most of the gardeners of the present day to refrain from killing those pretty little beetles, called *lady-birds*, (*coccinella*,) which are so very useful in devouring the plant-lice, (*aphides*,) that infest and injure the hop and other plants.

Yet how many hundred species of insects are daily destroyed, as the supposed cause of all the injuries which crops sustain from the various sudden calamities included under the one vague, and therefore useless name of *blight*.

If it be admitted that it is important that the husbandman should be rightly informed of the natural history of his native country, how much more important must it be deemed that he should acquire some knowledge of the natural history of any foreign country to which he may have determined to emigrate. A knowledge of this kind acquired previous to his setting his foot on a land whose productions are new to him, may be the means of saving him from being poisoned by fruits or vegetables which he might otherwise be tempted to eat, in ignorance of their noxious qualities, attacked by peculiar diseases, assailed by ferocious and venemous animals, and from being exposed to the effects of raging storms. To *emigrants*, an elementary knowledge of natural history is, as Swainson justly remarks, "of much more consequence than to the English farmer, who frequently learns, from the experience of others, what is to be done in cases of emergency; or who

can, at least, apply for such information to scientific advisers. But the agricultural emigrant has not these resources; he has, for the most part, to learn every thing himself: he has to study soils, and try experiments as to the crops best adapted to them. These crops will frequently be attacked and destroyed by a host of new enemies of the insect world, the species of which he has never before seen, and against which, in consequence, he knows not how to proceed. He is, in fact, thrown upon his own resources; and if he has not a sufficient knowledge of natural history to enable him to *reason* upon the facts before him, or to direct him how to proceed, he suffers the full extent of evils which might otherwise have been mitigated or prevented.

We hear of the worn-out state of the West India plantations; that the soil will no longer repay the expenses of cultivation; and that the introduction of sugar, rum, &c., from other countries, has brought ruin upon these. I know not how far these statements may be correct; but admitting them to be so, it may be fairly inquired, what efforts have been made to remedy them? Why could not the aromatic spices of the East be equally well grown in the West Indies? and why has not the cultivation of the silk-worm been undertaken in the Antilles, instead of leaving this enormous trade in the hands of the Asiatics? Why, again, are not efficient and scientific trials made for rearing the tea-plant either in the West Indies or on the neighbouring continent? What obstacles exist against the cultivation of the vine and the olive,—plants which will flourish in every possible variety of soil,—in these ill-fated islands; and thus establishing in them new and important sources of commerce and of wealth. In deciding these and similar questions, natural history becomes of the first importance, since the only data upon which operations can be properly conducted, must be furnished by persons well versed in that science, and accustomed to inquire into, and reflect upon, those kinds of facts which none but a naturalist would ever think of.

New Books.

SELF-CULTURE.

(*By William E. Channing.*)

[Dr. Channing, the author of the eloquent address presented to the public under the above title, while he shows himself fully sensible of the immense advantages derived by the existing generation from the "schoolmaster" being "abroad," takes occasion to impress upon his audience at Boston,—composed chiefly of the working classes,—the even-superior importance of that vigilant personage being also found "at home." In other words, he clearly points out the futility of mere external instruction, however obtained, apart from habits of reflection, a deep sense of the capabilities of the human intellect, and an ever-active endeavour to make the most of them. The subject is worthy of the brilliant powers of the author, and every page of the address sparkles with evidence that the author is worthy of the subject. We proceed at once to justify our praise by extracts.]

Extension of good through individual instances.

Influence is to be measured, not by the extent of surface it covers, but by its *kind*. A man may spread his mind, his feelings, and opinions through a great extent; but if his mind be a low one, he manifests no greatness. A wretched artist may fill a city with daubs, and by a false showy style achieve a reputation; but the man of genius, who leaves behind him one grand picture, in which immortal beauty is embodied, and which is silently to spread a true taste in his art, exerts an incomparably higher influence. Now the noblest influence on earth is that exerted on character; and he who puts forth this, does a great work, no matter how narrow or obscure his sphere. The father and mother of an unnoticed family who, in their seclusion, awaken the mind of one child to the idea and love of perfect goodness, who awaken in him a strength of will to repel all temptation, and who send him out prepared to profit by the conflicts of life, surpass in influence a Napoleon breaking the world to his sway. And not only is their work higher in kind. Who knows, but that they are doing a greater work even as to extent or surface than the conqueror? Who knows, but that the being, whom they inspire with holy and disinterested principles, may communicate himself to others; and that by a spreading agency, of which they were the silent origin, improvements may spread through a nation, through the world?

Intellectual and moral culture.

The intellect being the great instrument by which men compass their wishes, it draws more attention than any of our other powers. When we speak to men of improving themselves, the first thought which occurs to them is, that they must cultivate their understanding, and get knowledge and skill. By education men mean almost exclusively intellectual training. For this schools and colleges are instituted; and to this the moral and religious discipline of the young is sacrificed. Now, I reverence as much as any man, the intellect; but let us never exalt it above the moral principle. With this it is most intimately connected. In this its culture is founded, and to exalt this is its highest aim. Whoever desires that his intellect may grow up to soundness, to

healthy vigour, must begin with moral discipline. Reading and study, are not enough to perfect the power of thought. One thing, above all, is needful; and that is, the disinterestedness which is the very soul of virtue. To gain truth, which is the great object of the understanding, I must seek it disinterestedly. Here is the first and grand condition of intellectual progress. I must choose to receive the truth, no matter how it bears on myself. I must follow it no matter where it leads, what interests it opposes, to what persecution or loss it lays me open, from what party it severs me, or to what party it allies. Without this fairness of mind, which is only another phrase for disinterested love of truth, great native powers of understanding are perverted and led astray; genius runs wild; "the light within us becomes darkness." The subtlest reasoners, for want of this, cheat themselves as well as others, and become entangled in the web of their own sophistry. It is a fact well-known in the history of science and philosophy, that men, gifted by nature with singular intelligence, have broached the grossest errors, and even sought to undermine the grand primitive truths on which human virtue, dignity, and hope, depend. And, on the other hand, I have known instances of men of naturally moderate powers of mind, who, by a disinterested love of truth and their fellow-creatures, have gradually risen to no small force and enlargement of thought. Some of the most useful teachers in the pulpit and in schools, have owed their power of enlightening others, not so much to any natural superiority, as to the simplicity, impartiality, and disinterestedness of their minds, to their readiness to live and die for the truth. A man who rises above himself, looks from an eminence on nature and Providence, on society and life. Thought expands, as by a natural elasticity, when the pressure of selfishness is removed. The moral and religious principles of the soul, generously cultivated, fertilise the intellect. Duty faithfully performed opens the mind to truth, both being of one family, alike immutable, universal, and everlasting.

I have enlarged on this subject, because the connexion between moral and intellectual culture is often overlooked, and because the former is often sacrificed to the latter. The exaltation of talent, as it is called, above virtue and religion, is the curse of the age. Education is now chiefly a stimulus to learning; and thus men acquire the power without the principles which alone make it good. Talent is worshipped; but if divorced from rectitude, it will prove more of a demon than a god.

Books.

It is chiefly through books that we enjoy intercourse with superior minds; and these invaluable means of communication are within the reach of all. In the best books great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their souls into ours. God be thanked for books! They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levellers. They give to all who will faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am; no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling; if the sacred writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof—if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise; and Shakspeare to open to me the worlds of imagination and the workings of the human heart; and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom—I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship; and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live.

* * * * * *

At a small expense, a man can now possess himself of the most precious treasures of English literature. Books, once confined to a few by their costliness, are now accessible to the multitude; and in this way a change of habits is going on in society, highly favourable to the culture of the people. Instead of depending on casual rumour and loose conversation for most of their knowledge and objects of thought; instead of forming their judgments in crowds, and receiving their chief excitement from the voice of neighbours, men are now learning to study and reflect alone, to follow out subjects continuously, to determine for themselves what shall engage their minds, and to call to their aid the knowledge, original views, and reasonings of men of all countries and ages; and the results must be, a deliberateness and independence of judgment, and a thoroughness and extent of information, unknown in former times. The diffusion of these silent teachers, books, through the whole community, is to work greater effects than artillery, machinery, and legislation. Its peaceful agency is to supersede stormy revolutions. The culture, which it is to spread, whilst an unspeakable good to the individual, is also to become the stability of nations.

[From a pamphlet of 60 or 70 pages it would be hardly fair to quote more: enough has been given to show that a noble subject is treated in a noble manner; and as the lecture may be procured at various prices, none of them high, we are persuaded that few readers interested in the subject will be willing to be without it.]

Richelieu; or the Conspiracy. A Play, in five Acts: to which are added, Historical Odes of the last Days of Elizabeth; Cromwell's Dream; and the Death of Nelson. 8vo. London, 1839. Saunders and Otley.

[In these our patronizing days of lions, tigers, monkeys, and panthers, whose exhibition tends to vitiate the public taste, and bring the British stage into contempt—how refreshing, to turn from scenes so repulsive to good taste, and feast on an elevating, rational, and moral legitimate drama like that of *Richelieu!* This historical play, so full of poetical beauties and fine touches of nature, with a consummate knowledge of the workings of the human mind, is the production of Sir E. Lytton Bulwer. —It was produced on Thursday, the 7th inst., at Covent Garden Theatre, to the honour of Mr. Macready, whose strenuous and praiseworthy exertion to raise the National Drama to that high station its vital importance so pre-eminently demands, cannot be too highly appreciated.

We have selected a few passages as specimens of the gifted author's nervous delineations.]

Love and Poetry.

Why, man,
The thoughts of lovers stir with poetry
As leaves with summer-wind.—The heart that loves
Dwells in an Eden, hearing angel-lutes,
As Eve in the First Garden. Hast thou seen
My Julie, and not felt it henceforth dull
To live in the common world—and talk in words
That clothe the feelings of the frigid herd?—
Upon the perfumed pillow of her lips—
As on his native bed of roses flush'd
With Paphian skies—Love smiling sleeps:—Her voice
The blest interpreter of thoughts as pure
As virgin wells where Dian takes delight,
Or Fairies dip their changelings!—In the maze
Of her harmonious beauties—Modesty
(Like some severer Grace that leads the choir
Of her sweet sisters) every airy motion
Attunes to such chaste charm, that Passion holds
His bursting breath, and will not with a sigh
Dissolve the spell that binds him!—Oh those eyes
That woo the earth—shadowing more soul than lurks
Under the lids of Psyche!—Go!—thy lip
Curls at the purfled phrases of a lover—
Love thou, and if thy love be deep as mine,
Thou wilt not laugh at poets.

Deeds of War.

Deeds!
O miserable delusion of man's pride!
Deeds! cities sack'd, fields ravaged, hearths profaned,
Men butcher'd! In your hour of doom behold
The *deeds* you boast of! From rank showers of blood,
And the red light of blazing roofs, you build
The Rainbow Glory, and to shuddering Conscience
Cry,—Lo, the Bridge to Heaven!

Character of a Trickster.

You have outrun your fortune;—
I blame you not, that you would be a beggar—
Each to his taste!—But I do charge you, Sir,
That, being beggar'd, you would coin false monies
Out of that eructible, called DEBT.—To live
On means not yours—be brave in silks and laces,
Gallant in steeds—splendid in banquets;—all
Not *yours*—unpaid—unherited—unpaid for;—
This is to be a trickster; and to filch
Men's art and labour, which to them is wealth,
Life, daily bread,—quitting all scores with—"Friend,
You're troublesome!"—Why this, forgive me,
Is what, when done with a less dainty grace—
Plain folks call "*Theft!*"—You owe eight thousand pistoles,
Minus one crown, two liards!

[The words of the following quotation are beautifully written; they are uttered by Richelieu, who has seated himself as to write, lifting a pen:]

True,—THIS!
Beneath the rule of men entirely great
The pen is mightier than the sword. Behold
The arch-enchanter's wand!—itself a nothing!—
But taking sorcery from the master-hand
To paralyse the Cæsars—and to strike
The loud earth breathless!—Take away the sword—
States can be saved without it!

[We now give a finely-drawn picture of Richelieu's love of fame, and his devotedness to France.]

I love my native land
Not as Venetian, Englisher, or Swiss,
But as a Noble and a Priest of France;
"All things for France"—lo, my eternal maxim!
The vital axle of the restless wheels
That bear me on! With her, I have entwined
My passions and my fate—my crimes, my virtues—
Hated and loved, and schemed, and shed men's blood,
As the calm crafts of Tuscan Sages teach
Those who would make their country great. Beyond
The Map of France—my heart can travel not,
But fills that limit to its farthest verge;
And while I live—Richelieu and France are one.
We Priests, to whom the Church forbids in youth
The plighted one—to manhood's toil denies
The soother helpmate—from our wither'd age
Shuts the sweet blossoms of the second spring
That smiles in the name of Father—We are yet
Not holier than Humanity, and must
Fulfil Humanity's condition—Love!
Debarred the Actual, we but breathe a life
To the chill Marble of the Ideal—Thus,
In thy unseen and abstract Majesty,
My France—my Country, I have bodied forth
A thing to love. What are these robes of state,
This pomp, this palace? perishable baubles!
In this world two things only are immortal—
Fame and a People!

Richelieu's Soliloquy.

"In silence, and at night, the Conscience feels
That life should soar to nobler ends than Power."
So sayest thou, sage and sober moralist!
But wert thou tried?—Sublime Philosophy,
Thou art the Patriarch's ladder, reaching heaven,
And bright with beck'ning angels—but, alas!
We see thee, like the Patriarch, but in dreams,
By the first step—dull-slumbering on the earth.
I am not happy!—with the Titan's lust
I woo'd a goddess, and I clasp a cloud.
When I am dust, my name shall, like a star,
Shine through wan space, a glory—and a prophet
Whereby pale seers shall from their aëry towers
Con all the ominous signs, benign or evil,
That make the potent astrologue of kings.
But shall the Future judge me by the ends
That I have wrought—or by the dubious means
Through which the stream of my renown hath run
Into the many-voiced unfathomed Time?
Foul in its bed lie weeds—and heaps of slime,
And with its waves—when sparkling in the sun,
Oft times the secret rivulets that swell
Its might of waters—blend the hues of blood.
Yet are my sins not those of CIRCUMSTANCE,
That all-pervading atmosphere, wherein
Our spirits, like the unsteady lizard, take
The tints that colour, and the food that nurtures?
O! ye, whose hour-glass shifts its tranquil sands
In the unvex'd silence of a student's cell;
Ye, whose untempted hearts have never toss'd
Upon the dark and stormy tides where life

Gives battle to the elements, and man
Wrestles with man for some slight plank, whose weight
Will bear but one—while round the desperate wretch
The hungry billows roar—and the fierce Fate,
Like some huge monster, dim-seen through the surf,
Waits him who drops;—ye safe and formal men,
Who write the deeds, and with unfeverish hand
Weigh in nice scales the motives of the Great,
Ye cannot know what ye have never tried!
History preserves only the fleshless bones
Of what we are—and by the mocking skull
The would-be wise pretend to guess the features!
Without the roundness and the glow of life
How hideous is the skeleton! Without
The colourings and humanities that clothe
Our errors, the anatomists of schools
Can make our memory hideous!

[In the following extract we have Julie's defence of her honour—it is a fine burst of female purity, vigorously told; portraying the irresistible power and resolution of a virtuous woman.]

Richelieu.

Ha!—
You did obey the summons; and the king
Reproach'd your hasty nuptials.—

Julie.

Were that all!
He frown'd and chid;—proclaim'd the bond unlawful:
Bade me not quit my chamber in the palace,
And there at night—alone—this night—all still—
He sought my presence—dared! thou read'st the heart,
Read mine!—I cannot speak it!

Richelieu.

He a king,—
You—woman; well,—you yielded!

Julie.

Cardinal—
Dare you say "yielded?"—Humbled and abash'd,
He from the chamber crept—this mighty Louis!
Crept like a baffled felon!—yielded! Ah!
More royalty in woman's honest heart
Than dwells within the crowned majesty
And sceptred anger of a hundred kings!
Yielded!—Heavens!—yielded!

Richelieu.

To my breast,—close—close!
The world would never need a Richelieu, if
Men—bearded, mailed men—the Lords of Earth—
Resisted flattery, falsehood, avarice, pride,
As this poor child with the dove's innocent scorn
Her sex's tempters, Vanity and Power!

[The following ejaculation, as uttered by Richelieu, closes this truly classical drama.]

No—let us own it:—there is One above
Sways the harmonious mystery of the world
Ev'n better than prime ministers:—
Alas!
Our glories float between the earth and heaven
Like clouds which seem pavilions of the sun,
And are the playthings of the casual wind;
Still, like the cloud which drops on unseen crags
The dews the wild flower feeds on, our ambition
May from its airy height drop gladness down
On unsuspected virtue;—and the flower
May bless the cloud when it hath pass'd away!

[The play has the rare merit of having copious and elucidatory notes, which enhances the value of the work. The Odes are finely conceived; probably we may refer, in a future number, to the one of "Cromwell's Dream."]

Biography.

MEMOIR OF CHARLES ROSSI, R. A.

This distinguished artist was born in Nottingham; but his early years were mostly passed at Mount Sorrel, in Leicestershire, where his father was established as a medical man. Young Rossi was placed in the atelier of Lucatelli, an Italian sculptor, in London; and after the expiration of his apprenticeship he was for some time in the employment of Messrs. Coad and Seeley, then in Lambeth. When here he got admitted a student of the Royal Academy, and in a short time obtained the gold medal for the best specimen of a work in sculpture. Shortly after this he was sent to Rome for three years, at the expense of the Royal Academy. He studied closely, and with judgment, so that on his return so great improvement had taken place in his taste and executive power, that he was immediately employed on works of high art, and in a few years he was elected an associate, and in 1802, a member of the Royal Academy. In a few years afterwards he was appointed one of the sculptors to King George IV., and was employed upon some of the finest sculpture-work at Buckingham Palace, particularly one of the pediments, and "the sessons" on the frieze under the pediment, which pleased the King so much that he directed Mr. Nash, the architect, to give him any part of the sculpture he pleased, but he only selected as much as came to £3,000. He was also appointed sculptor in ordinary to his late Majesty William IV. Besides these works there is a fine group of Queen Eleanor sucking the poison out of King Edward's wound, and a group of Celadon and Amelia, now at Lord Egremont's, besides his Zephyrus and Aurora. There are some fine monumental compositions, by Mr. Rossi, in St. Paul's Church; the chief of these is one erected to the memory of Gen. Le Merchant. The execution of this work had been awarded to Mr. Smith, but he died before he had made any progress in the work, and it was then given to Mr. Rossi, who finished it, and on being paid sent a check for £200 to the widow of Mr. Smith. His other monumental works here, are those to Captains Moss and Riou—to Marquis Cornwallis, Captain Faulkner, and that to General Elliot (Lord Heathfield), all of which are not equal in point of design and execution, but some of the single figures and groups are designed in a grand and tasteful style, particularly the Cornwallis testimonial, and that of Gen. Le Merchant. The Surgeons' Hall, and other public buildings, have also been decorated with his sculptured works, and all the figures, capitals of columns, and other ornamental stone-work, were all directed by this artist.—*Morning Herald.*

Mr. Rossi was twice married, and had a large family. He died on Thursday, February 21, 1839, at his residence in Lisson Green, aged 77.

C. Rossi

BALLOONS IN 1648.

LETTER written from Warsovia, by a gentleman of that city, concerning a proposition made unto the king of Poland, about the rare invention of

FLYING IN THE AIR.*

NOBLE SIR,—Did I not know full how earnest you are after finding out of rare inventions, and other curious things worthy of a noble and heroic spirit, I should not be so ready to impart to you any thing that cometh to my knowledge worthy of your observation, and also knowing your many and great employments, yet do now make bold to represent unto you, the strangest and never heard of before invention of flying in the air, which I doubt not, will, for its curiosity, and fineness of conceit, be a matter of delight and pleasure unto those who are learned, especially who have studied the mathematics; and although this subject may be a matter of laughter, and be despised amongst them, being a rule among the vulgar, as not to believe any thing whatsoever, any further than they can apprehend the same, never considering what likelihood or probability there is for the effecting thereof. The thing is thus:—

There is at present in this court, a certain man come from Arabia, who is come hither to the King of Poland, to whom he proffereth his head for security of that which he propounds, which is, that he hath brought from that country the invention of a machine, being airy, and of a construction so light, nevertheless so sound and firm, that the same is able to bear two men, and hold them up in the air, and one of them shall be able to sleep, while the other maketh the machine to move, which thing is much after the same manner as you see represented in the old tapestry hangings, the dragons flying, whereof this same takes its name: I do give you them for pattern, or model of this invention, being a thing much in question, and to be doubted concerning these flying dragons, whether any be alive; likewise, it is questioned by many of the truth of there being any unicorns, griffins, phœnix, and many other like things, which by many wise understanding men, are deemed to have little or no reality in them, but all imaginary; nevertheless, we believe this upon the credit of antiquity, and the report of many who know more. There are few in this court but have got a pattern of this machiner, and do hope to send you one likewise, in case this project takes some good effect, and proves to be as true, as rare in its invention. The forms of it which he hath made, and afterwards presented, with the many reasons he gives to maintain his proposition, seems to be so strong, and so likely to be true, that great hopes are conceived thereof; and although he undertakes the celerity or swiftness of this airy post shall be far beyond that of our ordinary posts, seeing he promises to go with the same in twenty-four hours, forty leagues of this his country, which will make of English miles, near two hundred and forty, a thing which seemeth so strange to many, that therefore they fall off from him, and so give little credit to it, although he hath brought with him good certificates how it hath been approved by many in other places, where he hath made experiment thereof, to his great honour and credit, and the admiration and amazement of the beholders; besides, it may well be thought, that a man of honour as he seems to be, would not set so little by his life, as to lay it at stake about a business of that nature, except he had some good ground first, and had some experimental knowledge of the same, seeing he must hazard his life, two several ways, the one in case he did not make trial of what he had promised, and to be proved to have come hither as an impostor, to have cheated this court, who upon discoveries of like businesses, will not make it a jest, or a thing of small moment; and the other time of danger is, when he begins to take his flight, which he is to do, above the highest towers or steeples that are, and without his dexterity and certain knowledge therein, would run into an utter ruin and destruction.

Whether it be true or no, there are commissioners appointed, who are to examine the business, and so according as they find it, to make their report, and he is appointed to make an essay, and show a piece of his skill in their presence, before he is to be suffered to act it publicly, that if in case his business doth not prove according to expectation, they who have given credit to it, and him, may not be exposed to open shame and derision, even as it happened once in the city of Paris, where a stranger having gathered near the Louvre many thousands of spectators, in whose sight, as a man void of sense and reason, having taken his flight from the top of the highest tower thereabouts, which is between the Louvre and the Seine, this miserable wretch fell to the ground, broke his neck, and his body torn in pieces.

Whilst every one is expecting the issue of this, there are many great wagers laid about it, yet take this by the way, there hath been

* The Moderate, a weekly newspaper (December 12—19, 1648; King's Pamphlets, vol. 401, in Museo.

several great consultations made with the mathematicians, who have all declared, the putting it into operation is very difficult, but for the thing itself, do not count it impossible, and to this purpose, there was a true information brought of a prisoner, who having tied very fast about his collar, and under his arms, a long cloak, whereunto was made fast a hoop, to keep the spread out and round, casting himself from the top of a high tower, he thought to have fallen into a small river which ran at the foot thereof, but it happened otherwise, for he was carried on the further side of the water, safe and sound; the cloak which stood instead of a sail, did bear up the weight of his body, and so parted the air by degrees, that he had time to descend easily to the ground, without receiving any hurt by the fall.

Not to bring here the fabulous history of Dedalus, Architas Tarentin, the most famous artist of his time, made a wooden pigeon, which fled very high into the air; as also, at Nuremberg, at the great and magnificent reception made by that city unto Maximilian the emperor, an artificial eagle, although both of them were much heavier, and yet not so big as a child's bauble, these two things were raised into the air, being held only with a packthread; but another engineer had not so good success; for having raised himself into the air, by means of an engine, much like to this we speak of, the wires broke before he had raised himself so high as he intended, whereby he fell to the ground sooner than he was willing, and by the fall broke his thigh, and was in great danger of his life; yet by this, thus much may be gathered—the thing may possibly be done: moreover, experience daily shews us, nothing is impossible to man, but that through labour and industry, the most difficult things may at length be obtained; only in this point concerning the possibility, or impossibility of things, wise men do seem to be most slow in giving their opinion about it; there are also examples of birds, and those that swim, whereby we may judge by their swiftness, that the air may do the same operation upon other subjects, according as the artist can accommodate itself to it.

Anecdote Gallery.

CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTES OF BYRON AND SHELLEY.

(By the Countess of Blessington,)*

'I LIKE music,' said Lord Byron, 'but do not know the least of it, as a science; indeed, I am glad that I do not, for a perfect knowledge might rob it of half its charms. At present I only know, that a plaintive air softens, and a lively one cheers me. Martial music renders me brave, and voluptuous music disposes me to be luxurious, even effeminate. Now, were I skilled in the science, I should become fastidious; and instead of yielding to the fascinations of sweet sounds, I should be analysing, or criticising, or connoisseurshipising (to use a word of my own making), instead of simply enjoying them as at present. In the same way, I never would study botany. I don't want to know why certain flowers please me; enough for me that they do, and I leave it to those who have no better occupation, the analysis of the sources of their pleasure, which I can enjoy without the useless trouble.' Byron (adds Lady Blessington) has little taste for the fine arts; and when they are the subject of conversation, betrays an ignorance very surprising in a man who has travelled so much. He says, that he *feels* art, while others prate about it; but his neglect of the beautiful specimens of it here, goes far to prove the contrary.

"Maurice, the boatman employed by Lord Byron, during his residence here, speaks of the noble poet with enthusiam, and loves to relate anecdotes of him. He told us, that Lord Byron never entered his boat without a case of pistols, which he always kept by him; a very superfluous ceremony, as Maurice seemed to think. He represented him as generally silent and abstracted, passing whole hours on the lake absorbed in reflection, and then suddenly writing, with extreme rapidity, in a book he always had with him. He described his countenance, to use his own phrase, as '*magnifique*,' and different from that of all other men, by its pride (*fierté* was the word he used).—'He passed whole nights on the lake, always selecting the most boisterous weather for such expeditions. I never saw a rough evening set in, while his lordship was at Diodati,' continued Maurice, 'without being sure that he would send for me; and the higher the wind, and the more agitated the lake, the more he enjoyed it. We have often remained out eighteen hours at a time, and in very bad weather.—Lord Byron is so good a swimmer, that he has little to dread from the water.—Poor Mr. Shelley,' resumed Maurice, 'ah! we were all sorry for him!—He was a different sort of man: so gentle, so affectionate, so generous; he looked as if he loved the sky over his head, and the water on which his boat floated. He would not hurt a fly, nay, he would save everything that had life; so tender and merciful was his nature. He was too good for this world; and yet, lady, would you believe it, some of his countrymen, whom I have rowed in this very boat, have tried to make me think ill of him; but they never could succeed, for we plain people judge by what we *see*, and not by what we *hear*.' This was, in language somewhat different, the

* Extracted from her ladyship's highly interesting work, the *Idler in Italy*; published by Colburn.

sentiment of our boatman's account of Byron and Shelley, two of the most remarkable spirits of our age. He seemed to admire the first, but it is evident he loved the second.

"He [Byron] has a passion for flowers, and purchases bouquets from the venders on the road, who have tables piled with them. He bestows charity on every mendicant who asks it; and his manner in giving is gentle and kind. The people seem all to know his face, and to like him; and many recount their affairs, as if they were sure of his sympathy. Though now but in his thirty-sixth year, Byron talks of himself as if he were at least fifty, nay, likes to be considered old. It surprises me to witness the tenacity with which his memory retains every trivial occurrence connected with his sojourn in England, and his London life. Persons and circumstances, that I should have supposed could never have made any impression on his mind, are remembered as freshly as if recently seen."

THE GREAT WESTERN STEAM SHIP.

At a recent meeting of the proprietors of the above steam ship, it appeared by the report, that the vessel, after having run 35,000 nautical miles, and encountered thirty-six days of heavy gales, her seams required no caulking. The average of her passages out was fifteen days and a half, and home thirteen days; the shortest passage out was fourteen days and a half, and the shortest time home twelve and a quarter. About 1,000 passengers had gone in the ship, £1,000 per annum would be saved to the proprietors, by the American congress having liberally given up the duty of 2*d.* per bushel on coals. After deducting for expenses, and setting apart 2,000*l.* for a reserve fund, there remained a sufficiency for a dividend of 5 per cent., making, with the 4 per cent. already received, 9 per cent. for the year. Their next vessel is to be constructed of iron.

The Gatherer.

The Nelson Memorial.—At a meeting of the general committee of management on Saturday last, it was agreed, that the artists be permitted to remove their respective models, after the 31st day of March, and to have the liberty of again sending them in, or of producing fresh ones on or before the last Saturday in May—the committee remarking, "that although the models and drawings possess considerable merit, yet they might be much improved on reconsideration."

The British Museum.—By the annual account laid before parliament, it appears that the income of the British Museum during the past year, (including parliamentary grants,) amounted to 33,447*l.* 12*s.*, and the expenditure to 30,808*l.* 13*s.* 9*d.* The estimated expenditure for the present year is 32,390*l.* It appears from this return that the number of visiters who have been admitted to visit the British Museum during the year 1838, as compared with the three previous years, has considerably diminished. In 1837 the number of visiters admitted to view the general collections in the Museum, amounted to 321,151; in 1838 to 266,008. The number of visits to the reading-rooms for the purpose of study and research was 69,936 in 1837, and only 54,843 in 1838. The number of visits by students and artists to the galleries of sculpture for the purpose of study, was 5,570 in 1837, and 5,015 in 1838. The reading-room closed for a short period last September, which may partly account for the falling off in the number of visiters.

Chart of Health.—*Love.*—A complaint of the heart growing out of an inordinate longing after something difficult to obtain. It attacks persons of both sexes, generally between the ages of fifteen and thirty; some have been known to have it at the age of sixty. *Symptoms.*—Absence of mind: giving things wrong names; calling tears nectar, and sighs zephyrs; a fondness of poetry and music; gazing on the moon and stars; loss of appetite; neglect of business; loathing for all things—save one; blood-shot eyes, and a constant desire to sigh. *Effect.*—A strong heart-burn; pulse high; stupidly eloquent eyes; sleeplessness, and all that sort of thing. At times, imaginations bright—bowers of roses, winged cupids, and buttered peas; and then again, oceans of despair, racks, torments, and pistols. *Cure.*—Get married.

Friendship.—When the late King of Denmark was in England, he very frequently honoured Sir Thomas Robinson with his company, though the knight spoke French in a very imperfect manner, and the king had scarcely any knowledge of English. One day, when Sir Thomas was in company with the late Lord Chesterfield, he boasted much of his intimacy with the king, and added "that he believed the monarch had a greater friendship for him than any man in England." "How report lies," exclaimed Lord Chesterfield; "I heard no later than this day, that you never met, but a great deal of bad language passed between you."

Genius.—"I know of no such thing as genius," said Hogarth to Mr. Gilbert Cooper; "genius is nothing but labour and diligence."

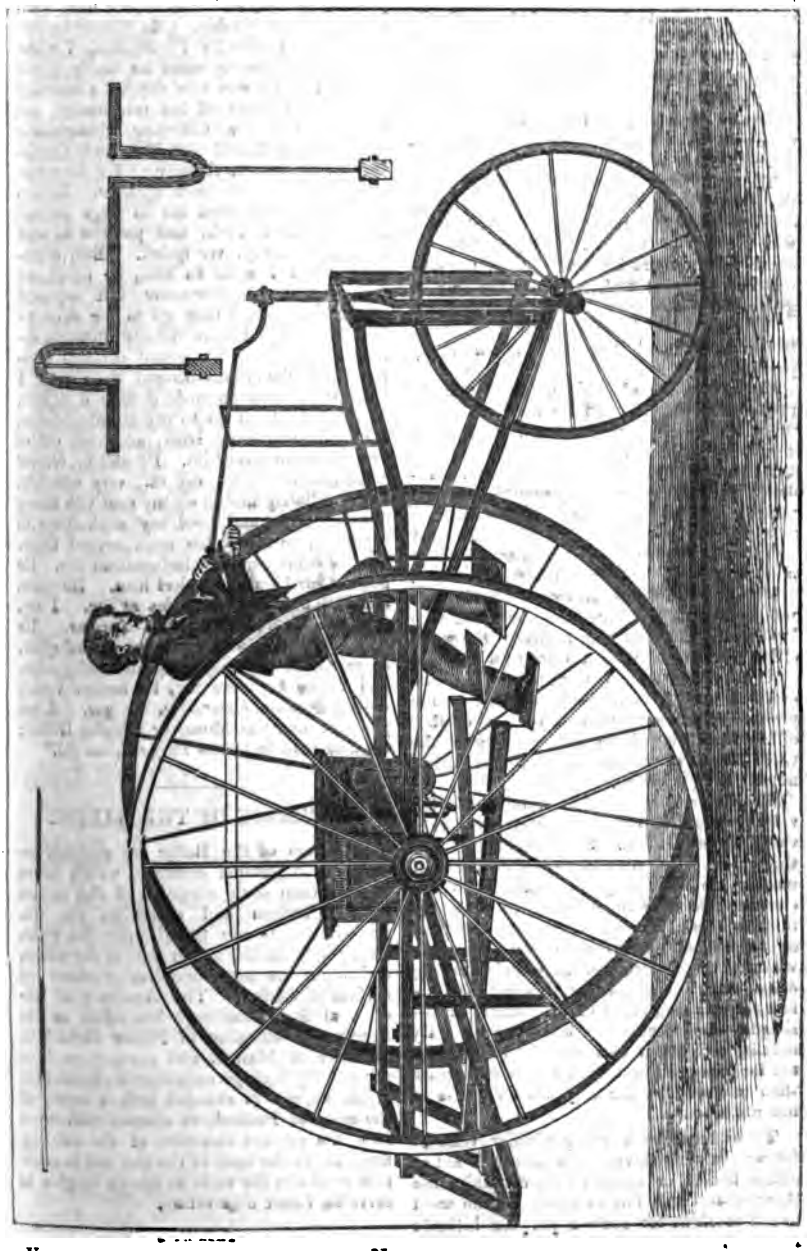
LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.—In PARIS, by all the Booksellers.—In FRANCFORT, CHARLES JUGEL.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 841.] SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1839. [PRICE 2*d*.



THE AELLOPODES.

THE AELLOPODES,

INVENTED BY MR. REVIS, OF CAMBRIDGE.

We have been permitted a close inspection of this very ingenious machine, which is being exhibited at the George Hall, Aldermanbury; and its simplicity of construction, power, and loco-motive rapidity, will, we think, tend to promote its general adoption. It is a carriage, light and elegant in form, which the traveller moves by *stepping*; first with one foot, and then with the other—the treddles being immediately behind him.

The axle forms a quadruple crank, so that the circumvolution is as complete as can be obtained; and the treddles connected therewith are four in number. Attached to the above axle are two large wheels, of the diameter of six feet; and, in front, the smaller guide-wheel is about half the size.

The extreme length of the machine is twelve feet: and the cost about thirty pounds.

On common roads this machine may be propelled at the rate of from twenty to thirty miles an hour; and we learn that many gentlemen of the University of Cambridge have adopted it as a means of exercise. Indeed, with reference to gymnastics, it can scarcely be too highly appreciated, as the retrograde action (very easily acquired) must be greatly conducive to muscular developement and to physical improvement generally.

The inventor is Mr. Revis, of Cambridge, well-known as a talented mechanician, who has made offers to the heads of the post-office department, with a view to a speedier and more economical transmission of the cross-mails. It is to be hoped that on the present occasion there will be less of that official delay which so frequently mars the true interests of the public, when mechanical novelty is in question.

With four wheels, and upon rail-roads, the velocity would of course be augmented in a vast progressive ratio. Surmises having been thrown out with reference to the difficulty of moving up inclined planes, Mr. Revis has constructed a most ingenious piece of mechanism, wherein a lever, whether by elevation or depression, assures an onward progress without the possibility of the wheels *turning back*. Considered *per se*, this last machine is a very striking effort of mechanical skill—simple, and occupying little space. By affixing paddles, it becomes admirably adapted for pleasure-boats, with a view to increase their motority at the very least expense of manual labour.

There have been many similar vehicles for accelerateng travelling without the aid of either horses or steam; but, certainly, the AELLOPODES bids fair to be by far the most useful machine for such a purpose hitherto invented.

THE MANAGER AND THE FRENCHMAN.

THE late Charles Gilfert, the manager of the Bowery Theatre, New York, was a peculiar fellow, and one of the most fascinating men of his day. At Albany he met with a Mr. Lemair, a Frenchman, of whom he borrowed money until he nearly ruined him. Lemair was one day in a towering rage at the cause of his misfortunes, and used to tell the following characteristic story of his friend:—"Monsieur Charles Gilfert, he come to Albany. He have min me in my business—*mes affaires*. He borrow *de l'argent* from me to large amount. He go to New York, and promise to send him, right away, ver quick. But, *voyez-vous*, when I write to him, he return me von *réponse inconvenante*, von impudent answer, and say, I may go to the devil for look for him. I leave Albany instantly, determined to have the grand personal satisfaction for the affront he put upon me. I walk strait away from de *bateau à vapeur*, de steam-boat. I go to my boarding-house. I procure von large stick, and rush out of de *pension* to meet him. By-and-by, *bientôt* I see him von large vay off, very remotely. I immediately button up my coat vith strong determination, and hold my stick fierce in my hand, to break his neck several times. Ven he come near, my indignation rise. He put out his hand. I reject him. He smile, and look over his spectacles at me. I say, you von scoundrel, *coquin infâme*. He smile de more, and make *un grand effort*, a great trial, to pacify my grand indignation, and before he leave me, he borrow twenty dollars from me once more, by gar. A ver pleasant man was Monsieur Charles Gilfert; ver nice man to borrow *l'argent*, *ma foi*."

DECREASE OF THE BALTIC.

THE waters of the Baltic are certainly undergoing a gradual decrease, which seems to arise from some elevation of the surface of the bottom and coasts of the sea. Ancient marks are traced upon the rocks, which indicate the former level of the waters, and these are now considerably above the surface of the sea. The Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburgh has called to this subject the attention of Prince Menzekoff, Minister of Marine, and instructions have accordingly been given to Captain Lieutenant Reinecke, who is charged with a survey of the coast of Finland, to observe with accuracy the present elevation of the existing mark above the level of the sea, and to make new marks in the rocks at known heights to serve for future observation.

THE GRAVE OF L.E.L.

(For the Mirror.)

"Peace to the lovely spirit flown!
It was not form'd for earth.
Thou wert a sunbeam in thy race,
Which brightly past and left no trace.
Sleep! they are closed at length for thee,
Life's few and evil days!"—*The Abencerrage.*"

And thou hast found an early grave,
Bright spirit! To return no more;
Where sultry Afric's distant wave,
Beats the lone shore.

No kindred dust beside thee sleepeth,
No native scenes around thee lie;
The billowy surge for ever weepeth,
Sad lullaby!

And tropic suns above thee shine,
And strangers bore thee to thy rest:
No "dear familiar" spot was thine,
On thy land's breast.

No grave beneath o'er-arching shade,
By some old church with ivy'd tower,
The fan-like cocoa shelter made
For thee, sweet flower!

No more,—no more—thy tender song,
Shall thrill our hearts with joy or woe;
No more thy harp's mute strings along,
Shall music flow.

No more across the wide lone sea,
Will words of thine affection tell:
No trace remains—but yet on thee,
Will memory dwell!

Too "wildly spiritually bright,"
Long on this dreary earth to stay,
Like to some star, that from our sight,
Shoots swift away!

Kirton-Lindsey. ANNE R—.

ALONE BENEATH YON DROOPING TREE.*

A POPULAR SPANISH ROMANCE.

Translated from the Original, by Desmond Ryan, Esq.

Alone beneath yon drooping tree,
Its mournful branches weeping;
A maiden, once the light and free,
In death's cold shadows sleeping.
Deep in that lonely shrine,
Affection, youth, and gladness,
Lie unrecalled, around us twine,
Memorial dreams of sadness.

Alas! for her whose early heart
Its boundless love bestowing,
Who loves and lives but to impart
The bosom's overflowing;
Alas! soon sorrows wave
Around her waking pillow,
And treachery fills the peaceful grave
Beneath yon drooping willow!

* Extracted, by permission, from THE HARMONIST—a cheap musical work, now publishing in numbers.

TENACITY OF LIFE IN THE INFERIOR CREATION.

(For the Mirror.)

MANY persons must have observed how long and apparently unaffected an insect can live, being deprived of some of its limbs. We see, for instance, a mischievous child catch a fly, pull two or three of its limbs off, and set the crippled insect again at liberty; we see the poor thing, notwithstanding this mutilation, fly and buzz about, seemingly as briskly as before, and yet, surely, it must feel the loss of those limbs, and suffer pain. Now perform, or rather fancy performed, a mutilation of the same kind on a mammiferous animal, and the result will be very different—the creature lies panting and exhausted. It would seem as if Providence, ever foreseeing, had, considering the numerous dangers insects and the inferior animals are subjected to, endowed them with a degree of energy and fortitude pre-eminent to the stronger and superior classes, able to defend themselves, and more competent to guard against contingencies. So, indeed, it must appear, for there is no other satisfactory mode yet produced, of accounting for the circumstance. We are not, for all that, let it be borne in mind, authorised to refine cruelty, and to put perhaps the most admirable and delicate of the Almighty's productions to the test; far from us should ever be such a thought, and carefully ought we to abstain from putting creatures, however minute, to any torture.

The tenacity with which life clings to the inferior creatures, is a circumstance which has awakened the attention, and excited the wonder of the most eminent naturalists. They have performed experiments on them, and have preserved notes, recording the observations they have made—let them suffice. I only hope that the instances I here produce will not induce any of my readers to repeat the experiments—they are barbarous—they must be sinful.

There is, first, this peculiarity I would bring under notice. Decapitation in insects kills the head, and leaves the body for some time alive—decapitation in the human species totally deprives the body of life, and leaves the head yet partly conscious and capable of feeling pain. This last assertion may startle, it is nevertheless true. We have the investigations of Professor Mojon on the subject; he observed that the head of a guillotined man closed its eyes on a light being suddenly presented to it; he further declares, that the head of a man of the name of Tellier, who was guillotined, turned in whatever direction it was called by name, as it lay on the table; in another instance, he asserts, that a quarter of an hour after decapitation, a head was so far sensible of pain, as to make the most horrible

contortions, on the application of the point of a needle to the spinal marrow. From these and other equally startling observations, he deduces, that death by decapication is one of the most cruel of deaths, as it is altogether impossible to set any limits as to the time the head may remain sensible. Now, in insects, the reverse takes place; the head of a fly being nipped off, the body will continue for some time briskly alive; nay, in the instance of a beetle, even consciousness of danger seems to exist. It is a well known fact, that a decapitated beetle, being placed on a table, will walk across it, and suddenly stop on reaching the edge. Where, then, let me now ask, can lie the seat of instinct? Within the sphere of my own observation, I have had occasion to witness perhaps one of the most extraordinary instances of the tenacity of life in insects, though certainly not *the* most extraordinary, as will hereafter appear.

A friend of mine who had caught a death's head moth, being somewhat frightened at the doleful though faint shrieks it is the peculiarity of this strange insect to utter, nipped its head off, along with the two foremost legs attached to it. The noise then ceased, but not life—the head ran hither and thither, as though mad with pain, and the wings of the decapitated body fluttered with amazing velocity. This continued for some time, till both parts seemed exhausted, or probably dead—they were then enclosed in separate boxes, and left untouched till the next morning. An extraordinary surprise was then in store. The box containing the body was first opened, when out it flew, with a buzz as violent and vigorous, as if it had never been mutilated; it, however, fell a few feet off to the ground, and never again moved. The box containing the head being then opened, it was found to be full of life, and apparently not the least weakened; it had to undergo the usual process of destruction prior to its insertion in the entomological cabinet. This, I assert, is a fact, and not stated here for the sake of appearing to have something wonderful to say. Lenwenhoek had a mite that lived eleven weeks on the point of a needle, whereon it had been fixed for microscopical investigation. This circumstance may perhaps shake the incredulity of those who feel disposed to entertain any doubt as to the veracity of the case narrated by myself, when they consider the authority from which the assertion proceeds. It certainly is wonderful, and may justly excite our utmost astonishment. It is impossible to suppose that this insect can have suffered such pain during that lengthened period, as from experience we should be ready to believe; long before the stated time, the poor thing *must* have died of the complication of tortures to which it was exposed—hunger, bodily pain, deprivation of any degree of exertion, perhaps cold, and numerous other contingencies What then are we to conclude? was the creature void of feeling? When Vailliant, at the Cape of Good Hope, caught a locust, whose abdomen he excavated, and then filled with cotton, asserts that it nevertheless moved its antennæ for more than the incredible space of five months, is not our amazement still greater. Colonel Pringle decapitated several dragon-flies, one of which afterwards lived four months, and another for six; and what is most strange is, that he was never able to keep any of the unmutilated specimens for more than a few days. Here, then, we have insects living without heads; and here we have also a most curious instance of a deviation from the usual course of nature; the Colonel was unable to keep the specimens in a perfect state more than a few days, whilst those that were decapitated he could preserve as much as four and six months! A dragon-fly, it is well known, when fiercely engaged in the devouring of its food, will, with increased fury, proceed in its occupation, although the abdomen be separated from the thorax—it will live in that mutilated state an extraordinary length of time.

The manner in which the catepillar divests itself of its skin, prior to its metamorphosis into the chrysalis state, must have fallen under the notice of most people. For several days the insect rejects all food, undergoes many changes, and at last strips itself of its skin, tearing it off from the tail upwards. This operation, to judge from our own feelings, we should consider extremely painful; such self inflictions, however, do not stand solitary in the annals of natural history. The female ant at a particular season forcibly rids herself of her wings; they do not drop off, for the creature is at no little pains to wrench them off—how her little tiny frame must quiver under such an operation!

We have had, hitherto, but insects brought under our notice; the inferior classes of the animal creation will afford us evidences equally astonishing. Redi opened the skull of a land-tortoise, and removed the whole of the brain; a fleshy integument was then observed to form over the opening, and the animal lived for six months. This experiment was truly barbarous, and how the poor creature could survive such treatment, must appear altogether unaccountable. Spallanzani cut out the breasts of three mews, which, notwithstanding the mutilation, immediately took to flight, leapt, swam, and executed their usual functions for forty-eight hours. Again, Redi cut off the head of a tortoise, which survived eighteen days. The circumstance of toads having been found alive in blocks of stone, is well known. Not long ago, in France, one was discovered in a block of hard rock; the creature was full of life, and,

strange to say, had a thick coating of crystals on its back. In 1743, at Wisbeach, in the Isle of Ely, another was discovered. It lay entombed in a large block of marble, was considerably larger than the generality of toads, and the cavity which had for so many hundreds of years been its solitary habitation, was of the shape of the toad, but somewhat larger, and of a dusky yellow. Again, at Great-Yarmouth, a toad was discovered in a mass of free-stone of considerable dimensions. When the stone had been sawed asunder, a hole was observed about six inches from the surface, in which lay a toad; "I took the toad out of the hole with my compass," says a correspondent of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, "I did not observe that I anyways hurt it in taking it out of the hole. When it was on the ground, it hopped about, and died in less than one hour. There was a yellow list on the back, which changed its colour soon after the toad died. The hole was about three inches long, and about as deep. I strictly viewed the stone, and could not perceive any flaw or crack in it; the inside of the hole was smooth, and looked as if it had been polished. Witness my hand this 25th day of July, 1756. JOHN MALPAS."

Various theories have been broached to account for these strange phenomena, none however as yet by any means satisfactory; what is a well-attested fact is, that the toad and the frog will, for an extraordinarily lengthened period, live on nothing but moisture; but to suppose that the specimens above cited can date their incarceration from the same period that the stone can date its formation, seems almost too absurd. Under such a supposition the toads must average from two to three thousand years of age, and probably more. Worms have also been found in blocks of marble; Don Antonio de Ulloa, Fellow of the Royal Society of London, in 1750, tells us that at Madrid he saw two worms discovered in a mass of marble by the King of Spain's statuary. Misson makes mention of a crayfish being found alive in a piece of marble, at Tivoli; and Mr. Peysonnel, who had caused a well to be sunk near his house, found numbers of living frogs in the petrified strata.

These instances surely are wonderful, and infinitely more unaccountable. So, however, the thing is; and till a satisfactory and incontestible explanation can be given, the circumstance must remain one of the most curious and extraordinary in the annals of natural history. With regard to the results given of the dreadful mutilations inflicted on insects, we must confess them to be truly startling. Unaccountable as they must ever be, till we can feel as these creatures do, it were highly blameable in us, acting on the presumption that they are void of feeling, and so incapable of appreciating torture, to put any of them to the cruel tests enumerated. My intention is to bring the circumstances under notice, not to incite to further inquiry.

H. M.

To the Editor of the Mirror.

SIR,—A lounger along Bedford Row, the other morning "at early dawn," picked up the following scrap, without a signature; whether likely to be a stray-leaf from poor Abernethy's study (for Bedford Row still "whispers of his whereabouts,") must be left to others to determine.—As no reference to a certain page in that "great functionary's" book is observable, it may rather be concluded to have emanated from one of his pupils.

LOVE

Is a dose which, if not administered with judgment, speedily becomes somewhat sickening. Where one particular ingredient is allowed to predominate, physic soon nauseates on the palate.

Some practitioners recommend it in the form of a powder, mingled with a certain portion of the *golden ointment*: this no doubt renders it more agreeable to the *eye*;—but I am not aware that the golden ointment in the present day has any very material advantage over the *Draft*.

For myself, I give the preference to the mixture, where the soothing qualities are better preserved, and a scruple more or less, is never of serious moment. An infusion of a few grains of common sense, though somewhat bitter, adds to its strengthening powers, and improves its taste.

Nature is no doubt a subtle chemist, but yet she too frequently leaves the preparation of this medicine to boys, who unaware of the rapid effects of ardent spirits, place it on too fierce a fire, and consequently suffer the strength to evaporate before it acquires the requisite consistency to keep through all seasons and in all climates. This genuine Love and genuine Love only, will do; and any other kind I should say, however puffed and labelled, however attractive its outside, and seductive its appearance, is little better than a quack medicine.

Another mistake is that of having it administered by the old;—for when the hand trembles, and the nerves become feeble, it is time that the physician leaves off practice.

Too much caution cannot be shown in the recommendation of this powerful stimulant, for there have been instances in which an *improper* application has affected the brain, and some lamentable cases, where neglect and bad treatment have been followed by suicide;—such a melancholy result as the latter, proceeding, I am convinced, from the weak patient having unexpectedly been deprived of that on which the system fed. The symptoms attending such deplorable cases are these:—The eye becomes jaundiced—

the head giddy—a sinking at the heart—great irritation and heat of temper—loss of appetite—depression of spirits, and an increased liking for *water*, which clearly proves that the wiseacres who pretend to say that "Love is like the bite of a mad dog," are wrong. There appears not to be the least affinity.

The precise period at which Love may be safely discontinued, it is difficult to determine.—Many men of advanced age have an inclination for it; but it then dwindles into dotage, and they themselves (for they seldom think of taking it but as a night-cap) are rapidly verging into old women.

I have sometimes thought, that as the disease for which Love is prescribed, is invariably seated in the heart, no safer remedy can be adopted than that of applying it to the part affected in the form of a Bosom Friend, which keeps up an equable and kindly glow, and never grows cold. The fair patient, therefore, who will condescend to consult me, may depend on secrecy; and though I may not be borne out in prophecying a speedy or a certain cure, I pledge myself she shall have the benefit of my best advice gratis. P.

ANECDOTES OF THE INSANE.*

(*Continued from page* 115.)

In, in this country, a woman were to insist on burning herself to death after the decease of her husband, we should consider her insane. But in India she is *not* insane; because the people there have been educated in the belief of its propriety. It was mentioned in the House of Commons by Mr. Button, in 1821, that in the presidency of Fort William, two thousand three hundred and sixty-six widows had destroyed themselves in the previous four years. Some of these were only twelve or thirteen years of age; one was only eight; and one woman, only eleven, was so obstinate, when not allowed to burn herself to death, that she abstained from food for four or five days; and although the local authorities prevented her from immolating herself on her husband's grave, she saved some of his bones, in order that, when the first opportunity should occur, she might destroy herself. Such an act as this, in our country, could scarcely arise from any thing but insanity. The ignorant have pronounced philosophers mad, over and over again. Democrates was pronounced mad by the common people; because he dissected a human body, with the view of discovering the causes of insanity; but Hippocrates told the people that *they* were mad, and not Democrates. A madman once complained that he was "as much in his senses as the rest of the world; but the majority was against him, and therefore he was placed in custody."

Bellingham, who murdered Mr. Perceval, was a man of weak intellect; and you will see, in the cast of his head, that the anterior parts of the brain are miserably defective; whereas the lateral parts are largely developed. That man was executed, because there was no proof at all of his being insane; but if any one look at his head, he will incline to a favourable opinion; and though he would not set him at large, to do such mischief again, yet he would not deprive him of life. When a person has committed suicide, we say that he is mad, on ten thousand times slighter ground than if he were alive. I have no doubt that thousands, whose crimes were the result of insanity, and who were therefore not responsible agents, have been executed unjustly; and that thousands more will be executed.

Occasionally it is almost impossible to ascertain whether a person is mad, owing to the cunning of the insane. "I well remember," says Lord Erskine, "that I examined, for the greater part of a day, an unfortunate gentleman, who had indicted a most affectionate brother, together with the keeper of a mad-house at Hoxton, for having imprisoned him as a lunatic; while, according to his evidence, he was in his perfect senses. I was, unfortunately, not instructed in what his lunacy consisted; although my instructions left me no doubt of the *fact*; but not having the clue, he completely foiled me in every attempt to expose his infirmity. You may believe that I left unemployed no means which experience dictated; but without the smallest effect. The day was wasted; and the prosecutor, by the most affecting history of unmerited suffering, appeared to the judges and jury, and to a humane English audience, as the victim of a most wanton and barbarous oppression. At last, Dr. Sims, who had been prevented by business from an earlier attendance, came into court. From him I soon learned that the very man whom I had been above an hour examining, with every possible effort which counsel are so much in the habit of exerting, believed himself to be the Lord and Saviour of mankind;—not merely at the time of his confinement, but during the whole time that he had been triumphing over every attempt to surprise him in the concealment of his disease. I then affected to lament the indecency of my ignorant examination; when he expressed his forgiveness, and said, with the utmost gravity and emphasis, in the face of

*Extracted from "The Principles and Practice of Medicine, founded on the most Extensive Experience in Public Hospitals and Private Practice; and developed in a course of Lectures delivered at University College, London; by John Elliotson, M. D.; F. R. S.; President of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society, &c. With notes and illustrations; by Nathaniel Rogers, M. D.; Member, and late President, of the Hunterian Society of Edinburgh; corresponding Member of the Medico-Chirurgical Society of Dublin."

the whole court, 'I am the Christ!' and so the cause ended."

Deafness is the most common disturbance of the external senses in madmen. Sometimes there is a depravation of smell. They will imagine there is some disagreeable odour around them, and will speak with the nostrils closed. I believe mad people are generally very fond of snuff. You will sometimes observe extreme hunger, and extreme thirst; but sometimes there is an absence both of hunger and thirst. Sometimes you observe great muscular strength; so that an exertion is made far beyond what is possible in health. Sometimes insane people scarcely sleep at all. They will pass many days, perhaps weeks, without any sleep of consequence. Occasionally, too, there is great resistance to external cold; but this is by no means universal; for many insane persons having, in consequence of this notion, been left to themselves, have died from mortification of the extremities. Now and then, however, insane persons have exposed themselves to frost and snow, without suffering from them in the least. Some are extremely civil. They will beg you to stop and dine, when you have dined already; or they will beg you to stop to supper, and then to take a bed. I have been astonished at them; and have afterwards learned that these good people were in a madhouse.

You will find, even in sound writers, an account of insanity being produced by the devil. Till modern times, the chief treatment of insanity consisted in cruelty; but no corporeal punishment ought ever to be allowed. Rhazes, an Arabian physician, orders, that when persons labour under "love madness," and nothing else will do, they must be tied up, and beat well with the fists; and this again and again. Another writer says that, if the patient be a young man, he must be well flogged; and if not quiet then, must be put into the bottom of a tower, with bread and water, till he begs pardon for being mad, and becomes sane. This "love madness" is certainly the only kind of insanity in which such treatment should be adopted;—if adopted at all.

A gentleman, from great anxiety of mind, became deranged; but his insanity subsided to a great extent; and he told me he should like to see his wife, for it was very hard he should be kept from seeing his family. I stopped with him two hours, and satisfied myself it would do him good. He wished to leave his bed-room, and to see different parts of the house. I took off his jacket, and led him down stairs, and gratified him by letting him see, first one part of the house, and then another. I watched the effects; and found that it did not throw him off his balance, but that he seemed to gain intellect and power over himself, as we proceeded. There were many little gratifications which he wished for, and which I let him have. One curious thing was to kill a bantam-cock, which he saw from a window, and which he took for a spectre, or a fiend. The colours, he said, had been terrific to him, and he should not be happy till it was killed. I gratified him with it, and he was exceedingly thankful. I watched him carefully for some time after this, and at last I satisfied myself that the sight of his wife would not be dangerous. I brought her from a neighbour's house, and the interview was most affecting. From that moment to this he has been in his perfect senses.

VAUCLUSE,

THE RETREAT OF PETRARCH.

(*From Lady Blessington's 'Idler in Italy.'*)

"The valley of Vaucluse is extremely narrow, and bounded by high rocks of a brownish grey tint: their sombre hue is in some places relieved by olive and fig-trees, with scattered vines, but there is still a great want of wood to break the dull uniformity of the cliffs; the colour of which is cold, and not sufficiently varied to produce a fine effect. In the time of Petrarch, those gigantic rocks were only seen at intervals, breaking out of large masses of wood, with which the valley was nearly covered: and which softened the character of the scenery that now presents a wild and savage aspect. After winding for some way among the crags, the road terminates at the village of Vaucluse, which is most romantically situated; and a broad path formed on the ledge of the rocky chain that bound the river, which here fills the centre of the valley, leads to the celebrated fountain which was the Helicon of Petrarch. The valley is here closed by a perpendicular crag of immense height; within which is the cavern whence springs the fountain. The entrance to this cavern is above sixty feet high; and it is screened by rocks which intercept all view of it until it is neared. The fountain fills a vast basin of a circular form, at the base of the perpendicular cliff that terminates this part of the valley. At a short distance from its source the stream falls rapidly over huge fragments of rocks, covered with a vivid green mass of aquatic plants and herbs; which gives to this limpid and sparkling water, the appearance of a river of emeralds. After precipitating itself with impetuous force over the rocks, it is formed into a river, which rushes along the vale with exceeding velocity. The borders of the fountain abound with wild thyme of a delicious fragrance; and it only requires a little of the poetic fancy which gives to Italian poetry so many of its conceti, to imagine that it owes its odour to the tears with which the love-lorn Petrarch, that Phœnix of lovers, so frequently bedewed this

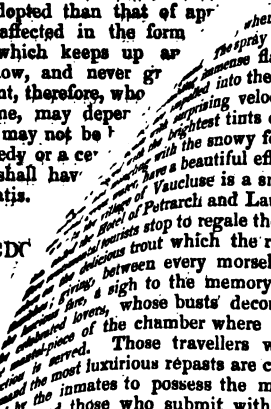
the head giddy—a sinking at the heart—great irritation and heat of temper—loss of appetite—depression of spirits, and an increased liking for *water*, which clearly proves that the wiseacres who pretend to say that "Love is like the bits of a mad dog," are wrong. There appears not to be the least affinity.

The precise period at which Love may be safely discontinued, it is difficult to determine.—Many men of advanced age have an inclination for it; but it then dwindles into dotage, and they themselves (for they seldom think of taking it but as a night-cap) are rapidly verging into old women.

I have sometimes thought, that as the disease for which Love is prescribed, is invariably seated in the heart, no safer remedy can be adopted than that of applying to the part affected in the form of a Friend, which keeps up an unceasing kindly glow, and never grows cold. The fair patient, therefore, who may please to consult me, may depend upon my advice, though I may not be present in person. Self she shall have a speedy or a certain cure, and self shall have a beautiful effect. Self she shall have advice gratis.

ANECDOTE OF PETRARCH AND LAURA.

If, in the course of a pedestrian excursion on the banks of the Sorgue, you should chance to be overtaken by a shower of rain, and be compelled to take refuge in the village of Vaucluse, you will find a small inn on the right hand side of the road, at the entrance of the village. This inn, which is the property of Petrarch and Laura. Here the commercial tourists stop to regale themselves on the delicious trout which the river Sorgue supplies, and to sigh, between every morsel of the latter, a sigh to the memory of the unfortunate lovers, whose busts decorate the chimney-piece of the chamber where the table is served. Those travellers who have ordered the most luxurious repasts are considered by the inmates to possess the most sensibility; and those who submit without resistance to extortion, are esteemed to be mirrors of sentimentality: a regulation of which our worthy hostess made us aware, by the warmth of her praises of those who expended what she considers a proper sum, and the severity of her strictures against the more economical or less wealthy visitors. The English, she vowed, were the most sentimental people alive. It was delightful, she said, to see them sit for hours at table, with their eyes turned towards the busts of Petrarch and Laura, and sighing, while they washed down their repast with bumpers to the memory of the lovers. They (the English) never squabbled about the items in the bill. No! they were too noble-minded for that: they were wholly engrossed by tender recollections. Of the Germans, Russians, Italians, and even of her compatriots, the French, she spoke less kindly. 'Would you believe it, madam, continued she, 'many of them pass this inn—yes, *the* inn—sacred to the memory of Petrarch and Laura, without ever crossing its threshold: and the few who do, draw from their pockets biscuits, and demand only a glass of *eau sacrée*.' * * Our hostess became so animated in her eulogium of the



again. Democrates, by the common peop[le] a human body, [and] the causes of it. [At] the people th[ought] mocrates. [The] he was "[for]get, *ma chère*, when you of the [Eng]lish never passing any *mau*him, [ob]*teries* on the respectable coun-P[ar]tner Mousieur Petrarch and Madame w[ife] two *mauvais sujets*, that, with a [pe]n-knife, gave a pair of large black mus[tac]hes to Madame Laure, and, with a red [ink], made the nose of Monsieur Petrarch [red]der than a tomato; aye, and gave him a pair of spectacles too. Why, it took me full two hours to get them clean again."

(1492.)

ARABIC NUMERALS OVER THE GATEWAY, AT NEW PLACE, SUSSEX.

To the Editor of the Mirror.

Sir,—The above being a very curious specimen of the manner in which the Arabic numerals* were fashioned at the time of their first public use in this country, about the 13th century, I forward to you a drawing of the same, entertaining no doubt but that they will awaken the interest of your readers. They may be seen over the gateway at New Place, a mile or two from Pulborough, Sussex.

H. M.

* [Antiquarians are undecided as to the exact period when Arabic numerals were brought to England. Mr. Ames says they were first introduced by Richard I. on his return from the holy wars (1194); but that it was a long time after, that they were received among us, or that people were convinced of their utility. Mr. David Casley in his "Specimens of various Manners of Writing," gives the date 1397, which some read one thousand two hundred and ninety-seven, from the similitude of the last figure to our present 7, though Mr. Ames thinks it like enough to stand for one thousand two hundred and ninety-two. In an old folio MS. formerly in the collection of William Jones, Esq., F.R.S., written by Richard Wallingford, monk, and afterwards abbot of St. Alban's, and finished in 1326, entitled 'Albion,' are many astronomical canons, and tables, the figures much resembling the Arabic or Indian numerals. We have in the Bodleian Library an Arabic MS. of *Ibn Younis*, a famous astronomer, wherein all the calculations are in Arabic figures; and what is very remarkable, wherever any number is expressed by them, it is immediately after explained in words at length; thus, if 123 is set down, one hundred twenty and three immediately follows.—*Ed. M.*]

R VIEW OF NATURAL HISTORY.

H. FENNELL.

Mirror.)

page 170.]

o a distant country
the nature of its
vegetal, or mi-
to send, and
's in these
ually opening
hannels of com-
way even into the
man who possesses this
, and turns it to advantage,
ly realizes a fortune; while he,
e Sheffield cutler, sent a large con-
ent of patent skates to Beunos Ayres,*
nking they would, in a new country, sell for an enormous sum, may very likely be ruined. Every one knows the importance of our fisheries, particularly those for the whale and the seal. Had laws been made by our legislature for the preservation of the former, on the same principle that they so sedulously preserve their own game, we should not hear of the Greenland fisheries being almost ruined; no one, indeed, could have drawn up a parliamentary bill for this purpose, without a competent knowledge of the natural history of the animal whose race was to be preserved;—while in regard to the seal fisheries they might be extended, beyond all doubt, in parts of the southern hemisphere hitherto entirely neglected. The fur trade, again, opens a field for the practical use of natural history: for independent of the necessity of accurately discriminating the different species whose skins form an article of commerce, how much might this trade be extended and benefited by a merchant well acquainted with the geographical range of these animals, the peculiar times when their furs are in the finest condition, and what countries are destitute of such resources! We need not insist that such knowledge, properly and judiciously made use of, will not only be useful, but lucrative. The first traders who supplied China with the furs of America, realized large fortunes; and the same results will always attend every such enterprise, however irregular it may appear, if it is only founded on knowledge, and conducted with prudence. People go on trading in the beaten track, not because there are no others, but because the traders are generally quite uninformed on those circumstances which lead to their discovery. The produce of the animal kingdom, in our commercial lists, is much more limited than that of the vegetal and the mineral. Yet how few of the valuable exotic drugs, dyes, and medicines, do we know more of than their ordinary names! Some that, from being produced in small quantities, and in a limited district, bear a high price, may very possibly be abundant in adjacent countries, or might be transplanted and cultivated in other situations less remote, and more convenient. It is the business of the merchant, if he aims at wealth, to discover new sources of commerce of which he can reap the first fruits; but this will never be done, unless by accident, without he is well informed respecting the productions,—whether natural or artificial—of other nations; in order that he may supply their wants, or import their produce. The truth is, that the profession of commerce embraces many branches of information, and even of science, which at first sight appear totally unconnected with it, and among these natural history holds no inconsiderable station."

The late Professor Burnett, endeavouring to show the utility of topographical botany to the traveller, says, that he "should never bivouac nor fix his residence where the *Arundo phragmites*, or common reed, flourishes; as it and the reed meadow-grass (*Glyceria aquatica*) and the floating meadow-grass, (*G. fluitans*) are infallible indications of swampy, marshy districts, and of the probable presence of malaria, even, although the tract, as in summer, may seem dry, and be apparently salubrious. A late traveller in Syria, thus was warned by the natives not to pitch his tent on the spot that he had selected, on account of the luxuriance of the herbage, if he valued his life, or wished to escape a severe attack of fever; this malign influence, however, they seemed erroneously to attribute to the growth of the plants, but of which, in truth, the luxuriant herbage was the index only."

How usefully the knowledge of some little facts in natural history, may occasionally be applied, although regarded previously as merely singular and amusing trifles, is well shown in the following narrative, mentioned by the same excellent botanist:—"The *Lichens* never grows submerged: the *Fuci* never grow emerged. The same may be said of other plants which are the living demarcations of land and sea; for example, the samphire (*crithmum maritimum*) never grows but on the sea-shore, and yet it never grows within reach of the waves; that is to say, it is never so near as to be covered by the water. It happened, some time since, that a knowledge of this fact was useful in a way and at a time when botanical knowledge might at first have been expected to be of little practical importance. During a violent storm, in November 1821, a vessel passing through the English Channel, was driven on shore, near Beachy Head, and the whole crew being washed overboard, four escaped from the wreck, only to be delivered, as they thought, to a more lingering and fear-

* A fact which occurred in 1806.

ful (from its being more gradual and equally inevitable) death; for having, in the darkness of the night, been cast upon the breakers, they found, when they had climbed up those low rocks, that the waves were rapidly encroaching, and they doubted not that when the tide should be at its height, the whole range would be entirely submerged. The darkness of the night prevented any thing being seen beyond the spot upon which they stood, and which was continually decreasing by the encroachments of each successive wave. The violence of the storm left no hope that their feeble voices, even if raised to the uttermost, could be heard on shore: and they knew that amidst the howling of the blast, they could reach no other ear than that of God. Men could afford them no assistance in such a situation, even if their distress were known. The circle of their existence here seemed gradually lessening before their eyes, their little span of earth gradually contracting to their destruction; already they had reached to the highest points, and already the infuriated waters followed them, flinging over their devoted heads the foremost waves, as heralds of their speedily approaching dissolution. At this moment, one of these wretched men,—while they were debating whether they should not, in this extremity, throw themselves upon the mercy of the waves, hoping to be cast upon some higher ground, as, even if they failed to reach it, a sudden would be better than a lingering death,—in this extremity, one of these despairing creatures, to hold himself more firmly to the rock, grasped a weed, which, even wet as it was, he well knew, as the lightning's sudden flash afforded a momentary glare, was not a fucus, but a root of *samphire*;—a plant which never grows submerged. This, then, became more than an olive-branch of peace, a messenger of mercy; they knew that He who alone can calm the raging of the seas, at whose voice alone the winds and the waves are still, had planted his landmark here; and by this sign, they were assured that he had said to the wide waste of waters, *hither shalt thou come, and no further*. Trusting, then, to the promise of this child of earth, they remained stationary, during a dreadful, yet comparatively happy night, and in the morning they were seen from the cliffs above, and conveyed in safety to shore."

Southey, in his *History of Brazil*, describes the perilous situation of Cabeza de Vaca when sailing towards that country; and how he was preserved from shipwreck, by a grillo, or ground cricket:—"When they had crossed the line, the state of the water was inquired into; and it was found that of a hundred casks, there remained but three to supply four hundred men and thirty horses: upon this, the Adelantando gave orders to make for the nearest land. Three days they stood towards it. A soldier who set out in ill health, had brought a grillo, or ground cricket, with him from Cadiz, thinking to be amused by the insect's noise; but it had been silent the whole way, to his no little disappointment. Now on the fourth morning, the cricket began its shrill noise, scenting as was immediately supposed, the land. Such was the miserable watch which had been kept, that upon looking out at this warning, they perceived high rocks within bow-shot; against which, had it not been for the insect, they must inevitably have been lost. They had just time to drop anchor. From hence they coasted along, the cricket singing every night as if it had been on shore, till they reached the island of St. Catalina."

The Portuguese made most of their discoveries of foreign land, by observing the flight and species of birds they met with at sea. Columbus, in this way, when in quest of America, happening to notice that the flocks of birds which passed him at sea, flew from the north to the south-west, suspected, and rightly, as it turned out, that land was in the latter quarter. He is, also, said to have been strengthened in this suspicion by his smelling, while on the waters, the aromatic odours of the sassafras tree.

The sap which exudes from the broken or cut branches of the *manchineel-tree* is so very acrid, that it blisters the skin, and causes severe pain, if it falls on it, and even produces death when it enters a wound. A traveller who reposed under a tree of the kind, received some of its exuded drops on his face, which immediately blistered, and became pitted, as in a case of small-pox. It is said that Lord Nelson, in one of his earliest expeditions, having drunk the waters of a spring, in which some boughs of this tree had been thrown, suffered so severely in consequence, as to produce a lasting injury on his constitution.

Scoresby says, that those sailors who, while in the arctic regions, have been obliged to eat the flesh of bears, and have not taken the precaution of rejecting the liver, have almost always been attacked with sickness, a peeling off of the skin, and, sometimes, have died from its effects. The same consequences happened to some of Ross's party, who had partaken of it during their stay at Fury Beach.

DEFINITION OF THE WORD 'MIND.'

WHAT is the precise meaning of the word mind, so commonly employed? By the mind of a man is understood, that in him, which is capable of thinking, remembering, reasoning, or willing. The real essence, both of body and mind, is known. Certain properties of the former, and certain operations of the latter, are known, and by these only can they be defined. In defining what is meant

by body, we say it is that which is extended, solid, moveable, and divisible. In like manner, we define mind to be that which thinks, remembers, reasons, and wills. We know, or are conscious of these various thoughts, and we are, by nature, taught to attribute them to the principle of thought, called the *mind* or the *soul* of man.

THE HERMIT.

(*From Hone's Gleanings in Germany.*)

With a feeling of silent admiration, and with that submission with which weak man depicts to himself the throne of his Almighty Creator, I contemplated the horizon adorned by the setting sun. In the foreground arose to my view, gloomy and silent, Mount Rigi; on its summit, that seemed to touch the heavens, I beheld the great cross by which it is surmounted, still faintly gilded by the rays of the setting sun concealed behind the mighty Alps, while at the foot of the mountain, all was night and darkness. My heart felt oppressed by painful emotion, and abandoned thus to my own reflections, and excited by some secret feeling, I turned my steps towards Siti, where, to the eastward, the rock of Fallenflue, and westward Mount Shoenbucherberg, together with the Frohnalp, veiled by the grey clouds, served me as guides; these were not, however, the objects which could satisfy the feelings by which I was so agitated. Their high and ancient summits seemed to indicate their close affinity with the higher celestial world above; and thus, feeling how I was enchained to the earth beneath, I shuddered at their frightfully awful elevation.

At the end of the grand avenue of trees near Siti, there stands a summer-house. Eastward a beaten path leads towards a hermitage, situated deep within the bosom of the wood: here I wished to take up my abode for the night, should the hermit and myself prove mutually pleased with each other. In my juvenile years I had read much of such hermitages, and with all the romantic imagination of youth, pictured to myself, in the most picturesque and seducing colours, these happy calm retreats and their holy inhabitants. As yet I had never had an opportunity of beholding such a spot, and now, therefore, wished to gratify my curiosity. Accordingly, I was proceeding down a declivity of the mountain, through the thickets and young brambles which opposed my descent, when my progress was suddenly arrested by the appearance of a venerable man; it was the hermit himself, who had just come from having offered his evening prayers in the chapel, some hundred paces distant from his hermitage, to which solitary dwelling he was now returning. I greeted him with silent respect and veneration, to which he as silently replied.

"May I, venerable father, be allowed to enter your holy dwelling?" I inquired modestly.

"What is your object in making that request?" he replied, in a tone not altogether repulsive, though neither was it friendly.

"Why, I have no particular motive to satisfy," I replied, with a good-natured smile, "I am a native of the north, travelling through your beautiful country; I have never as yet beheld either hermit or hermitage, though both have often been the subjects of my youthful fancy and meditation; I feel desirous, therefore, holy father, of now satisfying my curiosity, by passing a short and instructive hour in your society. You are more wise and pious than we children of the world; you live in solitude and seclusion; you pass your time in acts of devotion; your silent prayers are not disturbed by those guilty agitations of mind to which we unhappily are too often exposed, and God is nearer to you, because you are more pure and guiltless of those misdeeds with which we too often have to reproach ourselves. Are you not here completely happy, holy father, in your retreat?"

"Happy!"—replied he, slowly, stopping of a sudden, and casting an expressive look of grave severity towards the pale-purpled sky, which still faintly gilded the cross on the peak of Mount Rigi. "My son," he continued, after a silent pause, "hast thou ever, in thy life, beheld *one* happy mortal?"

"Yes, holy father, I myself am happy. I have nothing to reproach myself with, I am young and healthy, and at home I have a beloved family and dear and valued friends; I have what I require, and even more than sufficient to satisfy my wants. Nothing pains or disquiets my mind, travelling delights me, and I am now in your beautiful country, where, at every step, nature unfolds new charms, and where God has manifested his great and ever-reigning glory, in so wonderful a manner."

"Happy!" replied the venerable man, doubtfully shaking his hoary head, "hast thou no share in the afflictions of *others*?"

To this question, which sounded so strangely in my ears, I could only reply by casting down my eyes in confusion.

"And I too," continued he, "have no reproaches to make myself. I likewise enjoy the blessing of health; I also have my family and friends, if not here, yet in the eternal home of peace above; I too have all that I require; I also, like thee, enjoy pleasure in the survey of God's beauteous creation, and yet—I am not happy. The pains, the wants of my more unhappy neighbours too often oppress and overcome my feelings; for to me come only such unhappy beings as

seek to pour into my heart those troubles and afflictions with which they are so heavy laden, and under which they would otherwise sink. But thou, who livest within the wide range of this world, hast thou never yet beheld the flow of bitter tears descending down the cheek of sorrow? Hast thou never heard the troubled sigh, when issuing from the breast of affliction? Hast thou never yet experienced the painful sensation which follows the *wish* to help misfortune's child, and yet the want of *power* to effect it?"

His discourse fell upon my conscience-stricken breast like a burning weight of fire, and my eyes were so chained to the earth, that I neither dared nor could look up. "Who can help all," I exclaimed, wishing to excuse myself; "were one a very Crœsus, it would ruin and impoverish at last?"

"You do not comprehend my meaning," replied he, sternly, "and only prove how little till now you have participated in the sufferings of your fellow-creatures. It is not *gold* that always serves to alleviate affliction, for often is the beggar far happier than he who aids, and who yet himself endures anguish of mind; it is consolation, counsel, mildness, patience, which you owe to your neighbour, and until you can fulfil these duties with all your zeal and strength, you cannot call yourself happy. Delay not with your help till it be demanded; as soon as you know it is required step forward with a zealous alacrity, but reckon not upon reward, you do only your duty, and cannot require thanks. The feeling, the consciousness of having done our duty, is the highest recompense we can wish to enjoy here below. —God be with you!"—With these words this singular being left me, and thus I had for once beheld a hermit.

The venerable man proceeded silently towards his cell, and I saw myself forced to return again to Shwytz, or to pass the night under the canopy of heaven.

PROVINCIALISMS.

(*For the Mirror.*)

On looking over one of the early volumes of the *Mirror*, (1828,) I find an article entitled *Cockneyisms*, which, I think, is taken from *Pegge*; but among many, undoubtedly peculiar to the inhabitants of London, I find several to which they have no claim, many which are provincials, and a few genuine old English words, corrupted by modern affectation, which, much to the credit of the *Cockneys*, are still retained in the vernacular tongue:—

Kiver for *Cover*.—No doubt *kiver* is the legitimate word. *Kiverchef* was the word for a cover for the neck, in ancient authors.

Schollard.—This is provincial, and not a Cockney word.

Margent for *Margin*.—This word is a comparatively recent corruption. The old word, *margent*, was used so late as Queen Anne's time, and probably later. Swift is good authority on this point. His Satirical Epigram on Serjeant Bettesworth is well known:—

So, at the bar, the booby Bettesworth,
Though half-a-crown o'erpays his sweat's worth,
Who knows of law, nor text, nor *margent*,
Calls Singleton his Brother Serjeant.

Colloguing for *Colleaging*.—These are not the same, and have different meanings. I find in our dictionaries, to *collogue*, is to wheedle or flatter; but *colleague*, as a substantive only, a partner in office, &c.

Poticary for *Apothecary*.—A manifest corruption. *Poticary* is derived from the Spanish, *boticario*, a shop kept by a vender of medicine; and not as Johnson and others suppose, from the Greek *apotheca*, a repository. Every author, from Chaucer to Shakespeare, spells the word *poticary*.

Forth he goth, ne longer wold he tarry,
Into the toun unto a *potecary*.—Chaucer.

A-dry, *A-cold*.—These are not Cockneyisms, but legitimate prefixes; a hundred instances might be adduced to warrant their use, some of which are not obsolete at this day, as, aboard, ameliorate, abroach, amidst, aback, &c.

I gin to be *aweary* of the sun.—Shakspeare.

Moral for *Model*.—A provincial word uniformly used in the midland counties.

Afeared for *Afraid*.—To be afeared, is from the Saxon *afferan*; and, consequently, the word *afraid* is a corruption without authority or excuse:—

Were thou *afeared* of her ele.—Gower.
Of her visage children were sore *afeared*.—Chaucer.
Be not *affeard*; the isle is full of noises.—Shakspeare.

Musicianer, *Physicianer*.—There is good authority in all our old authors for this spelling, and there seems no reason why these should not be retained, as well as in the word *poulterer*, and many others.

Obstacle for *Obelisk*.—This has never been used but in burlesque, and therefore cannot be considered as a Cockneyism.

Wm. Toone.

A SPECIMEN OF WELSH LITERATURE.

The Welsh poetical triads are part of a literature with which the reader may not be acquainted. The following specimen contains many valuable observations expressed with singular brevity:—

The three foundations of genius are—the gift of God, human exertion, and the events of life.

The three first questions of genius—an eye to see nature, a heart to feel it, and a resolution that dares to follow it.

The three things indispensable to genius —understanding, meditation, and perseverance.

The three things that ennoble genius—vigour, discretion, and knowledge.

The three tokens of genius—extraordinary understanding, extraordinary conduct, and extraordinary exertions.

The three things that improve genius—proper exertion, frequent exertion, and successful exertion.

The three things that support genius—prosperity, social qualifications, and applause.

The three qualifications of poetry—endowment of genius, judgment from experience, and felicity of thought.

The three pillars of learning—seeing much, offering much, and writing much.

New Books.

Emigration Fields. North America, the Cape, Australia, and New Zealand. By Patrick Matthew. 8vo. Black, Edinburgh. Longman and Co., London. 1839.

[This work was at first intended to treat only of New Zealand; but, at the entreaty of friends, the author included the neighbouring country of Australia. It contains much useful advice, proceeding from a mind stored with sound practical knowledge of the various matters on which it treats. The author's grand *panacea* for all the ills of the working classes is Emigration; and certainly he adduces such cogent reasonings in support of his argument that cannot easily be controverted. The work, which is divided into fifteen chapters, treats, firstly, of Upper and Lower Canada, and America; then of Mexico, the Cape, Australia, Tasmania; and finally, New Zealand; his remarks on which comprise nearly half the work.]

The mind is almost overwhelmed (says Mr. Matthew,) in contemplating the prospects of improvement in the general condition of humanity, now opening through the medium of British colonization and the consequent diffusion of the elevating and meliorating influences of British liberty, knowledge, and civilization. One great free naval people, aided by all the discoveries of modern science, and united under the attractions of a common literature, and the reciprocal advantage of the exchange of staple products, increasing rapidly in numbers, and ramifying extensively over numerous maritime regions, will soon overshadow continental despotisms, and render them innocuous.

From the unlimited supply of new land, colonies are especially fitted for a connection with Britain. Being on the opposite extremes of condition, they are in the highest degree mutually beneficial, the former affording the raw material in exchange for the more laboured products of industry of the latter, while at the same time the colonists are by habit great consumers of British manufactures. What is required is, that the extension of colonization should go hand in hand with the extension of manufactures, thus generating new markets in proportion to the increase of fabrics.

But, at the present moment, it is as a salutary drain to our overstocked labour-market; that colonization is so vitally necessary. To bring things to a healthy state, a vast exportation of working-population must in the first place be effected, and to keep them so, a constant great stream of emigration must be afterwards kept up. And in proportion as this efflux is properly regulated will, at the same time, the condition of the people at home and abroad be prosperous, and the population progressive.

[In speaking of the heat in New South Wales, the author gives the following quotation from the *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal.*]

Mr. Martin observes, that it is only during the summer months that the hot winds occasionally blow, and raise the mercury to 120° F., when exposed to the wind. When these siroccos are about to occur, the sky assumes a lurid appearance, the sun is hid from the view, the wind suddenly shifts to the north-west, and blows with tremendous violence, and can only be compared to a fiery blast issuing from an immense furnace; the dust is whirled with rapidity, and distant thunder is heard. At night the flashes of stream-lightning presents a continually illuminated horizon; vast forests become an universal blaze of fire, and the flames, borne along with the blast, readily find fresh fuel, carrying terror before, and leaving ruin and desolation behind. Not only does the field of corn, ready for the sickle, become a charred stubble, but houses and domestic animals are reduced to a heap of ashes.....Fortunately these winds seldom last long, rarely more than two days at a time.....Collins speaks of these siroccos as killing birds, beasts, and men."

This picture of the effects of extreme heat, which occurring at a critical period of the crop, must entirely blast the promise of a season, independent of the lasting periodical extreme droughts, is enough to render precaution, especially in the case of a greatly increased population, highly necessary. Perhaps no country has a more steady climate than the British Isles, or is more regular in production, a consequence of the insular position and mountain ranges preventing great droughts, or any extreme being so general—west winds commonly bringing rain on the west, and east winds on

the east side of the country. This disposition of things at home has an effect to render the British not sufficiently alive to the danger to be apprehended from droughts in other regions, and which seem to be most prevalent in localities situated from 15° to 35° of Lat. It is, therefore, probable that sufficient precautionary means will not be taken in Australia and the South of Africa, till some terrible visitation of famine and consequential disease be our fatal instructor, such as sometimes occurs in the East Indies, but which only affecting a people far out of view, and with whom we have little sympathy, our Indian Government is allowed to treat with neglect. The following (abridged) quotation of the account of a famine in Guzerat in 1811, by Captain James Rivett Carnac, Political Resident at the Court of Guicawar, may serve to give some idea of a calamity of this nature. The superstitious Hindoos attributed the famine to the wrath of an offended Deity because of the sins of that portion of India, as some of our established clergy in Brittin did the yellow fever, which was so prevalent at New York about the same time, not, however, because of the immorality of the Americans, but because they had emancipated themselves from British sway. The famine at least was a consequence of sin, not of commission, but of omission, not of the direct sins of the sufferers, but of their remiss government, which, in a country liable to these visitations, makes no provision against them.

It has often been remarked, that the appearance of locusts is a prognostic of other evils. In 1811, the annual fall of rain failed at Marwar, and when every vestige of vegitation had disappeared, the locusts made their way into the north-west district of Guzerat, and from thence scoured Kattiwar. The failure of grain in Mariwar, and the ruin by the locusts of the products of the land, drove the inhabitants into the bosom of Guzerat, where the same causes had begun to operate, thus augmented the demand on its resources in a twofold degree, and the pressing wants of the people soon reducing the half-famished new comers to the greatest privations. The mortality which ensued among those who had sought refuge after the sufferings of famine in their own district, covered with disease, regardless of every consideration but that promoted by the calls of hunger, almost surpasses my own belief, though an unhappy witness of such horrid events.

In the vicinity of every large town, you perceived suburbs surrounded by these creatures. Their residence was usually taken up on the main road under the cover of trees; men, women, and children promiscuously scuttered, some furnished with a scanty covering, others almost reduced to a state of nudity, while at the same moment the spectator witnessed, within the range of his own observation, the famished looks of a fellow-creature, aggravated by the pain of sickness; the desponding cries of the multitude, mingled with the thoughtless playfulness of children, and the unavailing struggles of the infant to draw sustenance from the exhausted breasts of its parent. To consummate this scene of human misery, a lifeless corpse was at intervals brought to notice by the bewailings of a near relative; its immediate neighbourhood displaying the impatience and wildness excited in the fortunate few who had obtained a pittance of grain, and was devouring it with desperate satisfaction. The hourly recurrence of miseries had familiarized the minds of these poor people, as well as of people in general, to every extremity which nature could inflict. In a short time, these emanations of individual feeling among themselves, which distinguished the first commencement of their sufferings, gradually abated, and the utmost indifference universally predominated.

During the progress of these miseries, I have seen a few Marwarees sitting in a cluster, denying a little water to sustain her drooping spirits, to a woman stretched beside them, with a dead infant reposing on her breast. In a few hours this woman had also expired, and her dead body, as well as that of the child, remaining close by them, situated as before described, without a single attempt to remove them, until the Government peons had performed that office. I have seen a child, not quite dead, torn away by a pack of dogs from its mother, who was unable to speak or move, but lay with anxious eyes directed to the object of its fond affection. I have witnessed those animals watching the famished creatures, who were verging on the point of dissolution, to feast on their bodies; and this spectacle was repeated every successive day in the environs of the town. The number of the Marwarees who died in a single day at Baroda could scarcely be counted; and the return of the burials in twenty-four hours often exceeded 500 bodies. It would be doing an act of injustice, however, to the natives of opulence in Guserat, to pass over their exertions to alleviate the surrounding distress. The charity of the Hindoos is proverbial; it constitutes one of the primary tenets of their morality, (religion,) and is generally unaffectedly dispensed. On the occurrence of the distress and famine, large subscriptions were made, aided by a liberal sum from the native government, and the objects of the institution were obtained by proper regulations devised for the purpose. I cannot say what numbers were relieved, but the monthly expense of feeding the poor in this town, amounted to some thousands of rupees. It was a cruel sight to witness the

struggles, when the doors were opened to apportion their victuals, and it was no unusual thing for a number to fall a sacrifice to their precipitate voracity. Many also whose wants had been supplied, continued to devour until the means intended for their relief proved in the end their destruction in a few hours. Children were often crushed to death under the feet of their parents. The establishment of which I have been speaking was imitated in most of the principal towns of Guzerat, and added a few months of life to a class of beings reserved for greater miseries; indeed, subsequent events would seem to shew that these people were marked for total annihilation. * * * The mortality at Ahmedabad is computed at 100,000 persons, a number nearly equal to one-half of its population. The demand for wood to burn the Hindoo portion of the sufferers, called for the destruction of the houses—even this was barely sufficient for the performance of the rites required by the Hindoo faith, and the half-consumed bodies on the banks of the Pabiermuttee evince, at this hour, to what straits the Hindoos were reduced in fulfilling the last duties to their kindred.

[We shall again return to this highly interesting work.]

KILKENNY PEASANTRY.

The peasantry of the neighbourhood of the coal-pits in Kilkenny,* are among the most miserable of the human race; we have seen whole families in summer—and we fear that the same deficiency may be experienced there in winter too—without any covering except the fragment of a shirt or petticoat: the men expend much of their earnings on whisky, and leave their wives and little ones no other comfort save what they derive from huddling together on the wet mud floor of a miserable cabin, built of stones put together without lime-mortar, and pervious to wind, and inhaling the sulphureous coal gases until their faces assume a very squalid and unhealthy hue. Pulmonary diseases are the result of the contaminated atmosphere, and strange to say, the most healthy portion of the neighbourhood is that employed in the cold wet mines, where the effluvia from ignited coals is not among their calamities.

By the way, every Kilkenny man has heard of Captain H., who went into the —— regiment of the line from the Kilkenny regiment, and charged most gallantly—we believe at Waterloo—with his company at a critical moment, when they were wavering under fearful odds. The magic words, "hurrah for Kilkenny," uttered by this gallant young man, as he waved his hat and cheered on his men, made all those "Boys of Kilkenny," who had volunteered with him into the same regiment, rush nobly to the contest in support of their officer. So much did the magic influence of this single sentence avail in recalling to their minds the remembrance of that home to which they would feel an honest shame in returning as recreants. Finer men, indeed, can hardly be imagined, as to animal organization, than the lower orders of the Kilkenny population, but truth obliges us to add that, comparatively with the peasantry of Carlow, and the Queen's County, and still more with those of the county of Wexford, they are exceedingly unamiable; their ferocity of conduct, and doggedness of countenance, with their peculiar dress, blue frieze coats and corduroy breeches (which are generally open at the knee,) with grey stockings, distinguish them at once from the Wexford peasantry, excepting that portion resident in the barony of Bantry, separated from the county of Kilkenny by the river Barrow, but not so readily, so far as countenance is concerned, from those of the other contiguous counties. The open violence and secret villany of many of those men is easily accounted for. The county of Tipperary bounds this county on the south, and there is a sufficiency of the leaven of diabolism there, to disturb not only the contiguous counties, but even those at the northern extremities of the island.—*Quarterly Journal of Agriculture*, No. 44.

* In 1309, a parliament assembled in the town of Kilkenny, in which severe laws were enacted against such of the English settlers *as should adopt the Irish costumes*; and anathemas against all who should infringe them were denounced in the cathedral by the Archbishop of Cashel and other prelates who assisted on the occasion. The last parliament held here was in 1536; but this place continued for some time to be the occasional residence of the lords lieutenants, and the chief seat of their government.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY

OF AN ABORIGINAL RACE OF NATIVES, NEW SOUTH WALES.

We learn by the *Tasmanian and Austral-Asiatic Review*, of October 19, 1838, that "a most interesting discovery has just been made, by a gentleman belonging to Sidney, of a race of natives inhabiting the banks of Thorn's river, (a river lying between the Big River and Moreton Bay, navigable upwards of sixty miles inland,) incomparably superior to the aborigines of other parts of the territory, both in intellect and personal appearance, and much further advanced in civilization. Our informant, who visited the place in search of good cedar-grounds, informs us that they inhabit villages of from twenty to fifty houses in extent, each house capable of containing from twelve to fifteen individuals. Three of these villages our informant encountered in his progress, the largest of which must have contained 400 inhabitants. The houses, which are very ingeniously constructed, are in the form of a horse-shoe, with a low porch in front of each; the walls are

constructed of slabs driven into the earth, and so ingeniously interwoven with wattles, as to be impervious to the rain; the roofs of the houses are covered with tea-tree bark, and so strongly is the whole fabric put together, that the weight of several individuals on the roof is insufficient to injure it." As we anticipate being shortly in possession of interesting particulars relative to the above discovery, we shall not fail to lay them before our readers.

VIEWS OF MOSCOW.

In approaching the city from the north-west, by the Petersburgh-road, or from the east, by the Kolomna-road, Moscow appears to be placed on an immense plain, gently rising towards the Kremlin. I have remarked from the Kolomna-road, (says a modern traveller,) that in the twilight, or in gloomy weather, the ancient metropolis resembled a capacious harbour: the innumerable towers and spires of different heights, having the appearance of the masts of a great assemblage of ships. When approached from the north, through the Dmetrovskaya, or the Troctskaya barrier, Moscow also appears as on a plain, or rather a gentle declivity, stretching from the north to the south and east: on arriving near the capital from the south-east, the south, and the west, the city appears low, and occupying a portion of an immense level surface. W. G. C.

The Gatherer.

A New Member of Parliament.—Lord North, one day, in the House of Commons, was interrupted in the most important part of his speech by a dog who had taken shelter and concealed himself under the table of the house, and then making his escape, ran directly across the floor, barking with a violent howl. A burst of laughter ensued, which would have disconcerted any ordinary speaker; But North, who knew how to turn any occurrence, however ludicrous, to his own advantage, having waited with all gravity until the roar was subsided, then addressed the chair, saying, "Sir, I have been interrupted by a new member, but as he has concluded his argument, I will resume mine."

T. Majer, in his "History of Trials by Ordeal," 1795, asserts, that on weighing some witches and magicians in Hungary in 1728, a tall jolly dame weighed only a drachm and a half—her husband, not by any means a diminutive man, five drachms—the others three or four drachms, or less! H. M.

Turkish Literature.—Rosini wrote the history of the war between Turkey and Russia. The king of the latter having made war successfully against the former, he, according to the religion of the Turks, thought that he had better astrologers than he. As all wars were commenced under the auspices of astrology, the Turkish king sent Rosini as his ambassador to the Russian court, with the request that Frederick would send him three of his best astrologers. The ambassador was led to a window overlooking a large square filled with soldiers, and pointing to them, he said, "that *his* three advisers in peace and in war, were experience, discipline, and economy. These, and these only, are my three chief astrologers: go and tell this secret to your master."

Foote's Mistake.—Foote dining out one day, took up by mistake the bread of the gentleman who sat next to him, which happened to be larger than usual. The gentleman politely said, 'That is my bread;' on which Foote rejoined, 'I beg pardon, I mistook it for the loaf.'

The following is a literal translation of a Russian wedding-song:

From a high mountain, covered with dark forests, have arisen a troop of swans, (young women,) and a troop of grey geese, (young men); a young swan quitted her troop to pass into that of the geese; then the troop began to peck at and expel the stranger.

Upon this the swan exclaimed: "Do not maltreat me, grey geese, I am not come among you of my own accord, but am forced by the tempest." Thus the amiable Niniuska, finding herself separated from her companions in a storm, was brought into the midst of a party of wedding-folks: when they began to maltreat her, and scold her, she cried: "Don't use me harshly, good people. I have not come among you of myself, but the horses of Austin have brought me." H. M.

In doing good, we are generally cold, and languid, and sluggish; and of all things afraid of being too much in the right. But the works of malice and injustice are quite in another style. They are finished with a bold masterly hand; touched as they are with the spirit of those vehement passions that call forth all our energies.—*Burke.*

Goldsmith.—Goldsmith read so slovenly and with such an Irish brogue, that it was sometimes difficult to distinguish his poetry from his prose. He was sensible of this himself, and used to say,—'I leave the *reading of my pieces*, and the *punctuation of them*, to the *players and printers*; for, in truth I know little of either.'—*Cooke's Life of Foote.*

The common ingredients of health and long life are—

Great temp'rance, open air,
Easy labour, little care.—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

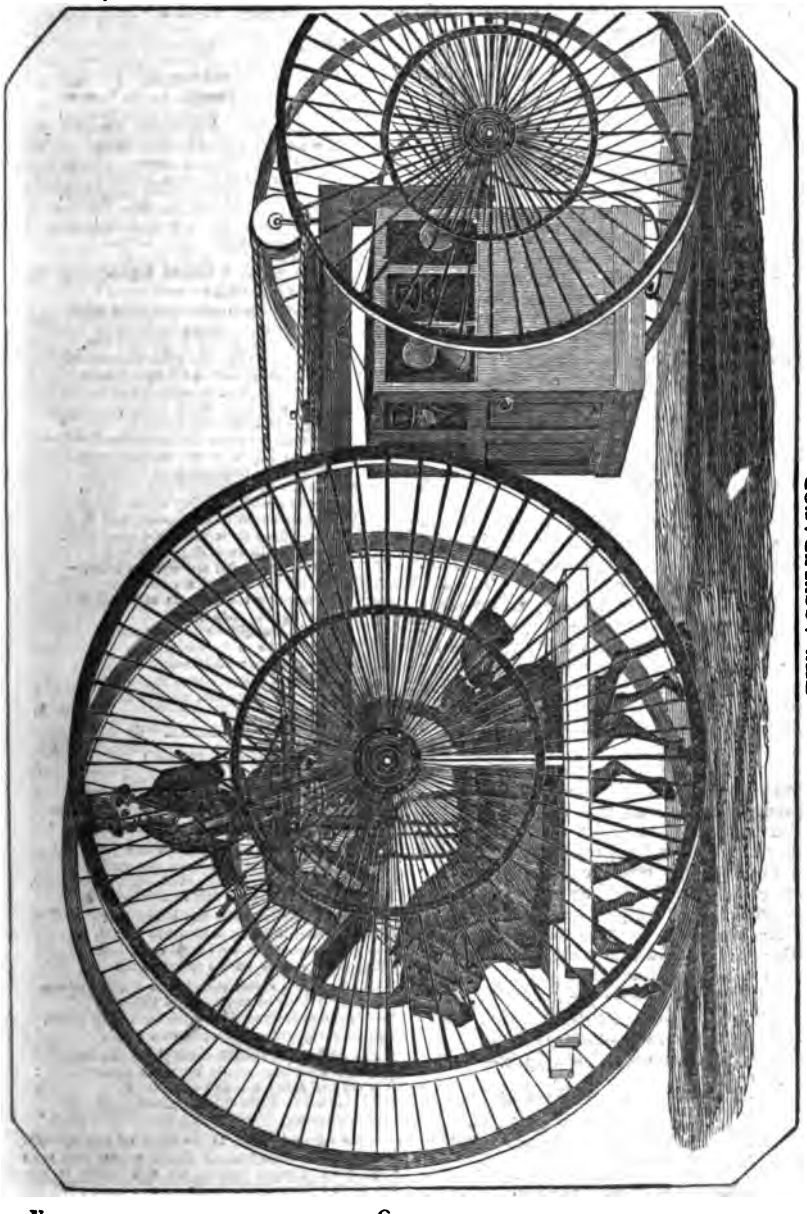
LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD 143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.—In PARIS, by all the Booksellers.—In FRANCFORT, CHARLES JUGEL.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 942.] SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1839. [Price 2*d*.



THE ACCELERATOR.

THE ACCELERATOR.

We this week present to our readers a newly-invented machine, of more gigantic proportions than the *Aellopodes*, given in our last number. It is called the *Accelerator*; and is intended for the transit of goods and passengers on common roads, at a speed equal to that attained by the railway engine, and at a less expense. The inventor intends to offer it to the notice of Government, for the conveyance of the royal mails. It started from the Bull-and-Mouth Inn, on Monday last, and from the speed and easy management of a machine which at first sight appears so gigantic, we are rather sanguine in our expectations of its ultimate success. The machine is about twenty-five feet in length, and six and a half in width. The fore-wheels are thirteen feet in diameter, and thirty-nine in circumference. They are divided into two circles, the outer one containing sixty spokes, the inner ninety. The hind-wheels are nine feet in diameter, and are also divided into two circles. A strong perch runs from the axle-tree of the front-wheels, and is also supported by the axle-tree of the hind-wheels: from this perch a carriage is suspended for the conveyance of passengers; that attached to the machine in its present state will contain three persons, and there is a place for the attaching of an omnibus, to contain twelve persons more, to be conveyed with the same power. Immediately beneath the axle-tree of the fore-wheels, are shafts for two horses. The animals are in some degree suspended by bands passing under their bodies to the axle-tree: these bands were of India rubber, but being not found to answer, are now changed for canvass. Their feet barely touch the ground, as the slightest movement of the horses will set the large wheels in motion. The conductor is seated between the fore-wheels, and by means of pullies connected with two small wheels, which he can work with either hand, he can support or lower the horses at pleasure. The labour for the horses will be very trifling on a level road; their great use is to propel the machine in going up-hill: the reins pass through an aperture of the foot-board, for their guidance.

An apparatus is now being fitted, by which the driver will turn the fore-axle at the same time he guides the horses.

THE CAGED NIGHTINGALE.

(For the Mirror.)

Ye friends of song, attend my tale,—
I sing a lovely nightingale;
Plain, unadorned,—but I'll engage
A fairer never grac'd a cage;
Of plumage brown—eyes black as jet—
And of his mistress quite the pet:
A lucky fellow he,—his doom
To hang within a paper'd room;
To eat and drink of choicest fare,
And live a happy prisoner there;
To dwell within a cage of wire,
And gaze upon a cheerful fire;
To hop upon his perch at night,
And sit and sup by candle-light;
To hear the sound of fife or flute,
And listen with attention mute;
While other songsters cut the air
In search of hard and windy fare:
Thus is he daily, daily, fed,
And treated *gratis*—board and bed.
Methinks I hear the prisoner say,—
How shall I all your pains repay?—
"I'll sing a song another day!"

Then soon as Flora decks the bowers,
And ev'ry bank is clothed with flowers;
Then, in the days of charming spring,
When many a bird is heard to sing,
And Philomela fills the grove
With music, such as poets love,—
Then shall our warbler swell his throat,
And mingle a delightful note;
Then shall he add a cheerful sound,
With ev'ry bird that sings around;
No little songster on the spray
Shall warble out a sweeter lay,—
Thus shall he all your care repay!

But some may ask me, prithee tell
How came he in a cage to dwell?
Know then, that on a summer's day,
When truant boys are known to stray,
And thus beguile the summer hours
"In finding nests, in sulling flow'rs,"—
A noted bird-man, in his round,
The eggs of Philomela found:
Nor would he leave the treasures there,—
But placed them 'neath a robin's care;
In little time the eggs were hatch'd,
The birds were daily fed and watch'd,
And cag'd within an ivy nigh,
'Till they could twitter, peck, and fly;
Thence, from their hold, the vivid wall
Transferr'd to deck the castle-hall:
But there they did not sojourn long,—
Since he, the hero of my song,
Was meant a tenant next to be
Of a near neat menagery;
Or such, I might have said before,
It used to be in days of yore:
There may he warble many a day,—
And may I, when I pass that way,
Step in and hear him chant a lay!

Castle Ashby. T. S. A.

(For the Mirror.)

And is it so? wilt thou indeed depart
To seek for wealth, on India's burning shores,
Where thy fond fancy paints success, and marks
Thy anxious efforts crown'd with golden stores?

Can'st thou still vow thou lov'st, and yet desert
Her who but lives—exists upon thy smile?
Can'st thou forsake thy kindred, friends and home,
And all the blessings of fair Britain's isle?

In my lone moments will thy image still
Linger around in many a pleasant dream,
And sweet remembrance of our early love
Oft gild my sorrow with a sunny beam.

For though you speak with hopes of swift return,
Not lightly thus to me, appears Farewell!
But cold and joyless, fill'd with dark'ning gloom,
To peace a blight—to happiness a knell.

Full well I know thou'lt deem these idle fears,
And fain with hope would buoy my sinking heart;
But my sad spirit can no vision know,
Only the sad reality—that we must part?

Westminster. M. S.*

* Be assured there is no need of any apology. We shall be happy at all times to hear from you; and if we discover errors, we will strive to rectify them; not with the coldness of a stern critic, but with the sincerity of an ardent friend.

AN AMERICAN IN ENGLAND

[*Continued from page* 132.]

Bustle at Landing.

A THOUSAND blended sounds assailed our ears as we reached the landing-place. A grim crowd awaited us there. Forty or fifty drivers held up their whip-handles, to engage our attention. "Coach, your honour!"—"Coach, sir!" were iteratred by persons whose dirty hands and faces, and ragged garb, did not promise much for their vehicles. Their claim to our notice was disputed by a hundred or two hundred other persons, ranging far beneath them in personal cleanliness. Such a set of characters were perhaps never collected in *our* country. A dozen thrust themselves forward, with,—"Shall I carry your baggage, your honour?"—"Shall I show you to the Adelphi,—to the Mersey Hotel!" cried others. Here were women ready to sell the "gemmen" oranges; and here the suspicious children of the wandering nation, ready to buy "old clothes;"—in all a motley group. This was not so painful; but the group of ragged, wretched, lame, and miserable creatures, that had collected round us, as if we had been the last resource on which their hopes rested, was enough to break one's heart. Such piteous tones, and such fearful accounts of their famishing condition, I never before heard faltered forth from the tongues of human beings. It was the first phalanx of a large class that I afterwards found eating the bread of bitterness, in all the cities of Great Britain.

Mendicity in England.

Framed as *our* eyes are to see only well-fed, decent, and comfortable persons, even in the lowest rank in America, when walking through the grim assemblage of an English crowd, even what is really elegant and neat, is, for a period, almost unnoticed; until the first shock which so much distress and poverty make on the feelings, has subsided. An Englishman, so far as respects his enjoyment of what is beautiful, is disciplined into an entire disregard for those elements, which enter into the texture of the social system in his country, and dim its glory. He sees only what is splendid. All the meanness thrown over it, by surrounding want, he is accustomed to disregard, as much as if it did not exist. If it were not so, he would be continually miserable. But it stares an American in the face, in every street. This dark veil hides, for a period, all the grandeur that stands towering behind it. I found it precisely so in my case. We succeeded in separating ourselves from nearly all the rabble that at first surrounded us; though one or two of the more professional, or more hungry beggars, harrassed our march through several of the shorter streets.

An English Hotel

There is no place where one is more independent than in an English hotel. If he has money enough, he can command everything. *We* might have such houses if we desired them; and perhaps they would be frequented and profitable; but they are not suited to, or at least they do not grow out of, our national character. They are the legitimate fruit of English feeling. In England, condition, title, and wealth, are everything; character, person, and humanity, are comparatively nothing. All yields to the dazzle of wealth and hereditary influence. This aristocracy predominates everywhere; and communicates itself to everything. See its genius in a hotel! You are met at the door by a waiter; who measures your condition at a glance. He looks out to see whether you have come in your own carriage with livery, or whether you post it in style. He watches the postilions, in order to estimate the height of your dignity by the profoundness of their obeisance; and they do not leave the house till they have told him what you paid them, and everything else they know about you. In short, he looks at the hack you have come in; at the silver you pay for it; at your baggage, dress, and deportment; and scores you down accordingly; or, in the pithy language of an Englishman,—"he sets you down as a porter, wine-and-water, or champagne customer at once; and treats you at that rate, till you have fixed your own standard by what you call for." If you do not immediately ask for the "travellers' room," or for the "coffee-room," he inquires, "Will you see your chamber, sir?" The bell is pulled; the chamber-maid appears; and you are conducted to an apartment suited to their estimate of your rank. If you do not like it, you are shown to another of higher price; and you are sure to get a very complaisant smile from the chamber-maid, if you move like one that intends to pay well. They do not like too many "thank you's;"—thinking that when courtesy is too current, coin is rare. If you have many wants,—coats to be dusted, shoes to be cleaned, and trifles to be done,—even if you pay no more for it, it purchases their respect, and satisfies them that you intend giving them their fees. Of such a person their opinion is,—"He's a gentleman, and will pay us for our services."

After seeing my chamber, I descended to the coffee-room. It was a large, handsome apartment, with about ten or twelve tables, capable of accommodating four persons each. They were all covered with elegant white cloths; with knives, and silver forks, and spoons. At some of them, parties of gentlemen were sitting;—each group apparently as much alone, as if only themselves occupied the room. At others was seen but a single

individual. I sat down at one of the tables. "Waiter, I'll thank you to bring me breakfast." "What will you have, Sir?" said he in reply; for the price of breakfast, and particularly other meals, is regulated by what one calls for. There are no fixed hours; come in when you may, and call for what you choose, if it is to be obtained in the market, it is immediately provided. You are perfectly independent. You may have all, if you are rich enough to pay for all. There you sit alone; eat your dinner; pick over your nuts and raisins; and read the newspaper. No one thinks of you, speaks to you, or even looks at you. All keep aloof. They don't know you. They would esteem it almost the compromise of their dignity to speak. Both the English and Americans are generous by nature; but English laws and institutions very naturally confine their courtesy to the circle of their acquaintance; while ours, on the contrary, gives us a freedom of manner towards all men, which no circumstances ever disturb.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

Wherever, O man, God's first sun beamed upon thee—where the stars of heaven first shone above thee—where his lightenings first declared his omnipotence, and his storm-wind shook thy soul with pious awe—there are thy affections—there is thy country.

Where the first human eye bent lovingly over thy cradle—where thy mother first bore thee joyfully on her bosom—where thy father engraved the words of wisdom on thy heart—there are thy affections—there is thy country.

And though it be among bare rocks and desert islands, and though poverty and care dwell there with thee, thou mayest love that land for ever; for thou art man, and thou canst not forget it, but it must abide in thine inmost heart.

And freedom is no empty dream—no barren imagination—but in her dwells thy courage, and thy pride, and the certainty that thou art of high and heavenly race.

There is freedom where thou canst live in the customs, and fashions, and laws, of thy fathers; where that which rejoiced their hearts rejoiced thine; where no foreign oppressor can command thee, no foreign ruler drive thee according to his will, as cattle are driven at the will of their drivers.

This thy country—thy free country—is a treasure which contains within itself indestructible love and faith; the noblest good, (excepting religion; in which dwells a still higher freedom,) which a virtuous man can possess, or can covet.—*Arndt.*

The Naturalist.

FUNGI.

The fungi (observes Dr. Glendining) constitute a numerous class of plants, amounting, the different sorts included, to some hundreds. They are very extensively diffused, being met with in every quarter of the globe, The reddish mushroom (*agaricus muscarius*,) is a common poisonous species in England, while the *mucho more* of Kamtschatka, described by Krachenninnikow, Langsdorff, and other travellers, is but a variety of our indigenous noxious fungus, which is common in every country between the Atlantic and Behring's Straits. Pallas informs us, that in many forest districts of Asiatic Russia, in which fungi abound, the people feed, during Lent, exclusively, on bread and fungi, and that they eat all kinds, except the *agaricus muscarius*, the fetid dunghill mushroom, and some other juiceless sorts; and it is stated by recent travellers, that thereare many different species offered for sale in the Tuscan markets. Although a great many sorts are used as food, there can be no doubt, but that a large portion of the mushrooms may be numbered amongst the most virulent of vegetable poisons. The *mucho more* (*amanita muscaria*) of Kamtschatka, seems to differ in some minute points from the European *amanita muscaria*, having the pileus more convex towards the centre, the stalk thicker, and the gills probably less white and more yellowish. This fungus is found principally in the vicinity of Wischna, Kamtschatka, and Melkowa Derewna: it varies from one and a half to five or six inches in diameter; they are gathered in July and August, and dried in the air. They are used in various ways, but principally dried, in which state they are rolled up singly into a bolus, and swallowed entire without chewing. One large fungus, or two small ones, are as much as are taken in one day. Within two hours after the dose, a species of drunkenness commences, accompanied by hilarity, flushed face, delirium, disposition to bodily exertion, and if the dose be very large, spasms; there is often great increase of muscular energy. Some, who are labouring under its effects, are observed to stride or leap over a straw, as if it were a beam; while others are unable to stop themselves, or avoid plunging into any ditch, pit, or river, which may be in their way. A Kamtschatkadale, while labouring under this influence, has been known to carry a bag of flour, weighing a hundred and twenty pounds fifteen wersts, although he could scarcely lift it when sober.

W. G. C.

Manners and Customs.

SKETCHES OF PARIS.

A Stroll in the Champs Elysées.

We left the reader in our last sketch in the aristocratic gardens of the Tuileries, if indeed we can call anything in France aristocratic:—we will now beg him to take our arm, and, passing out of the western gates, enter the Place de la Concorde. Do not hesitate, fair sir or lady; ("as the case may be," as the catechism says of those mysterious personages M or N;) we trust that the pages of the *Mirror* have taken the place of a mutual friend of us both, and given us the necessary introduction. Well, then, here we are, on the Place de la Concorde, which we should think is the finest promenade in the world. The pavement is twenty or thirty feet broad, and is laid down in chequered squares of black and white asphalte, and there are eight statues placed round it on stone pedestals. In the centre is the great Theban Obelisque, which was presented to Charles X. by the viceroy of Egypt. This very ancient affair had its unintelligible illustrations engraved on it during the reign of Rhamses III., (Sesostris,) about 1840 years before Christ, so that, as fashions and ideas have altered a little since then, it is no wonder the Parisians think its birds, beasts, and black-beetles thorough "*bêtise*." We will pass the obelisk, and enter the Champs Elysées, on the other side the Place. Have you ever seen Windsor Park? If you have, you must remember the Long Walk, and this will give you a very fair idea of the style of the Champs Elysées, with the exception that the Parisian promenade is not more than a mile in length, with the road continued right across from the trees on one side to those of the other, without the deep border of grass which we have at Windsor. Why they are called *fields* we do not know, unless it be because there is no grass in them, from the principle of the old adage, "lucus a non lucendo."

We will seat ourselves, if you please, on the rails at the entrance, and see what is going on around us, for the Champs Elysées is the grand resort of all the street exhibitions of Paris. In front of us is a shabby four-wheeled carriage, with one horse, drawn up under the trees. A middle-aged man is seated in it, busily employed in unfolding various little paper packages from a box which he holds on his knees, and his female companion, a woman about forty, painted up, and gaudily dressed, with a flaunting feather in her bonnet, is standing on the seat of the chaise, playing lustily on the trumpet (being a very feminine instrument,) in order to attract a crowd. When she has finished, and the concern is surrounded by a sufficient number of gazers, the man rises, and tells the "Messieurs et Dames" around him that he is the first physician in the world; that he has travelled in every known country on the face of the globe, and searched the origin of every disease to its very roots; but in gratitude to the people of Paris, he has returned to give gratuitous advice to all the sick and ailing. This harangue lasts about twenty minutes, being delivered in that grand and pompous style with which nobody but the French invest the most ordinary incidents of life. Whenever he flags for want of breath, a boy at the horse's head, wearing an old foraging cap, gives the most extraordinary roll upon a cracked drum you ever heard, to fill up time. When he has concluded his oration there is no lack of patients, to whom, as promised, he gives his advice free, which is to the effect that nothing will benefit the case but his own pills and compounds, so that he makes it pay pretty well. This man is well known at Paris—he attends all the fêtes in its vicinity, and is generally to be found every fine afternoon where you now see him.

But there is one peculiar feature in the multitude that people the Champs Elysées, which we cannot overlook—it is the immense number of soldiers that throng its promenades. There they are, always strolling about in two's and three's, with their blue coats and red trousers and little white gaiters. They are all undersized mean-looking men, with an ignorant stolid expression of countenance. As their pay amounts nearly to two sous a-day, (more or less,) they cannot afford to spend much in amusements, so they prefer all that are gratuitous. Towards afternoon the Champs Elysées are perfectly crowded with them; and they take the front places in all the gaping circles of idlers round a fantoccini, and never contribute anything.

A little further on, amidst the trees, you will see a perambulating lecturer on electricity. He has set up his apparatus in the centre of four large trees, and wound some red cord round them to form a kind of barrier. His jars and flasks are displayed upon a tube covered with a fine painted cloth, and the machine, which has been a very large one, but the plate is cracked in various places, is guarded from rain by an enormous umbrella of red cotton. He is at present astonishing his audience by discharging bottles of gas, and blowing their corks into the air, by means of the spark; and he furthermore electrifies invalids for four sous each, to the great admiration of the surrounding populace, who look upon him as a species of magician.

We will now walk on a little towards the splendid and unequalled Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile,* which forms a grand termination to the Champs Elysées. Passing a great

* See *Mirror*, No. 804. p. 305.

many conjurors, cake-stalls, and perambulating lemonade carts, we pass by several little *cafés*. Here are again crowds of loungers, sitting at the little round tables under the trees, drinking coffee, beer, and *eau sucrée*, and listening to a band of nine or ten male and female performers, both vocal and instrumental, who play here on raised platforms every afternoon. In front of us several grown-up babies are gravely circling in the roundabouts at the *jeu de bague*, a remnant of the old sport of tilting at the ring; and others are taking a flight in four ships which go up and down as they revolve. The French are indignant at being called a trifling nation—what do you think of this?

Beyond this spot is the elegant Cirque Olympique—the summer theatre of the Franconis', for the display of their unrivalled equestrian performances. It is a species of vast circular tent, capable of accommodating from four to five thousand persons, perhaps more, with an arena in the centre about the size of the one at Astley's, and a splendid orchestra of fifty musicians erected over the passage by which the horses enter the ring. Let us turn in and see it—we shall be sure of good amusement for our franc. We will pay the old lady who takes the money in that little box. "*Deux pour l'amphithéâtre, Madame, s'il vous plaît.*" Now, take your *billet*, and follow me up stairs. We see just as well here instead of paying double to go below for the privilege of being covered with sawdust every time the horses pass.

The arena is rapidly filling, and they are lowering the handsome chandeliers to light them, while the grooms, dressed in our own fashion, are raking the circus level, but not so quickly as our old friend in the red jacket and top-boots at Astley's:—his "rake's progress" is literally like a rail-road. At half-past seven the orchestra begins to perform several popular pieces of music in first-rate style. This continues until eight, when Victor Franconi enters with a whip and two servants, and directly afterwards a gentleman in flesh-coloured tights, and a white ribbond round his head, who jumps through hoops and over his steed's bridle, by way of commencement we suppose, for his feats are not generally very difficult.

Next come the performances of Le petit Fortuné, a young Greek, who rides and jumps over flags backwards. When he has finished, an odd noise is heard without, and Auriol, the favourite clown of the circus, comes rolling in, first head over heels, and then jumping and throwing somersets backwards and forwards in a most extraordinary manner. We have nothing like him as a posture-master in England—he comes very close to the Bedouin Arabs, if he does not equal them. The beautiful Madame Lejars, one of the fairest comets of Franconi's sphere, succeeds him, mounted on a spirited horse, without either saddle or bridle. Her boldness and self-command is astonishing, and her sweet face and finely-turned limbs attract the admiration of everybody. She is at present not much more than nineteen, and she has learnt a little English, and says, "come up!" to the horse, instead of the more general "*allume! hue! hue!*" of the other *ecuyers*. The next scene is a *pas de deux* on horseback, by the pretty Virginie Kenebel, (or rather Madame V. Franconi, for she is married,) and M. Auguste, a fine young man, and capital rider. The subject is Bacchus and Erigone, and the attitudes are graceful and classical in the extreme. Then comes *Les deux Chinois*, one of the most dare-devil neck-or-nothing performances you ever saw, performed on one stout horse by the two brothers Lalanne. They quarrel, fight, creep round the horse's neck and under his belly, suffer themselves to be pulled along, holding to his tail, and all the time the animal is going at the swiftest speed. After this we have Mademoiselle Caroline, on her beautiful horse Mammoth, in a scene of *haute equitation*; and next, two English clowns, Messrs. Lawrence and Rediska, as they are called in the programme of the *Vert-vert*. They are clever tumblers, but they look unnatural here, for beyond what few English there may chance to be in the house, there is no one to appreciate their "Here we are, how are you?" on entering the circle; and they cannot cut their jokes upon Victor Franconi, like our old friends Widdicomb, Fellingham, and West, at our own Amphitheatre. The evening's performance concludes by a "*grand relai sur six chevaux*," by Paul Cuzent, dressed as a French postillion, and which is an excellent imitation of Ducrow's *Courier of St. Petersburgh*. The entertainments conclude always by half-past ten, and in half an hour afterwards the Champs Elysées are as quiet as the grave.

At the fête in celebration of the "three days," a magnificent illumination extends in festoons from tree to tree, the whole length of the avenue. Large theatres are built for gratuitous military pantomimes; and shows, stalls, ball-rooms, and exhibitions of every sort and kind fill its walks. A splendid display of fireworks also takes place from the Pont de la Concorde; and all these expenses are defrayed by government. Frivolous and childish, indeed, is the whole set-out, and many hundreds of francs are blown away in rockets and maroons to amuse a gaping crowd of infants of forty years old, while the costly Louvre is encircled by a paling of dirty planks that would disgrace a railroad excavation in England, and the tarnished dome of the Hotel des Invalids looks like a child's toy, with the Dutch metal half sucked off.

KNIFE.

VALUABLE STATISTICAL TABLES;

BY MR. CALLEY, M. P. *

National Debt of England and other Countries; with the proportion of such debt which falls on each individual.

		Proportion of Debt per Head.		
England	£800,000,000	32	0	0
France	194,400,000	5	19	7
Russia	35,550,000	0	11	9
Austria	78,100,000	2	7	6
Prussia	29,701,000	2	7	7
Netherlands	143,560,000	23	5	5
Spain	70,000,000	5	0	8
United States	—		—	
Sicilies	18,974,000	2	11	2
Bavaria	11,311,000	2	16	0
Sardinia	4,584,000	1	1	2
Turkey	3,667,000	0	7	8
Sweden	—		—	
Portugal	5,649,000	1	2	6
Denmark	3,729,000	1	18	4
Rome	17,142,000	7	9	0
Poland	5,740,000	1	3	3
Saxony	3,300,000	2	9	1
Hanover	2,284,000	1	11	0
Baden	1,670,000	1	9	2
Wirtemberg	2,505,000	1	12	7
Tuscany	1,384,000	1	4	11
Hesse (Darmstadt)	1,184,000	1	3	11
Hesse (Electorate)	220,000	0	6	1
Switzerland	—		—	
Norway	252,000	0	3	1
East India Company's territories	47,609,000	0	9	0

Comparative Wages of English and Foreign Operatives.

Operatives are paid in

France	5*s.* 6*d.*	per week of 72 hrs.	
Switzerland	5*s.* 5*d.*	—	82
Austria	4*s.* 0*d.*	—	76
Tyrol	3*s.* 9*d.*	—	88
Saxony	3*s.* 6*d.*	—	72
Bona, on the Rhine	2*s.* 6*d.*	—	84

The average wages being a fraction under 4*s.* per week. The average wages paid to hands similarly employed in England, but for fewer hours, being 12*s.* a week.

Number of the Cotton, Wool, Silk, and Flax Factories in the United Kingdom; with the Number and Ages of the Persons employed therein, in the year 1835: —

"*Cotton Factories*, 1,262—viz., in England, 1,070; Wales, 5; Scotland, 159; Ireland, 28. In England there are 42 factories empty, all the others are employed. There are 220,134 persons employed in these factories, viz., males, 100,495; females, 119,639. Of these, between 8 and 12 years, 8,197, viz., males, 4,528; females, 3,669. Between 12 and 13 years, 20,574, viz., males 10,663; females, 9,911. Between 13 and 18 years, 65,486, viz., males, 27,251; females, 38,235. Above 18 years, 125,877, viz., males, 58,053; females, 67,824.

"*Wool factories*, 1,313, viz., in England, 1,102; Wales, 85; Scotland, 90; Ireland, 36. In England there are 9 factories empty, all the others are employed. There are 71,274 persons employed in these factories, viz., males, 37,477; females, 33,797. Of these, between 8 and 12 years, 4,764, viz., males, 2,491; females, 2,283. Between 12 and 13 years, 8,558, viz., males, 4,290; females, 4,268. Between 13 and 18 years, 21,250, viz., males, 10,138; females, 11,112. Above 18 years, 36,702, viz., males, 20,568; females, 16,134.

"*Silk factories*, 238, viz, in England, 221; Wales, 0; Scotland, 6; Ireland, 1. In England there are 25 factories empty; all the others are employed. There are 30,682 persons employed in these factories, viz., males, 10,188; females, 20,494. Of these, between 8 and 12 years, 6,411, viz., males, 2,486; females, 3,925. Between 12 and 13 years, 2,663, viz., males, 952; females, 1,711. Between 13 and 18 years, 9,451, viz., males, 2,636; females, 6,815. Above 18 years, 12,457, viz., males, 4,114; females, 8,043.

"*Flax factories*, 347, viz., in England, 152; Wales, 0; Scotland, 170; Ireland, 25. There are 33,283 persons employed in these factories, viz., males, 10,305; females, 22,888. Between 8 and 12 years, 12,216, viz., males, 592; females, 624. Between 12 and 13 years, 4,072, viz., males, 1,782; females, 2,290. Between 13 and 18 years, 10,021, viz., males, 3,457; females, 6,564. Above 18 years, 15,974, viz., males, 4,564; females, 11,410.

Total of the four manufactures, 3,236 (including seventy-six empty.)—Persons employed, 355,373, viz., males, 158,555; females, 196,818.

Comparative Condition of the Farmer, on the same Land, in 1790 *and* 1834; *with regard to Labour, Expenses, and Rates*:—

1834 higher than 1790.	Per Cent.
Agricultural labour	46
Carpenters' work	77
Smiths' work	66
Sadlers' work	63
Thatchers' work	58
Masons' work	66
HOUSEHOLD EXPENSES.	
Tea, sugar, candles, malt, &c.	30
Shoemakers' work	64
Tailors' work	55
Coopers' work	73
Domestic servants and education	66
LOCAL TAXES.	
Poor rates	116
Highway rates	200
County rates	550
Church rates	700

* Extracted from his speech in the House of Commons, on the debate relative to the Corn Laws, March 19th, 1839.

ANTONIO LIONELLI.

(For the Mirror.)

Whoever has visited Naples, must have remarked a class of people (if he condescended to pay attention to anything so much beneath the notice of a fashionable traveller as the *people*,) entirely unknown in this, and other countries, which occupy the van in the "march of intellect"—I mean the *scrivani*, or public letter-writers. They are to be met with in all parts of the city; but mute particularly in a narrow lane by the side of the Post Office. This spot is selected for the convenience of their customers, whether they require their aid in reducing the intelligence drawn from that receptacle of hopes, fears, joys, and sorrows, to the capacity of the only organ, *viz.*, the ear, through which it can be conveyed to their understanding; or in putting their thoughts into a *visible* shape, to be transmitted through the same channel, and to be afterwards resolved into their original element by some learned brother of the quill.

The stock in trade of the letter-writers consists of an old table, a chair, and a stool for the use of their employers, besides the requisite writing materials. Thus equipped, they select an eligible situation, and lucky is the poor *scrivano* considered, who acquires a sort of "de facto" claim, through the forbearance or benevolence of some wealthier fellow-citizen, to some sheltered nook, where he is protected from the scorching sun of summer, or the chilling rain of winter; for the sky of Italy is not always blue, nor its climate warm always and sunny.

The letter-writers are employed on an infinite variety of subjects—on all matters, indeed, that concern the lower order of the people—and, consequently, become cognizant of secrets which, if divulged, would sometimes involve the ruin of their employers. But, to the credit of the *scrivani* be it told, this professional confidence is rarely abused; for, besides the high sense of honour which they derive from their comparative superiority over their less educated fellow-countrymen, their success in the profession depends greatly on their character for secrecy. It is only, therefore, when some violent passion, which had perhaps slumbered for years, bursts forth afresh—when some chord, which had long ceased to vibrate, is suddenly and rudely touched, that the *scrivano's* sense of honour and prudence forsakes him.

It was after a day of unusual literary toil that Antonio Lionelli, a venerable scribe, who enjoyed no inconsiderable share of public patronage, was preparing to remove himself and his establishment from the noise and bustle of the Strada Toledo, to the quiet retirement of his own home in the Napoli Senza Sole. He had already counted the produce of his labour, and determined in his own mind how much of it should be laid out in maccaroni for his evening repast, and how much should be laid aside to buy a new dress for his daughter Berta, in honour of the approaching carnival. "I am almost too late, Antonio, and yet I would not have had any other *scrivano* read this for the world."—"Ah! Bianca, is it you?" said Antonio, turning round,—"some love affair, I suppose."—"Read! read, for the Virgin's sake! good Antonio!" said Bianca, without answering his questions, "and take heed no one hears you."

The speaker was a young and beautiful *contadina*; and as she bent over Antonio, watching the first movement of his lips, with that intense and painful anxiety which fixes every muscle of the human frame as if suddenly petrified, a beholder would cease to wonder, that the artists of a country, which produces such models of perfection in the persons of its very peasants, should excel in representing the human figure.

Antonio read:—

"Dearest Bianca,

"Meet me to-morrow evening, as the vesper bell tolls, at the church of San Martino. Be careful that your steps are not traced by those who would be glad to receive the reward offered for the head of your "Carlo."

"It *is* from *him*, then, and he is safe!" ejaculated Bianca. "Here are five *grani*, (about twopence English,) it is all I have," and she hurried away.

"It *is* from *him*, then," repeated Antonio, giving utterance to the powerful feelings which had agitated him during the reading of Bianca's letter, and which her presence had hardly been able to suppress.—"Yes, the villain!—the robber, Carlo Bettoni!" continued he, soliloquizing, "he seduced my innocent daughter, and afterwards spurned her. Poor Berta, that was wont to be the gayest of the gay, now pines in solitude; her affections have been laid waste, her heart broken, and all through the villainy of this ungrateful scoundrel; but, by the Holy Virgin, and all the saints, she shall be revenged!" exclaimed Antonio, striking his desk vehemently.

* * * * "I have discovered him, Berta!" said Antonio, as he entered his humble dwelling; "he is now in my power, and you shall be revenged, my child!"

As those words, uttered with unwonted vehemence, fell upon the dull ear of Berta, they suddenly recalled her from the scenes of imaginary happiness, into which her abstracted mind was wont to wander, to the cold reality by which she was surrounded; and her naturally pale cheek assumed even a deadlier hue, as she beheld her father's eyes flashing fire, and his whole frame convulsed with passion.—"The villain, Carlo Bettoni, for whose head a reward of five hundred crowns is

offered," continued Antonio, "will be at the church of San Martino to-morrow as the vesper bell tolls; and so shall Antonio Lonelli and the officers of justice. Not a *scudo* of the reward shall pollute my hands; but I shall have revenge; I shall laugh in his face, and remind him of his villainy and ingratitude, as the executioner is preparing his head for the block."

Berta had now entirely recovered her self-possession, and having been informed by her father of the manner in which he had acquired a knowledge of the important secret, she seemed to hesitate as to the propriety of taking advantage of information obtained in his professional character. Antonio applauded her sense of honour, but would listen to nothing that could baulk his revenge.

Notwithstanding that Berta had been cruelly and basely deceived by the man who had gained her affections, still he was her first—her only love, and she was——a woman. She had, therefore, never thoroughly *hated* him; and now that he was threatened with imminent danger, he only appeared to her partial imagination as the ardent and devoted lover who first won her young heart, then as gay and happy as the joyous lark that carolled in her own native valley.

All this, however, she dared not avow to Antonio, well knowing his desire of revenge was too deep-rooted to be eradicated by any thing short of the utter destruction of the invader of his domestic peace—the base deserter of his deluded daughter; she, therefore, offered no further objection to her father's scheme of delivering up the notorious robber, Carlo Bettoni, into the hands of justice.——

* * * * * "Are you mad, Carlo? to venture into the city, where placards, offering a reward for your head, will meet your eye at the corner of every street!! Profit by your late narrow escape, and let us be off into the mountains at once."

"I believe I *am* mad, Francesco, for I must and will go; I feel it is impossible for me to abandon this girl; she must be informed of the place of our rendezvous. You must go with me, Francesco, to assist in case of need, and, if I should be taken——No, I will never be *taken*; but, if I should fall, you shall supply my place, and lead our brave band into the mountains."

The foregoing conversation took place between Carlo Bettoni and one of his daring band, among some ruins in the neighbourhood of Naples, on the morning of the day on which the former was to meet Bianca at the church of San Martino.

The golden tinge of the sun's departed rays was fast disappearing from the glorious and far-famed, but not over-rated, Bay of Naples, and its surrounding scenery; and the noble outline of the towering Vesuvius was becoming more and more faint against the cloudless sky of Italy; while the approaching darkness was gradually changing the column of smoke, that ascended from its summit, into volumes of flame, as Carlo Bettoni and his companion issued from their hiding-place, inhabited as Dominican friars, Bianca had taken her station at the place of assignation five minutes before the appointed time.

"Bianca," whispered a friar who was advancing slowly towards the spot.—"Carlo," replied Bianca, softly. It was her lover.

Just as Carlo had partly thrown back his friar's cowl, a female suddenly turned the corner of the church, and, before he could avert his face, met his full gaze. Carlo started. It was Berta!—"Fly Carlo!" said she in a suppressed tone, "fly for your life! My father is coming with the officers of justice!"

Before Carlo could reply, Antonio's voice was heard, exclaiming, "There he is! Take him alive if you can." And one of the officers seized hold of his gown; but, disengaging himself from his long dress by a dexterous movement, he laid his assailant dead at his feet with one plunge of his dagger, and, drawing a pistol from his belt, shot another through the heart. Francesco had, by this time, come up to his friend's assistance; and, as there were now only two officers to contend with, the contest was pretty equal. But Antonio, fearing his enemy might escape him, snatched a dagger from the belt of one of the fallen men, and threw himself upon his foe with the fury of a tiger, at the instant that Carlo had disabled the third assailant. Francesco, having dispatched his opponent, turned round, and saw that his friend had closed with the only remaining enemy. The next moment a bullet from his pistol passed through Antonio's brain; but it was too late; the old man's dagger had already been buried in Carlo's heart:—they both fell together.

The noise of this short, but sanguinary conflict, soon attracted several persons to the spot; and all the actors in the tragic scene, except Francesco, who had escaped, were carried into the neighbouring convent of Santa Maddalena. It was then discovered that Berta had been severely wounded in the side by a random shot, and that two of the officers were still living, and likely to recover.

Bianca was restored, after much difficulty, from the successive fainting fits into which terror had thrown her; but the two mortal foes, Carlo and Antonio, were beyond the reach of human aid.

Bianca attended Berta during her illness with unwearied assiduity, a common calamity having cemented the strongest friendship between them; and, upon the recovery of the latter, they were both admitted as novices into the convent. They subsequently took the veil, and were no less remarkable for their charity and benevolence towards their fellow-creatures, than for their devoted attachment to each other. M.

INSECTS INJURIOUS TO VEGETABLES.

[Although the injuries which our cattle and provisions suffer from various species of insects, are often attended with most serious consequences, yet it is only within the last few years that entomologists have bestowed any considerable degree of attention upon this really important subject. Some years ago, Mr. Major, a gardener, published a book upon those species which injure the garden plants; but, however laudable the intentions of the author, his descriptions of the insects were so vague, and his acquaintance with their habits so imperfect and uncertain, that his work was not calculated to be of much use. But the subject has at last attracted the particular attention of those both in this country and abroad, who possess a more familiar knowledge of their natural history, and who therefore are better qualified to decide upon the best remedies against their ravages. In 1837, Dr. Ratzeburg published a quarto volume containing 202 pages of descriptions, and twenty-one plates of such beetles as are obnoxious or beneficial to forest trees in Prussia; Dr. Dahlom published an octavo containing 340 pages, and two plates of various noxious and beneficial insects found in Scandinavia, and M. Kollar, a natural history of the injurious insects of Austria, containing as many as 421 octavo pages. At home we find one series of articles, having the same useful object, publishing in the *Gardener's Magazine*, by Mr. J. O. Westwood, another in the *Gardener's Gazette*, by Mr. J. H. Fennell, and a third in the *Quarterly Journal of Agriculture*, by Mr. James Duncan, and much good may reasonably be expected from their investigations and suggestions. We select a few of Mr. Duncan's interesting remarks from the last number of the latter valuable publication —which must be to the agriculturist what *Blackwood* and the *Westminster* are to the politician.]

"*Longicorn-beetles.* The beetles known by this name are very numerous, and distinguished for the gracefulness of their forms, the body being generally elongated, limbs slender, the antennæ (vulgarly called the horns) delicately constructed, almost always as long as the body, and in many instances two or three times its length. The great majority of them, however, are peculiar to tropical countries, and the warmer regions of the temperate zones, where they are found of a size not surpassed by any other insects. Of the species indigenous to Britain, which do not amount to a hundred, the greater proportion are confined to the more southern counties of England, a few only of the smaller kinds extending to the northern quarters of the island. This is owing both to the higher latitude, which every where limits their increase, and to the local accident of there being a deficiency of wood in Scotland; for the larvæ, or grubs, in almost all cases are strictly lignivorous, and do much harm to trees, piercing them often to a great depth, and riddling them with holes. The havoc which some of the exotic larvæ of this family produce in a beam of timber, may be conceived, when it is mentioned that they are sometimes nearly half a foot in length, and of corresponding thickness, with mandibles, or jaws, that can readily gnaw a passage for their owner through a sheet of lead.* The small size and comparatively limited numbers of our native kinds, prevent them doing much injury here; their operations, indeed, considered by themselves, are scarcely ever on so extensive a scale as to demand attention; it is only when combined with other hostile influences that they can act with any momentum. It may be safely affirmed, that in Scotland our forest trees never suffer any injury from them at all deserving of notice. The largest species we possess on the north side of the Tweed, is the *Acanthocinus aedilis*, but it has been observed only in two or three localities.† The largest of the English species is *Prionus coriarius*, but it in like manner is by no means generally distributed. Wasp-beetles, (*Clytus*,) some of which are rather common, and easily recognised by the beautiful curved yellow bands across the elytra, or wing-cases, feed on the alder and other trees. The genus *Callidium* is one of the most obnoxious to the forester. *C. bajulus* inhabits the Abies excelsa, and the larva often takes up its abode in the interior of a beam, where it remains long after the beam has been converted into a rafter, and then works its way out, (materially impairing in its progress the strength of the plank,) even through the leaden sheeting by which the roofs of houses are frequently protected. The purple capricorn-beetle, (*C. violaceum*,) feeds principally on fir timber which has been long felled, without having the bark stripped off. The paths formed by the larvæ are serpentine, and as it proceeds it fills up the space behind it with the excrementitious residue of the saw-dust from which it has extracted the nutritious principle. These galleries are chiefly in the wood immediately beneath the bark; but before assuming the pupa, or chry-

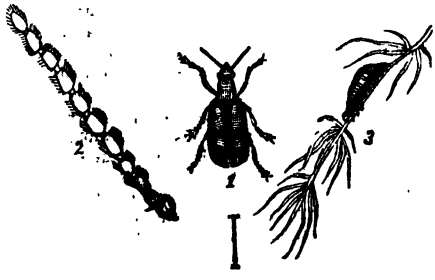
* These larvæ are often used by the natives of the countries where they occur as articles of food. This is the case in particular with that of *Macrodontia cervicornis*, a large and remarkable looking species, known throughout Brazil and Cayenne by the name of *Mouche Scieur de long*.

† This is the insect which is so well known to the natives of Sweden and Lapland by the name of Timermann, and which they regard with a kind of superstitious veneration. Its presence is thought to be the presage of good fortune, and it is as carefully protected and cherished as storks are by the peasantry of the Low-countries. [It is figured in Rennie's *Insect Miscellanies*, p. 110.]

salis state, the larvæ penetrates nearly into the heart of the trunk, that it may be in greater security during its temporary inactivity. It becomes a beetle in the month of May or June, when it effects its escape by gnawing a passage opposite to the hole by which it entered. This insect would probably not attack timber which had been barked; and it may be mentioned, generally, that whenever it becomes an object to protect felled trees from such assailants, it is a good precaution to have it stripped of the bark, as the latter attracts many insects, and affords them a rendezvous, from which they make inroads into the solid wood.

The larvæ of these insects are mostly without feet, but they are furnished with means of locomotion much better adapted to the cylindrical excavations in which they dwell. The upper and under sides of most of the segments are covered with small prominences. When about to advance, the larva draws the two extremities towards each other, and fixing its hinder end to the walls of its hole, by means of the warty prominences mentioned, it extends the anterior part of its body forwards; an operation repeated at each successive advancement. The cocoon is composed chiefly of saw-dust and gnawed portions of wood.

"*Crioceris Asparagi*.—Asparagus Beetle. This pretty insect belongs to a section entirely different, from the foregoing, both in structure and habits. The generic name (signifying having horns like a ram) refers to the appearance of the antennæ, which are thick and rigid, and usually project forwards in a direct line from the forehead, (fig. 2.) The head is rather wider than the thorax, and is contracted into a short neck behind, the



eyes globular and prominent. Its colours are very beautiful, and it is often on that account made choice of as an interesting object for a microscope. The head is blue-black, rather strongly punctured; the thorax bright red, more faintly punctured. The wing-cases are light yellow, with a blue-black band along the suture, united to a quadrate transverse mark of the same colour near the middle, and another towards the hinder extremity; besides these there is a longitudinal one on each shoulder; the outer margin is reddish, the whole surface glossy and marked with punctured lines. The underside and legs are shining blue-black. Length about a quarter of an inch (fig. 1.)

"The female lays her eggs on the asparagus plants, shortly after they appear in spring. These eggs are long and oval, attached by the end, by means of a dark viscid substance which is extruded along with them; not unfrequently one adheres to the top of another: their colour is a dull slate tint. The larvæ (fig. 3) are nearly of a similar hue, with a tinge of dark green. They are composed of thirteen segments, and move by means of six pectoral legs. The body is without hairs, the head black, the second segment with two shining black dorsal spots. These larvæ attain their full growth in about a fortnight, when they descend into the earth, and become pupæ. They prevail from the beginning of June to September, and it is entirely through their agency that the asparagus plants suffer, the perfect beetle being comparatively innoxious. They select the tenderest and most delicate shoots for their consumption, and render unpalatable what they do not consume, by communicating to it a fetid and disagreeable odour, which seems to reside in a black matter which they occasionally discharge from their mouths. The market gardens around London are much infested with this larvæ; but in Scotland we have met with the insect so seldom, that we are inclined to believe it never increases there to a hurtful extent. Picking off the insects with the hand, will be most effectual when the females first appear on the plants, and their bright colours render them so conspicuous, that a little care will prevent any considerable number from escaping.

"*Phaedon Vitellinæ* is a small beetle about two lines long, of a uniform shining brassy-black colour, occasionally tinted with violet-blue. The shape of the body is oblong, the

head and thorax punctured; elytra with closely punctured lines, and the punctures irregularly scattered towards the sides and apex; underside of the body and legs brassy-black, and almost free from punctures, the tarsi thickly clothed on the underside with short light grey hairs (fig. 2. antennæ.) The

grubs, or larvæ, are of a yellowish colour. When feeding on the leaves of the willow, they arrange themselves in rows side by side, and advance in regular order, the succeeding file consuming what has been left by their predecessors, so that nothing is left but the reticulated tissue of the leaf, resembling a piece of net-work, the whole of the parenchyma or pulpy substance being extracted, (fig. 3.) The beetles likewise consume the parenchyma alone, and they may be sometimes observed feeding side by side like the larvæ, but their lines are never so regular or well preserved. This insect was named Chrysomela *vulgatissima* by Linnæus, and it certainly on some occasions appears in extreme profusion. During the last autumn, the willows along the banks of the Teviot were in many places literally covered with them. The consequence was, that the leaves were almost entirely brown and shrivelled, and vegetation nearly at a stand. They likewise frequent poplars, but instances of their inflicting material injury on these trees are comparatively rare."

CALLING OF THE QUEEN BEES.

"I HAVE never been able to see what was going on at the time this calling took place but once. As our bees are not very near the house, it is my practice, in swarming time (when I have any reason to expect a swarm), to walk to the apiary about 10 o'clock, to ascertain if any hives are getting very busy, in which case I place some one to work near the spot. Going one morning to a hive I expected to send forth a swarm, I was amused at the sound of "peep, peep." Feeling interested in what might be the result, I continued my observations till the swarm came out, but I think it is probable it had been going on for a considerable time before. This sound of "peep, peep," came from an old queen, whom I could plainly see going from one part of the hive to the other; running in a hurried manner, as though anxious to escape, and uttering the call in a hoarse kind of way every time she stopped. During the time this was going on, there was another sound of "peep, peep," of a shriller kind, from a fixed point; but it was in the interior of the hive, and, consequently, out of the reach of my observation. This continued about an hour, when the swarm issued forth; but, whether the queen who ought to have accompanied it was destroyed in the hive, or lost after she came out, I cannot say; but, almost as soon as the bees were out they returned to the parent stock, and never after made an attempt to swarm, neither was there any more confusion in the hive, nor sound of "peep" from either old or young queens, but all went on as peaceably as though nothing had happened.—*Gardener's Magazine.*

The Public Journals.

INTERESTING FACTS CONNECTED WITH MODERN GEOGRAPHY.

Rawlinson's March from Zohab to Khuzistan,—Measures of distance, of the Ancients

THE 'march' of Major Rawlinson (of the Bombay army) from Zohâb, at the foot of Zagross, to Khuzistan, (Susiana,) is replete with information of a most important kind, as affects historical tradition, and the real state of countries, viewed but too often through the medium of a hear-say or romantic estimate.

"Zohâb formed one of the ten pâshâliks dependent upon Bagdâd, until about thirty years ago, when Mohammed 'Alí Mírzá, prince of Kirmánsháh, annexed it to the crown of Persia. At the treaty concluded between Persia and the Porte, in 1823, it was stipulated that the districts acquired by either party during the war should be respectively surrendered, and that the ancient frontier-line should be restored, which had been established in the time of the Safaví monarchs. According to a subsequent treaty, Zohâb ought certainly to have been given up to the Turkish authorities, but Persia had neither the will to render this act of justice, nor had the pâshá of Baghdád the power to enforce it; and Zohâb, although still claimed by the Porte, has thus remained to the present day in possession of the government of Kirmánsháh."

Corn and rice are the principal productions of Zohâb, and are disposed of to traders from Baghdad.

"The town of Zohâb was built about a hundred years ago by a Turkish pâshá, and the government continued to be hereditary in his family till the conquest of the pâshálik by the Persians. The capital was surrounded by a mud wall, and may have at first contained about 1,000 houses. From its frontier position, however, it has been exposed to constant spoliation in the wars between Turkey and Persia, and is now a mass of ruins, with scarcely 200 inhabited houses. There are about twenty families of Jews here, and the remainder are Kurds of the Sunní sect.

"The geography of the district of Zohâb will be best understood by a reference to the accompanying map. At the northern extremity of the district of Zohâb is the little plain of Semirám, a natural fastness of the most extraordinary strength, which is formed by a range of lofty and precipitous mountains, extending in a semicircle."

Semiram would of course interest our traveller by its many associations; and he thus refers to it:—

"The name could not fail to call to my recollection the Assyrian queen, Semiramis, whom the ancients believed to have adorned Persia with many magnificent works of art. I therefore searched eagerly for ancient monuments; and though I failed to discover

any in the plain itself, yet across the river, at the distance of about three farsakhs, on the road to Suleïmáníyah, I heard of sculptures and statues which would well merit the attention of any future travellers in this country."

The Major now enters upon a territory rife of interest to the Biblical scholar. He says:

"The series of valleys which extend along the great chain of Zagros to the confines of Susiana, and are divided by a line of parallel ridges from the plains of Assyria, form one of the least-known, and at the same time one of the most interesting countries of the East. Here was the original seat of the Elamites, when they migrated from Babylon; and from hence they spread their conquests over Susiana, and the adjoining districts to the eastward, which thus assumed the title of Elymais. The Elymæans are distinctly specified by Strabo, in numerous passages, as inhabiting along Mount Zagros, on the southern confines of Media, and overhanging Babylonia and Susiana. The most ancient name of the country appears to have been the plain of Arioch, from whence the king of the Elymæans came to the assistance of the Assyrian monarch at Nineveh. His capital I believe to have been the very city of Zarnah, the ruins of which I have just described; for I have discovered that as late as the thirteenth century of Christ, it actually retained the name of Aryúhán. I also suspect that this same place represents the Hara of the captivity, which must certainly be looked for in this vicinity."

Between Kirmánsháh and Susiana is situated the Lesser Luristan, (Pushti-kuh,) where the chief of a tribe of Kurds received him very kindly:—

"I was much pleased with the frank and open demeanour of my host, so strikingly at variance with the mean and cringing courtesy of the Persians, and even, though in a less degree, of the Kirmánsháh Kurds. He welcomed me to his tent with every evidence of disinterested kindness, and seemed to tax his powers to the utmost to do honour to his Firingí guest. These black goats'-hair tents are of all sizes, from the petty cabin of the ra'yat to the spacious and commodious abode of the Aákem. The size of the tent is computed according to the number of poles, which often extend to ten or twelve, at the distance of about twenty feet from each other. A large apartment is thus formed, which is divided into a number of different chambers by means of matting; and the Díwán-Khánah, Anderún, place for servants, kitchen, stable, and sheep-fold, are thus all included under the same roof. Around the Díwán-Khánah are spread coarse carpets of l'liyát manufacture, and in the centre is dug a deep square hole for the fire; in the tent of Jemshíd Beg, the hole was filled with chips and logs of wood, and above were piled huge branches of trees, to the height of several feet, and the mass of combustibles, when ignited, threw out, as may be supposed, such a heat, that it was with difficulty I could remain in the tent."

It appears that the prince of Luristan is a *Wali*, and of most intolerant spirit, and that it would be perilous for any European to attempt a survey of that country, unless accompanied, as was Major Rawlinson, by a body of armed men. On his route Major R—— visited the lesser *Súz*, or *Susa*.

"I had been very anxious, on visiting Sús, to obtain a correct copy of the famous bilingual inscription upon the black stone, which was said to be preserved at the tomb of Daniel, and which had always appeared to me of the greatest importance to verify the recent discoveries regarding the cuneiform character: I was extremely disappointed, therefore, to find that this most precious relic no longer existed. It is well known that the inhabitants of Susiana attached the most profound reverence to this extraordinary stone, and fiercely resented any attempt to rob them of it, believing that the prosperity of the province depended upon its remaining in their hands. After the failure of Sir Robert Gordon to obtain possession of it, in 1812, it remained buried for some years to secure it from observation, but having been disinterred by the guardians of the tomb, it appears that in 1832 it was wantonly destroyed by a stranger Sayyid, in the hope of discovering within it some hidden treasure: the whole story is very curious: the fragments (for it was blown to pieces with powder) were carefully collected, and re-interred within the precincts of the tomb; but immediately afterwards the province was almost depopulated by the plague: the bridge of Shuster suddenly broke, and the famous dam at Hawízah was carried away; all which disasters were, of course, ascribed to the destruction of the talisman: and as this Sayyid, also, was generally believed to have been a Firingí in disguise, I found the rancour against Europeans, in connexion with the black stone, bitter and extensive. The tomb of Daniel has been often described: it is a modern building, on the banks of the Shápúr river, (or Shawer, as it is generally called,) immediately below the great mound: several bricks, stamped with arrow-headed characters, which have been brought from the ruins, are built into it; in the court is preserved a capital of white marble, also brought from the great mound; and outside, on the banks of the stream, are found two blocks, one covered with a mutilated cuneiform inscription, and the other sculptured with the figures of a man and two lions."*

* Among the numerous stories relative to this shrine, Major Rawlinson relates the following:—

"When Abú Músá Ash'ari took possession of Súz, in the 17th year of the Hijrah, he dug a canal

After travelling for a considerable distance along the road Iahadi-Atabeg, (formerly traversed by Mithridates,) he arrives at the *true* Susa—the Shushan of Scripture.

"The most interesting spot in all this country, perhaps even in all Persia, is the town of Súsan, upon the banks of the Kuran, four farsakhs* to the N.W. of Mál Amír: here also are the ruins of a great city, and from the accounts which I have received of it, it cannot be other than a sister capital of Echatana and Persepolis. The city of Súsan was principally built upon the right bank of the Kuran, at a point where the course of the river was due W. Forming a semi-circle from the river, and thus enclosing the city, is a range of steep and abrupt hills, through which there is no passage, either along the banks of the river or at other points: a once noble bridge, now almost destroyed, connects this impregnable position with a large mass of ruins upon the left bank of the river, which are again bounded to the S. by another range of hills, extending at both points to the precipitous banks of the Kuran, and traversed by two solitaray passes. On the right bank of the river, near the bridge, are said to be the remains of a magnificent palace; the ground all around is now planted with orchards, but the general design of the building is to be traced, and many pillars still remain entire. At a short distance from hence, to the N.E. and at the foot of the hills, is the tomb of Daniel; called Dánïayáli Akbar, the greater Daniel, in contradistinction to the other tomb at Sús, which is called Dánïyáli Asghar, or the lesser Daniel. The building is said to be composed of massive blocks of white marble; and a large reservoir, formed of the same materials, is in front of the tomb. This is fed by a small stream, which here descends from the hills, and it contains a vast quantity of sacred fish, that are regarded with the most superstitious attachment. Adjoining the tomb is a large slab of marble, engraved with a perfect cuneïform inscription, and many other broken slabs, similarly sculptured, are said to be found among the ruins."

Further on (and with this extract we conclude the subject,) the Major says:—

"I believe that in ancient times, there were two cities of the name of Súsan, or Susa, in the province of Susiana—the more ancient, which is the Shushan of Scripture, being situated at Súsan, on the Kuran, or Eleus; the other, the Susa of the Greeks, at Sús, near the Kerkhah, or Choaspes. The river of Dizfúl I consider to be the Coprates; the A'bi-Zard, and its continuation the Jerráhí, the Hedyphon, or Hedypnus; and the united arms of the Kuran and Dizful river, the real Pasitigris.

"And firstly, with regard to Súsan—the very expression of Scripture, 'Shusan, the palace,' would appear indicative of a distinction from some other city of the same name. Daniel, be it remembered, was in the palace, yet he saw the vision on the borders of the U'laï, and heard the voice between the banks of the river. From the mound of Sús the Kerkhah is 1¼ mile distant, but at Súsan the river does actually lave the base of the great ruin."—*Geographical Journal.*

ON THE ORIGIN OF "OLD NICK."

The application of this term to the swarthy father of evil has never yet been satisfactorily accounted for; it is doubtful whether it ever will, and what can be produced as likely to settle all controversy, may yet be questioned and doubted. Some authors are for carrying the origin up to the celebrated Nicholas Machiavel, whose cunning policy in the sixteenth century, was noted and proverbial. "He is as cunning as Old Nick," was then a common saying, but how it ever came to be transferred to his Satanic majesty is left in mystery.

The following remarks on the probable origin of the expression, may perhaps appear more apposite, and though I will by no means undertake to vouch for their veracity, yet feel inclined to defend their probability.

According to Keysler, in his "de Dea Nebateunia," the ancient Germans and Danes were in the habit of worshipping a deity, by name *Necca*, or *Nicker*, and which name he derives from the German *nagen*, synonymous with the Latin *necare*, to kill. This deity presided in some way over the water; and were it not for Wormius, who makes mention of the same deity, we should be at a loss to know whether the god were propitious, or the reverse. In the course of his notice, however, Wormius alludes to the popular belief then prevalent, that the redness in the face peculiar to drowned persons was occasioned by this god, who sucked the breath out of the body of the struggling victim.

This circumstance seems to be a corroboration of my belief, that such is the origin of the term. The Danes invaded England,—with them they brought their language and peculiarities; what more probable then, that this appellation is handed down to us, like

from the river of Shápúr, and deposited in a grave at the bottom of it the coffin which was said to contain the bones of the prophet Daniel, which was there held in great veneration, and afterwards letting the water into the artificial bed, effectually secured the grave from profanation. All authors, indeed, agree that the grave was in the bed of the stream, yet Benjamin of Tudela pretends, that in his day, the coffin was suspended over the river to pacify the Jews, upon either side, who were contending for the holy relic.

* The *farsakh* is a very uncertain measurement; but in this part of Persia it may be reckoned at three English miles and three quarters.

many others of their words, and that as Christianity dispelled the absurdities of superstition, it was at length applied to the monarch of the infernal regions. H. M.

Fine Arts.

THE SUFFOLK STREET GALLERY.

THE private view of the sixteenth exhibition of the works of "The Society of British Artists," was on Saturday last; and with inexpressible pleasure we then beheld a rich display of native talent that only wants fostering to render it superior to any other school of the present day. The catalogue contains 766 specimens of art: and among the numerous examples of inventive genius, we noticed:—

113. *The Prodigal's Return.* E. Prentis.—An interior, representing the spendthrift's return to his parents: he is seen kneeling before them, and conscious of his misconduct, hides his face with his hands, whilst his sister is supplicating her father's forgiveness; he stands with his hand in his bosom, 'looking unutterable things', yet his features clearly tell that he feels half inclined to yield to the intreaties of his darling girl. On his left sits the mother, with stretched-out arms to receive her truant son; her sickened appearance clearly indicates the suffering she has undergone through his misconduct: but *she* has already pardoned him, for like a mother—she is all love—all forgiveness! The painter has also thrown into the countenance of the aged nurse, who stands at the door, looks of earnest anxiety. In this beautiful and truly sentimental picture, Woman shines forth in all her purity,—displaying the divine attributes of GOD—mercy and forgiveness! It is a painting of intense feeling and deep interest.

128. *Folkstone, Kent.* J. Wilson. A pleasing and refreshing view from the sea, of this ancient and once celebrated, but now neglected, town; its picturesque localities, however, must at all times render it an object worthy of an artist's study.

143. *Scene near Weybridge, Surrey.* R. Hilder.—A cabinet picture, handled with great delicacy of touch, and truth of nature.

184. *A Light Breeze.* J. Wilson.—A sweet brilliant silvery gem.

189. *Portrait of G. Heneage, Esq.* Mrs. J. Robertson.—Whole length, with his arm on a charger. The attitudes extremely graceful. In the manner of Vandyke.

207. J. Allen.—A delightful composition: woody scenery, with cows in the foreground, fording a brook, whose pellucid stream seems inviting the cattle to allay their thirst; the undulating background shows great power of handling, whilst the rich autumnal tints, blending delightfully with the young rich foliage, reminds the spectator of Ruysdael's magic touches. A truly splendid gallery picture.

449. *A Fresh Breeze.* J. Wilson.—Equal in genius to Mr. Wilson's "light breeze," No. 184.

461. *Deer Stealer in his bothie.* C. Hancock.—We here perceive the wily trespasser safely ensconced within his retreat, about to slake his thirst with a soop of drink; whilst his countenance forcibly portrays the workings of a guilty conscience, brooding over his unlawful calling: his grateful and sincere friend, the dog, is looking with glee on his master, who affectionately grasps his foot: the deer and dogs in the foreground are well grouped; and the children in the background in true perspective. In this, as it ought to be in *all* paintings, the mind of the master is pre-eminent: the colouring chaste, and the effect natural.

478. *The Gamblers.* T. Clater.—An humble interior: two men—a *flat* and a *sharp*—playing at cards; the vacant look, nay even the throwing out of the leg of the simpleton, tells you how ignorant he is of the games of chance, whilst the roguish countenance of his opponent—his attitude, the intense anxiety and interest he displays,—his cheatingly handing a card to a boy behind his chair, forcibly tell the story, and of the evils of gambling, which, however innocent they may at first appear, too often end in the most horrid and deadly crimes. The primitive innocence of the naked infant in its nurse's lap, forms a fine contrast with the troubled features of the gamblers in the foreground. There is much to admire in this specimen.

433. *Gipsies—moonlight.* E. Williams sen.—A difficult subject, handled with consummate skill and effect.

450. *Group of Children.*
451. *Group of Children.* } H. Bielfield.
452. *Children riding.*

Three spirited miniature representations of happy juvenile amusements; highly and tenderly coloured.

There are very many other attractive views, landscapes, and domestic scenes, in the Gallery, which we shall reserve for future notice.

The society has made an excellent arrangement for a night exhibition, between 8 and 10 o'clock, for the accommodation of those who cannot encroach upon their day's time to gratify their taste. X

THE DRAWINGS OF THE MUSEE ROYAL.

THE above drawings, from which the engravings were made for the "Musée Royal"—

that celebrated work which has elevated the fine arts in Paris, were exhibited on Saturday last, at Messrs. Hodgson and Graves' spacious rooms in Pall Mall. They consist of 150 copies of the great masters, the originals of which formerly embellished the walls of the Louvre. It is impossible to speak too highly of the almost magic delicacy of touch of these really wonderful Drawings: the exhibition was a rich treat to the lovers of art.

The Gatherer.

Near the Ghörde (a hunting seat of the Electors of Hanover,) is the corner of a forest called the "Jammen Holy," or Wood of Groans. George II. once hunting near it, is said to have heard at a small distance a dismal cry, and directing his horse to the spot, found a Vendee peasant, who was burying his father alive. The monarch shuddered with horror; but the Vendee assured him he was only complying with the practice of his country, which, however, required secrecy for fear of the Germans amongst whom he lived. H. M.

The mistakes of a layman are like the errors of a pocket watch, which affects only an individual; but when a clergyman errs, it is like the town-clock going wrong—he misleads a multitude.

It is said that the year 1839 will cut a *greater figure* in the world than any of its predecessors.

Friendship, the wine of life, should, like a well-stocked cellar, be continually renewed; and it is consolatory to think, that although we can seldom add what will equal the generous first growth of our youth, yet friendship becomes insensibly old in much less time than is commonly imagined, and not many years are required to make it mellow and pleasant: warmth will no doubt make a very considerable difference; men of affectionate temper and bright fancy, will coalesce a great deal sooner than those who are dull and cold.—*Boswell.*

The torrent and the blast can mar the loveliest scenes in nature. War, with his ruthless hand, may rival the elements in their work of destruction; but it is passion alone that can lay waste the human heart: the whirlwind and the flood have duration in their existence, and have bounds for their fury; the earth recovers from the devastation of the conflict with a fertility that seems enriched by the blood of its victims; but there are feelings that no human agency can limit, and mental wounds which are beyond the art of man to heal.—*Cooper.*

At a sale at Mr. Sotheby's rooms, on Monday, 18th inst., of the miscellaneous library of the late Edmund Lodge, Esq., Clarenceux King-at-Arms, the following curious and unique volume was purchased by Mr. Bent, of the Aldine Chambers, Paternoster-row, for the sum of £13. 10*s.*:—"The Mirour of Maiestie, or the Badges of Honour conceitedly emblazoned, with emblems annexed, poetically unfolded, by H. G., remarkably fine copy, in half morocco.—London, printed by W. I., 1618.—The only other impression of it which has occurred for sale, or even known, was in the White Knight collection, where it sold for £18. It was resold at Perry's sale for £17 17*s*; and again in Heber's collection for £7 10*s*. The title of that copy was reprinted, and the imprint was different from the present, independent of the date being altered to 1619."

The New Art.—Mr. J. F. Havell and Mr. Willmore (the engravers) have, by covering glass with *etching ground* and smoke, sketched designs upon it. Through the glass thus exposed by the scratches, the photogenic paper receives the light, and the design, which the sun may be said to print, may be multiplied with perfect identity for ever! Designs thus produced will probably become much more common, and even more generally applicable, than lithography, because all the means are more readily accessible, whilst it will receive its rank as an art, and be excellent in proportion to the skill of the artist, as a draftsman, with the etching needle. The size need no longer be kept down by that of the printing-press, as the size of the glass can alone limit the size of the design. This is a real and valuable discovery, applicable to a thousand purposes. It is reported that Mr. Havell, and his brother, the well-known painters, have succeeded in giving some true colours, also, to their productions, by the action of light. Beautiful imitations of washed bistre drawings may be produced, by *stopping out* the light on the glass by black varnish, which will obstruct the transmission of light in proportion to the thickness with which the varnish is laid on; and specimens like fine mezzotinto prints have been produced by this process.—*Literary Gazette.*

The revolution of France, and the total destruction of the names of men, all titles of nobility, and all the religious orders, was an event so manifestly predicted by St. John in the Revelations, that a hundred years before its occurrence, a Frenchman, of the name of Pierre Jurieu, wrote a book, positively mentioning the French revolution and all circumstances, and even, by calculation, fixed the year, only claiming a latitude of ten years, from 1780 to 1790. H. M.

LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.—In PARIS, by all the Booksellers.—In FRANCFORT, CHARLES JUGEL.

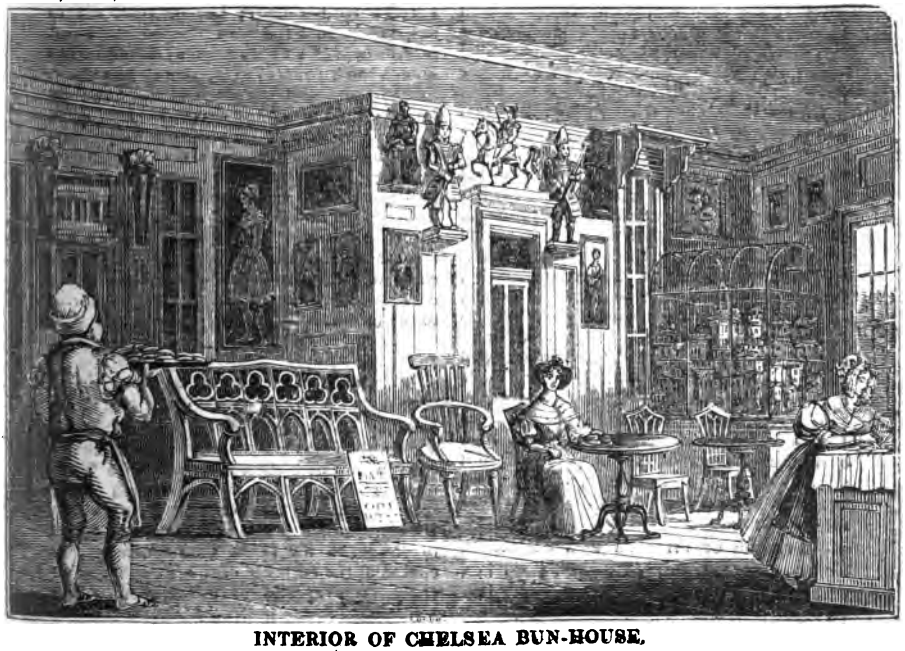
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 943.] SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1839. [PRICE 2*d.*

CHELSEA BUN-HOUSE.



INTERIOR OF CHELSEA BUN-HOUSE.

CHELSEA BUN-HOUSE.

This Bun-House, whose fame has extended throughout the land, was first established about the beginning of the last century; for, as early as 1712, it is thus mentioned by the celebrated Dean Swift:—"Pray are not the fine buns sold here in our town, as the rare Chelsea buns? I bought one to-day in my walk," &c.

The building consists of one story, fifty feet long, and fourteen feet wide. It projects into the high-way in an unsightly manner, in form of a colonade, affording a very agreeable shelter to the passenger in unfavourable weather.

The whole premises are condemned to be pulled down immediately, to make way for the proposed improvements of Chelsea and its neighbourhood, the bill for which is in committee of the House of Commons, under the superintendance of that most active member, Sir Matthew Wood.

It was the fashion formerly for the royal family, and the nobility and gentry, to visit Chelsea Bun-House in the morning. His Majesty King George the Second, Queen Caroline, and the Princesses, frequently honoured the elder Mrs. Hand with their company.

Their late Majesties King George III. and Queen Charlotte, were also much in the habit of frequenting the Bun-House when their children were young, and used to alight and sit to look around and admire the place and passing scene. The Queen presented Mrs. Hand with a silver half-gallon mug, richly enchaced, with five guineas in it, as a mark of her approbation for the attentions bestowed upon her during these visits: this testimonial was kept a long time in the family.

On the morning of Good Friday, the Bun-house used to present a scene of great bustle; it was opened as early as four o'clock; and the concourse of people was so great, that it was difficult to approach the house; it has been estimated that more than fifty thousand persons have assembled in the neighbourhood before eight in the morning; at length it was found necessary to shut it up partially, in order to prevent the disturbances and excesses of the immense unruly and riotous London mob which congregated on those occasions. Hand-bills were printed, and constables stationed to prevent a recurrence of these scenes.

Whilst Ranelagh was in fashion, the Bun-House was much frequented by the visitors of that celebrated temple of pleasure; but after the failure of Ranelagh, the business fell off in a great degree, and dwindled into insignificance.

INTERIOR OF CHELSEA BUN-HOUSE.

The interior was formerly fitted up in a very singular and grotesque style, being furnished with foreign clocks, and many natural and artificial curiosities from abroad; but most of these articles have disappeared since the decease of Mrs. Hand.

At the upper end of the shop is placed, in a large glass-case, a model of Radcliffe Church, at Bristol, cut out very curiously and elaborately in paste-board; but the upper towers, pinnacles, &c. resemble more an eastern mosque than a Christian church.

Over the parlour door is placed an equestrian coloured statue, in lead, of William, the great Duke of Cumberland, in the military costume of the year 1745, taken just after the celebrated battle of Culloden: it is eighteen inches in height.

On each side stand two grenadier guards, presenting arms, and in the military dress of the above period, with their high sugar-loaf caps, long-flap coats, and broad gerilles, and old-fashioned muskets, presenting a grotesque appearance, when compared with the neat short-cut military trim of the present day. These figures are also cast in lead, and coloured; are near four feet high, and weigh each about two hundred weight.

Underneath, on the wall, is suspended a whole-length portrait, much admired by connoisseurs, of Aurengzebe, Emperor of Persia. This is probably the work of an Italian artist, but his name is unknown.

After the death of Mrs. Hand, the business was carried on by her son, who was an eccentric character, and used to dress in a very peculiar manner,; he dealt largely in butter which he carried about the streets in a basket on his head; hot or cold, wet or dry, throughout the year, the punctual butterman made his appearance at the door, and gained the esteem of every one by his cheerful aspect and entertaining conversation; for he was rich in village anecdote, and could relate all the vicissitudes of the neighbourhood for more than half a century.

After his decease, his elder brother came into the possession of the business; he had been bred a soldier, and was at that time one of the poor knights of Windsor, and was remarkable for his eccentric manners and costume. He left no family, nor relations, in consequence of which his property reverted to the crown.

ON THE ORIGIN OF BUNS.

Hutchinson, in his History of Northumberland, following Mr. Bryant's Analysis, derives the Good Friday Bun from the sacred cakes which were offered at the Arkite Temples, styled *Boun*, and presented every seventh day. "The offerings," says Mr. Bryant, "which people in ancient times used to present to the Gods, were generally purchased at the entrance of the Temple; especially every species of consecrated bread,

which was denominated accordingly. One species of sacred bread which used to be offered to the Gods was of great antiquity, and called *Boun*. Hesychius speaks of the Boun, and describes it a kind of cake, with a representation of two horns. Julius Pollux mentions it after the same manner, a sort of cakes with horns. Diogenes Laertius, speaking of the same offering being made by Empedocles, describes the chief ingredients of which it was composed. "He offered one of the sacred Liba, called a *Bouse*, which was made of fine flour and honey." It is said of Cecrops, (1556 years before Christ,) that *he* first offered up this sort of sweet bread.

Hence we may judge of the antiquity of the custom, from the times to which Cecrops is referred. The prophet Jeremiah takes notice of this kind of offering, when he is speaking of the Jewish women at Pathros, in Egypt, and of their base idolatry; in all which their husbands had encouraged them. The women, in their expostulation upon his rebuke, tell him: "Did we make her cakes to worship her?" Jerem. xliv. 18, 19; vii. 18. "Small loaves of bread," Mr. Hutchinson observes, "peculiar in their form, being long and sharp at both ends, are called Buns." These he derives as above, and concludes: "We only retain the name and form of the *Boun*, the sacred uses are no more."*

A writer in the Gentleman's Magazine, vol. LIII. for July 1783, p. 578, speaking of *Cross Buns*,† in Passion week, observes, that "these being, formerly at least, unleavened, may have a retrospect to the unleavened bread of the Jews, in the same manner as Lamb at Easter to the Pascal Lamb."

SHE'S LAID IN THE EARTH!

She's laid in the earth! but her bright spirit soars
To the regions of bliss, from these sorrowful shores;
She moved, in her beauty, an angel while here,
And I saw she was form'd for a happier sphere.

Oh, sad are the sighs for her absence I heave,
And sad are my tears—though 'tis fruitless to grieve;
Yet oft, through the dark mists of sorrow, I see
In fancy, my Mary still smiling on me!

Wherever I go, there's no object I trace
Can tear from my mind her loved form or her face;
Nor time can my soul in forgetfulness steep;
Her dream-wafted image still smiles on my sleep.

In nights calm and clear, 'mid the bright orbs I try
To trace her blest home in the beautiful sky;
And I gaze on some star, till in fancy I see
Her far-shining spirit still smiling on me!

* Brand's Popular Antiquities, vol. I, pp. 132-3. 4to. 1813.

† These are constantly marked with the form of a cross. Indeed the country people in many parts of England make, with a knife, many little cross marks on their cakes, before they put them into the oven. I have no doubt but that this too, trifling as the remark may appear, is a remain of Popery. Thus, also, persons who cannot write, instead of signing their names, are directed to make their marks, which is generally done in the form of a cross. From the form of a cross at the beginning of a horn-book, the alphabet is called the Christ-Cross Row.—*Brand.*

CURIOSITY.

Who hath not felt
Its spirit, and before its altar knelt?
In the pleased infant, see its power expand,
When first the coral fills its little hand;
Throned in its mother's lap, it dries each tear,
As her sweet legend falls upon his ear;
* * * * *
Nor yet alone to toys and tales confined,
It sits dark brooding o'er his embryo mind:
Take him between your knees, peruse his face,
While all you know, or think you know, you trace;
Tell him who spoke creation into birth,
Arched the broad heavens, and spread the rolling earth;
Who formed a pathway for the obedient sun,
And bade the seasons in their circle run;
Who filled the air, the forest, and the flood;
And gave man all, for comfort, or for food.

SPRAGUE.

THE MOATED HOUSE.

(*For the Mirror.*)

"The rudest remnant of a feudal tower,—even the obscure and almost undistinguishable vestige of an almost unknown edifice; has power to awaken trains of fancy. We have a fellow interest with the 'son of the winged days,' over whose fallen habitation we tread."—*Sir Walter Scott.*

"The massy stones, though hewn most roughly, show
The hand of man had once at least been there."

Wordsworth.

"And here," said Mr. ——, "was the Moat, extending round these green hillocks; they plainly here divide where a gateway has been." A few twisted willows, which for many generations have braved the changing seasons, there drop their branches over what has now dwindled to a rivulet, not seen, but heard to murmur, underneath the long grass, now and then glittering in the sunbeam, and even in winter scarcely visible, is all that now remains of the "Moat." Some three or four hundred years ago, it was deep and dangerous, fenced by precipitous banks, and only passable by a draw-bridge, which was solemnly lowered by the warder to give access to the knight or baron bold, who sought audience of the then lord of the domain. Of their deeds tradition is silent, their very names are forgotten,—rumour only tells, that here a Moated House has been. No monument in the village church exists to point out their final resting-place, except it be one in an obscure corner, which tells in almost illegible characters, that about "Ye year 1600, Peter and Eleanor Baldwin departed this life." These Baldwins were, in ages past, the hereditary possessors of the Moated House, so "grey tradition" tells, "and doubtless were renowned in their day," whispered Fancy, showing the tip of her magic wand, which, as I pursued my way to the dry Moat, and the green hillocks which it surrounded, was fast changing them into a peopled domain of other times and manners, and giving to dim phantasies a "local habitation and a name." Musing on what might have been the state of things in this place, some three or four centuries back,

one dreamy day, in the "leafy month of June," when the mounds were clothed with a carpet of daisies, and the long grass at the Moat's edge waved to the gentle air,—when sights and sounds combined—the faint singing of birds, the whispering willows, and the murmuring brook, to induce that state of mind which shuts out present things, and sends the "lonely wandering thoughts" to speculate on the deeds of other days, even then, as by the touch of an enchanter's wand, did my waking dream transform the grassy hollow before me into a veritable Moat, broad and dark, with a heavy gateway on one side, which was flanked by two small towers, with portcullis and draw-bridge. Instead of the meadow, a huge gothic mansion filled up the space which it enclosed. It was a building partly of grey stone, and part of brick—at one corner were the decayed remains of a tower of still more remote origin. There was a battlemented roof—the windows were high and narrow, and in many of them the red rose of the house of Lancaster was emblazoned with the arms of the family of Baldwin,—an eagle shielding a dove, in a field azure. There were emblems of the same regal flower combined with the crest carved on many of the thick window-frames, from which an inference might be drawn, that a Baldwin had, during the wars of the Rival Roses, been zealous for proud Bolingbroke, or for brave Harry of Agincourt. The principal entrance was a broad stone porch, with carved oaken benches; ivy and woodbine, mingled with wall-flower, spread over the pointed archway. The heavy door stood open, and gave to view beyond, a hall paved with black and white marble; the light fell dimly upon this pavement, through narrow Gothic windows in deep recesses. There were the oaken stairs, shining brightly, with broad banisters; dark figures of by-gone members of the house of Baldwin adorned the walls; The grim features of Sir Hugh, attired as a judge; next to him hung a print of the Battle of Bosworth Field; in it were depicted a troop of soldiers bearing off the dead body of the royal homicide; still further in, an open door gave a dim view of a low-browed apartment, in which, from a window shaded by tall trees, the light fell on a picture of Mary Queen of Scots, at the side of which hung a green curtain for the purpose of concealment.

By one of those sudden changes which characterize the world of dreams, I found myself standing before the porch or entrance. A porter's lodge was on the right, and, on a stone seat at the door, reclined this functionary, in earnest whispered colloquy with a serving-man, attired in the stiff doublet and hose of Elizabeth's reign. A large mastiff and two other dogs lay basking in the sun at their feet. "It cannot be Ralph!—it cannot be," quoth the porter, with a look of horror, "that her highness, our sovereign Lady Elizabeth, should give her consent to so cruel a deed. I tell you, Ralph, we live too far out of the world to know what is doing there. The deeds now acting at Fotheringay are not likely to be known to such as we are. For my own part, I make it a rule to abstain from prying too narrowly into the secrets of my betters; still, I did remark, that my master, Sir Peter Baldwin, (heaven prosper him!) added to the prayers last night, that her majesty might be kept from further shedding of blood."—"Amen! say I to that," responded Ralph, "there hath been too much already; there was, first, that sweet innocent, Lady Jane Grey, and her youthful husband; there was Essex, the noblest and the bravest gentleman that ever fell beneath the murderous axe; and, now, this fearful trial at Fotheringay.—I fear it will go hard with the poor captive there. My lady and Mrs. Beatrice are sorely distressed; for, you know," said Ralph, lowering to a whisper, "my lady is of the Popish persuasion, and came to England with the poor queen as one of her attendants." The conversation here suddenly ceased; the speakers rose, and doff'd their caps with much reverence; for, issuing from the porch, appeared two ladies, one young, the other elderly, with an expression of intense anxiety on her still fine features: she had a cross and rosary suspended from her girdle, and partially concealed by her dress. They passed with hurried steps out of the porch, and along a terrace which led to the moat. They looked anxiously in the direction of a road which wound away amongst woods and wild moors until it was lost in the distance. They gazed until the curfew bell sounded its melancholy chimes from the church tower hard by. Suddenly two horsemen came in view; the draw-bridge was lowered; the elder lady hastened to meet them. "What news?—What news? delay not to tell me, I conjure you, Sir Peter!"—"So perish all the enemies of Queen Elizabeth, and of our holy and reformed faith!" said the knight, solemnly. "What mean you?" said the lady, with clasped hands and pale lips. "I mean, Eleanor," said her husband, "that though all manly and feeling hearts do grieve that royalty and beauty should have so dire a departure, still every loyal subject, and every friend to true religion, must rejoice that the plotting heads, who would have filled the land with anarchy and blood, are laid low. For Scotland's ill-starred queen my heart cannot but bleed. She died, Eleanor, with regal dignity; and, oh! more than that, with Christian resignation; and may heaven receive her soul!" The grief of his auditress here became so painful to witness, that I felt a sympathetic rising of emotion in my own breast, but in the effort to address the stately lady the spell was broken. The

breeze was still waving the long grass, and sighing amongst the willows; but where, in the world of phantasy, the old mansion stood, a milkmaid was pursuing her task and singing a plaintive ballad, all unconscious of the loves and hatreds, the joys and sorrows, felt here in long-gone years by those who have passed from the scene, and, like the "baseless fabric of my dream, left not a wreck behind!" (*To be continued.*)

Kirton, Lindsey. ANNE R—.

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE AND PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

MR. A. H. DAVIS, writing from Adelaide, South Australia, mentions his seeing there an extraordinary procession of caterpillars. They somewhat resembled in form the caterpillars of the great tigermoth, (*Arctia Caja,*) had a profusion of white hairs, and the body about 2¼ inches in length, of a dark brown colour, with paler lines. These caterpillars were seen on the third of last May, crossing a road in single file, each so close to its predecessor as to convey the idea that they were united together, moving like a living cord in a continuous undulating line. At about fifty from the end of the line, Mr. Davis having ejected one from its station, the caterpillar immediately before it suddenly stood still, then the next, and then the next, and so on to the leader; the same result took place to the other extremity. After a pause of a few moments, the first after the break in the line attempted to recover the communication; this was a work of time and difficulty, but the moment it was accomplished by its touching the one before it, this one communicated the fact to the next in advance, and so on till the information reached the leader, when the whole line was again put in motion. On counting the number of caterpillars, he found it to be 164, and the length of the line twenty-seven feet. He next took the one which he had abstracted from the line, and which remained coiled up, across the line; it immediately unrolled itself, and made every attempt to get into the procession; after many endeavours it succeeded, and crawled in, the one below falling into the rear of the interloper. He subsequently took out two caterpillars, about the fiftieth from the head of the procession; by his watch he found the intelligence was conveyed to the leader in thirty seconds, each caterpillar stopping at the signal of the one in its rear: the same effect was observable behind the break, each stopping at a signal from the one in advance; the leader of the second division then attempted to recover the lost connection. That they are unprovided with the senses of sight and smell appeared evident, since the leader turned right and left, and often in a wrong direction when within half an inch of the one immediately before it: when it at last touched the object of its search, the fact was communicated again by signal, and in thirty seconds the whole line was in quick march, leaving the two unfortunates behind, who remained perfectly quiet, without making any attempt to unroll themselves. Mr. Davis was informed that these caterpillars feed on the *Encalyptus*, and that when they have completely stripped a tree of its leaves, they congregate on the trunk, and proceed, in procession, to another tree.

At the *Asiatic Society's* meeting on the 2nd of March, Dr. Royle and Mr. E. Solly read two distinct papers on the Vegetable Tallow Tree (*Valeria Indica*) of the Malabar and Canary coasts. This tree, which has been figured and described by Rheede, is found in the Wynaad and Bednore districts, growing abundantly both in the interior and along the coasts, where it is called the Piney, or Dammar-tree. It grows to a great size, and supplies excellent wood. It also supplies a varnish which is used on the coast in a liquid state; but, when dry, is commercially termed *copal* and *animé*. By boiling the seeds a fatty matter is obtained, which floats on the surface, becomes solid, and somewhat resembles tallow, being in its most important characters intermediate between wax and tallow, and well adapted in its properties, as a substitute for common tallow, both in the manufacture of candles, and likewise for many other purposes to which the latter substance is now exclusively applied. This vegetal tallow emits no disagreeable smell at any time, and, therefore, when candles are made of it, they have not that offensive smell which attends common tallow candles. Dr. Babington placed a portion of this vegetal tallow in the hands of a candle manufacturer, who praised it very highly, he having succeeded in making good candles of it, which came freely from the mould. In 1825 it sold at Mangalore, at twopence-halfpenny per pound. Some brought from India, in January 1838, sold for £2 4*s.* 6*d.* per hundred weight—nearly the price given for good Russian tallow. Mr. Solly thought that if it could be obtained at such a price as to admit of its being imported as a substitute for common tallow, its valuable and superior properties would soon obtain it a market. Mr. S. Dyer, of the Madras Medical Service, who had long resided at Tellicherry, states, that the tree will grow readily, even when the branches are put into the ground; and many of the trees were planted on the roadsides in Malabar, about twenty years since, a greater period than is necessary to bring them to perfection.

At the same meeting, Mr. F. C. Brown stated that he had seen the tea-plant flourishing in the district of Wynaad, on the western ghauts of the peninsular of India. In February, 1834, the late Colonel Crewe gave two Chinese tea-plants to Captain F.

Minchin, at Manantoddy, the chief place in the Wynaad district. Here, the two plants, though small and unhealthy, began, in a week or two, to improve; and during the rains between June and September, they produced fresh shoots, and became most healthy plants. On the following year they were fine and bushy, and were in full bloom when the rains set in, in June. Captain Evans found that a cutting from the tea-plant throve equally well at Manantoddy; and he therefore infers that the soil and climate of the Wynaad district are adapted to its cultivation, as well as a great portion of the tract of land in south-western India, ceded by Tippoo Sultan, having as fertile a soil, of about the same elevation, with a similar climate and temperature.

Botany.—At the meeting of the *Botanical Society*, on the 15th of March, a paper was read "On the species of *Tilia*, natives of Eyland." The author, Mr. E. Leas, considers the lime-tree is indigenous to Worcestershire, the borders of Herefordshire, Gloucestershire, Monmouthshire, and South Wales. At Hamford, near Worcester, on the banks of the Severn, about the western base of the Barrow Hill, near Martley, on Akenside Hill, near Knightsford Bridge, on the Tene, as well as among the rocky glens about Pont Nedd Vechan, Glamorganshire, and in various other localities, many very remarkable old lime trees occur, in wild uncultivated spots.

Meteorology.—At the meeting of the *Royal Society*, on the 21st of March, a letter was read from Sir John Herschell, giving an account of the fall of a meteoric stone, on the 13th of last October. Some time previous to its falling the air was hot and sultry; a noise like the firing of artillery was heard, and which was followed by the descent of the stone, which, when it fell, was so soft that it could be cut with a knife. Another account of a similar stone, in a letter from Professor Faraday to Sir John Herschell, was likewise read. We may add, that Mr. George Thompson, of Cape Town, has given an account of the same shower of meteoric stones as that during which the specimen referred to by Sir John Herschell fell.

NEW DISCOVERY.

We learn from the French journals that *M. Colas*, the inventor of medallion-imitative-engraving, has recently brought to perfection a means purely mechanical, by which a statue may be copied in any given material, (and of any dimensions, from the original size down to six lines,) with the most exquisite truth and nicety. It is peculiarly fitted for producing fac-similes of ancient and complicated basso-relievos, deviation in any respect from the original being impossible.

New Books.

Births, Deaths, and Marriages.—By Theodore Hook. Bentley.

[Mr. Hook has not the reputation of writing with any deep moral purpose; but he is a shrewd observer, sees the springs by which the mass of mankind are moved in their intercourse with one another,—and, not disdaining a dash of the caricaturist,—knows how to bring before his readers characters sufficiently true to general nature to invest them with an interest; and by the aid of no ordinary dramatic tact, and a light easy style, he rarely fails to construct a piquant and amusing narrative. In the novel before us the characters of two brothers, the one aiming at success in life through manœuvring and conformity to the 'world;' the other a rich, selfish, cynical old fellow, professing and feeling a thorough contempt for anything but himself, are brought into strong relief, and the peculiarities of each exhibited in the author's happiest manner. We shall attempt no sketch of the story, the extract we shall give will show something of its *materiel*.]

The different courses which the brothers had pursued, had naturally produced a wide and striking difference in their habits and manners, their modes of thinking and acting. Jacob, who had stuck to the shop till it grew into a warehouse—and he himself was transformed from a trader into a merchant, was one of those men who are coiled, as it were, within themselves, and like that little animal which is classically known, and delicately called the *oniscus armadillo*, roll themselves up out of harm's way, the moment anything like trouble or danger approaches.

John, on the contrary, was polished, polite, and plausible: he could promise with fluency, and refuse with grace and elegance. He had flirted, and loved, and married a beauty, who had left him a widower with one daughter. All he had to live upon was the well-merited pension which his services [in a government office] had secured him; nor had he in more profitable times done anything in the way of what Jacob called "laying by something for a rainy day;" so that his beautiful and accomplished child, besides her face, figure, and accomplishments, had nothing in the way of fortune except that which her uncle Jacob at his death might bequeath her.

Hence the frequent invitations of Jacob to John's house; hence the passive submission with which John heard the lectures of his wealthy relative, feeling at the same time for all his worldly maxims and prudential recommendations the most sovereign contempt.

Jacob was perfectly aware of the inducements which actuated John in all his proceedings towards him, and chuckled at his own perceptions, and perhaps at the satisi-

pation of the disappointment of his brother's expectations, which after all, might occur.

"I tell you, Jack," continued Jacob, "that you are wrong:—it is nothing to *me*; but it's all nonsense filling the girl's head with notions of high connexions and titles, and all such trumpery—your carriages and your horses, and your dinners—psha! you can't afford it; and what's worse, you sin with your eyes open—you know you can't afford it."

"My dear brother," said John, who seldom ventured to call his impracticable relation by his Christian name, "I really do nothing more than is expected of a man holding a certain place in society."

"Expected by whom?" said Jacob.

"The world," replied John.

"The world!" said Jacob. "Umph! You mean the two or three hundred families that live up in this part of the town, not one of whom would care if you and your daughter were barred up in Newgate. The world!—what would the world do for your child if you were to die in debt, as you will? You are insolvent now, and you know it. All these trumpery things about your rooms, that have cost you mints of money, would'nt fetch five-and-twenty per cent. of their prime cost at auction, whenever you break up, or die."

"Nay, but—"

"Nay but," said Jacob, "that's it: you won't hear reason. Have you insured your life?"

"Why there's a difficulty," said John.

"To be sure," interrupted Jacob: "you have ruined your constitution by early dissipation, and now your life's not worth a farthing."

"But, my dear brother," said John, "it would be impossible to bring Helen forward if I did not indulge a little in the gaieties of the world."

"There goes 'the world,' again," said Jacob: "I'm sick of the word."

"When my girl is established," said John, "I shall, of course, alter the whole establishment, and live quietly."

"But how is she to be established?" said Jacob. "She has no money; and where are you to find the man who will take her as he would buy a doll, without a dump?"

[The father has two lovers in view—Lord Ellesmere, and Colonel Mortimer, to either of whom he would assign his daughter—(she prefers the Colonel)—the uncle is an advocate for an old alderman.]

"Colonel Mortimer," said Jacob, "is the man, I think, who ran away with somebody's wife—plays a good deal, runs horses, sails yachts, and all that sort of thing, eh?"

"It is the same Colonel Mortimer," said John, "who did all these things, but so entirely changed, that not a vestige of his former character remains. He married the lady, who, in point of fact, ran away with *him*: they subsequently lived happily together, in the most domestic manner, and he nearly died of an illness brought on by the loss of her."

"Very fine—very fine, indeed!" said Jacob: "that's *your* version of the history, is it? He runs away with his friend's wife; they live domestically—that is, because 'the world' won't visit her; she dies—perhaps of a broken heart—and he is near going off the same way from remorse: may'nt that be true? It's all nothing to me; nothing will ever break *my* heart; and I never mean to run away with anybody's wife; only, if *I* had a daughter, I would sooner cut her legs off than let her marry such a man."

"I assure you," said John, "that I have spoken upon this very subject to one or two women of the world."

"The world! there you go again."

"Well, but what I mean is, women who really understand the ways of society, and they all agree in the eligibility of the match, and since you doubt the possibility of Helen, without a fortune, marrying a rich man, I may as well say at once that Mortimer has at least ten thousand a-year unencumbered."

"That's it," said Jacob—"there it is. Now I see; you sell your daughter for her share of ten thousand a-year."

"Nay, but," said John, "if Helen is attached to him, if the affection be mutual, surely the ten thousand a-year are not objections to her marrying the man who has them."

"Not if the man were what a girl ought to love," said Jacob. "Now, Alderman Haddock *is* a man."

"My dear brother," said John, "if you are not joking, do not talk of such a thing."

"A quiet, comfortable establishment,—every thing her own way," said Jacob; "a capital house in Bedford-square, with a nice garden behind, and a beautiful villa close by Hornsey Wood."

"Your picture is tempting, I admit," said John; "but I fear the pursuits of such a life would not be congenial."

"Congenial,—pah!" said Jacob, "I've done. *I* can't marry a rake, and have my heart broken: of course, it's nothing to *me*. I don't care for anybody in the world; only, if I could have got the girl out of harm's way, and settled her snug and comfortable, it would have been a good job. However, that's over; let her marry the Colonel. I know no ill of him; he never cheated me out of *my* money—never shall: not to be had. I have no daughter—that's another good thing: however, I'll tell Haddock he has no chance."

"What!" said John, "did he ever think he had?"

"Think!" said Jacob; "what should

an alderman who has passed the chair, think? —why exactly as I do—that she would not have hesitated a moment. However, it's nothing to me: *I* can't marry an alderman, so I don't care; only—"

[Subsequently, after some skilful diplomacy on the part of John Batly, and no small misgiving that the game had slipped through his fingers, the marriage of Helen and the Colonel is effected: by-and-bye John once more turned his thoughts towards matrimony for himself.]

"That John Batly should feel disposed to marry again does not seem so extraordinary. John had married young,—was a young father,—and as he truly said, the relative ages of himself and Helen had, in some degree, alleviated the grief which he felt for the loss of her mother, by placing her in the position of mistress of his house at a somewhat premature age, perhaps,—but there she was,—and as he vainly endeavoured to impress upon Jacob's mind,—there was female society: he had been a sort of male coquette all his life, and loved dangling at fifty-four as much as he did when he was less than half that age; and it is astonishing (perhaps not because the case is so common) that a habit of that sort does not wear off with time as might be expected. The man of fifty-four flirts, and is not ill received; but he does not appreciate the mode of his reception; he does not feel himself much older than he was five-and-twenty years before: he scarcely sees an alteration in his own person; all that he wonders at is, the extraordinary flippancy and forwardness of boys of five-and-twenty, forgetting that when he was of that age he considered an old fellow of fifty-four a "regular nuisance." Wonderful, however, have been the changes in society within the last half century: the march and influence of age have been neutralized to an extent which our grandfathers could not have believed, and certainly never anticipated. Fifty years ago, the idea of a man of sixty in a black neckcloth, with curls and trousers, and a fancy waistcoat, with amethyst studs in his shirt bosom, dancing quadrilles, never would have entered into the head of a human being. The dress might have been as gay or gayer, but it would have been made up of pomatum and powder, and a bag or a club, with shorts, and shoes and buckles. At one period, the pig-tail, which superseded the club-knob which had previously succeeded to the bag, would have been indispensable; nay, there are at this moment half a score matured gentlemen, who thirty years since sported tails, knobs and pigs, with powder and pomatum, aforesaid, walking the assemblies of London in picturesque coloured wigs, fancy waistcoats, and symmetrically-cut pantaloons.

Songs and Ballads. By Samuel Lover.—Chapman and Hall.

[The lyrics which form the present graceful little volume, have hitherto been obtainable only in connexion with their music; and their separate publication it seems is more in compliance with the judgment of the author's friends than with his own. His friends were perfectly in the right, and we doubt not that all lovers of genuine lyric poetry will agree with them that many of the pieces here presented to them are entitled to take rank among the sweetest and wittiest of modern compositions. For the present we shall content ourselves with two specimens, different in their style, and both of superior merit.]

BEAUTY AND TIME.

Time met Beauty one day in her garden,
Where roses were blooming fair;
Time and Beauty were never good friends,
So she wondered what brought him there.

Poor Beauty exclaimed, with a sorrowful air,
"I request, father Time, my sweet roses you'll spare;"
For Time was going to mow them all down,
While Beauty exclaimed, with her prettiest frown,
"Fie! father Time! Oh! what a crime!
"Fie! father Time!"

"Well," said Time, "at least let me gather
A few of your roses here,
'Tis part of my pride to be always supplied
With such roses the whole of the year."

Poor Beauty consented, tho' half in despair,
And Time, as he went, asked a lock of her hair;
And, as he stole the soft ringlet so bright,
He vow'd 'twas for love, but she knew 'twas for spite,
Fie! father Time! Oh! what a crime!
Fie! father Time!

Time went on and left Beauty in tears;
He's a tell-tale the world well knows,
So he boasted to all of the fair lady's fall,
And show'd the lost ringlet and rose.

So shocked was poor Beauty to think that her fame
Was ruin'd, though she was in no wise to blame,
That she droop'd like some flower that is torn from its clime,
And her friends all mysterously said "*it was Time!*"
Fie! father Time! Oh! what a crime!
Fie! father Time!

MEMORY AND HOPE.

Oft have I mark'd, as o'er the sea
We've swept before the wind,
That those whose hearts were on the shore
Cast longing looks behind;
While they, whose hopes have elsewhere been
Have watch'd with anxious eyes,
To see the hills that lay before,
Faint o'er the waters rise.

'Tis thus as o'er the sea of life
Our onward course we track,
That anxious sadness looks before,
The happy still look back,
Still smiling on the course they've past
As earnest of the rest,—
'Tis Hope's the charm of wretchedness
While memory wooes the blest.

Historical Sketches of Statesmen who flourished in the Time of George III. First Series. By Henry Lord Brougham. Knight and Co.

[We have just "dipped" into the above important volume, not having sufficient time for fully investigating it.

Several of the sketches have already appeared in print, but as parts scattered through other and much larger works. Yet great additions have been made to some of them; while the following are entirely new: Lords North; Mansfield; Thurlow; Loughbourough; Lord Chief Justice Gibbs; Sir William Grant; Franklin; Joseph II.; Chatherine II.; Gustavus III.; and the Remarks on Party. It is embellished with eleven portraits; which *we think* we have seen elsewhere. The selection for our first notice, is from the sketch of the American Printer, Philosopher, and Statesman—]

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

In this truly great man everything seems to concur that goes towards the constitution of exalted merit. First he was the architect of his own fortune. Born in the humblest station, he raised himself by his talents and his industry, first to the place of society which may be attained with the help only of ordinary abilities, great application, and good luck; but next to the loftiest heights which a daring and happy genius alone can scale; and the poor PRINTER'S boy—who at one period of his life had no covering to shelter his head from the dews of night, rent in twain the proud dominion of England, and lived to be the Ambassador of a Commonwealth which he had formed, at the court of the haughty monarchs of France who had been his allies.

Then, he had been tried by prosperity as well as adverse fortune, and had passed unhurt through the perils of both. No ordinary 'prentice, no commonplace journeyman, ever laid the foundations of his independence in habits of industry and temperance more deep than he did, whose genius was afterwards to rank him with the Galileos and the Newtons of the old world.

Again, he was self-taught in all he knew. His hours of study were stolen from those of sleep and of meals, or gained by some ingenious contrivance for reading while the work of his daily calling went on.

His whole course, both in acting and in speculation, was simple and plain, ever preferring the easiest and the shortest road, nor ever having recourse to any but the simplest means to compass the end. His language was unadorned, and used as the medium of communicating his thoughts, not of raising admiration; but it was pure, expressive, racy. His manner of reasoning was manly and cogent, the address of a rational being to others of the same order; and so concise, that preferring decision to discussion, he never exceeded a quarter of an hour in any public address. His correspondence upon business, whether private or on state affairs, is a model of clearness and compendious shortness; nor can any state papers surpass in dignity and impression, those of which he is believed to have been the author in the earlier part of the American war.

But of all this great man's scientific excellencies, the most remarkable is the smallness, the simplicity, the apparent inadequacy, of the means which he employed in his experimental researches. His discoveries were made with hardly any apparatus at all; and if, at any time, he had been led to employ instruments of a somewhat less ordinary description, he never rested satisfied until he had, as it were, afterwards translated the process, by resolving the problem with such simple machinery, that you might say he had done it wholly unaided by apparatus. The experiments by which the identity of lightning and electricity was demonstrated, were made with a sheet of brown paper, a bit of twine, a silk thread, and an iron key.

Upon the integrity of this great man, whether in public or in private life, there rests no stain. Strictly honest, and even scrupulously punctual in all his dealings, he preserved in the highest fortune that regularity which he had practised as well as inculcated in the lowest.

In domestic life he was faultless, and in the intercourse of society, delightful. There was a constant good humour and a playful wit, easy and of high relish, without any ambition to shine, the natural fruit of his lively fancy, his solid, natural good sense, and his cheerful temper, that gave his conversation an unspeakable charm, and alike suited every circle, from the humblest to the most elevated. In religion, it is certain that his mind was imbued with a deep sense of the Divine perfections, a constant impression of our accountable nature, and a lively hope of future enjoyment. Accordingly, his deathbed, the test of both faith and works, was easy and placid, resigned and devout, and indicated at once an unflinching retrospect of the past, and a comfortable assurance of the future.

[To the above 'sketch,' Lord Brougham has appended the following remarks:]

If we turn from the truly great man whom we have been contemplating, to his celebrated contemporary in the Old World, who only affected the philosophy that Franklin possessed, and employed his talents for civil and military affairs, in extinguishing that independence which Franklin's life was consecrated to establish, the contrast is marvellous indeed between the monarch and the printer.

The Public Journals.

BLACKWOOD'S—

[UNQUESTIONABLY the most splendid periodical of the day—is this month more than usually rich in its intellectual treasures: we shall extract a few morsels from a *jeu d'esprit*, called]

My After-Dinner Adventures with Peter Schlemihl."

"Feeling myself," says the narrator, "a little out of sorts, with flying pains about my ancles and toes, I retired for relief to Seacombe, on the banks of the Mersey, opposite to Liverpool. After dinner, one day, whilst cogitating on the delicious savour of mock-turtle soup, and whether it was known to the ancients, when a tall, gentlemanly-looking man, entered his room, and, familarly helping himself to a glass of wine, exclaimed, "Do you know me?—I am Peter Schlemihl;—I am come to take a walk with you. Do you know Liverpool?" "No," said I, bolting out a lie at once, "I thought so, and for that reason I have called upon you to go there: as, I believe, you like turtle, there are several houses in Liverpool where turtle is dressed to a perfection that would raise a chuckle in the gullet of an expiring alderman. So, come along." I felt no power to resist, but almost instantly found myself on board the steam-packet, sailing on my way to Liverpool, in company with Peter Schlemihl.

In a few seconds we were across the river and landed on the parade; but, in ascending the steps, some villain, with an iron heel to his boot, gave my toes such a squeeze, that I almost screamed with agony. Peter saw my distress, and putting an arm through one of mine, "Never mind," said he, "I'll provide you with consolation;" and almost before I had time to ask whither we were going, I found myself seated with him in a room in the Mersey Hotel.

"I have dined," said I, as I almost mechanically took a spoonful; but that spoonful sufficed to drive away all remembrance of my pain, and all recollection of my dinner. It was delectable; and we ladled away with the gusto of men tasting turtle for the last time.

"How do you like it?" said Peter, when I had finished.

"It is admirable," I replied; "who could help liking it?"

"Well, said he, "if you are satisfied, put the spoon in your pocket, and let us march."

"The spoon in my pocket!" I answered; "do you wish me to be taken up as a thief?"

"Quite a matter of taste," said Peter Schlemihl; "suppose you had swallowed it by accident—and you opened a mouth wide enough to have admitted a soup-ladle, putting a simple spoon out of the question—suppose you had swallowed it by accident, could you heve been successfully accused of theft? And where is the difference to Mr Horne, the landlord, betwixt your putting his spoon in your stomach by accident, and putting it in your pocket by design? In either case, I take it, the loss to him would be pretty much the same; so the difference, you see, is but in words; but, come along."

So saying, he again put my hat on my head, giving it a thump, and putting my gloves in my hand, I was presently walking in his company, at a quick rate, towards the Exchange, without having any clear idea of the way in which we left the turtle-room in the Mersey Hotel.

"Is it not a handsome pile of building?" said Peter Schlemihl, after he had walked me round the Town Hall, and pointed out its beauties—its portico—its frieze—its dome—and, after he had led me round the area of the Exchange buildings, and pointed out each and every part worth notice,

"Is it not a handsome pile of building?" said he.

"It is, undoubtedly, very handsome," I replied, "and does great credit to the place; but, as a piece of architecture, it is by no means perfect; and"——

"For mercy's sake," said Peter, "don't turn critical! if you do, I will desert you. I have known many critics in my time, but I never knew but one sensible man of the craft; and he lived to regret his taste as a misfortune. No, no! rules are very necessary in every art, and every science; but never do you imbibe the notion, that nothing can be pleasing or beautiful that is not strictly according to rule. Now, there is a monument to Nelson—the glorious Nelson—before you; but, handsome as it is, and suitable as it is to a naval hero, in an important sea-port town, and standing on the high mart of foreign commerce, yet I will not allow you to look at it, for it is not strictly correct according to the code critical. By the by, did you ever see that funny affair that the Birmingham gentlemen put up in memory of the same great man? Living so far inland, they did not perfectly understand what a sailor was like, but they made a little gentleman in black, and having heard of the green sea, they set him up in business in their market-place as a green-grocer, being the nearest approach to the green sea that their imagination could suggest—what the devil business had Nelson in a market-place?—they might as well have made him a button-maker!—but, come along to the Zoological Gardens;" and again taking my arm, and before I was aware whither we were going, Peter and I were *tête-à-tête* with a lion.

"He is a noble animal!" said I.

"He's up to snuff," said Peter.

He then insinuated his box of Lundy Foot, without the lid, cautiously into the lion's cage, gently obtruding it upon the lion's notice with the end of his stick.

The lion, on seeing it, went leisurely to it, and took a hearty snuff, as if he had been a snuff-taker from his infancy; the cage echoed with a tremendous sneeze, and presently with another, and a third; and he then shook his head, and his eyes watered, and he looked very like an old gentleman maudlin drunk. Again he sneezed; and being impatient at the pungency and inconvenience, he gave vent to his anger in a fearful roar, which attracted the attention of the keepers and visitors, and induced them to come towards us.

Peter Schlemihl observed their movement, and, again taking me by the arm, we were once more on the *pavé*, and strolling up Bold Street, on our way, as Peter said, to St. James's Cemetery![1]

"Rather a solemn place for a lounge?" said I.

"That's all you know of the matter!" replied Peter; "really, you men that live in the country and eat vegetables have extraordinary notions! Why, some people consider it a very interesting and agreeable scene. By the by, I met a friend one day last summer, who excused himself for not taking a walk, by saying that his brother-in-law was come to Liverpool in the last stage of consumption, and he was going to take him a ride by way of amusing him. 'And where are you going to take the poor gentleman?' I enquired. 'To the cemetery,' answered he, 'it is as agreeable a place as any I know.' I was amused at the idea of taking a dying man to the cemetery by way of amusing him, and was at the trouble to go there myself to see if the fact would be as stated; and sure enough my friend and his brother-in-law made their appearance, the latter more dead than alive. He, however, said he was much amused, and he seemed to take such a fancy to the place, that, in a fortnight afterwards, he was provided with permanent lodgings there. So you see," added Peter, "every body is not exactly of your opinion."

We walked round, and, in the course of the lounge, met thirteen incipient Byrons, aged from fifteen to nineteen, each with a broad shirt-collar turned down, and open at the front, to show the throttle, with a black bandana tied sailor-wise.

Four were smoking cigars—real lighted cigars—the puppies! five held between their teeth imitation cigars, coloured brown, and painted red at the end to appear like fire, and white to appear like ashes—the greater puppies! The remainder were innocent of cigar, either real or imitative.

They all looked melancholy, bilious, and saffron-coloured, and appeared to have been picking out their respective situations in the cemetery.

"This beautiful cemetery," said I, "is an admirable adaptation of the old stone quarry, and some of the inscriptions on the stones are very affecting."

"No doubt they are," replied Peter Schlemihl, "to such a spoon as you; but have you yet to learn that in a churchyard no person is allowed to have any other than a good character? Death connects the most contemptible animals that ever blood warmed into tender fathers—affectionate husbands—faithful wives—dutiful children, and such like. The church and the churchyard is the only place to acquire a good character graven in stone. Try your hand at giving some scoundrel his due in his epitaph—venture to write upon a gravestone that on such a day such a person died, well known to all his friends and acquaintances as the greatest rascal that his parish contained; excelling all men in his several vocations of swindler, perjurer, and thief. Try your hand at that, and see how many will step forward to prevent your telling the truth. If you persist in your experiment, you will very soon find yourself doing penance in a white sheet, my gentleman! for saying any thing but good of the dead."

Peter's morality appeared to evaporate with the last sentence; and, slipping his arm in mine, we left the cemetery, and went the shortest way to the Custom-house.

Business was in its heyday, and the rooms were consequently crowded; and I was horrified almost to fainting when I heard Peter Schlemihl, very calmly and deliberately, and with great distinctness of voice, ask me to reach a great spring clock, which was suspended against a wall, and put it in his pocket!

I looked at him to see if I could discover whether he really was in earnest, but he repeated his request in a tone that seemed to say that he would be obeyed, and muttered something about a policeman, and I felt that I had no alternative but to comply. I got upon a desk and reached down the abominable clock, and to my surprise it slipped easily into his pocket, and to my greater surprise, no one in the room took notice of the transaction!

I hastened out of the place, determined to get away and return to Seacombe, when, turning my head, I found, to my grief and amazement, that I was accompanied by Peter Schlemihl!

He gave me a knowing look; and as we trudged on, shoulder to shoulder, "This is a nice clock we've got," said he.

I was ready to drop with vexation, but it

[1] See Mirror, No. 937, vol. xxxiii.

was of no use—it did not in the least disturb the equanimity of Peter Schlemihl.

"Stop!" said he, at length, seizing me by the shoulder—"it is worse than useless to waste our wind in this way. I am going to smoke a cigar—will you have one? it is a real good one."

I was grown desperate, and was glad of any thing for a change; so I took a cigar and began to smoke furiously.

In this mood we went on together, both smoking; but, in my confusion of mind, I was led by Peter Schlemihl past the proper place of embarkation for Seacombe, and as we were proceeding along Bath Street, he put the finish to my distress and rage, by sticking his lighted cigar into a cart-load of hemp that was being discharged at a warehouse.

Instantly the whole was in a blaze—the warehouse took fire—the fire-engines were called for—a crowd collected—a body of police appeared—search commenced for the incendiary—and, to escape from the consequences of this diabolical act of my companion, I made the best of my way to the river side, and jumped into the first thing I came to in the shape of a boat, trembling from head to foot, and seeing nothing but the gallows before me.

"Are you ready to start again?" said Peter.

"Start again! where?" I replied.

"On our walk," said Peter, "surely it is not over yet?"

"Not over yet?" I answered: "if ever any man catches me again walking with you, Peter Schlemihl, I'll give him leave to call me the wandering Jew!"

"Oh! that is your determination, is it?" said he; "very well, be it so, my fine fellow. In that case I will take my departure, leaving you this token of remembrance,"—saying which, he got up and jumped full five feet high, alighting with his two heavy heels immediately upon my toes, and then deliberately walked out of the room, impudently winking his eye at me as he went through the door-way.

The cruel agony of that jump made me roar out, and roll off my chair upon the ground from very pain; and my wife, awaking at the noise, raised me up, and inquired what was the matter.

"That Peter Schlemihl!" said I,—"that infernal Peter Schlemihl! he has lamed me for life!"

"Peter Schlemihl!" exclaimed my wife, "you are dreaming!"

I, however, knew better, and rang the bell, and enquired for Peter Schlemihl; but whether the waiter was in his confidence, or whether Peter Schlemihl had managed to make his entrance and his exit without being perceived, I do not know, but the waiter certainly denied all knowledge of Peter Schlemihl!

I then detailed the whole of my adventures to my wife, commencing with the first obtrusion of Peter Schlemihl into the room, and ending with his jumping upon my toes when he took his final departure.

Still she said it was but a dream!

I then rang the bell, and requested the attendance of Mr. Parry, and every man and woman servant in the house. I described Peter Schlemihl, and I begged of Mr. Parry that he would search about the premises for him, and desire that stout gentleman, Mr. Smith, to prevent his going away by any of the packets. "You will be sure to find him," said I, "and he has got the Custom-house clock in his pocket." But stout Mr. Smith avers that he has not yet received threepence from him, and to this hour he remains undiscovered, which is to me very remarkable.

I suffered such torment in my feet, that I soon afterwards went to bed, but not to sleep.

A surgeon (a medical gentleman, the cant phrases for one of those bundles of cruelty) was immediately called in, and, in looking at my toes, he significantly said, "It is the gout!"

Wishing to undeceive him, I gave him a minute narrative of all I had endured—told him the various stampings and squeezings to which I had been a martyr, and the savage jump with which the brute treated me when he took himself away!

"It is all a dream!" said my wife.

"It is dispepsia and night-mare," said the doctor, "and the result is the gout!"

Whilst I contend, with all the confidence of truth, that my ramble with Peter Schlemihl was a real and *bonâ fide* ramble!

Which do you think is right?"

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.—No. 13. Chapman and Hall.

[THE never-tiring and ever-fascinating Boz seems determined to convince the world the resources of his inventive genius are inexhaustible by the 13th number of his "Nicholas Nickleby," which is full of the most amusing and exhilarating incidents: we here select two or three rich "bits," told in the author's peculiar manner.]

Mrs. Nickleby and the Roast Pig.

"Kate, my dear," said Mrs. Nickleby; "I don't know how it is, but a fine warm summer day like this, with the birds singing in every direction, always puts me in mind of roast pig, with sage and onion sauce and made gravy."

"That's a curious association of ideas, is it not, mamma?"

"Upon my word, my dear, I don't know," replied Mrs. Nickleby. "Roast pig—let me see. On the day five weeks after you

were christened, we had a roast—no that couldn't have been a pig either, because I recollect there were a pair of them to carve, and your poor papa and I could never have thought of sitting down to two pigs—they must have been partridges. Roast pig! I hardly think we ever could have had one, now I come to remember, for your papa could never bear the sight of them in the shops, and used to say that they always put him in mind of very little babies, only the pigs had much fairer complexions; and he had a horror of little babies, too, because he couldn't very well afford any increase to his family, and had a natural dislike to the subject. It's very odd now, what can put that in my head. I recollect dining once at Mrs. Bevan's, in that broad street, round the corner by the coach-maker's, where the tipsy man fell through the cellar-flap of an empty house, nearly a week before quarter-day, and wasn't found 'till the new tenant went in—and we had roast pig there. It must be that, I think, that reminds me of it, especially as there was a little bird in the room that would keep on singing all the time of dinner—at least, not a little bird, for it was a parrot, and he didn't sing exactly, for he talked and swore dreadfully; but I think it must be that. Indeed I am sure it must. Shouldn't you say so, my dear?"

"I should say there was not a doubt about it, mamma," returned Kate, with a cheerful smile.

"No; but *do* you think so, Kate," said Mrs. Nickleby, with as much gravity as if it were a question of the most imminent and thrilling interest. "If you don't, say so at once, you know; because it's just as well to be correct, particularly on a point of this kind, which is very curious and worth settling while one thinks about it."

Mrs. Nickleby's Suitors.

"Oh yes!" said Kate, "I remember. I was going to ask, mamma, before you were married, had you many suitors?"

"Suitors, my dear!" cried Mrs. Nickleby, with a smile of wonderful complacency. "First and last, Kate, I must have had a dozen at least."

"Mamma!" returned Kate, in a tone of remonstrance.

"I had indeed, my dear," said Mrs. Nickleby; "not including your poor papa, or a young gentleman who used to go at that time to the same dancing-school, and who *would* send gold watches and bracelets to our house in gilt-edged paper, (which were always returned,) and who afterwards unfortunately went out to Botany Bay in a cadet ship—a convict ship I mean—and escaped into a bush and killed sheep, (I don't know how they got there,) and was going to be hung, only he accidentally choked himself, and the government pardoned him. Then there was young Lukin," said Mrs. Nickleby, beginning with her left thumb, and checking off the names on her fingers—"Mogley—Tipslark—Cabbery—Smifser——"

Having now reached her little finger, Mrs. Nickleby was carrying the account over to the other hand, when a loud "Hem!" which appeared to come from the very foundation of the garden wall, gave both herself and her daughter a violent start.

Declaration of love by the gentleman next door to Mrs. Nickleby.

As Kate rose from her seat in some alarm, and caught her mother's hand to run with her into the house, she felt herself rather retarded than assisted in her intention; and, following the direction of Mrs. Nickleby's eyes, was quite terrified by the apparition of an old black velvet cap, which, by slow degrees, as if its wearer were ascending a ladder or pair of steps, rose above the wall dividing their garden from that of the next cottage, (which, like their own, was a detached building,) and was gradually followed by a very large head, and an old face, in which were a pair of most extraordinary grey eyes, very wild, very wide open, and rolling in their sockets with a dull, languishing, and leering look, most ugly to behold.

"Mamma!" cried Kate, really terrified for the moment, "why do you stop, why do you lose an instant?—Mamma, pray come in!"

"What do you want, sir?" said Mrs. Nickleby, addressing the intruder with a sort of simpering displeasure. "How dare you look into this garden?"

"Queen of my soul," replied the stranger, folding his hands together, "this goblet sip."

"Nonsense, sir," said Mrs. Nickleby. "Kate, my love, pray be quiet."

"Won't you sip the goblet?" urged the stranger, with his head imploringly on one side, and his right hand on his breast. "Oh, do sip the goblet!"

"I shall not consent to do anything of the kind, sir," said Mrs. Nickleby, with a haughty air. "Pray, begone."

"Why is it," said the old gentleman, coming up a step higher, and leaning his elbows on the wall, with as much complacency as if he were looking out of window, "why is it that beauty is always obdurate, even when admiration is as honourable and respectful as mine?" Here he smiled, kissed his hand, and made several low bows. "Is it owing to the bees, who, when the honey season is over, and they are supposed to have been killed with brimstone, in reality fly to Barbary and lull the captive Moors to sleep with their drowsy songs? Or is it," he added, dropping his voice almost to a whisper, "in consequence of the statue at Charing Cross having been lately seen on the Stock Ex-

change at midnight, walk arm-in-arm with the Pump from Aldgate, in a riding habit?"

"Mamma," murmured Kate, "do you hear him?"

"Hush, my dear!" replied Mrs. Nickleby, in the same tone of voice, "he is very polite, and I think that was a quotation from the poets. Pray, don't worry me so — you'll pinch my arm black and blue. Go away, sir."

"Quite away?" said the gentleman, with a languishing look, "Oh! quite away?"

"Yes," returned Mrs. Nickleby, "certainly. You have no business here. This is private property, sir; you ought to know that."

"I do know," said the old gentleman, laying his finger on his nose with an air of familiarity most reprehensible, "that this is a sacred and enchanted spot, where the most divine charms."—here he kissed his hand and bowed again — "waft mellifluousness over the neighbours' gardens, and force the fruit and vegetables into premature existence. That fact I am acquainted with. But will you permit me, fairest creature, to ask you one question, in the absence of the planet Venus, who has gone on business to the Horse Guards, and would otherwise—jealous of your superior charms—interpose between us?"

"If you will conduct yourself, sir, like the gentleman which I should imagine you to be from your language and—and—appearance, (quite the counterpart of your grandpapa, Kate, my dear, in his best days,) and will put your question to me in plain words, I will answer it."

If Mrs. Nickleby's excellent papa had borne, in his best days, a resemblance to the neighbour now looking over the wall, he must have been, to say the least, a very queer-looking old gentleman in his prime. Perhaps Kate thought so, for she ventured to glance at his living portrait with some attention, as he took off his black velvet cap, and, exhibiting a perfectly bald head, made a long series of bows, each accompanied with a fresh kiss of the hand. After exhausting himself, to all appearance, with this fatiguing performance, he covered his head once more, pulled the cap very carefully over the tips of his ears, and resuming his former attitude, said,

"The question is—"

Here he broke off to look round in every direction, and satisfy himself beyond all doubt that there were no listeners near. Assured that there were not, he tapped his nose several times, accompanying the action with a cunning look, as though congratulating himself on his caution; and stretching out his neck, said in a loud whisper,

"Are you a princess?"

"You are mocking me, sir," replied Mrs. Nickleby, making a feint of retreating towards the house.

"No, but are you?" said the old gentleman.

"You know I am not, sir," replied Mrs. Nickleby.

"Then are you any relation to the Archbishop of Canterbury?" inquired the old gentleman with great anxiety, "or to the Pope of Rome? or the Speaker of the House of Commons? Forgive me, if I am wrong, but I was told you were niece to the Commissioners of Paving, and daughter-in-law to the Lord Mayor and Court of Common Council, which would account for your relationship to all three."

"Whoever has spread such reports, sir," returned Mrs. Nickleby, with some warmth, "has taken great liberties with my name, and one which I am sure my son Nicholas, if he was aware of it, would not allow for an instant. The idea!" said Mrs. Nickleby, drawing herself up, "niece to the Commissioners of Paving!"

"Pray, mamma, come away!" whispered Kate.

"'Pray, mamma!' Nonsense, Kate," said Mrs. Nickleby, angrily, "but that's just the way. If they had said I was niece to a piping bullfinch, what would you care? But I have no sympathy" — whimpered Mrs. Nickleby, "I don't expect it, that's one thing."

"Tears!" cried the old gentleman, with such an energetic jump, that he fell down two or three steps, and grated his chin against the wall. "Catch the crystal globules—catch 'em—bottle 'em up—cork 'em tight—put sealing wax on the top—seal 'em with a cupid—label 'em 'Best quality'—and stow 'em away in the fourteen bins, with a bar of iron on the top to keep the thunder off!"

Issuing these commands, as if there were a dozen attendants all actively engaged in their execution, he turned his velvet cap inside out, put it on with great dignity so as to obscure his right eye and three-fourths of his nose, and sticking his arms a-kimbo, looked very fiercely at a sparrow hard by, till the bird flew away, when he put his cap in his pocket with an air of great satisfaction, and addressed himself with a respectful demeanour to Mrs. Nickleby.

"Beautiful madam," such were his words —"if I have made any mistake with regard to your family or connexions, I humbly beseech you to pardon me.—If I supposed you to be related to Foreign Powers or Native Boards, it is because you have a manner, a carriage, a dignity, which you will excuse my saying that none but yourself (with the single exception perhaps of the tragic muse, when playing extemporaneously on the barrel organ before the East India company,) can parallel. I am not a youth, ma'am, as you see; and although beings like you can never

grow old, I venture to presume that we are fitted for each other."

"Really, Kate, my love!" said Mrs. Nickleby faintly, and looking another way.

"I have estates, ma'am," said the old gentleman, flourishing his right hand negligently, as if he made very light of such matters, and speaking very fast; "jewels, light-houses, fish-ponds, a whalery of my own in the North Sea, and several oyster-beds of great profit in the Pacific Ocean. If you will have the kindness to step down to the Royal Exchange and to take the cocked hat off the stoutest beadle's head, you will find my card in the lining of the crown, wrapped up in a piece of blue paper. My walking-stick is also to be seen on application to the chaplain of the House of Commons, who is strictly forbidden to take any money for showing it. I have enemies about me, ma'am," he looked towards his house and spoke very low, "who attack me on all occasions, and wish to secure my property. If you bless me with your hand and heart, you can apply to the Lord Chancellor or call out the military if necessary—sending my toothpick to the commander-in-chief will be sufficient—and so clear the house of them before the ceremony is performed. After that, love, bliss and rapture; rapture, love and bliss. Be mine, be mine."

Repeating these last words with great rapture and enthusiasm, the old gentleman put on his black velvet cap again, and looking up into the sky in a hasty manner, said something that was not quite intelligible concerning a balloon he expected, and which was rather after its time.

"Be mine, be mine," cried the old gentleman. "Gog and Magog, Gog and Magog. Be mine, be mine!"

"It will be sufficient for me to say, sir," resumed Mrs. Nickleby, with perfect seriousness—"and I am sure you'll see the propriety of taking an answer and going away—that I have made up mind to remain a widow, and to devote myself to my children. You may may not suppose I am the mother of two children—indeed many people have doubted it, and said that nothing on earth could ever make 'em believe it possible—but it is the case, and they are both grown up. We shall be very glad to have you for a neighbour—very glad; delighted, I'm sure—but in any other character it's quite impossible, quite. As to my being young enough to marry again, that perhaps may be so, or it may not be; but I couldn't think of it for an instant, not on any account whatever. I said I never would, and I never will. It's a very painful thing to have to reject proposals, and I would much rather that none were made; at the same time this is the answer that I determined long ago to make, and this is the answer I shall always give."

THE ASIATIC JOURNAL. April 1839; No. CXII. W. H. Allan & Co.

[THE number for this month contains many important notices of the progress of society in the East, together with several highly interesting translations; among them the following tale, abounding in that beautiful allegory, pathos and sentiment, so predominent in the works of Asiatic writers.—it is entitled:]

The Famine: a tale from the Bostan.

THERE raged, one year, such a famine* in Damascus, that friends forgot the ties of friendship.

So niggardly had the heavens become towards earth, that neither sown-field nor palm-tree had their lips refreshed with moisture.

The ancient fountains were dried up, and no water remained save the orphans' tears!

If any smoke arose from a chimney, it was but the widow's sigh!

I saw the trees stript and bare, like the destitute Darwesh: the strong-of-arm relaxed, and the vigorous reduced to distress.

No verdure on the mountain—no green shoot in the garden: the locust had devoured the orchard, and man the locust.†

In this state, a friend appeared before me, with nothing but skin left upon his bones.

I was struck with amazement, inasmuch as he was a person of rank, and ample means, and substance.

To him I said, "Oh, worthy friend, tell me what calamity has befallen thee?"

He was offended, and replied, "Whither is thy reason fled? When thou knowest, and yet askest, thy question is to be blamed.

"Seest thou not that distress has come to its height—that calamity has reached its summit?

"Neither does the rain fall from heaven, nor the sigh of him who crieth for help mount up thither."

I said to him, "At the worst, cause for anxiety *you* have none: the poison is mortal only *there*, where the antidote is not at hand.

"Though others are perishing of inanition, you are wealthy. What has a duck to fear from a deluge?"‡

The enlightened man gazed on me with that look of pity and concern which a sage bestows upon a simpleton.

"O my friend," said he, "although a man be on shore, he reposes not at ease while his comrades are sinking in the wave.

"It is not on account of my own destitu-

* Strictly "drought," which, however, scarcely conveys, with sufficient force, to an English reader, an idea of the miseries occasioned by such a visitation in Eastern countries.

† Locusts are eaten in the east: they are generally fried in butter, like fish, which they are said closely to resemble in taste. Several species of locusts are expressly mentioned in Levit., ch. xi., v. 22, among the things permitted to be eaten, under the Mosaic dispensation. See also Mat., ch. iii., v. 4.

‡ This seems to be a proverbial expression.

tion that my face is sallow: it is sympathy with the destitute that has blanched my cheek.

"The man of feeling likes not to behold a sore on the body of a fellow-creature, any more than on his own.

"Praised be God, that although I am myself unscathed, my frame trembles with emotion when I behold a wound upon my neighbour!

"The enjoyment of him that is sound in health is troubled, by whose side is stretched the enfeebled victim of disease.

"When I see that the poor Darwesh has not eaten, the morsel turns, on my own palate, to poison and pain.

"How can he, whose friends are in a dungeon, any longer find enjoyment in his garden?"

Fine Arts.

MR. E. T. PARRIS'S PICTURE OF THE CORONATION.

MR. PARRIS having just finished his picture of the Coronation of the Queen, we were invited to a private view on Tuesday last. It is a specimen of great merit, not only as a brilliant display of British art, but also as a critically-correct representation of a great historical event.

It is a remarkable circumstance, that the sun did not 'shine forth' on that memorable day, until Howell, Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, was about to place the crown of England upon the head of our youthful Queen: and this was the auspicious moment happily chosen by Mr. Parris.

Her Majesty is seated in King Edward's chair, in her splendid Dalmatic robes: on her right stands the graceful and lovely-looking Duchess of Sutherland; behind whom may be noticed Her Majesty's train-bearers; and further on to the right, Lord Melbourne and other ministers of state; Dukes of Sussex and Cambridge, Duchess of Kent, &c. On the left the Archbishop of Canterbury is seen, whose purple robe, richly embroidered with gold, harmonizing delightfully with the imposing dress of the Bishop of Bath and Wells, and the splendid robes of the Duke of Richmond. In addition to the above illustrious characters, are those of the various foreign ambassadors, and many of the female nobility; in all there are seventy-seven portraits.

The judicious grouping of the figures—the splendour of the gorgeous scene—the vividness of the colouring; the fidelity of the portraits; and the representation of the vapour arising from the heated state of the Abbey, are all worthy of the highest commendation: but what renders this picture truly valuable, and gives it an irresistible charm, is, the extreme correctness that has been observed throughout, even in the most *minute* particulars: the various dresses; the shapes and colours of the numerous jewels, are given with faithful adherance; being all drawn from those worn by the illustrious personages on that occasion; the original sketches of which we have had the pleasure of witnessing.

This splendid work of art was painted for Mr. Moon, the spirited printseller, who has engaged an artist of the first talent, to engrave a print from it, on a very large scale, which we have no doubt will amply repay him, for it is a subject that will engrave well.

The Gatherer.

In the year 1457, a proclamation was issued by Henry the Eighth, "that women should not meet together to babble and talk, and that all men should keep their wives in their house."

Aaron Burr's Opinion of the English.—In England you see no expression painted on the visage at a concert. All is sombre and grim. They cry bravo! bravissimo! with the same countenance as they curse their servants and their government.

A cube of gold, of little more than five inches on each side, contains the value of £10,000. sterling.

Apples marked with the impression of a leaf are sold in the bazaars of Persia. To produce this impression, a leaf of some flower or shrub is glued or fastened with a thread on several parts of the fruit, while yet growing; the apple gradually ripens, and all that the sun reaches becomes red; the parts covered by the leaves remaining of a pale green or yellow colour.

Poetry often the Precursor and Nurse of Science.—To them that, professing learning, inveigh against poetry, may justly be objected, that they go very near to ungratefulness, to seek to deface that, which in the noblest nations and languages that are known, hath been the first light given to ignorance, and first nurse, whose milk, by little and little, enabled them to feed afterwards of tougher knowledge.—*Sir Philip Sydney.*

A narrow Come-off.—Sheridan having declined walking out with an elderly maiden lady, on the pretence of bad weather, was met by the lady afterwards walking by himself. "So Mr Sheridan," said she, "it has cleared up." "Yes, madam," said he, "enough for one, but not enough for two."

Pleasure a Cheat.—We should have a care of drinking too much; for pleasure, to deceive us, marches before, and conceals her train.—*Montaigne.*

LONDON: Printed and published by J. LEMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.—In PARIS, by all the Booksellers.—In FRANCFORT, CHARLES, JUGEL.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 944.] SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1839. [Price 2d.

THE RESIDENCE OF THE LATE JAMES WOOD, ESQ.,

THE WEALTHY BANKER, OF GLOUCESTER.

Places of abode of remarkable persons, have at all times been objects of much interest; for they give evidence of the character of the occupants; showing their taste, their eccentricities, meanness, or prodigality. And certainly among the numerous Remarkables of late years, no residence has gained more notoriety than the abode of the late James Wood, Esq., of Gloucester; the application of whose property has recently given the gentlemen of the long robe so much employment: with that we have nothing to do; all that falls within our province, is to present a faithful view of the "Gloucester City Old Bank," the house wherein the celebrated "Jemmy Wood," amassed such immense wealth; and of whose peculiarities the public have become acquainted, by the numerous curious traditions that have issued from the press; we have, therefore, little left to perform, than to state, that Mr. Wood was born in the city of Gloucester, on the 7th of October, 1756: he descended from the ancient and highly respectable family of the Woods of Brockthrop Court, in the county of Gloucester, who at all times distinguished themselves for their loyalty. Certain it also is, that the family have, to the death of the subject of this memoir, been eminent for their high respectability and wealth.

The "Gloucester City Old Bank" was founded by James Wood, Esq., grandfather of its late proprietor, in the year 1716, and was the most ancient private bank in England, with the exception of Messrs. Childs', of Fleet-street, London.

Mr. Wood died at his above residence, April 20, 1836, in the 80th year of his age.

A DAUGHTER'S GIFT TO HER FATHER, ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

WRITTEN BY ANDREW PARK,

Author of "The Bridegroom and the Bride," "Vision of Mankind," &c. &c. &c.

(For the Mirror.)

Respectfully Dedicated to Mrs. Thomas Littlewood.

She loved her father, and look'd up to him,
Even as the flower looks up in loveliness
To him who reared it in the cultured bower:—
Who water'd its young germ, and inly sighed,
When the loud blast, unmindful of its bloom,—
Blew all unkindly on its fragile form,
So did she love her father; for she knew
He was the guardian of her infant years;
And thus again, like the fair flower pourtray'd,
Gave beauty for his kindness!
Not alone
That outward beauty, which all flowers disclose,
While opening first the freshness of their hues,
To smile with rapture in the radiant sun,
And with external loveliness entice
The passing throng to linger and admire!—
But that sweet love, which look'd minutely on,
But smiles the more intrinsically sweet,
Diffusing inuate worth with bashfulness,
Like the chaste rose-bud in the dew-bright morn!

She heard her father of his birth-day speak,
While in kind converse with a faithful friend;
Heard him, in joyful sadness, too, relate
His boyish feuds; his playfulness and mirth,
And, at each pause, remember some one lost
In the dark shadows of an early grave!
Whose buoyant spirit added joy and life
To every ramble o'er the verdant lawn;
Who also roused him in the balmy morn,
When shade and sunshine fall like bliss around;
Thus fond recalling, from oblivion's womb,
The long-lost gems that sleep unnoticed there;
Musing with retrospection on the past,—
When youth walk'd like a sunbeam among flowers!

'Twas thus she watch'd him, though he knew it not,
With an inquiring glance that deeply scans
The latent language of the loving breast;
Learning that he who laugh'd at boyish sports,—
At all the sinless mischiefs of that age,
Had not forgot, he was himself a child,
And, therefore, could forgive her little faults,
And smile on them, as now upon his own!

She form'd a wish, a secret of her own!
The life of which lay in concealing it!
And, as the youthful bosom soon expands,—
The warm idea, as it sprung to birth,
Was almost too puissant for her soul,—
So wing'd it was with gladness and with love!
Yet, did she struggle with its eager wings,
Until she bound each golden pinion down!

Slow wander'd aged Time with feeble step,
As though, grown weary of his ancient reign—
He ne'er would bring the happy birth-day round!
Meantime the tiny purse was valued o'er
Day after day, and as the sum increased,
So also magnified the glowing wish,
To make the offering greater, and when night
With soothing fingers closed her starry eyes,
Bright visions filled the palace of her mind,
Too pure, too fleet, too exquisite to leave
A meteor-memory of their passive bliss,
All blazing forth the gift of gratitude—
Sweet gratitude! The noblest love the soul
Can give for its salvation!
Now each day
Her gentle thoughts dwelt on the great result,
And as she walk'd abroad inquiringly,
Too many objects met her longing look,
Above her measured means!
At last she fixed,—
Fix'd at the extent of all her treasure, too,—
Purchased the gift, conceal'd it carefully,
And when the birth-day of her father came,
Rush'd to him, with the ardour of a child,
And placed the priceless present in his hands.

'Twas not the intrinsic value of the gift,
That made it princely, precious and esteem'd!
But the endear'd affection of his child,
Which trill'd the silver strings around the heart!—
Then roll'd a tear of gladness from his eye,
Which wash'd away each care she e'er incurr'd!

THE TWENTIETH ODE OF ANACREON.

"Ai Movσai τον Ερωτα."

(For the Mirror.)

Once the Muses caught a rover,
Love—that universal lover,
With garlands bound, a prisoner made,
To Beauty's care their prize conveyed;
Then Venus came, suffused in tears,
The goddess all o'ercome appears,
With offerings sweet to ransom Love;
But lo! the urchin will not move.
Teach me, he cries, to serve and live,
Obedient to the laws you give;
But not from Beauty will I part,
For any ransom of the heart.

Vera.

THE HAREBELL.

(For the Mirror.)

Beside the church-yard's grassy tombs,
Waving aloft in summer air;
A little azure flow'r there blooms,
To me most fair.

It watches fondly o'er the dead
Who calmly sleep in peace below,
And gracefully it bends its head,
In morning's glow.

It is the Harebell: and I pray,
That it's blue flowers may o'er me wave,
When parted from this life—I lay
Within my grave.

Henry Raymond.

THE PILGRIM CHILD.*

A stranger child, one winter eve,
Knocked at a cottage maiden's door;
"A pilgrim at your hearth receive—
Hark! how the mountain-torrents roar!"
But ere the latch was raised, "Forbear!"
Cried the pale parent from above;
"The pilgrim child, that's weeping there,
Is Love!"

The spring-tide came, and once again,
With garlands crown'd, a laughing child
Knock'd at the maiden's casement pane,
And whispered "Let me in," and smiled.
The casement soon was opened wide—
The stars shone bright the bower above;
And lo! the maiden's couch beside
Stood Love!

And smiles, and sighs, and kisses sweet,
Beguiled brief Summer's careless hours;
And Autumn, Labour's sons to greet,
Came forth, with corn, and fruit, and flowers,
But why grew pale her cheek with grief?
Why watched she the bright stars above?
Some one had stole her heart—the thief
Was Love!

And Winter came, and hopes, and fears,
Alternate swelled her virgin breast;
But none were there to dry her tears,
Or hush her anxious cares to rest.
And often as she oped the door,
Roared the wild torrent from above;
But never to her cottage more
Came Love!

* From *Minstrel Melodies*. Longman & Co.

PHENOMENA OF NATURE.

THEORIES OF THE EARTH'S SUBSTANCE.

The opinions of the ancients regarding the form and substance of the earth, were various; and, as might be naturally expected, in their ignorance and excited imagination, many of their hypotheses were of a wild and fanciful description. The Eastern philosophers, and those of Greece, were fond of speculating as to the primary qualities and ultimate agglomeration of the elementary atoms or particles of which the globe is composed. Some of our modern philosophers have been equally erratic in their conceptions of it. By some this material ball is considered to be a solid, dull, inert mass, surrounded by a luminous atmosphere; by others it is conceived to be a hollow sphere, filled with light, pure and etherial; while a third class suppose it to be a cooling star, still molten at the centre. This last is the theory of M. Cordier, a celebrated French Sçavan; and not a few, particularly in France, have adopted his views on the subject. Kepler at one time entertained the extravagant idea that the earth is a living animal, and that the ebbing and flowing of the sea are merely the effect of its respiration!

So conflicting and curious, indeed, are the theories respecting the substance of which the earth is composed, that Dr. Buckland was induced to quote some of them in his Bridgewater Treatise; and we may extract the following four as the least whimsical of the series:—

"The earth," says Burnet, "was first invested with an uniform light crust, which covered the abyss of the sea, and which being broken up for the production of the deluge, formed the mountains by its fragments."—*Theoria Sacra.*

"The earth is an extinguished sun, a vitrified globe, on which the vapours falling down again, after it had cooled, formed seas, which afterwards deposited the limestone formation."—*Leibnitz Protogæ.*

"The earth was a fragment of the sun, struck off red-hot by the blow of a comet, together with all the other planets, which were also red-hot fragments. The age of the world, then, can be calculated from the number of years which it would take to cool so large a mass from a red-hot, down to its present temperature. But it is of course growing colder every year, and, as well as the other planets, must finally be a globe of ice."—*Buffon Theorie.*

"All things were originally fluid. The waters gave birth to microscopic insects; the insects, in the course of ages, magnified themselves into the larger animals; the animals, in the course of ages, converted another portion into clay! These two substances, in the course of ages, converted themselves into silex, and thus the silicious mountains are the oldest of all. All the solid parts of the earth, therefore, owe their existence to life, and without life the globe would still be entirely liquid."—*Lamark.* This, too, is the favourite mode among the German philosophers, of accounting for the formation and filling of the world.

As to the form of the earth, there can be now very little difference of opinion. Its true figure is that of an oblate spheroid—that is, a body approaching to the form of a sphere, or globe, but not exactly round. This has been long since satisfactorily ascertained, and is now universally recognised.

The discovery of a high temperature in the interior of the earth no doubt suggested the idea that the ground on which we tread is but the crust of a cooling star; and many circumstances tend to give countenance to the theory; particularly the existence of thermal springs, the eruptions of volcanos, and the occurrence of earthquakes.

Thermal, or warm-water springs, are found in almost every latitude. They abound on the continent of Europe; they occur also in Asia, Africa, and North and South America; but the most remarkable of these phenomena are the boiling fountains of Iceland. Thermal waters are very various in their composition; in the greater part saline substances predominate; some are gaseous, others ferugenous, others sulphureous, and a few have, on analysis, been discovered to be highly impregnated with iodine. They are also very different in their temperatures; varying from a few degrees above the surrounding atmosphere to the boiling point. Their distinctive composition is acquired from the particular substances through which they have percolated, or over which they have passed in their descent through the mineral strata of the earth; minute particles of which they hold in solution. The cause of their increased temperature has long been a contested point in physical science. Many intelligent natural philosophers ascribe it to beds of limestone over which the waters had run, others, and amongst the rest, the ingenious Borden, to the agency of subterrene fire.

Undoubtedly, the theory which attributes the increase of temperature to subterraneous fire, is the most philosophical of all the theories that have been broached on this point; and the recent experiments of Dubuisson and Cordier, for ascertaining the temperature of mines of various depths, having proved that the farther we descend into the interior of the earth the higher is the temperature; and that the water, which has filtered to these depths, is uniformly found to be of a like increased heat, would seem to corroborate this theory.

Volcanos, with a few exceptions, are found to take place in those mountainous groups which are situated in the neigh-

bourhood of seas, or extensive sheets of salt water. Volcanic mountains, standing in the interior of the European continent, at a distance from the influence of the present ocean or lakes, such as those scattered over the central regions of France, Silesia, Bohemia, Hungary, and Transylvania, have long been in a state of inactivity; but taking into calculation the changes which may have been effected upon the surface of the earth since the period at which they were in action, it is probable that they were then either within a short distance of the sea, or in the vicinity of lakes or other masses of water. From the striking similarity which subsists between the lavas and substances ejected from the craters of volcanos, and the rocks of the primitive and transition series, it is conjectured that the focus of volcanic action must be at a great depth below the surface, and near to, if not at, the nucleus of the globe. It is certain, that if these ejected materials were situated near the surface, the enormous quantities which have been discharged would, long ere this time, have levelled the mountain with the plain. But the volcanic products of Vesuvius, altogether, far exceed the magnitude of the mountain; and several of the Coulées of Mount Etna measure four miles in breadth by sixteen in length, and one is from fifty to a hundred feet in thickness; and yet these mountains have suffered no visible diminution. The earlier writers on geology suppose the mighty cause of these powerful and wonderful effects to be the spontaneous ignition of beds of coal, sulphur, and other inflammable substances, which are found among the secondary or superficial strata. This, however, is a cause which is utterly inadequate to produce effects so great and extraordinary, and can in no way account for the concomitant awfully disastrous phenomena of earthquakes.

Dr. Charles Daubeny, of Oxford, and Sir Humphrey Davy, were of opinion, that the volcanic heat depends upon the oxydation of the metals of the earth on an extensive scale, in immense subterranean cavities, to which water or atmospheric air may gain access; but the latter candidly acknowledged that the hypothesis, of the nucleus of the globe being composed of matter liquified by heat, offers a far more simple solution of volcanic phenomena. This, as we have stated, is the theory of M. Cordier; who, having devoted much time and attention to the investigation of the rival theories, concerning the aqueous and igneous original fluidity of the earth, is considered to have made, after numerous experiments in deep mines, the discovery of the fact, of the existence of a subterranean heat peculiar to the terrestrial globe, and which has belonged to it since the beginning, totally independent of the solar rays, and increasing rapidly with the depth.

M. Cordier embodied his opinions and demonstrations in a treatise, which was read, for the first time, before the Royal Society of Sciences at Paris, in the year 1827, when it excited great interest, and was received with unusual applause; but although his hypothesis has been approved by several able philosophers and men of science, it has not yet been received as the only authentic theory of the earth. In the valuable and highly illustrating Treatise on Climate, which was contributed by the late Sir John Leslie, of Edinburgh, to the Supplement of the Encyclopædia Britannica, there occurs the following passage, with which, as it bears on the question in dispute, we shall conclude the present article:—

"If we dig into the ground," says Sir John Leslie, "we find the temperature to become gradually more steady, till we reach a depth of perhaps forty or fifty feet, below which it continues unchanged. When this perforation is made during winter, the ground gets sensibly warmer till the limit is attained; but in summer, on the contrary, it grows always colder, till it has reached the same limit. At a certain depth, therefore, under the surface, the temperature of the ground remains quite permanent. Nor is there any indication whatever of the supposed existence of a central fire, since the alleged increase of heat near the bottom of the profoundest excavations is merely accidental, being occasioned by the multitude of burning tapers consumed in conducting the operations of mining. Accordingly, while the air of those confined chambers feels often oppressively warm, the water which flows along the floors seems comparatively cold, or rather preserves the medium heat. It would be a hasty conclusion, however, to regard this limit of temperature as the natural and absolute heat of our globe. If we dig on the summit of a mountain, or any very elevated spot, we shall discover the ground to be considerably colder than in the plain below; or, if we make a similar perforation on the same level, but in a more southern latitude, we shall find greater warmth than before. The heat thus obtained, at some moderate depth, is, hence, only the mean result of all the various impressions which the surface of the earth receives from the sun and the atmosphere."

In the gardens of Chapultepec, near Mexico, (says a modern traveller,) is a magnificent cypress, called the cypress of Montezuma. It had attained its full growth when that monarch was on the throne, in 1520; yet it retains all the vigour of youthful vegetation: the trunk is forty-one feet in circumference. At Santa Maria de Tula, in Oaxaca, there is a cypress, the trunk of which is ninety-three feet in circumference; and yet does not show the slightest symptom of decay.

Anecdote Gallery.

ANECDOTES OF CELEBRATED PERSONS.

(Translated from French Works.)

Henri IV.—As his majesty was one day hunting in the Vendomois, he lost sight of his retinue, and was about to return alone, when he saw a peasant seated under a tree; "Well, and what are you doing here, my good man?" said the king. "Faith, I am waiting to see the king go by, sir."—"Oh, is that all," replied Henri, "then get up behind me, and I will take you somewhere where you will be able to see the king at your ease." The boor mounted, and held himself on the horse, by twining his arms round the monarch. "But, I say, sir, how shall I be able to know the king from the others?"—"Very easily; he will be the only one who will not take his hat off." Presently they were discovered by the gentlemen of the suite, who all uncovered themselves, and paid their respects to the monarch. "Well, and who now is the king?" said Henri, mildly. "Why," replied the peasant, "it must be either you or I; for I don't see any but we two with our hats on."

At the time of the war with Spain, Henri thus wrote to Sully: "I am close upon the enemy, and yet I have not a horse worth mounting. My shirts are all gone to rags, and my doublets are out at elbows. For the last four or five days, I have dined here and there, for I have nothing wherewith to purchase food."

Gibbon.—This celebrated man's prodigious bulkiness was no hinderance to his gallantry. One day, as he sat enjoying a most comfortable tête-à-tête with Mad. de Cronzas, it suddenly occurred to him, that the opportunity was one of the most favourable he could ever meet with, to make a declaration. Acting accordingly, the historian threw himself on his knees before the lady, and expressed his feelings in most glowing language. Mad. de Cronzas, somewhat surprised, replied in such terms as were, she thought, calculated at once to put an end to a scene so ridiculous. But, no, 'twas unavailing; and Gibbon remained on his knees, regardless of all injunctions. "Sir," said the baffled lady, "I beg you will rise."—"Alas! madam," replied the unwieldy suitor, "I cannot." His corpulency utterly prevented him from rising without assistance; Mad. de Cronzas, therefore, rang the bell, and upon its being answered, said, "Lift up Mr. Gibbon!" *

Voltaire.—The philosopher was exceedingly disagreeable at table. He seemed to be in a continual passion, and called out to the servants at the top of his voice, which was so loud as to repeatedly startle his guests.—An Englishman, who was on his way to Italy, could in no wise prevail upon himself to pass Ferney without visiting him. He luckily chose a fortunate moment, and was received by the philosopher with every possible demonstration of respect and pleasure. This reception so highly delighted our Englishman, that in his exultation the next day, he declared his intention to spend six weeks at the castle. "You are not quite like Don Quixote," remarked Voltaire, "*he* mistook inns for castles, *you* mistake castles for inns."

Klopstock.—The celebrated author of the "Messiah" desired to be introduced to me, and came. I was alone with my niece, when in came a little, lame, ugly man; I rose, and conducted him a to chair, in which he sat at first as if absorbed in deep thought; he then thrust himself comfortably into it, and assumed the appearance of one who was determined to make a stay of no short duration. With a loud, high-pitched voice, he then suddenly put me the question, "Which, madam, in your opinion, is the best prose writer, Voltaire or Buffon?"

Scarron.—The wit thus addressed the king, in his preface to Don Japhet: "I will prove to your majesty, that far from doing yourself any injury by doing me more good, you will, on the contrary, much conduce to your happiness, likewise to that of the country at large. For then I should be a deal more light-hearted, and consequently write better plays. And if I wrote good plays, your majesty would be well entertained; so that, by being entertained, your majesty's money will not be wasted. By good plays, too, the people's admiration will be excited, and cause hosts of them to frequent the theatres; money will thus circulate, and there is no telling where the matter may not end."

Mezeray.—This celebrated old French historian was excessively susceptible of cold. A friend meeting him on a very frosty day, asked him how he fared in this weather. "I am come to L," answered Mezeray, running home as fast as his legs could well carry him, that he might enjoy the delights of his fire-side. This riddle was for a long time inexplicable; till at last it was one day solved by a friend, who lived on the most intimate terms with the eccentric historian. It appears that Mezeray had always a dozen pairs of stockings behind his chair, severally labelled from A to M. According to the number of degrees indicated by the thermometer, he put on a corresponding number of pairs of stockings; so that having this key to the enigma, it was evident that on the day above mentioned, the poor chilly Mezeray had come to the last degree.

* Colman the Younger wrote some humorous verses upon the above incident.

Louis XIV.—A robber, who had managed to effect his way into one of the royal apartments of Versailles, was in the act of placing a small ladder against the wall, to possess himself of a beautiful time-piece, when the king came in and disturbed his plans. The robber, however, undaunted, made a low bow, saying, "I was going to take that time-piece down, but I am afraid the ladder will slip." His majesty, thinking the man had orders to repair the clock, offered his assistance, and held the foot of the ladder, while the fellow took it down. A few hours afterwards the general talk was of a most beautiful time-piece having been stolen, which the king happening to overhear, said, "Hush! I am one of the parties, I held the ladder to help the man to get it."

Napoleon.—He was in the habit of playing with his son as childishly as if he himself were no more than a mere child six or seven years of age. Sometimes he would take the young king under the arms, and toss him up in the air, exciting his little majesty's delight to such a degree as to make him shed tears. Then he would carry him before a glass, making the most ridiculous grimaces imaginable; often, too, the poor little fellow would shed tears of actual pain, for the game became sometimes too rough; the emperor would then exclaim: "Oh! oh! a king crying! fie, fie! that is very ugly, very ugly!"

One day, when the prince was but a twelvemonth old, the emperor took off his sword, and fastened it on his son, completing the child's toilette by placing his three-cornered hat on its head; thus equipped, it may be supposed it found no little difficulty in keeping itself on its legs, and the care with which the emperor watched his every step, would have delighted any one to witness.

At breakfast, the emperor made it a practice to dip his finger in wine, and make his son suck it; sometimes he would dip his finger in sauce, and spot the young king's chin and nose with it: this amusement was among the most pleasing to the child.

H. M.

ORIGIN OF THE GRESHAM LECTURES.

The following account of the origin of the Gresham Lectures, is extracted from the introductory lecture of Mr. Palmer, who was appointed, in 1837, to the office of lecturer on Law, at this ancient foundation:—

Sir Thomas Gresham, the founder of these lectures, was a merchant, who, with several others of the same name and kindred, belonged to the Mercer's Company; and his father and an uncle were successively Sheriffs and Lord Mayors of London. His father, Sir Richard Gresham, was foreign agent to Henry VIII.; and Sir Thomas Gresham held that office under the three succeeding sovereigns, being received into especial favour by Queen Elizabeth, whom he chiefly served; and was often consulted by her, in political as well as commercial matters. By successful application to commerce, he amassed an ample fortune; and his family being well provided for, he resolved that his country should share his wealth. Having the benefit of a university education, which he received at Gonville Hall, in the University of Cambridge, and seeing no repugnance between the pursuits of enlightened commerce and the liberal arts, he determined to faciliate the obtaining of a similar benefit by the citizens of London, by establishing a college for the profession of the several sciences within the city.

On the news of his intentions reaching the University of Cambridge, who previously seem to have heard that Cambridge would be the seat of his bounty, a letter was written to him by the Vice-Chancellor and Senate, urging him to establish his college there. This letter, the original of which is written in elegant Latin, is dated March 25, 1575, and is addressed "To the most accomplished Sir Thomas Gresham, the best Mæcenas of good learning;" and, after various preliminary compliments, explains its objects in the following terms:—"A constant report, O most illustrious Gresham, has prevailed amongst us, that thou hast vowed to dedicate to the seven liberal sciences (as they are called) an excellent domicile, and one worthy of thyself, having promised the most illustrious wife of Cecil to erect a college for these arts, and to liberally endow it with most ample stipends. And we doubt not, indeed, but what thou hast sincerely promised thou wilt, with the utmost faith, perform; nor do we labour unnecessarily to spur thee on, who art already willing; we are only anxious to persuade thee to make Cambridge the seat of thy great bounty, of this excellent record, and most ample theatre for display of thy virtue. Nor would we prescribe the fashion of the building or the measure of the cost; let either of these rest with thy sovereign will and pleasure. One thing alone would we have of our choice: we would persuade thee to enrich the University of Cambridge with thy expenditure, rendering it famous by thy liberality, and blessed by thy work and bounty. In urging this alone, we would not so strongly, or so long contend, unless for the convenient fitness of the place, and for the wholesome state of the air, and usefully for the dignity of the state, and piously for the defence of religion, and fruitfully for the progress of virtue, and happily and fortunately for the advancement of learning, and splendidly as well as gloriously for thine own everlasting fame, thou mayest erect this college here,

rather than any other place. But, perhaps, of thy own accord thou mayst incline, or, not without show of reason, mayst be persuaded by others, to fix upon London, where thou wert born and bred; or upon Oxford, where the arts and sciences no less flourish, for the establishment of this most famous memorial of thy excellence and probity. Good indeed, and useful and magnificent will it be, wherever placed; but thou wilt not, we trust, establish it at London, to the detriment or almost ruin of either university; thou oughtest not to establish it at Oxford, for thou art ours, and a Cantabrigian, and every one must serve his own rather than a stranger university; and in any other place than these, thou neither wilt or ought to fix it, lest the fruit which thou desirest to be most ample, be lost to the state by the obscurity of the place; and thou thyself be dishonestly robbed of the praise and glory due to thy merit, and which is wont to attend upon actions rightly performed."

At the same time they wrote to Lady Burghley, the wife Lord Burghley, who was then their Chancellor, requesting her influence with Sir Thomas Gresham, for the same purpose, observing, that at her solicitation he had promised to found a college at London for the seven liberal sciences, and endow it with a rental exceeding six hundred pounds a year.

But all the rhetoric and compliments of the University of Cambridge could not divert Sir Thomas Gresham from his purpose of benefiting his fellow-citizens. After appropriating his own mansion in Bishopsgate Street to the uses of the intended college, he resolved to provide for its maintainance, as well as the salaries of the professors, from the rents of the Royal Exchange. According, by his will, which bears date the 5th of July, 1575, he gave the Royal Exchange, with all its shops and other buildings, on the determination of certain uses, which happened on the death of his widow, to the mayor and commonalty of the city of London, and to the wardens and commonalty of the mystery of mercers, in equal moieties, for fifty years, upon trust and confidence, and to the intent that they should perform the payments and other intents therein after limited. And he thereby declared that, so soon as the premises should come into their possession, and thenceforth, so long as by any title they should hold the same, the said mayor and commonalty of the city should yearly give, for the sustentation, maintainance, and finding of four persons from time to time, to be by them appointed, meet to read the lectures of divinity, astronomy, music, and geometry, within his own dwelling-house in St. Helen's, the sum of two hundred pounds, or fifty pounds to each, for their salaries and stipends, meet for four sufficiently learned to read the said lectures. And as to the wardens and commonalty of mercers, he declared that, so soon as they should come into possession of the premises, and thenceforth so long as by any title they should hold the same, they should yearly pay for the finding, sustentation, and maintainance of three persons, by them to be chosen, meet to read the lectures of law, physic, and rhetoric, within the said dwelling-house, the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds, or fifty pounds each, for their salaries and stipends, meet for three sufficiently learned; that they should yearly expend on four quarterly dinners, for the whole company, the sum of one hundred pounds, or twenty-five pounds on each dinner. He gave his dwelling-house or mansion in the parishes of St. Helen, Bishopsgate Street, and St. Peter-le-Poor, to the City and Mercer's Company in equal moieties, for fifty years, upon trust and confidence that they should observe and perform his will and intent thereinafter expressed. And he thereby declared, that so soon as the premises should come into their possession, and thenceforth, so long as by any title they should hold the same, they should permit and suffer the seven persons to be appointed by them, meet and sufficiently learned to read the said lectures; to have the occupation of the said mansion-house, with all its gardens and other appurtenances, there to inhabit, study, and daily to read the said lectures; and further declaring, that no person being married should be chosen to read the said lectures; nor, after marrying, be suffered to read them, or to receive any fee or stipend for so doing. He also enjoined the said city and company, that before the fifty years were expired, they should obtain proper licences, to hold the premises in perpetuity, on the above trusts; using no delay, as they would answer for the same before Almighty God; for should they neglect to obtain such licences, which could not be so chargeable, but that the overplus of the rents, would soon recompense them; nor so difficult, because to such good purpose in the Commonwealth, no prince nor council in any age, would deny or defeat the same, then the premises would revert to his heirs, whereas he intended them for the common weal. W. G. C.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

THE UTILITY OF PENITENCE.*

Quem pœnitet, necesse pœne est innocens.—SENECA.

A REPENTANCE of our misdeeds is half-way towards an amendment of conduct, and greatly diminishes the cause which set in jeopardy our innocence. And to manifest a real sorrow for our errors, is the token of

* From the *Freemason's Quarterly Review*, No. 21. Sherwood and Co.

a broken and contrite spirit, declaratory of our desire to make some reparation for any injury inflicted, and reinstate our names among the ranks of the innocent.

Because, as in the case of effects resulting from sudden anger, the truly elevated mind, when roused by some provocation to infringe the rules of propriety, on returning to cool reflection, justly reprobates its own indiscreetness as severely as the sternest moral censor; and anxiously desires to offer every becoming concession that might ameliorate the displeasure of the aggrieved party. Thus displaying a disposition that exhibits an innocence of natural character on the part of him who has been seduced to offer an offence of a more trivial description; and a justice of character on the part of him, who having committed a more serious and grievous wrong, seals the sincerity of his penitence by an act of retribution.

Whereas, on the contrary, an unprincipled and ill-regulated mind will oftentimes rather endeavour to aggravate an injury or offence, by some fresh accession to a former fault or crime, than seek to redress the calamity it has occasioned, or restore the reputation it has lost or destroyed, by the confession of a penitent admission of guilt. This moral axiom distinguishes the utterly depraved from the accidental and unhardened offender.

A great mind, under circumstances of incitement or irritation, is like the expansive ocean, ruffled and swelled by a sudden tempest. When the storm has subsided, it again resumes its usual calmness and dignity of motion.

The little mind is like a dirty puddle, collecting every rain-drop of the paltry passions of a party, and always continues a nuisance on the highway of society, till the advancement of the sun of science and mental culture absorbs its insignificant contents, and men, rejoicing in the progress of useful knowledge and sound morals, just remember that *such things were*.

> "Repentance of an evil done
> Implies, we will that evil shun."

One of the most remarkable instances of the utility of penitence, is that recorded in the Sacred Volume of the disciple Peter. Although for the moment seduced to renounce his divine Master by impious oaths, yet, at the simple crowing of the cock, he was warned of his error, and, with tears, immediately repented. The sincerity of his repentance, foolish and profane as his previous action was, restored him to his divine Master's love and favour. Truly says the elegant Pliny in that trite apothegm—

> "Nemo mortalium, omnibus horis sapit."

Biography.

SIR HERBERT TAYLOR, G. C. B. AND G. C. H.

This well-known gentleman entered the army at a very early period of his life; and was present at the sieges of Valenciennes and Dunkirk; also with the Duke of York during the whole of the campaign in Holland. In May, 1795, he was appointed secretary to the commander of the British forces on the continent; and continued in the situation of Private Secretary and Aide-de-Camp to the Duke of York until June, 1805, when he was appointed Private Secretary to his Majesty George III.; he received the rank of Colonel July 25, 1810. In March, 1812, he was nominated one of the trustees of the king's private property, and soon after (in consequence of the Regency,) Private Secretary to the Queen; the 4th of June, 1813, he obtained the rank of Major-General. In November, 1813, he was ordered on special service to Holland; and a few days after his return from the army under Sir T. Graham; in March, 1814, was sent on a military mission to the Crown Prince of Sweden, to Sir Thomas Graham, and to the Hague. In December, 1818, he was appointed Master of Katherine's Hospital, Regent's Park, a situation he held till his death, which happened at Rome, March 20th, 1839.

EDMUND LODGE, ESQ., F. S. A.

Clarenceux, King of Arms, F. S. A.

This eminent biographer was born in Poland-street, London, on the 13th of June, 1756. He became a cornet in the king's own regiment of dragoons, in 1772; having a pure taste for antiquities and literature, he left the army, and obtained the situation of Blue Mantle Pursuivant-at-Arms, 22d of February, 1782. He was promoted to be Lancaster Herald, on the 29th of October, 1793; Norroy, on the 11th of June, 1822; and Clarenceux, on the 30th of July, 1838.—Among his literary productions may be mentioned, "Illustrations of British History;"—"The Life of Sir Julius Cæsar;"—"Memoirs of Illustrious Personages of Great Britain;" and many others of the greatest merit, learning, and research.

Mr. Lodge died at his house in Bloomsbury-square, January 16, 1839, in his eighty-third year.

YEW TREE AT HARDHAM, SUSSEX.

This beautiful specimen of an ancient English yew tree, stands in the church-yard of Hardham Church. Few trees of the kind have reached the gigantic dimensions this venerable relic has attained. Its trunk is capable of containing twenty-seven people—its girth is twenty-three feet, and supposing the trunk were yet solid, it would contain not less that five hundred cubic feet of wood. About eighteen years ago the top of this tree was unfortunately blown down, and it is to be feared that in a very few years scarcely anything of this wonder of the vegetable creation will remain, so old and worn is the wood. No doubt can exist as to its being more than two thousand years old. H. M.

SEPULCHRAL MONUMENTS IN PERSIA.

The reverence for tombs, or memorials of the dead, is common throughout Persia. In the plains of Sahraï-Sírwán—are many white-washed obelisks of brick-work, varying from 10 to 15 feet in height, to be seen in all directions upon the skirts of the hills, the sepulchral monuments of the Lurish chiefs: an interesting story attaches to one of tall graceful form and recent erection.—A chief from Pish-kúh was betrothed to the daughter of one of the Tushmáls (a master of a house); he came to celebrate his nuptials, but sickened upon the road, and died before he reached the encampment of his bride. The maiden raised this pillar to his memory, and, shaving her long tresses, hung them round the obelisk in token of her grief. Most of the pillars are thus decked with a coronal of woman's tresses, for it is a custom among the Lurish I'liyát, on the death of a chieftain, for all his female relations to cut off their hair, and hang their locks, woven into a funeral wreath, upon the tomb of their departed lord. A custom also prevails among the Lurish tribes, and indeed throughout Persia, of representing symbolically upon the gravestone, the sex, character, and occupation of the deceased; upon one tomb-stone, the following designs, all very rudely engraven, but sufficiently marked to denote their true signification. First—a chief, attended by a few followers, shooting a lion that has fastened on the haunches of a deer; secondly—hounds pursuing in full chase a herd of antelopes; thirdly—a falconer flying his hawk at

a partridge; fourthly—a company of horsemen armed as if for battle; fifthly—a band of women dancing the favourite dance chupi; and the elogy of glyphs (incisions cut by way of ornament) was closed by a ring, a rosary and a comb, toothed upon one side, such as is used by men in Persia; this last being the distinctive mark of the male sex; as the double-toothed comb is of the female."*

New Books.

Emigration Fields. By Patrick Matthew.

(*Concluded from page* 191.)

Salubrity of the Air in New South Wales.

The climate of New South Wales, and indeed of all the southern half of Australia, notwithstanding the great heat, is salubrious and suitable for Europeans, and especially in the more elevated country, and to the west of the Blue Mountains at Bathurst. Those born in the country,—the Australian British,—are generally of a good tall size, to which the plenty of animal food will no doubt conduce. But notwithstanding of the salubrity, the infirmities of age and wrinkles approach sooner than in Britain, the teeth also, according to Cunningham, decay at a very early period, which would augur some deficiency in the digestive functions. As in all new countries, even though a little warmer than the parent country, light-coloured hair is more frequent than in the parent country, the complexion is also inclining to a brick-red cast, without the rose-bloom cheek.

It is said that the births in the imported races, as well in man as the lower animals, are considerably more productive of females than of males, which some of the native writers, without attempting to point out the proximate cause, say is providential. The population has not increased (naturally), but has considerably diminished since the foundation of the colony,—the deaths greatly exceeding the births,—the increase of numbers being entirely owing to immigration. This, however, is not the fault of the climate; marriages are sufficiently prolific. The great predominance of males in the colony, and the condition of at least the one half of these (military or convicts without wives), accounts sufficiently for the defect. Perhaps no colony in the world has been so absurdly conducted as New South Wales. It is not long since the proportion of males to females was as ten to one, while there was still a greater disparity between the grown up of both sexes.

[In speaking of Tasmania, or Van Dieman's Land, the author says;]

The greater part of Tasmania is very thickly timbered with large tall trees (evergreens), some of them of extraordinary size. One is stated to have measured, when cut down, in length upwards of 150 feet of stem, clear of branches, and so thick that a common stage-coach could have been easily driven along the stem for this distance. The heavy nature of the forest, which covers nearly the whole face of the country, independent of the common agricultural work, causes the business of the Tasmanian husbandman to be attended with much hard labour, and the tenor of his life is as opposed as well may be to that of the lounging shepherd of Australia Felix, who has nought to do but "tend his flocks on green declivities," and which must give rise to a very different condition of society in the neighbouring countries. The labour of the husbandman in Tasmania is, however, well compensated by the abundance and the greater security of the return. It is said that every fruit, and vegatable, and flower that thrives well in England, thrives better in Tasmania, while several, such as the grape, not productive in England, are very productive here. The clover and sown grasses, which are fully of as much consequence as fruits and flowers of any kind, are also grown in great perfection, and are very much superior to the native herbage in productiveness and nutritive power.

Some drawback to Tasmania as an emigration-field, in addition to its being a penal colony, is, that the greater portion of the good land, at least in the fine central basin, is already appropriated, and the new comers can only purchase at a comparative high rate, or have their location in the inferior part of the country. But the advantage resulting from a more condensed, mutually-assisting population, may over-balance the greater cost of the land.

In all the British emigration-fields, North America, the Cape, Australia, Tasmania, there is some drawback in the number of poisonous reptiles and insects. Children are not entirely safe playing in the brakes; no person can sit down upon a grassy seat, or recline on a flowery bed, without some dread of the deadly snake or the scorpion. Serious accidents are occurring at all these places from these pests; and owing to their great prolific powers, their extirpation cannot be effected, at least while the country remains uncleared. In Australia, a dog who is a snake-hunter (which some of them are) has a short life. The pigs are found to be the best extirpators, their thick skin either protects them, or the exterior layer of oily fat neutralises the poison, and they grub out from their lurking places, and devour the most venomous serpents with great alacrity. The great number of serpents are very destructive to the small singing birds, not only catching them on the perch, but devouring their nestlings, as well upon the trees as on

* Extracted from Major Rawlinson's Notes; in the Journal of the Royal Geographical Society of London.

the ground; and as a provision for their protection, the birds who are not large enouth to give battle, form pendulous nests attached to the tips of the branches where no snake can reach. It is, therefore, not probable that the sky-lark and linnet, and other beautiful songsters of Britain, can be successfully introduced into these serpent-abounding countries, as it is not likely they would adopt this provision for the security of their nestlings,—a loss, as the melody of the sky and grove of Britain is awanting there.

It is a curious fact that serpents are not found in New Zealand, and the melody of the grove at break of day is described to be altogether enchanting. Can it be that the birds of lengthened steady song are not so common in the serpent-abounding countries, because their note and melody attract these destroyers, while those which only give out sudden discordant sounds, as they leap from bough to bough, are comparatively safe?

[Chap. VIII. to chap. XVI. treat entirely of New Zealand, full of interesting matter to the legislature as well as to the emigrant. We must suffice with the following remarks on

The Advantages of New Zealand.]

Estimating the advantages of position, extent, climate, fertility, adaptation for trade—all the causes which have tended to render Britain the emporium of the world, we can observe only one other spot on the earth equally, if not more favoured by nature, and that is New Zealand. Serrated with harbours, securely insulated, having a climate temperated by the surrounding ocean, of such extent and fertility as to support a population sufficiently numerous to defend its shores against any possible invading force, it, like Great Britain, also possesses a large neighbouring continent (Australia), from which it will draw resources, and to which it bears the relation of a rich homestead, with a vast extent of outfield pasturage. In these advantages, it equals Britain, while it is superior to Britain in having the weather-gage of an immense commercial field,—the innumerable rich islands of the Pacific,—the gold and silver producing countries of Western America (by far the richest in the precious metals of any of the world),—the vast accumulations of man in China and Japan,—all these lie within a few weeks' sail.

The south temperate zone, from the excess of ocean, has a much more equable temperature throughout the year than the north. New Zealand, considering its territorial extent, participates in this oceanic equality in an extraordinary degree, by reason of its insularity and oblong narrow figure, stretching across the course of the prevalent winds from lat. 34° to 48° south,—the most enviable of latitudes. On this account, it enjoys a finer, more temperate climate than any other region in the world; and, in consequence, the trees, from the principle of adaptation, are only biennially deciduous, and present, as well as the herbage, a never-failing verdure.

The small portion of New Zealand already under cultivation, yields, in luxuriant abundance and perfection, all the valuable fruits and grain of Europe; and stock of all descriptions fatten in this favoured region, at all seasons, upon the spontaneous produce of the wilderness. The climate is also the most favourable to the development of the human species, producing a race of natives of surpassing strength and energy. From the mountainous interior, the country is, in a wonderful degree, permeated by never-failing streams and rivers of the purest water, affording innumerable falls, suited to machinery, adjacent to the finest harbours. The forests abound in timber of gigantic size, peculiarly adapted for naval purposes and for house-building, and, from its mild workable quality, much more economically convertable and serviceable than the timber of any other country in the southern hemisphere; most of which, from extreme hardness, is almost unmanageable. Millions of acres, it is said, are covered with the famed New Zealand flax (the great value of which is now coming to be appreciated); and around the shores are the most valuable fisheries, from the mackerel to the whale; in the pursuit of which latter, many of our vessels resort, though at the other extremity of the earth. Combining all these natural internal advantages with the most favoured position for trade, New Zealand must ultimately reign the Maritime Queen of the South-eastern hemisphere.

Estimating the surpassing natural advantages in their peculiar adaptation to the energetic maritime British race, it is somewhat remarkable that no regular attempt has been made by Britain to colonize New Zealand. This must have arisen from the numbers and barbarous character of the native population; a population so small, however, reduced as it now is, as to be quite out of all proportion to the extent of territory, and which exists only around some of the sheltered bays of the coast, and in a few of the rich valleys of the interior.

According to Mr. Yate, and the other missionaries who have had the best means of estimating their numbers, the whole amount may be about 110,000. Another writer states: "The inhabitants, in fact, have not, in any sense of the word, taken possession of the country which they call their own. It is still the undivided domain of nature, and they are merely a handful of stragglers who wander about the outskirts." Thus, densely populated Britain, with the means of effectual relief, is allowed to remain

writhing under the preventive and destructive checks, while a region, the finest in the world,—a region which, beyond all others, can lay claim to the name of PARADISE, is lying an untenanted wilderness.

Songs and Ballads. By Samuel Lover.

(*Continued from page* 216.)

[SOME of the sweetest of Mr. Lover's songs are founded on the superstitions of his country—a beautiful effect from a state of the human mind in which the imagination exercises a more potent sway than the reason. The origin of many of these influential notions it is not very easy to trace, but in many there is such an inherent tenderness, and so intimate a connexion with all that is most estimable in feeling, that we cannot but view them as the dictates of unperverted reason veiled. We do not give the following as better than its companions; but it is not unworthy of them, and it will remind some of our readers of Cotton's fine verses on drinking healths.]

THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.

A four-leaved shamrock is of such rarity that it is supposed to endue the finder with magic power.

I'LL seek a four-leaved shamrock
In all the fairy dells,
And if I find the charmed leaves,
Oh how I'll weave my spells!
I would not waste my magic might
On diamond, pearl, or gold,
For treasure tires the weary sense,—
Such triumph is but cold;
But I would play the enchanter's part,
In casting bliss around,—
Oh not a tear nor aching heart,
Should in the world be found.

To worth I would give honour!—
I'd dry the mourner's tears,
And to the pallid lip recall
The smile of happier years;
And hearts that had been long estranged,
And friends that had grown cold,
Should meet again—like parted streams,
And mingle as of old!
Oh! thus I'd play the enchanter's part,
Thus scatter bliss around,
And not a tear, nor aching heart,
Should in the world be found!

The heart that had been mourning
O'er vanished dreams of love,
Should see them all returning,—
Like Noah's faithful dove;
And Hope should launch her blessed bark
On Sorrow's dark'ning sea,
And misery's children have an ark,
And saved from sinking be;
Oh! thus I'd play the enchanter's part,
Thus scatter bliss around,
And not a tear nor aching heart,
Should in the world be found.

[We would fain extract the genuine Irish love ditty, "Molly Carew," but it is too long for our present purpose: it is a matchless and most characteristic bit of genuine humour, and endurable distress. As we may even yet return to this delightful little volume, "Yes and No" shall suffice for this number.]

YES AND NO.

There are two little words that we use
Without thinking from whence they both came,
But if you will list to my muse,
The birth-place of each I will name:
The one came from Heaven to bless,
The other was sent from below:
What a sweet little angel is "Yes!"
What a demon-like dwarf is that "No!"

And "No," has a friend he can bid
To aid all his doings as well,
In the delicate arch it lies hid
That adorns the bright eye of the belle;
Beware of the shadowy FROWN
Which darkens her bright brow of snow,
As bent like a bow to strike down,
Her lip gives you death with a "No."

But "YES" has a twin-sister sprite—
"T'is a SMILE you will easily guess,—
That sheds a more heavenly light
On the doings of dear little "YES;"
Increasing the charm of the lip
That is going some lover to bless;
Oh sweet is the exquisite smile
That dimples and plays around "YES."

THE NEW PLANTATIONS IN HYDE PARK.

IN Hyde Park, during the spring of 1838, an avenue of elm-trees, and a number of scattered single trees, were planted; and we have nothing to object to them, unless it be, that they would have made much more vigorous growths during the summer, had they been planted in the preceeding autumn. When trees are planted in October, the roots begin growing immediately; and the tree, being established before winter, is ready to shoot out branches with the first approach of spring. A tree planted in spring, say in February or March, has the whole of its sap speedily put in motion; and, being thus forced to develop its buds, while its roots are not yet in a state to imbibe nourishment from the soil, its shoots are comparatively weak and inefficient. In autumn, when the top of the tree is in a dormant state, and when the temperature of the atmosphere is below that of the soil, the whole of the energies of the tree are directed to the formation of roots. In spring, on the contrary, when the temperature of the atmosphere is greater than that of the soil, the energies of the tree are directed to the development of the buds, in the form of leaves and shoots, while very little addition is made to the roots till the return of the sap after midsummer. Hence are deduced, from a knowledge of vegetable physiolgy, as well as from experience, the immense advantages of planting trees, and especially large trees, in autumn rather than in spring. Planting in mid-winter is scarcely, if at all, better than planting in spring; because both the roots and the top of the tree are then completely in a dormant state, and the soil much too cold to excite the roots into action.

In Hyde Park, a number of roundish or oval clumps, and some irregular and continuous belt-like masses, have been formed during the last year and present spring, which, in

our opinion, greatly disfigure the Park, and will do so more and more every year, as they advance in growth. This mode of planting appears to us like going back a hundred years, in point of taste; and, in point of practical knowledge, as supposing the soil and climate of Hyde Park to be similar to that of some bleak district in Derbyshire or Scotland. The trees in some of the clumps, though from 5 ft. to 10 ft. in height, are put in at the rate of from 3000 to 4000 plants per acre; and (which, we are sure, will astonish every planter, whether in the north or the south), on the north side of Hyde Park, in a plantation consisting of deciduous trees, many of them 15 ft. in height, made last spring, Scotch pines are planted throughout, not more than one foot in height! We must confess that we do not know anything, in the whole history of planting, on a par with this specimen. What can the Scotch pines possibly be intended for? They cannot be meant for nurses to plants more than ten times higher than themselves, and not more than 5 or 6 feet apart; and Scotch pines can never be intended for undergrowth. Relatively to the trees which are to remain, they, as well as the others which are to be thinned out, can only be regarded as weeds; which not only deprive the other trees of a great part of their nourishment, but exclude from them a considerable portion of the air and light which are essential to their growth. There never was a plantation less in want of shelter and protection than that to which we allude, east of the Victoria gate. Independently altogether of the excellence of the soil and climate, it is sheltered on the west by the high trees of Kensington Gardens, and on the north not only by a narrow strip of trees, of from 20 to 30 years' growth, close to it, but by a lofty range of buildings (Hyde Park Gardens) at 200 ft. distance. Shelter, however, is no more required for these trees than if they had been planted in St. Paul's Churchyard; and, as we shall hereafter show, it can only do them harm; indeed, it may be safely asserted, that in no part of the vale of London can any hardy forest tree require artificial shelter, at any period of its growth.

The main object of all these plantations can only be to produce ultimately a few single trees, with the exception of one mass at the Cumberland Gate, which, we have been informed, is intended to direct pedestrians along the newly-formed gravel-path there, leading across the Park. This object, we contend, might have been effected by single trees; or, supposing that this could not have been done, then we contend that the remedy is much worse than the disease. But why should not a few iron hurdles be sufficient for the object in view here, as it is in every gentleman's park, and as it is in Kensington Gardens? Of all the deformities in the way of new plantations put down in the Park, this, in our opinion, is decidedly the greatest. If it is suffered to remain, it will, in three or four years, completely spoil the view on entering the Park by the Cumberland Gate, by destroying all breadth of effect, by shutting out the whole of that fine expanse of turf which constitutes the middle distance, and by completely excluding the Surrey hills and other objects which now form the background. This is a subject that may be readily judged of by any person accustomed to sketch landscape, and those who doubt the validity of our opinion on this point have only to ask that of any landscape painter.

Supposing that the object of the other plantations is that of producing ultimately a few scattered trees and small groups, we contend that these may be produced much sooner, much more effectually, at much less expense, and with much less deformity in the meantime, by planting them at once where they are finally to remain, instead of surrounding them by other trees in masses or belts.—*Gardener's Magazine*, No. 108.

Fine Arts.

THE SUFFOLK STREET GALLERY.

(*Second Notice.*)

236. *The Aged Captive.* D. Cowper.—The sight of this pleasingly-painted melancholy picture forcibly brings to our memory Sterne's immortal description of the Captive, the horrors of imprisonment, and the blessings of liberty. In the specimen before us, the aged sufferer is seen seated, waiting with resignation for the time when he shall throw off his mortal coil, which seems not far distant, his countenance clearly indicating that life's fretful fever has nearly done its work, sharp misery having worn him to the bone. The light is judiciously thrown on the worn-out limbs of the captive; and his venerable head forms a fine study.—*Sold.*

223. *The Two Mills—Moonlight.* J. B. Crome.—A still, solemn scene; certainly a work of promise.

239. *Still Life.* G. Stevens.—A display of lobsters, wild rabbits, and shell fish: closely copied after nature; particularly the opened oyster in the fore-ground, which is almost reality itself.

127. *Niagara Fall.* J. Wilson.—A correct representation of this extraordinary and appalling wonder of nature. The surf is most particularly worthy of contemplation.

426. *Milking-time.* J. Wilson, jun.—A charming 'bit' of nature.

432. *Cattle. Evening.* E. Childe.—The attitudes and drawing of the cows, and indeed the *tout ensemble*, remind us of Cuyp.

407. *The Christmas Present.* T. Clater.

—A pleasing heart-cheering interior of a cottage; wherein the kind welcome of the old dame contrasts well with the reserved behaviour of the daughter, yet anxious to hear all the messenger's news. It is one of those scenes which tend to make men happy.

489. *Coast View.* G. W. Butland.—A fresh breezy morning. We have seen even some of Backhuysen's works, wherein the waves were not more closely allied to nature. —*Sold.*

506. *A Philosopher at his Studies.* J. Spencer.—In the style of Rembrandt.

583. *Hollyhocks, from nature.* V. Bartholomew.—This production we think rather goes to disprove the remark made by foreign artists,—"As for flower-painting, English artists are not worthy to grind up the colours and prepare pallets of the French; and there is the truth:" but *we* do not exactly think it is the *truth.*

Our limited columns preclude us noticing many other works of the highest promise: all we can do, is to wish the society and the artists every success.

NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

Antiquarian Discoveries.—The excavation that it was necessary to make in order to lay the foundation of the river embankment wall to the new houses of parliament, has been the means of bringing to light a great number of relics of antiquity which were dug up from time to time by the workmen as the excavation proceeded. The most remarkable feature of the discovery is the great number of daggers and swords, especially the former, that have been found, and which, from their variety of make and appearance, are evidently the collection of ages. They are of all shapes, sizes, and sorts of workmanship, from the richly-made hunting-knife or dirk, to the costly and highly-finished stiletto. There are no handles to any of them, which is easily accounted for, as that part being generally composed of a less durable material, has, consequently, long since decayed. Some of the blades are in high preservation, and a few, which are inlaid with gold, seem almost as perfect as when first wrought. The circumstance of so many weapons of this description being found in this locality is certainly somewhat singular, but, perhaps, the lords and commons in bygone days warred with the knife," instead of with words, as in the nineteenth century. The next singular discovery is a quantity of keys, which are of various sizes, and some of them of very curious workmanship. One key especially is a gigantic fellow, in excellent preservation, with curiously-formed wards, at the end of which is a dog's head, most admirably executed. His appearance put us strongly in mind of the keys used in pantomimes. A variety of old coins, (principally copper,) together with two or three small Roman earthen pots, some fossils of an ordinary class, one or two cannon balls, and several human skulls, (the latter being remarkably large and thick;) these make up the collection, which is the property of Mr. Barry, the architect, who, previous to the excavation, made an agreement that all curiosities, &c. found, were to be given up to him. It is supposed, however, that that gentleman has not all the antiquities, the labourers having, no doubt, disposed of many.—*Herald, March* 30, 1839.

SUBTERRANEOUS CHAPELS,

IN THE CHURCH OF SANTA CHIARA.

"I YESTERDAY," says Lady Blessington, "witnessed an exhibition of an extraordinary nature, one to be seen only in a country like this, where superstition mingles in even the most sacred and solemn things. A community is formed at Naples, each member of which, during his life, subscribes an annual sum, in order that, after death, his remains should be deposited in one of certain vaults, the earth conveyed into which has the peculiar quality of preventing decomposition, and of preserving bodies as if dried by some chemical process. But the preservation of what was intended to decay, is not the only object of this institution, nor the only mode of applying its funds. The exposure, on a certain day of the year, of the frail wreck of mortality, thus strangely rescued from corruption, attired in the habiliments worn by the deceased when living, is secured by the subscription; the number of annual exhibitions being dependent on the amount of the sums received. Can anything more preposterous be imagined?—nothing, I am quite sure, more disgusting can be beheld. Three or four subterraneous chapels, in the Church of Santa Chiara, divided only by partitions, are dedicated to this extraordinary exhibition, which presents one of the most ghastly scenes ever disclosed. All the sublimity of death disappears, when the poor remains of his victims are thus exposed; and instead of an appalling sight, they offer only so grotesque a one, that it is difficult to believe that the figures before one ever were instinct with life, or that they are not images formed of brown paper, or russia leather, dressed up to imitate humanity. The subterraneous chapels are guarded by soldiers. The altars are arranged in the usual style of those in Catholic chapels; innumerable torches illuminate the place; and an abundance of flowers and religious emblems decorate it. Ranged around the walls, stand the deceased unhappily disinterred for the occasion, and clothed in dresses so little suited to their present ap-

pearance, that they render death still more hideous. Their bodies are supported round the waist by cords, concealed beneath the outward dress; but this partial support, while it precludes the corse from falling to the earth, does not prevent its assuming the most grotesque attitudes. Old and young, male and female, are here brought in juxtaposition. The octogenarian, with his white locks still flowing from his temples, stands next a boy of six years old, whose ringlets have been curled for the occasion, and whose embroidred shirt-collar, and jacket with well-polished buttons, indicates the pains bestowed on his toilette. Those ringlets twine round a face resembling nothing human, a sort of mask of discoloured leather, with fallen jaws and distended lips; and the embroidered collar leaves disclosed the shrunken dark brown chest, once fair and full, where, perhaps, a fond mother's lips often were impressed, but which now looks fearful, contrasted with the snowy texture of this bit of finery. This faded image of what was once a fair child, has tied to its skeleton fingers a top, probably the last gift of affection; the hand, fallen on one side, leans towards the next disinterred corpse, whose head also, no longer capable of maintaining a perpendicular position, is turned, as if to ogle a female figure, whose ghastly and withered brow, wreathed with roses, looks still more fearful from the contrast with their bright hue. Here the mature matron, her once voluminous person reduced to a sylph-like slightness, stands enveloped in the ample folds of the gaudy garb she wore in life. The youthful wife is attired in the delicate tinted drapery put on in happy days, to charm a husband's eye: the virgin wears the robe of pure white, leaving only her throat bare: and the young men are clothed in the holiday suits of which they were vain in life; some with riding-whips, and others with canes attached to their bony hands. A figure I shall never forget, was that of a young woman, who died on the day of her wedding. Robed in her bridal vest, with the chaplet of orange flowers still twined round her head, her hair fell in masses over her face and shadowy form, half veiling the discoloured hue of the visage and neck, and sweeping over her, as if to conceal the fearful triumph of death over beauty. Each figure had a large card placed on the wall above the places they occupied; on which was inscribed the names, date of their ages, and death, with some affectionate epigraph, written by surviving friends. It would be impossible to convey the impression produced by this scene: the glare of the torches falling on the hideous faces of the dead, who seemed to grin, as if in derision of the living, who were passing and repassing in groups around them. Not a single face among the ghastly crew presented the solemn countenance we behold in the departed, during the first days of death; a countenance more touching and eloquent than life ever possessed: no, here every face, owing to the work of time, wore a grin that was appalling; and which, combined with the postures into which the bodies had fallen, presented a mixture of the horrible and the grotesque, never to be forgotten. Around several of the defunct, knelt friends, to whom in life they were dear, offering up prayers for the repose of their souls: while groups of persons, attracted merely by curiosity, sauntered through this motly assemblage of the deceased, pausing to comment on the appearance they presented."—*From Lady Blessington's "Idler in Italy."*

BIBLICAL CRITICISM.

Every reader of the Bible must have observed the frequent recurrence of the number forty in the text, in cases where no material reason appears for preferring that number to another. Thus, at the flood, the rain fell forty days, and when the waters abated, Noah opened the window of the ark after forty days. Moses was forty days in the Mount; forty days without eating or drinking. Elijah travelled forty days from Beersheba to Mount Horeb. Jonah prophesied that Nineveh should be destroyed in forty days. Our Saviour was forty days in the Wilderness, and appeared on earth forty days after the resurrection. The Israelites lived forty years in the Wilderness; Ezekiel prophesied that Egypt should be desolated for forty years, &c. Now, it is a curious fact that the modern Arabs, Persians, and Turks, employ the word forty to express an *indefinite number*, in a manner analogous to the use of the term *dozen* or a *score* with us in familiar conversation. Chardin describes Erivan as standing between two rivers, one of which has an *Armenian* name, signifying *forty springs*. A rivulet in the Iroad, which has been the subject of much controversy, bears the Turkish name of Kirke Jos, or forty springs, though it has only sixteen or eighteen. Instances of this kind are innumerable. The Hebrew, it is well known, is a sister dialect of the Arabic, and from frequency of intercourse the Jews and Arabs must have had many idioms and forms of speech in common, Is it not probable, that the term alluded to may sometimes have the same value in the Hebrew Scriptures as among the modern Turks, Arabs, and Persians? Much light has been thrown on the text of the Bible in a thousand instances from the examination of oriental customs and idioms, and great additions, in fact, have been made from this source to the evidence we possess of the genuineness of the holy volume.

The Gatherer.

Celebrated Oaks.—The oldest oak in England is supposed to be the Parliament Oak (so called from the tradition of Edward I. holding a Parliament under its branches), in Clipstone-park, belonging to the Duke of Portland, this park being also the most ancient in the island; it was a park before the conquest, and was seized as such by the conqueror. The tree is supposed to be 1,500 years old. The tallest oak in England was the property of the same nobleman; it was called the "Duke's walking-stick," was higher than Westminster Abbey, and stood till of late years. The largest oak in England is called the Calthorpe Oak, Yorkshire; it measures 78 feet in circumference where the trunk meets the ground. The "Three-Shire Oak," at Worksop, was so called from covering parts of the counties of York, Nottingham, and Derby. It had the greatest expanse of any recorded in this island, dropping over 777 square yards. The most productive oak was that of Gelonos, in Monmouthshire, felled in 1810. Its bark brought 200*l.*, and its timber 670*l.* In the mansion of Tredegar-park, Monmouthshire, there is said to be a room 42 feet long and 27 feet broad, the floor and wainscoat of which were the produce of a single oak tree grown on the estate.

A curious and remarkably rare case of complete transposition of the organs of respiration, circulation, and digestion was recently witnessed at the School of Medicine at Nancy. On opening the body of a patient about 38 years of age, who died in the establishment of consumption, it was found that his heart was on the right side, and that the whole system of circulation corresponded with this extraordinary disposition; the lungs presenting but one lobe, instead of three on the right and two on the left; the liver being on the left, the spleen on the right, the cardia, or entrance of the stomach, on the right, and its lower orifice of pylorus, the duodenum and cœcum, on the left.—*Galignani*—March, 1839.

Remarkable Longevity.—In a small town in Massachusetts, containing less than 1,000 inhabitants, there are living almost within a stone's throw of each other, no less than 13 persons whose united ages amount to 1,071 years, making an average of 82 years to each person, the youngest 79, the oldest 92. For a series of years a very large proportion of the deaths in this town has been of persons whose ages averaged about 83 years. In one year there were 14 deaths in the town, and of these 11 were of persons whose ages averaged over 83 years.

A Curious Fact.—There is a pauper in Farringdon union work-house, named Mary Stanby, aged about 24 years, who has already had 132 needles extracted from her person, the greatest number of which has been taken from the breast. It is conjectured by the medical officer that she must have *swallowed* the needles, but she positively denies having any knowledge of the circumstance.—*Reading Mercury.*

An apt Proposal.—A Gascon having been ordered for some offence to jump from a considerable height, showed great reluctance, and twice retreated when at the brink. The officer in command threatened him with a severer punishment, on which the Gascon abruptly addressing him, said, 'I will lay you a wager you do not do it in four times.'

The earliest herbal was printed for Peter Treveris, in Southwark, 1529—a thin folio: the next, printed by Jhon King, 1561: but there was a book called "The vertuose Boke of Distillacion," by Jerom of Brunswick, containing a large herbal, printed by Laurence Andrew, 1527.

Remarkable Fatality.—The Rev. George Vance, died lately at Hampstead, by being thrown from his horse: the death of his father, (Dr. Vance, of Sackville-street,) was occasioned by being pushed down stairs by a lunatic; his brother was also killed at Oxford, by being thrown from a gig; and his sister fractured her skull, and ultimately died, in consequence of falling over the bannisters in her father's house.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

The first Greek musicians were gods; the second heroes; the third bards; the fourth beggars.—*Dr. Burney.*

Laughable Gravity.—The men in Persia have not the same gaiety as the French have: they discover none of that freedom of mind, that satisfied air, which are here [in Paris] found in all degrees and conditions of life. It is much worse in Turkey. There you may find families wherein from father to son no one has laughed since the foundation of the monarchy.—*Montesquieu.*

Wisdom of Candour.—A man should be ashamed to own he has been in the [illegible] which is but saying, in other words, [illegible] is wiser to-day than he was yesterday. If any one can convince me of [illegible] shall be very glad to change my opinion: truth is my business; and right in the hurts nobody. No: he that continues in norance and mistake, 'tis he that receives mischief.—*Marcus Antoninus.*

Uncandid people forget that they are judged by what they admit but what they

LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.—Agent in PARIS, G. W. M. REYNOLDS, French, English, and American Library, 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin.—In FRANCFORT, CHARLES JUGEL.

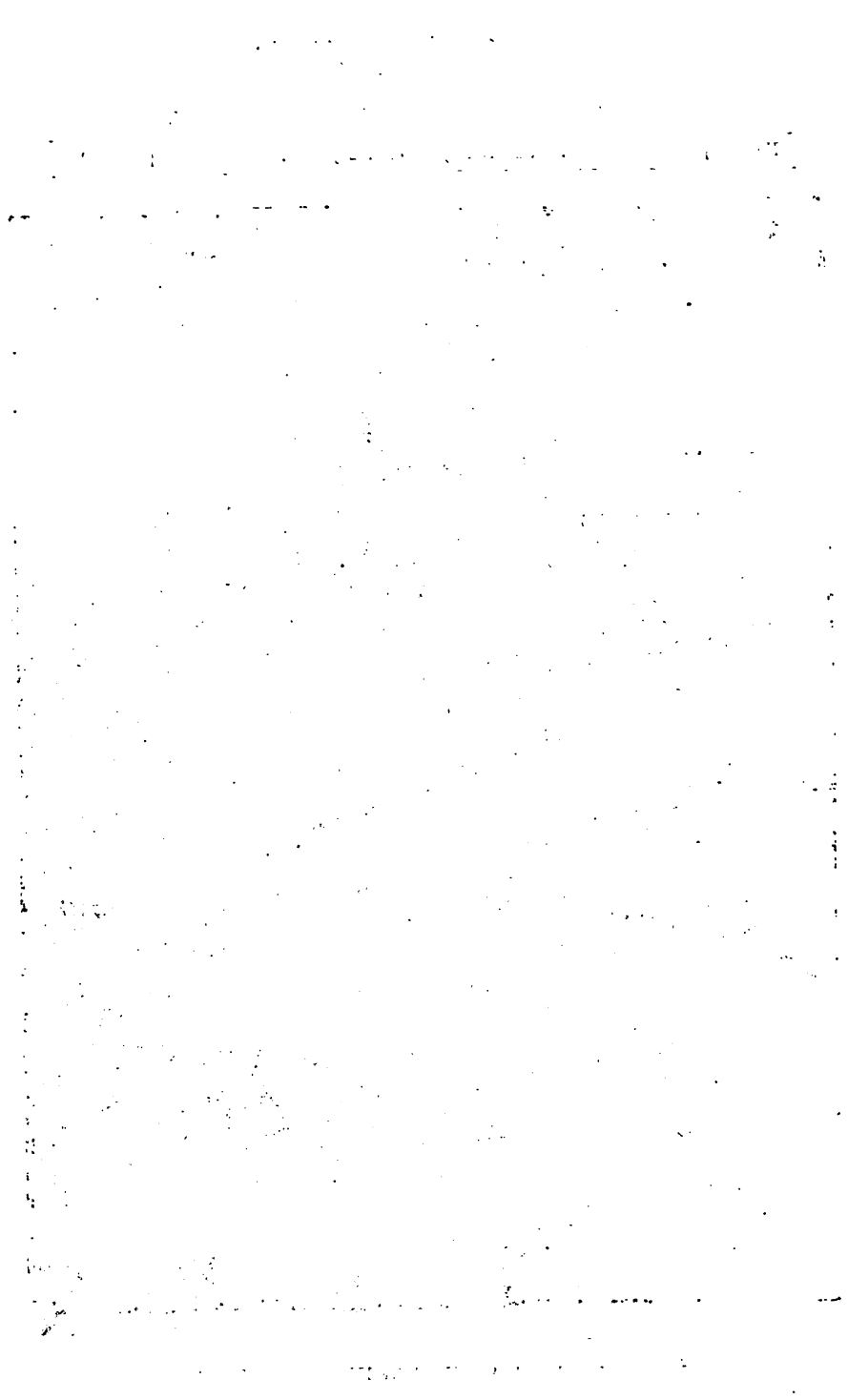
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 945.] SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1839. [PRICE 2*d.*

FAC-SIMILE OF A PHOTOGENIC DRAWING.



A TREATISE ON PHOTOGENIC DRAWING.

Our prefixed engraving is a fac-simile of a photogenic drawing, for which we are indebted to the kindness of Dr. Golding Bird, a distinguished botanist, who has published the following very interesting paper on the application of the photogenic art to botanical purposes, in that excellent periodical, the *Magazine of Natural History*.

"The mode of fixing the images of the camera obscura, and copying engravings, by means of the chemical action of light on paper prepared with a solution of chloride of silver, has attracted so much notice, and produced so much popular excitement, that a few observations on this interesting process will not, perhaps, be considered out of place in your Magazine. I venture to occupy your pages with the less reluctance, because I feel that the application of this heliographic or photogenic art will be of immense service to the botanist, by enabling him to procure beautiful outline drawings of many plants, with a degree of accuracy which, otherwise, he could not hope to obtain.

"That light will act on chloride of silver is by no means a novel discovery, and paper prepared with it was long ago used by Ritter and Wollaston, in testing the chemical action of the rays of the solar spectrum; still, in this country it was not, I believe, applied to any purpose likely to be of use to the naturalist and traveller, until brought into notice by the researches of Mr. Talbot. It is not a little amusing to observe how many pretenders to the discovery have started up since the announcement of Mr. Talbot's discovery, and that of M. Daguerre in France. The latter gentleman has, through M. Arago, at a late meeting of the French Institute, announced his mode of preparing a sensitive paper, far exceeding that of Mr. Talbot in delicacy, but otherwise possessing the same property of indicating intensity of light by depth of colour, and consequently differing from that marvellous preparation which he is said to possess, and which represents shadows by depth of colour, precisely as in nature.

"M. Daguerre prepares his heliographic paper by immersing a sheet of thin paper in hydrochloric ether, which has been kept sufficiently long to be acid; the paper is then carefully and completely dried, as this is stated to be essential to its proper preparation. The paper is next dipped into a solution of nitrate of silver, (the degree of concentration of which is not mentioned,) and dried without artificial heat in a room from which every ray of light is carefully excluded. By this process it acquires a very remarkable facility in being blackened on a very slight exposure to light, even when the latter is by no means intense, indeed by the diffused daylight of early evening in the month of February. This prepared paper rapidly loses its extreme sensitiveness to light, and finally becomes not more readily acted upon by the solar beams than paper dipped in nitrate of silver only. M. Daguerre renders his drawings permanent by dipping them in water, so as to dissolve all the undecomposed salt of silver.

"This process is very inconvenient, for many reasons, among which are the difficulty of procuring, as well as the expense of, hydrochloric ether: on this account I prefer Mr. Talbot's process, although it is to be regretted that this gentleman has not stated more explicitly the proportions in which he uses the ingredients employed in the preparation of his sensitive paper. I have performed a set of experiments on this subject, and can recommend the following proportions as the most effective and economical:—200 grains of common salt are to be dissolved in a pint of water, and sheets of thin blue wove post paper saturated with the solution, which, for this purpose, should be poured into a dish, and, the paper being immersed, the application of the solution to every part should be ensured by the use of a sponge. The paper is then to be removed, drained of its superfluous moisture, and nearly dried by pressure between folds of linen or bibulous paper.

"240 grains of fused nitrate of silver are then to be dissolved in 12 fluid ounces of water, and this solution is to be applied by means of a sponge to one side of each sheet of the previously-prepared paper, which side should be marked with a pencil, so that when the paper is fit for use the prepared side may be distinguished. The sheets of paper are then to be hung upon lines in a dark room to dry, and when nearly free from moisture, their *marked* sides are to be once more sponged over with the solution of silver, and finally dried; they are then to be cut into pieces of convenient size, and preserved from light, or even too much exposure to air, by being wrapped up in several folds of brown paper, and kept in a portfolio.

"The proportions above recommended are sufficient for the preparation of a quire of the kind of paper alluded to; if more of the salt of silver were used, the paper would indeed become darker by the action of light, but its expense would be proportionally increased: and when prepared in the manner directed, it assumes, by less than a minute's exposure to the rays of the sun, a rich mulberry brown tint, of sufficient intensity to define an outline very beautifully, which indeed is all that is required.

"To use this paper, the specimen of which a drawing is required, is removed from the herbarium, placed on a piece of the paper, and kept *in situ* by a pane of common glass

pressed by weights: a piece of plate glass, however, is preferable, as it is sufficiently heavy to press the plant close to the paper. The whole is then placed in the sunshine, and in less than a minute all the uncovered parts of the paper will assumd a rich brown tint. The paper should then be removed from the direct influence of the sun, and placed in a book until the drawing be rendered permanent: the specimen, quite uninjured by the process, may then be replaced in the herbarium, and the drawing of another be taken, and so on. So rapidly is this process executed, that twenty-five or thirty drawings may be obtained in an hour, providing we are favoured with a direct sun-beam; if, however, we have only the diffused day-light, five or ten minutes, and sometimes even more, are required to produce a drawing with well-defined outlines.

"If drawings of recent plants be required, specimens of proper size should be cut, and if not too rigid, placed on a piece of the paper, and kept in a proper position by means of a pane of glass, as in the case of dried specimens; but if the plant be rigid, the specimens should be placed for twenty-four hours between folds of blotting-paper, under a heavy weight, before placing them on the sensitive paper.

"Having obtained as many drawings as are required, the next thing is to fix them, so that their otherwise evanescent character may not deprive them of their value. For this purpose place them in a dish, and pour cold water over them; allow them to soak for ten minutes, and then transfer them to, or sponge them over with, a solution, made by dissolving an ounce of common salt in half a pint of water, to which half a fluid ounce of the tincture of the sesqui-chloride of iron has been added. The drawings thus prepared may be dried by pressure between folds of linen, and exposure to the air; and may then be examined without danger. On looking at them every one must be struck with the extreme accuracy with which every scale, nay, every projecting hair, is preserved on the paper; the character and habit of the plant is most beautifully delineated, and if the leaves be not too opake, the venation is most exquisitely represented; (this is particularly the case with the more delicate ferns, as *Polypodium Dryopteris.*) Among those classes of plants which appear to be more fitted than others for representation by this process, may be ranked the ferns, grasses, and umbelliferous plants; the photogenic drawings of the former, are indeed of exquisite beauty.

"The fact of the object being white on a brown ground does not affect the utility of this mode of making botanic drawings; indeed, I almost fancy that their character is better preserved by this contrast of tint, than by a coloured outline on a white ground. Every one will be fully aware of the value of this process to the botanist, in obtaining drawings of rare plants preserved in the herbaria of others, and which he would otherwise have probably no means of obtaining.

"If the drawing of a tree or large shrub be required, a box, blackened inside, having a hole at one end about 1¼ inch in diameter, must be provided; in this hole should be placed a lens of five or six inches focus; if one of longer focus be used, the dispersion of light becomes too great to ensure an accurate representation. When the tree or shrub is well illuminated by the solar beams, the lens should be presented towards it, at a distance varying of course with the height of the object. A piece of card-board should then be placed in the box, a little beyond the true focus of the lens, and the former moved until a well-defined bright image of the tree, &c., is formed on the card, of course in an inverted direction. The box is then to be placed on any convenient support in this position, and a piece of the prepared paper fixed on the card, the lid of the box is then to be closed, and the whole left for half an hour, at the end of which time a beautifully-accurate outline of the object will be found on the paper, which is then to be rendered permanent in the usual manner. It is obvious that this plan is unavailable on a windy day, on account of the branches of the tree, &c. being continually moving, so that it is of far less use to the botanist than the above-described process for obtaining drawings of small specimens.

"Various other applications of this paper will suggest themselves to the minds of naturalists."

[We shall return to this subject in a future number.]

(*For the Mirror*)

'Tis pleasing to the heart to mark when love's first ray
Rich in delight, wakes in the soul, and paints with hope the way;
When the frail vista of our term, with joyous hue appears,
And seems to bear no trace of grief, no likelihood of tears.

Then fancy, too luxuriant, investeth worldly things,
With garbings of happiness—untrue imaginings.
Rears a new state, unknown to care, in purity benign,
Fair as the flower, amidst whose folds envaried beauties shine.

Oh, that such love so found in youth, would e'er preside in age,
Hallow the eve, as well as morn of mankind's pilgrimage;
Love, hope, and innocence, triune, restore the bliss erst given,
And render every joy of life, akin to those of heaven.

R. J. L.

The Naturalist.

DEW.

Aqueous meteors, such as dew, fogs, clouds, &c., are produced from water raised from the earth and sea by evaporation. Dew appears only on calm and serene nights; and more falls during wet, than during dry winds. In cloudy nights, the quantity is small; and the same if they be windy; and if both together, none at all is deposited. Everything that prevents access to the sky, hinders the deposition of dew. If you put a quantity of wool *on* a table, and an equal quantity *under* it, the quantity of dew acquired by the former, will be more than three times that of the latter. More dew falls on grass than on a gravel-walk; and more on the latter than on polished metals. If clouds come over the sky during a night which has been previously clear, the temperature of the grass has been known to rise ten degrees; and proportionably less dew has been deposited. Grass has been known to be at forty degrees, and gravel at fifty-six, at the same time; and therefore more dew was deposited on the first. The amount of dew depends, not only on the temperature of bodies, but also on the quantity of moisture in the earth. Aristotle looked upon dew as a kind of rain, formed in the lower part of the air, from condensed vapour. As it was discovered that more dew was formed on our bodies, than on a naked sword, it was thought to be of electrical origin; but it has been proved that any electrical phenomenon connected with it, is the *effect* and not the *cause* of dew. Sir John Leslie says, that all bodies radiate heat; and that, during the day, more heat is received by the atmosphere from the sun, than is sent away; and therefore the heat rises; while the contrary takes place at night. In this country, dew is said to fall to the depth of five inches, in the course of the year; but in tropical countries much more. Water obtained from condensed dew, is generally very pure; but sometimes it contains impurities; such as common salt, and in some countries even salt-petre. It sometimes contains carbonic acid; and Dr. Duncan, of Edinburgh, gives an account of an acid dew, obtained from a tree in the East Indies.

FOG.

In this country, it is rare to see the atmosphere quite clear. There are generally clouds, which occasionally sink to the earth, and form mists and fogs. These do not consist of solid drops of water; but of vesicles of water containing air. If they were not *hollow* drops, they would be precipitated rapidly, and not remain suspended. Saussure, during his ascent of Mont Blanc, was surprised to observe in a mist large drops,—some of them larger than peas; but on catching them in his hand, he found they were bladders. It is not easy to tell how the vesicles are formed; or why they are sometimes lighter, and at other times heavier than the atmosphere. Their formation seems to be connected with electricity; but how, we know not. They seem to be charged with *similar* electricity,—being either all *positive* or all *negative*; so that they repel each other. Clouds, fogs, or mists, are formed whenever two strata of air, charged with moisture and of different temperature, are mixed. An iceberg moving through warmer air charged with moisture, causes a deposition of it in the form of mist. Some writers mention a *dry* fog, having the same general characters as an *aqueous* one; but not affecting the hygrometer. The sun and moon appear red through it. In the year 1783, when there were such severe eruptions in Iceland, and earthquakes in Calabria, a fog spread over all Europe, the north of Africa, and for three or four hundred miles over the Atlantic. In many parts it deposited sulphureous and carbonaceous matters. It may be considered to have escaped from the earth; where a great quantity exists, daily increasing or decreasing. In some countries, diseases are connected as much with subterranean action, as with atmospheric changes, occasioned by the escape of noxious vapours from the earth.

SLEET.

When the lower stratum of the atmosphere is warmer than the higher, snow, in passing through it, becomes sleet; and this soon cools the air; so that snow falls.

AVALANCHES.

Enormous masses of ice and snow sometimes roll down the sides of mountains. These masses, which are called "avalanches," are of two kinds; one, which is the most frequent, consisting of light snow, and separating from the part of the mountain above the snow-line. The other kind consists of more solid materials, and is derived from the lower edge of the snow-line; where partial thawings and freezings have produced ice. Sixty soldiers were once killed by an avalanche; and so were a hundred men at St. Bernard's. In the year 1624, three hundred men were buried by an avalanche; and many of them killed; and numerous other instances will be found in modern books of travels.

THE RAINBOW.

The Romans looked upon the rainbow as a syphon, by which water was carried up into the clouds. It only appears when a cloud opposite the sun is letting fall rain; and depends on reflection and refraction of

the rays of light, in passing through the drops of water. Captain Parry once observed a rainbow, in which there were five complete arches. If when the sun is in the horizon, the spectator is placed forty-two degrees above it, the rainbow makes a complete circle. In travelling along the side of a hill, in Ireland, I once observed a rainbow, which formed much more than half a circle; —owing to the height at which I was placed, and its position over the valley giving it plenty of room to develop itself. Lunar rainbows are of frequent occurrence; and (as might be expected) are not so brilliant as solar ones. There is a nautical rainbow, which is seen in stormy seas, where the spray is carried up by the wind; and, in falling, gives rise to a rainbow. For the same reason, a rainbow is sometimes seen near cascades; and sometimes when waves beat on a rocky shore. I observed a rainbow in the spray of the Powerscourt waterfall. Sometimes only fragments of rainbows are seen; and these are considered by sailors to be signs of unsettled weather. In the second, or outer bow, the rays are twice refracted in the same drops of rain; and the last refraction inverts the order of the colours.

N. R.

THE BEAR AND THE FOX AT BERNE.

(From the French of Dumas.)

The first pear I threw to the bears was swallowed up by one of them without the least opposition; it was not so, however, with the second. The bear was lazily preparing himself to move to the place where had fallen his dessert, when suddenly out pounced some strange animal, whose form I was altogether unable to discern, from the nimbleness and amazing swiftness of its movements; this animal, without the slightest hesitation, seized upon the pear, close to the bear's nose, and ran off with it into a hole of small dimensions in the wall. A few moments after, I saw the pointed, black nose of a fox, protruding from the hole; his eyes were peering with all the vivacity imaginable around, in expectation of some other feast, to be made at the expense of poor Bruin.

This strange scene excited my curiosity, and I felt a desire to repeat the experiment. For this purpose I bought a few cakes—the fox evidently saw my intention, his eyes were stedfastly fixed on me, and he did not remove them as long as I stayed there. Having then made this purchase, I put the cakes in my left hand, and held one in the other, ready to throw when I saw a fit opportunity. The sly fellow seemed to understand me, and shook his head, as if to enable him to watch my movements with fresh vigour; he then licked his lips, and prepared himself for a leap. I meant, however, to put his agility to a severer test than I had at first done. The bear, on his side, saw all my preparations, and evidently looked upon them with a kind of lazy anticipation of success, holding his mouth wide open, and swinging himself to and fro as he sat on his hind quarters. In the mean time the fox, creeping stealthily along, by this time had entirely come forth from his place of refuge; and then it was I saw the reason why I had not in the first instance recognised the animal; the poor fellow had no tail!

I at length threw the cake; the bear followed the course it took with his eyes, let himself fall on his paws, and prepared himself to fetch it; but he had no sooner made one step towards it, than at a single leap, the fox cleared him; and so correct was his aim, that he fell with his nose exactly upon the cake. The cunning animal, on his way to his retreat, then described an arc of considerable extent; but the bear, furious at the loss he had sustained, and the still greater disappointment he had met with, to defeat his antagonist's purpose, put what principles of geometry he was acquainted with in practice, and flew off in a diametrical trim towards the fox; he was, however, a little too late, and his ponderous jaws met each other with a fearful noise as he reached the hole. I then understood how it was that Master Reynard had lost his tail.

H. M.

ORIGIN OF THE GRESHAM LECTURES.

(Concluded from page 231.)

In the terms of the foundation of Gresham College, as given in our last paper, a basis seems to have been laid for a metropolitan university. His will, soon after his death, was confirmed by a private act of Parliament; by which the Royal Exchange, subject to the life-estate of his widow, was vested in the City and Mercer's Company for ever, to the good uses and intents of his will: and, on the death of Lady Gresham, in 1596, the City and the Mercer's Company, coming into possession of the estates, proceeded to execute the trusts of the will; for this purpose they appointed committees of persons selected from their respective bodies; and, for the better discharge of their duties, in the appointment of the first lecturers, they wrote to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge to nominate two persons in every faculty. The following letter was sent by the Mercer's Company to the University of Oxford:—"To the Right Worshipful our very loving friends the Vice Chancellor, the Masters, and Scholars, of the Universaity of Oxford.

"Right Worshipful.—Where by the late death of the Lady Gresham, certain rents

out of the Royal Exchange, and the dwelling-house of Sir Thomas Gresham, within this city, were by his last will committed in trust to the mayor and commonalty of this city, and to the wardens and corporation of the mystery of Mercers, for the maintaining of divers lectures in sundry faculties, to be publicly read within the said house; whereof certain (to wit) of divinity, astronomy, geometry, and music, were by his said will referred to the ordering and disposition of the mayor and commonalty; the other three (to wit) law, physic, and rhetoric, to the bestowing of the said wardens and corporation of the Company of Mercers; with a sufficient stipend of fifty pounds the year, for the maintaining of every one of the said lectures: we have thought good, for the better discharge of so great a trust committed unto us, and for the avoiding of all error which otherwise might happen to be made by us in our said election, to crave the direction of your learned judgments, and heartily to pray you to name unto us two meet persons (being unmarried, as the will requireth) of best ability in every faculty of those three, that are committed unto us, (to wit) law, physic, and rhetoric; being also furnished with good parts for the profession of the said arts in so public a place, whereof, no doubt, is great expectation throughout this whole realm, with what sufficiency and good dexterity the same is performed; whose names we likewise desire may be set down, and sent unto us, under the seal of that University: that being assisted by your grave directions, we may proceed to make election of the fittest persons in every faculty. Wherein as you shall do a very good work, in furthering a matter of so good importance to the church of God, and this commonwealth; so you shall bind ourselves in like respect, to do any office that shall lie in us, which may conduce to the public good of that university. And we praying your answer with all convenient speed, we commend you right heartily to the protection of God's Holy Spirit. From London, the 24th of January, 1596. Your very assured loving friends, the Master and Wardens of the Mystery of Mercers, in the name of the whole Corporation. Baldwin Derhame, William Quarles, Baptiste Hicks, Per me Holliband."

On the receipt of this, and a similar letter from the city, a convocation of the University of Oxford was held, at which a committee, consisting of twenty-one persons, with the Vice Chancellor and Proctors, was appointed to select the candidates. This committee accordingly nominated two persons in every faculty; and their nominations having been confirmed by a subsequent convocation, were communicated to the City and the Mercer's Company, in letters drawn up by the public orator. A similar application being at the same time made to the University of Cambridge; they fearing the new establishment might prejudice the Universities, after consulting with their Chancellor, Lord Burghley, likewise nominated two candidates in every faculty. In the election, the trustees showed equal regard to the recommendation of either University; taking three of the lecturers from Oxford, three from Cambridge, and the other one on the queen's recommendation. The lecturers, thus chosen, were immediately let into possession of Sir Thomas Gresham's mansion, and commenced their readings in the Michaelmas term of 1597, or 1598. At the commencement of these lectures, it appears that the order in which they are at present read, was established by the mutual consent of the lecturers and trustees; being copied from the practice of the Universities, except as to the English readings, these being specially introduced, for the benefit of the citizens not understanding Latin. About the same time, for the more particular direction of the lecturers, certain ordinances, dated January 16, 1597, in the form of an indenture, between the trustees and the lecturers, appear to have been drawn up by the trustees. These ordinances were never executed or adopted by the lecturers. The following is the provision regarding the lecture on Law: The solemn lectures of law, are to be read twice every week in the term time for one whole hour, in the manner following; namely, for three quarters of the hour in the Latin tongue, and for the other quarter, in the English tongue, which shall be a brief collection or recapitulation of that which was read in the Latin of the same lecture. The times appointed for the solemn law lectures, are every Tuesday of the same terms, in the forenoon, between eight and nine, and, in the afternoon of the same days, from two of the clock until three of the clock. Touching the course to be observed by the law reader in these solemn lectures, it is thought meet, in respect of the end of ordaining this lecture, and for the quality of the hearers, who, for the most part, are like to be merchants and other citizens, that the said law lecture be not read after the manner of the universities, but that the reader cull out such titles and heads of law that may best serve to the good liking and capacity of the said auditory, and are more usual in common practice, which may be handled after the order of Wesenbecius, and certain others, by definition, division; causes, material, formal, efficient, final; effects, contraries; and for that this method being first laid out and judiciously handled, will be most perspicuous, and leave nothing that is material in the whole law, concerning that matter obscure and untouched. The heads and titles of such matters, as seem fittest for this place and auditory, in those solemn

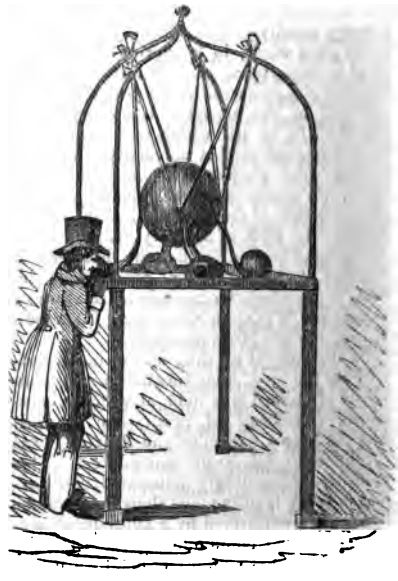
lectures, are these that follow, namely;—De justitia et jure; de jurisprudentia; de jure personarum; de legibus et consuetudine; de acquirenda rerum dominio; de acquirenda, amittenda, recuperanda possessione; de usurpationibus et usucapionibus; de servitutibus urbanorum et rusticorum prædiorum; de usufructu; de usu et habitatione; de rei vindicatione, jure sistendi vel arestandi bona vel personas; de rathabitione; de testamentis; de heredibus sive executoribus; de legatis; de fedeicommisso; de veborum et literarum obligationibus; de sponsionibus; de fidejussoribus et mandatoribus; de solutionibus et liberationibus; de acceptilationibus; de donationibus; de usuris, et eo quod interest, et mora; de emptione et venditione; de locatione et conductione: de societate; de nuptiis et sponsalibus; de polygamia; de mandato; de negotiorum gestorum actione; de actionibus ex contractu vel delicto; de ludis illicitis; de injuriis et famosis libellis; de dolo malo; de contractibus innominatis; de præscriptionibus; de testibus; de fide instrumentorum; de juris et facti ignorantia; de publicis notariis sive tabellionibus; de termino moto; de vi et vi armata; so mensor falsum modum dixerit; de operibus publicis; quod metus causa; de via publica; de itinere publico; de damno infecto, suggrundis, et projectis; de exercitoria actione vel magistro navis; de nautis cauponibus, et stabularüs; de nautis, navibus, et navigatione; de commerciis et mercatoribus; de proxene icis; de nautico fœnore; de monopoliis aliisque conventionibus illicitis; de jactu et contributione fienda; de reprisaliis; de publicanis et vectigalibus; de nundinis; de dardanariis et annonæ flagellatoribus; de bello; de re et jure militari; de præda bellica; de transfugis et emansoribus; de pœnaeorum, qui res vetitas ad hostes deferunt; de piratis; de publico commeatu vel salvo conductu; de captivis et postliminio reversis; de duello probibito; de principum confœderationibus, fœderibus, et inducüs; de lagatis principum; de legationibus obeundis; de jure regaliorum; de nobilitate utraque; de insignibus et armis; de regulis juris utriusque. The mansion of Sir Thomas Gresham, where these lectures were first delivered, extended from Bishopsgate Street to Broad Street; it was a spacious and convenient building, with open courts, covered walks, gardens, stables, and other offices. In an essay, by Sir George Buck, it is styled "a little universitie or academiæ epitome;" and would probably have been chartered, but from a regard to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. At the great fire of London, Gresham College having escaped from its devastating effects, became the Chamber, Guildhall, Common-hall, and the Exchange of the remaining city. On which occasion, the lodgings of the Astronomy Lecturer were appropriated to the Lecturers and the Royal Society; the lodgings of the Divinity Professor were given up to the Lord Mayor; those of the Law Professor were resigned to the use of the Mercer's Company; and the other apartments, with the reading-rooms, were appropriated to the City Courts and officers. Small shops were erected in the galleries, the piazza and other parts, and the quadrangle was allotted to the merchants, for an Exchange. W. G. C.

Public Exhibitions.

THE INVISIBLE GIRL.

HAVING become an object of great attraction, at the *Adelaide Gallery*, we here give a description of this highly ingenious deception, extracted from that popular and pleasing work, "*Philosophy in Sport, made Science in Earnest.*"

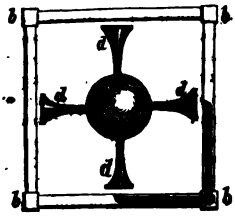
"As sound radiates in all directions, it follows, that, if such radiation be prevented by confining it in tubes, it may be carried to a great distance, with very little diminution of its effect; and hence the use and application of those trumpets, or tin speaking-pipes, which are commonly used for conveying intelligence from one part of a house to another. The trumpet used by deaf persons acts on the same principle; but as the voice enters the trumpet at the large, instead of the small end of the instrument, it is not so much confined, nor is the sound so much increased.



The experiment now exhibiting in London, and which was before the public some thirty years ago, under the title of the *Invisible Girl*, and which now, as then, excites general curiosity, depends upon an arrangement of this kind.

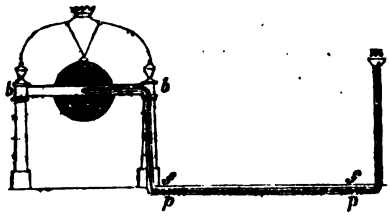
We shall now proceed to describe the visible mechanism, of which the preceding engraving is a true representation.

It consists of a wooden frame, not very unlike a bedstead, having four upright posts, and a cross rail at top and bottom to strengthen them. The frame thus constructed, stands upon a low table, and from the top of each of the four pillars, spring four bent brass wires, which converge at the point *o*. From these wires a hollow copper ball is suspended by ribands, so as to cut off all possible communication with the frame. The globe is supposed to contain the invisible being, as the voice apparently proceeds from the interior of it; and for this purpose it is equipped with the mouths of four trumpets, placed round it in a horizontal direction, and at right angles to each other, as shown in the annexed section:



in which the globe is represented in the centre, *d d d d* are the trumpets, and *b b b b* the frame surrounding them, at the distance of about half an inch from their mouths. If any person asks a question, by directing the voice into one of the trumpets, an answer is immediately returned from the ball, by some one whose ear is near the mouth of the trumpet, in a voice so distant and feeble, that it appears as if coming from a very diminutive being, and thus heightens the deception. A person may examine, and yet be unable to unravel the mystery.

The mechanism owes its effects to the combined operation of two principals; the concentration and conveyance of sound by means of a speaking pipe, and its reflection from an appropriate surface so as to change its apparent direction, by producing an artificial echo. The pipe is concealed in one of the legs of the frame, and the voice of the person answering (and who is stationed in an adjoining room,) is conveyed to the mouth of the trumpet, and thence reflected to the ear of the observer. The annexed section will render this subject intelligible to the reader.



b b represent two of the legs of the frame, one of which, as well as half the rail, is made into a tube, the end of which opens immediately opposite to the centre of the trumpet. This hole is very small, and is concealed by mouldings; the other end communicates by a tin pipe, *p p*, which passes, in a concealed manner, along the floor of the room, into an adjoining closet, where the confederate is concealed. It is evident, that any sound, directed into the mouth of the trumpet, will be immediately reflected back to the orifice of the tube, and distinctly heard by a person who places his ear to the mouth of the funnel *m*; while the answer returned by him, travelling along the tin-funnel, *p p*, will issue from its concealed orifice, and striking upon the concave surface of the trumpet, be returned to the ear as an echo, and thus appear as if it had proceeded from the interior of the ball.

This deception of the *Invisible Girl* is upon the plan of the old and well-known mechanism of the *speaking-bust*, which consisted of a tube, from the mouth of a bust, leading to a confederate in an adjoining room, and of another tube to the same place, ending in the ear of the figure; by the latter of which, a sound whispered in the ear of the bust was immediately carried to the confederate, who instantly returned an answer by the other tube, ending in the mouth of the figure, which therefore appeared to utter it. The *Invisible Girl* evidently only differs from that contrivance in this single circumstance, that an artificial echo is produced by means of a trumpet, and thus the sound no longer appears to proceed in its original direction."

THE ECCALEOBION.

An exhibition, under the above name, has been opened in Pall Mall, for the purpose of hatching birds, from a wren to an eagle, by means of steam and machinery. The machine wherein the eggs are deposited, is a wooden cabinet, about nine feet long, three feet in breadth, and three feet and a half in height, covered, except the fall-down glazed doors, with cloth; it has eight divisions, capable in the whole of containing upwards of 2,000 eggs, which are merely laid on flannel, and the heat imparted by gas, con-

veyed by pipes placed under the machine, in the course of twenty-one days brings the chick into existence; from this machine they are removed the day after being hatched into a large square glazed case, or box, under which also the gas is conveyed: in a short time they are again removed to a convenient and capacious enclosed place in three divisions, on the floor of the room; the bottom being covered with gravel. Here they have plenty of room for exercise; and here they remain until sold. The room is warmed by gas, kept to an equal degree of temperature.

We saw several of the chicks just emerged from the shell, and beautiful, healthy, and extremely strong they seemed; pecking, almost instantly, the groats strewed for them: in fact, nothing can exceed the liveliness of their appearance: they seem not in the least to feel the want of their natural parent.

On the table, in the centre of the room, are several specimens of the various states of incubation, from the embryo to the perfect formation.

Certainly, it is impossible a more magnificent or astounding exhibition can be offered to the notice of the public: for it fills the mind of the spectator with the most profound awe, wonder, and admiration, of the wisdom and goodness of the Creator. It presents a field of pleasing contemplation: it is a sight of intense interest, that must be witnessed to be duly appreciated; and we are rejoiced to hear that it enjoys the greatest patronage, which it most justly deserves; for it is an exhibition every person ought to witness.

It would be idle to dilate on the various means resorted to, for producing chickens and other birds by artificial means, from the time of the Egyptians to the present day, their modes of proceeding being so well known; but it is necessary to notice, that the first partially-successful effort in England, was that of Mr. Barlow, who, in 1824, had a somewhat similar exhibition to that of the *Eccaleobion*, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, consisting of a building called an Improved Grapery, heated by steam, sixty feet long, eighteen feet high, and eighteen feet wide: it comprised forty ovens, each containing 1,500 eggs; and he calculated that the building would produce 640,000 chickens annually. We are unable to state the final results of this gentleman's experiments.

In vol. xxxii. of the *Mirror*, pp. 201-2, an account is given of Mr. Warboy's successful experiment of hatching chickens in a tin oven, of his own construction; and we learn by our respected correspondent, Mr. Sculthorpe, that the hen which was reared had been presented to the London Zoological Society, in whose gardens it now remains, in the healthiest state imaginable.

DISCOVERY OF THE TEA-PLANT IN BRITISH INDIA.

The project of the cultivation of tea within the vast extent of territory held by Great Britain in India, occurred to the Government at a comparatively early period. In 1793, Lord Macartney despatched some plants from China to Bengal, in various parts of which, his excellency had been informed, were districts adapted for their cultivation. From this period till very lately, when a Committee of tea-culture was instituted, no further steps seem to have been taken. On March 3, 1834, the Committee issued a circular, calling for information on a considerable number of points, the questions being prefaced by a sketch of the information then possessed by the Committee regarding the climate and soil most congenial to the tea-plant, as it exists in China. Yet in the face of the evidence given in the circular, the questions mostly rested on the idea that the plant was a native of hilly countries, in which snow falls during the winter; and in accordance with this idea, the Committee subsequently concluded that the requisite considerations were to be met with on the Himalaya mountains, and that Kimoun appeared to be the most eligible spot. Dr. Falconer was, therefore, requested to report on the localities which appeared to him advantageous for nurseries; and Mr. Gordon, Secretary to the Committee, was despatched to China, to procure seeds and plants for stocking the nurseries. In order to render Mr. Gordon's mission more successful, Dr. Wallich was requested to draw up instructions, both as to choice of stock, and their transmission, as well as that of seeds, to Bengal.

Mr. Gordon succeeded in transmitting a great number of seeds to Calcutta, of which one half germinated. While Mr. Gordon was engaged in China collecting seeds and plants, the discovery of the tea-plant in Upper Assam, and that to a great extent, was brought before the notice of the Committee, who apprised the Government of the fact, in a letter dated December 24, 1834, observing that they were not altogether unprepared for this highly interesting event, they being acquainted with the fact, that, so far back as 1826, Mr. David Scott sent down specimens of the leaves of a shrub which he insisted upon was real tea. Now, although reasons certainly existed why the alleged tea might have proved, as the Committee suggested, nothing but a *Camellia*, yet the very fact of a *Camellia* being reported to exist, should at once have pointed out the immediate necessity of a proper examination of the plant on the spot, because it was known in May 1834, that the plant in question was used by the Singphos as tea, and it is not certain whether some species of *Camellia* do not

produce tea.* Dr. Lindley says, "the tea which is extensively consumed by Europeans is produced by the *Thea*, and different species of *Camellia*."

"The Assam discovery," Dr. Wallich observes, "has placed the labours of the Committee on quite a different footing from that on which they commenced. Who can say what may be the effect of that truly magnificent discovery? The question is now no longer, whether the tea will grow in Hindostan, or whether it produces leaves fit for use (the Assamese and their neighbours, not to mention the Yunamese, consume vast quantities of them), scarcely whether or not the leaf admits of being prepared in the same manner as is done in China for infusion, but simply whether the shrub can be extensively cultivated for commercial purposes, and whether it admits of being introduced into Kumaon, Sirmore, and the like north-west parts of the country."

Mr. Bruce says, that "the tea-plants in Assam have in general been found to grow and to thrive best, near small rivers and pools of water, and in those places where, after heavy falls of rain, large quantities of water have accumulated, and in their struggle to get free have cut out for themselves numerous small channels. Every one of the small islands of the river Kahong is covered with trees of various sizes, and the tea among them; the land being never wholly inundated in the rains, though nearly so. I have never met with the tea-plants growing in the sun, but invariably under shade, in thick woods, or what we call tree-jungle. It struggles for existence amongst so many other trees that it becomes tall and slender, with most of its branches high up. The largest tea-plant I ever met with was 29 cubits high, and four spans round: very few, I should say, attain that size. I have taken great numbers of tea-plants from the jungles, brought them four to eight days' journey to my own house [in Assam] and planted them in my garden, and those that had the most shade, I find, look healthier than those that had none, and they throw out more leaves.† In 1836. the government sent two botanists (Dr. Wallich and Mr. Griffith) and a geologist (Mr. M'Clelland) to examine the Assamese tea-plant. Dr. Wallich, who conducted the deputation, requested me to accompany them, being the only European who had ever visited the tea-tracts, as the different localities are called. One day, after having seen some tea, in company with these gentlemen, and as we were returning, I was informed by some natives, of another patch or tract of tea that had been cut down. We went and examined it, and found the plants just coming up, about six inches high. We were told that the villagers took the tea-plant to be so much jungle, and therefore nearly cut all of it down close to the ground, and set fire to the whole, and then planted paddy or rice on the spot. When we saw the plants, the shoots were coming up from the roots and old stumps, thick and numerous. Some tea-plants I noticed had only been cut a foot, and some two to four feet from the ground; all these threw out numerous shoots and leaves, an inch or two below where they had been cut. I afterwards converted this piece of ground into a tea plantation, on account of Government, and now it is one of the finest I have. Where there was formerly one tea-plant, there are now upwards of a dozen; the new shoots from the old cuttings forming a fine bush, and greatly contrasting with some of the original trees which I have permitted to stand, with slender trunks, and a few branches only at the top. This tract or garden yielded more tea in the season of 1837, than twelve times the space of ground in the jungles would have done. I have found that as the plants that had been cut down grew up again, the leaves acquired a yellowish tinge from their exposure to the sun, and were much thicker than those in the jungles; but this yellow tinge has worn off, and the leaves are now as green as those in the shade. No tea tracts have been discovered north of the Debree river, and they are all on the south side of it. The Muttuck country appears to be one vast tea country; and I feel confident that not one-half of its tea-tracts have been yet discovered." (*To be continued.*)

* The natural group to which the tea-plant belongs comprises but two genera. The first genus consists of only one species, the tea-plant, or *Thea*, itself; and the second genus consists of several species which, according to Dr. Wallich, "have been found wild in Japan, China, Cochin-China, and in Nepaul, and on the mountains bordering on the north-western frontiers of Bengal."

† The latter observation is contrary to the statement of the black-tea makers of China, which will be given hereafter.

New Books.

COINAGE OF IRELAND.

We have to congratulate our readers on the recent publication of an elaborately compiled volume on the Numismatic Antiquities of Ireland, entitled "A View of the Coinage of Ireland, from the Invasion of the Danes to the Reign of George IV.; with copious Tables, Lists, and Descriptions, of Hiberno-Danish and Irish Coins; and an Account of some of the principal Discoveries of Coins in Ireland; illustrated by Engravings of upwards of one hundred and fifty unpublished Coins." The author, Mr. John Lindsay, Barrister at Law, resident at Cork, has, during several years past, devoted his ample means and erudition to the very laudable purpose of collecting every variety that afforded interest in the developing the early monetary history of Ireland; and his success

has been commensurate with his enthusiasm in the cause. Simon's accurate work on the Coins of Ireland, printed in 1749, so far as the sources of information were known to him, is yet a standard of historical inquiry. Snelling's Supplementary Additions, in 1770, advanced new particulars, which emanated from his experience as a coin-dealer, and aided by the rich collections of Benjamin Bartlett and Thomas Hollis. In 1810, Simon and Snelling were both republished, with an additional plate, and descriptions by Mr. George Holmes, of Dublin; and now, notwithstanding the exertions and labours of these men, ardently embued with that love of country which impelled the printing of the volumes under notice, Mr. Lindsay has directed new points of inquiry; has illustrated what was hitherto problematical, by the adducing of new facts, and embattled an array of upwards of one hundred and fifty newly-discovered, and hitherto unknown coins, in illustration of his endeavours to advance the enlargement of the numismatic history of Ireland, already extensively rich, far beyond the ideal conception of the uninterested observer.

The descriptions of the coins, in methodical tables, detail the forms, figures, legends, and weights, respectively of each; and, unsophisticated by conjecture, or falsely-constructed hypothesis, leave the simple fact for the reader to conclude thereon as shall please his humour: and the plates are sufficient, in their manner of execution, as regards the draughtsman, for all the purposes of graphic illustration.

Where all is ample matter of discussion, and every page is fraught with seductive lure for extract, "full to overflowing," of interesting antiquarian research, our prescribed limits inhibit immediate quotation, it is sufficient to strongly commend the "View of the Coinage of Ireland" to the notice of our readers; especially when, not only all the rare coins in Mr. Lindsay's cabinet are described, but also those, pertinent to the subject, in the collections of the Deans of St. Patrick, and Lismore; Sir William Betham; Dr. Smith, of Dublin; Lieut.-Col. Weld Hartstonge; the Rev. J. W. Martin, of Keston, near Bromley, Kent; the Rev. Richard Butler, of Trim; the Rev. T. R. England; the Rev. John A. Mulet, of Trinity College, Dublin; the Rev. E. Marks, of Dublin; the Rev. —— Mochler, of Fermoy; J. L. Coxon, Esq., Flesk Priory, Killarney; J. D. Cuff, Esq., of the Bank, London; Redmond Anthony, Esq., of Piltown, county of Waterford, the talented and public-spirited proprietor of a very interesting collection of Irish antiquities; Mr. Crofton Croker, of the Admiralty; Richard Sainthill, Esq., Cork; John Windele, Esq., of Sunday's Well, Cork; Francis Woodley, Esq., Cork; William Leicester, Esq., Cork; Samuel Wright, Esq., Cork; Joseph and John Humfreys, Esqrs.; Abraham Abell, Esq.; Edward Hoare, Esq., of Factory Hill, Cork; and William Cutter, Esq.

As a passing-word of our notice, and expressive of our gratification on the inspection of Mr. Lindsay's highly treasurable volume, we cannot forego observing on the very high esteem which it excites, when the learning and property of the above-mentioned individuals are considered as employed in so honourable a distinction for the furthering the best interests of society, and promoting inquiries into the almost obsolete and forgotten ages of the National History of Ireland.

Manners and Customs.

SUNDAY PLAYS AND GAMES.

THE following document will doubtless be deemed worthy of preservation in the pages of the *Mirror*, as it shows that in the reign of Good Queen Bess, sports on Sundays, a relic of Papal manners in England, was then common, and were tolerated by authority; it further shows the methods adopted by the government for rewarding the deserving claimants on its bounty, by immediately sanctioning a voluntary contribution on the people, who were in no way injured by the transaction, as a many can always assist a few.

"To all Majors, Shereffes, Constables and other Hed Officers, within the Countie of Middlesex.

"After our hartie commendations, whereas we are enformed that one John Seconton Powlter, dwellinge within the parishe of St. Clements Daines, beinge a poore man, havinge foure small children, and fallen into decaye, ys lycensed to have and use some plays and games, at or uppon nyne severall Sondaies, for his better relief, comfort, and sustentacion, within the Countie of Middlesex, to commense and begynne at and from the xxii nd. date of Maye next comynge, after the date hereof, and not to remayne in one place not above thre seuerall Sondaies: And we consideringe that greate resort of people is lyke to come thereunto, we will and require you, as well for good order, as also for the preservation of the Queen's Majesty's peace, that you take with you foure or fyve of the discrete and substancial men within your office or libertie, where the games shall be put in practice, then and there to forsee and doo your endevour to your best in that behalf durynge the contynuance of the games or plays, which games are hereafter severallie mencyoned, that is to say, the Shotinge with the Standerd, the Shotynge with the Brode Arrowe, the Shotynge at the twelve skore Prick, the the Shotynge at the Turke, the Leppinge

for Men. the Runninge for Men, the Wrastlinge, the Throwinge of the Sledge, and the Pytchinge of the Barre, with all such other games, as have at anye time heretofore or now be lycensed, used or played.

"Yeoven [Given] the xxvi th. Daie of Aprill [1569] in the eleventh yere of the Quene's Majesty's raigne."

Progress of Science.

BOTANY.

At a meeting of La Societé Royale d'Agriculture de Lyon, M. Vilmorin remarked, that the artichoke was known as an edible plant by the Romans, but forgotten or disdained during the dark ages, till it came into notice again in the 16th century. Almost all the parts of this plant, he says, may be rendered useful. The leaves yield an extract, which will serve as a substitue for quinine. The leaves themselves may be cooked and eaten after the fruit is gathered, or used as fodder, mixed with certain grasses; they may be substituted for hops in making beer; and they contain a great quantity of pot-ash.

M. Soringe argues, from physiological facts, that pruning the mulberry at the same time when the leaves are gathered from it, will produce a handsomer and a longer-lived tree, and a greater return of leaves.

CHEMISTRY.

M. Orfila has discovered a method of detecting the smallest atoms of arsenic, even when administered in solution. For this he used a lamp, the hydrogen gas of which was produced by a piece of zinc steeped in sulphuric acid. The arsenic, however small the quantity, when exposed to the flame of this gas, is carried along by it; and if a cold substance be presented to the end of the narrow tube conveying the flame, the arsenic will be deposited on it like a spot.—*Athenæum.*

Dr. Edward Moore, with the view of submitting Kyanized wood to the action of the *Limnoria*, placed the following pieces of wood on the piles of the Pitch-House Jetty, in Plymouth Dock-yard, at low-water, on January 12, 1838; namely, a piece of American deal, 4 inches by 10½ thick; also a piece of similar dimensions, which had been soaked for two months in a saturated solution of arsenic; and two others which had been prepared with Kyan's solution, by Mr. W. Evans, the Plymouth agent of the patentee. On the 12th of the following August, the pieces having all been under water for seven months, were taken up by some of the dock-yard men. It was found that the protected pieces had all been acted on, though not to quite so great an extent as the plain piece of deal; but the specimens were dotted with *Bulmi* and *Flustræ*, and all containing *living Limoriæ*; and it was evident that, though retarded, the destruction of the wood would, in a few months more, have been equally as certain as where none of the above preparations had been employed. Dr. Moore considers it highly improbable that any protection can be afforded in cases of this kind from the employment of soluble substances; for in the instance of the solution of oxide of arsenic, or of the bi-chloride of mercury, (corrosive sublimate,) which Kyan's solution is known to be, it is evident that any additional quantity of fluid coming in contact with it will dilute it, or redissolve any of the salt which might have been deposited in the pores of the wood, by drying; the continual washing of the sea will effectually clear the surface of the wood of any deleterious matter; and although the foremost depredators may perish in making a lodgment in the interior, yet myriads are ready to supply their places, and to maintain the ground already gained, while the continued action of the water will tend to assist them in their efforts: hence he is of opinion that Kyan's solution is not a certain remedy against the destruction of wooden erections in any of the estuaries around our island. The Lords of the Admiralty have ordered the flooring of the south building-slip in this dock-yard to be removed, and replaced with stone. Two arches of the wooden bridge at Teignmouth have fallen down, in consequence of the piers having been destroyed by the *Teredo;* so that we have here found another locality for this animal. —*Magazine of Natural History for April.*

METEOROLOGY.

At the meeting of the Royal Society on the 21st instant, was read an account of the fall of a meteoric stone in Cold Bokkeveld, Cape of Good Hope, in a letter from Mr. T. Maclear. In its descent, which occurred at half-past nine o'clock A. M. October 13, 1838, it appeared like a silvery meteor, traversing the atmosphere for a distance of about sixty miles, and then loudly exploding like a volley of artillery, which was heard over a space of more than seventy miles in diameter—the air meanwhile being calm and sultry. The explosion widely dispersed the stone in fragments—which were at first so soft that they could be cut with a knife, but they subsequently hardened spontaneously. The whole of this meteoric stone, or ærolite, was considered to have been about five cubic feet in bulk. Professor Faraday, who has examined the stone, states, that when dry it possesses a specific gravity of 2.94, and some small evidence of magnetic power irregularly dispersed through it. He found that one hundred parts of the stone yielded the following constituents, namely:—water, 6.5; sulphur, 4.24.; silica

or flint, 28.9; protoxide of iron, 33.22; magnesia, 19.2; alumina, 5.22; lime, 1.64; oxide of nickel, .82; oxide of chromium, .7; cobalt and soda, a trace.

ELECTRICITY.

At the Electrical Society, on the 2nd inst., a paper was read from Mr. M. Roberts, describing an improved Galvanic Battery. The trough is a wooden box, divided into cells by means of circular disks of copper and zinc, in metallic connexion, fitted on a wooden axle, and half immersed in dilute acid. Between the copper and zinc disks, in each cell, a strip of flannel or cloth is extended from one end of the trough to the other, lightly rubbing on the sides of the contiguous disks or plates, which are turned slowly round, by means of a handle attached to the axle. He found the production of gas to be four times as rapid when the disks or plates are turned, than when not, owing to their constant clean surface, and from the increased galvanic energy acquired by the plates being exposed to the air in their revolution, one half of the surface being always so exposed. A battery of this kind is much less expensive than that of Daniell's.

M. Arago has proposed a plan for discharging clouds, in cases of storms, of the electric fluid which they contain, and thus preventing the frequent occurrence of hail-storms, which are generally produced by two currents of clouds, charged with positive and negative electricity, crossing each other. It consists in an improvement upon Franklin's experiment of the kite, with which he obtained an electric spark from a cloud; and afterwards Dr. Romas, of Nerac, and Messrs. Lining and Charles, of the United States, produced electric flashes three and four feet in length. M. Arago recommends that a small balloon, properly secured, armed with metallic points, and communicating with the ground by a rope covered with metallic wire, like a harp-string, should be kept permanently floating in the air, at a considerable height over the spot which it is wished to preserve from the effects of lightning or hail; and he expects that by such an apparatus as this, a cloud might have its electric contents entirely drawn off, without any damage being caused, or that at least the intensity of a hail-storm would be greatly diminished. The experiment is so simple, that it is well deserving of a trial.

IMPORTANT CHEMICAL DISCOVERY.

One of the most valuable improvements in modern times has lately been achieved in the manufacture of soda from common salt, by the use of carbonate of ammonia, instead of the pestiferous method hitherto employed in the production of that alkali. The inhabitants residing in the vicinity of the soda-manufactories at Birmingham, Liverpool, Newcastle, Glasgow, &c., owe the inventors of this invaluable improvement a heavy debt of gratitude, as by this discovery they have put an end to the dreadful nuisance which the public have so long endured. The necessity of decomposing the chloride of sodium by sulphur no longer exists, the newly-discovered process being perfectly free from all noxious vapour. Another important advantage is also secured—namely, that the improved method can with little additional outlay be adapted to the manufactories at present in operation, and the workmen who have hitherto been frequently thrown out of employment and subject to the loss of their wages, in consequence of the numerous indictments that have been laid against their masters for nuisances, will no longer be subjected to this evil. This process, when submitted to an eminent chemical lawyer for his opinion, was pronounced by him to be one of the most brilliant and ingenious discoveries in modern chemistry.—*From a correspondent, in the Morning Chronicle.*

EXPERIMENTAL SUBTERRANEOUS AND SUBAQUEOUS EXPLOSIONS AT CHATHAM BY THE VOLTAIC BATTERY.

For several months past the Royal Engineers, at Chatham, under Colonel Pasley, have been trying continual experiments in firing gunpowder by the voltaic battery, chiefly under water; and after many vicissitudes of partial success and of failure, they have at last succeeded in bringing this process to as much perfection as it seems capable of; that is, to as much certainty as the former methods of firing mines in dry soil. They have repeatedly fixed gunpowder at the distance of 500 feet, with their conducting wires either buried underground or led entirely under water, excepting a few feet connected with the battery, which in their subaqueous explosions was in a boat on the Medway, the powder being lodged at the bottom of that river. In their subterraneous explosion they blew up a field-work; and in one of their subaqueous experiments they blew to pieces a vessel representing a wreck, the fragments of which being of fir timber came up to the surface of the Medway immediately after the column of water thrown up by the explosion. On Saturday April 6th, they applied their voltaic battery to the blasting of rock under water. Two very large and heavy pieces of hard sand-stone were each prepared with a hole three inches in diameter by a borer, after which a charge of three quarters of a pound of powder was put into each, and the upper part of the hole was tamped by pouring in small fragments of broken stone round a cone fixed over each charge, in a new and ingeni-

ous manner, first suggested by Mr. Howe, clerk of works of the Royal Engineer Establishment, more than five years ago, which does not seem inferior in resistance to the common mode of tamping, but is much safer, and far more expeditious. The conducting wires were led from each charge to the battery, which was placed on the gun-wharf, whilst the stones thus prepared and loaded were lowered down from a crane to the bottom of the river opposite, where the water was 14 feet deep at the time. The first stone being of a compact form was blown to pieces, and the rope sling by which it had been lowered, and which had not been removed, was broken. The second stone being of a more irregular shape and much thinner, so that there was not sufficient resistance above and below the charge, was brought up by the crane after the explosion, which had only blown out the solid part of the stone below the bottom of the hole, apparently without injuring any other part of it. Another charge was, therefore, placed in the same hole, which was tamped both above and below in the mode before described, and the stone was then again let down to the bottom of the river; and after firing this second charge, on being hauled up by the crane, it was found to have been broken into three parts, one of which did not reach the surface, whilst the other two being still held together by the slings, after being raised nearly to the level of the wharf, separated from each other and fell to the bottom. One of these charges was contained in a tin cylinder fitted to the size of the hole; the two others in canvass bags of the same form, covered with waterproof composition. These last experiments have proved that the voltaic battery may succeed for blasting rock under water, as well as for blowing wrecks to pieces; and on the former supposition, the holes in the rock would be formed, and the charges placed, by means of the diving-bell.

Nothing can appear easier than to fire gunpowder under water, by the voltaic battery, as exhibited in a lecture-room or scientific institution; but the mode usually adopted on such occasions, of passing the conducting wires into the charge through a cork coated with sealing-wax, and of insulating the remaining length of each wire by inclosing it in small India rubber tubes, would be inadequate and inexpedient for practical purposes in a rapid tideway and in deep water. In Colonel Pasley's experiments at Chatham, corks and sealing-wax were rejected, the former as being too weak, the latter from being liable to crack; and India rubber or caoutchouc was also rejected as being far too expensive—instead of which a composition of pitch softened by bees'-wax or tallow was adopted, the remarkable efficiency of which was proved by keeping one of those experimental charges ten days under water before it was fired, when the powder was still perfectly dry.

The voltaic battery used was of Professor Daniell's improved construction, which, from retaining its energy much longer than any former voltaic battery, he has named the constant voltaic battery, and which Colonel Pasley found to be much superior to the best of the former constructions, at least for the peculiar purpose of firing gunpowder, either under ground or under water.

ESTIMATION OF THE MARINER'S COMPASS IN CHINA.

All the junks which are employed on the ocean carry the mariner's compass, although it does not appear to give the Chinese navigators confidence, as they never, if they can avoid it, steer boldly out to sea, but keep as much as possible within sight of land. The Chinese consider that they were the inventors of this inestimable little instrument, and it cannot be denied that they have had it in use for many centuries. According to Klaproth, the knowledge of this instrument was communicated to the Arabs by the Chinese, and introduced into Europe by the crusades. However much they may fail to rely on its virtues, they appear to be sufficiently aware of its powers. It is considered as a deity, and they treat it as they do the others, with great ceremonial. Pieces of scented ghos-stick are kept constantly burning around it, as in the ghos-houses; while sacrifices of the youngest flesh and the finest fruits are offered to it. Here, ignorance appears to be the parent of superstition; but it is to be hoped that a knowledge of the laws of nature may open their eyes to the wisdom and excellence of the works of the Creator.—*Fan-Qui in China, by C. J. Downing, Esq.*

ON THE PROCESS OF KYANISING SHIP-TIMBER.

It is to be hoped that we shall have no more tampering with dry-rot doctors and their nostrums for the preservation of her Majesty's ships. The steeping of large logs of timber in solutions of any kind *is perfectly useless:* the solution penetrates only skin deep, whereas the real dry rot commences at the centre, where the fibres, being the oldest, first give way, as is the case in standing trees. The only plausible and promising preservative of timber is the gas of the kreosote procured from the distillation of coal or vegetable tar, which, when driven off in the shape of gas, will penetrate every part of the largest logs, and render the wood almost as hard as iron; so hard, indeed, as not easily to be worked. It is understood that, in Belgium,

they are using it as blocks for the rail-roads.

The worm (*Teredo navalis*), as proved at Sheerness, will not touch it; while pieces of the same wood, *steeped in corrosive sublimate, sulphureous acid, and other active solutions*, were bored through and through. Let our ships be built of good sound English oak, as they formerly were, well seasoned under cover, and left on the stocks as long as they conveniently can be allowed, and we shall hear no more of dry rot, or wet either.—(*Sir John Barrow's Life of Lord Anson*, as quoted in the *Mech. Mag.*, vol. xxx. p. 336.)

The Gatherer.

The splendid present of the Schah of Persia, to her Majesty, consists of between 50 and 60 superb shawls, woven in the looms of Shiraz and Ispahan, exhibiting proofs of skill and taste with which the workmanship of Europe would, perhaps, strive in vain to compete. The borders in some exhibit, in all their details, a triumphal procession; trains of camels and Arab steeds, sumptuously caparisoned; elephants carrying palanquins, musicians gathered in groups, and the countless attendants of many mighty chiefs, being all portrayed with equal fidelity and splendour. These striking and complicated objects are woven in the most exquisite colours, with perfect accuracy of outline, and presenting a combination of forms and hues, unrivalled for their brilliancy and beauty.

Rice paper is made by the Chinese from a plant composed almost wholly of cellular tissue, and is removed from the tree like the unrolling of papyrus.

M. Parrot, who was ordered by the Russian government to explore Armenia and Transcaucasia, asserts that Mount Ararat is of volcanic formation.

A lieutenant on board the *Recherche*, in speaking of the late melancholy Earthquake at Martinique, says, that on the morning of that dreadful visitation (the 11th of January last,) the ship was shaken in every part by a shock that lasted forty minutes; and the masts bent like bamboos. A few seconds after, a species of vapour rose from the shore, escaping through the crevices of the soil, and then the houses of Fort Royal began to fall. Those on the beach formed clouds of dust, and in the midst of the chaos a frightful cry arose from the lips of thousands of unfortunate sufferers. All the crews of the vessels, amounting to 500 men, were ashore in ten minutes afterwards, and at the end of some hours, two hundred persons still living, were disengaged from the ruins, and by the evening, 400 corpses were found.—*Athenæum*.

The number of merchant vessels belonging to Austria at the end of 1838, was 498, with a total of 122,844 tons; the number of steamers was 15, total 5,114 tons. Out of the 498 vessels, 155 were employed in trading to ports in the Adriatic, the Levant, and the Archipelago: 147 in the Black Sea, the Sea of Azof, and the Danube; 167 in the Mediterranean; 12 in the Atlantic; 4 in the Northern Seas and the Baltic; and 13 to America.

The Golden Eagle.—The stamping of this superb coin has commenced at the Mint of Philadelphia: it is 34 years since any of this coin was struck, the coinage ceasing in 1804.

The zoological collection of the Garden of Plants in Paris has just been enriched by the present of an immense tortoise from a gentleman at Havre. It is a native of the island of Ascension, and weighs 500lb. It is 3½ feet in length and three and a half broad. It arrived at the gardens on Friday evening, and on the following day laid four eggs.

Advice.—The wisest men easiest to hear advice, least apt to give it.—*Sir W. Temple.*

Correcting Proofs.—Hazlett, speaking of Burke, says—"I have been assured by a person who had the best means of knowing, that the 'Letter to a Noble Lord' (the most rapid, impetuous, glowing, and sportive of all his works) was printed off, and the proof sent to him, and that it was returned to the printing office with so many alterations and passages interlined, that the compositors refused to correct it as it was, took the whole matter to pieces, and rent the copy." The 'Georgian Era' states, that there is an instance on record, of three volumes of corrections being written to one volume of proofs.

Falsehood.—A liar begins with making falsehood appear like truth, and ends with making truth appear like falsehood.—*Shenstone.*

The Mind and the Imagination.—The mind hath over the body that command which the lord hath over a bondman; but the mind hath over the imagination that command which a magistrate hath over a free citizen, who may also rule in his turn.—*Bacon.*

Titles.—Titles make a greater distinction than is almost tolerable to a British spirit: they almost vary the species; yet, as they are oftentimes conferred, seem not so much the reward as the substitutes of merit.—*Shenstone.*

NOTICE.

Nos. 941 and 942 of THE MIRROR having been exhausted may now be had of all Booksellers.

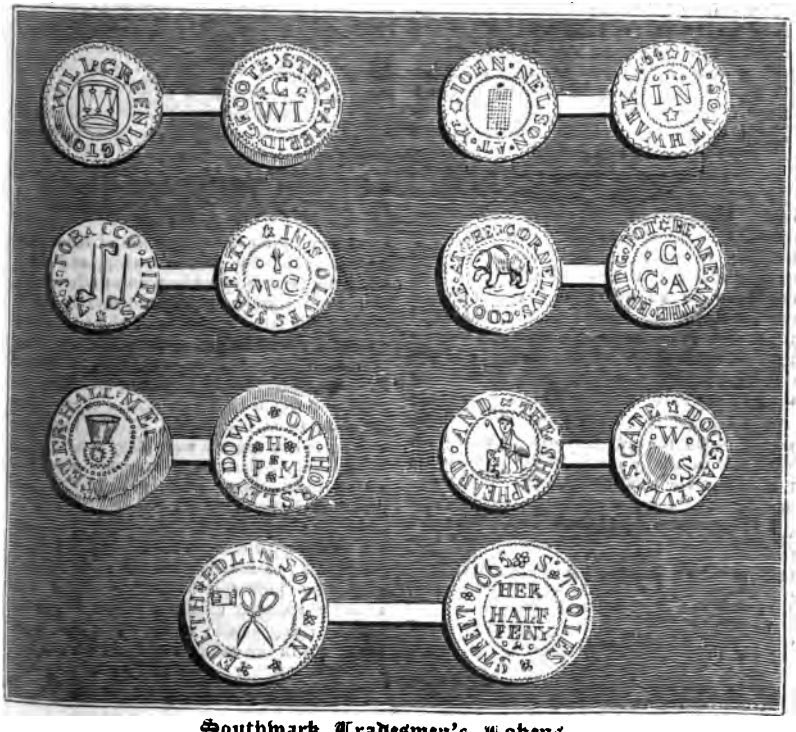
The ARCANA of SCIENCE, for 1839, by a Non-Editor, a gentleman of acknowledged scientific ability, will shortly be published.

LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House;) and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.—Agents: in PARIS, G. W. M. REYNOLDS, French, English, and American Library, 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin; in FRANCFORT, CHARLES JUGEL.

The Mirror.

No. 946.] SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1839. [Price 2d.

Entrance to St. Olave's Grammar-School.



Southwark Tradesmen's Tokens.

THE ENTRANCE TO THE FREE GRAMMAR-SCHOOL OF ST. OLAVE'S AND ST. JOHN'S, SOUTHWARK,

Is situate on the west side of the north end of Bermondsey-street,* which formerly separated Tooley-street from St. Olave's-street, the latter forming the eastern, and the former the western part of that thoroughfare now called Tooley-street.

The above entrance is through a gate between a porter's lodge and a house for one of the under-masters; and then through one of the arches into the school-yard.† It is built to correspond to the Tudor-style of architecture of the schools.

"Early in the reign of Elizabeth," says Mr. Corner, in his account of the above seminary, in the Gentleman's Magazine, January, 1836, "when the foundation of public schools was promoted throughout the country, under the authority of the legislature, and the patronage of the crown, the parishioners of St. Saviour's, Southwark, set a noble example to their neighbours in the establishment of their admirable Free Grammar-School; and the inhabitants of the parish of St. Olave were not slow to follow so enlightened and benevolent a policy. St. Olave's School was set on foot in the year 1560, and constituted "The Free Grammar-School of Queen Elizabeth of the Parishioners of the parish of St. Olave, by letters patent issued in 1571."

It was intended to have built the grammar-school nearly on the same spot as the old school, viz., on the south side of Duke-street, leading from Tooley-street to London-bridge; but unfortunately that ground being required for the London and Greenwich Railway Company, a fresh site was obliged to be found; and after a considerable delay, and with a view to satisfy the inhabitants of St. John's, who were desirous that the new school should be erected in or near that parish, and on that account, the present wretched site was unfortunately chosen; for doubtless one more uncongenial for a classical school,—which ought to be all quiet and retirement,—could not possibly have been selected; and it is also grievous in the extreme to witness so much taste as the above buildings display, completely lost, by being united with such vile associates.

We are indebted to Mr. James Field, the architect, for the accuracy of our view; for which kindness we beg thus publicly to tender him our warmest thanks.

* In the maps of the Metropolis, 1765, it is called Barnaby, or Bermondsey-street: doubtless it took its name from two Saxon-words, signifying *Bermund's isle*, "so called," says φιλόλογος Bailey, "from the abbey erected in Southwark by Bermund, either Lord or Abbot of that place." Many useful and instructive chapters might be written on the origin of the names of streets in London.

† For a view of this school, see *Mirror*, No. 761.

SOUTHWARK TRADESMEN'S TOKENS.

(Engraved from the Originals in the possession of the Editor.)

On the old St. Olave's Grammar-School, which was situate in Church Passage, Tooley-street, being sold in 1830, and taken down to make the approaches to New London Bridge, many antiquities were found amidst the ruins; and among them, the Southwark Tradesmen's Tokens, represented on our first page.

It appears in history, that from and during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, to that of King Charles II., the tradesmen, victuallers in particular, and indeed all that pleased, coined small money or tokens, for the benefit and convenience of trade. This small money, halfpence and farthings, was also coined by the incorporation of cities and boroughs. It was struck for necessary change; the figure and devices being emblematical of the various trades. Every company, tradesman, or tradeswoman that issued this useful kind of specie, was obliged to take it again when brought to them; and, therefore, in cities and larger towns, where many sorts of them were current, a tradesman kept a sorting-box, into the partitions of which he put the money of the respective coiners; and at proper times, when he had a large quantity of any one person's money, he sent it to him, and got it changed into silver: and in this manner they proceeded until the year 1672, when, King Charles the Second having struck a sufficient quantity of halfpence and farthings, for the intention and exigencies of commerce, the *nummorum fumuli* were superseded, and an end was put to these shifts and practices of the victuallers and shop-keepers, as being no longer either necessary or useful.

Some forty years since there were again innumerable Tradesmen's Tokens in general circulation, not only in the metropolis, but in all parts of the country; some of them were specimens of fine workmanship, and were made the vehicle by tradesmen of advertising their various professions; and also of perpetuating the stirring events of the times, and giving the portraits of public men; they have also been the means of preserving Views of Places, and Notices of Entertainments, which otherwise would have been lost. A complete series of them now would be very valuable; and indeed so eagerly were they sought after by collectors, that eight volumes of engravings from them were published; and many cabinets made for them. They also formed a circulating medium, until the splendid new copper coinage of George III. from the foundry of Mr. Watt's, of Birmingham, gave the public a more wholesome and valuable national coinage: when they soon entirely disappeared; and are now only to be found but in the cabinets of the curious.

EPISTLE TO TIME.

O Time! thou rude relentless power,
Why from the dreams of youth awake me?
Why darkenest thou the future hour,
Thou heartless churl! perdition take thee!

Why, tyrant, quench that glorious flame
That once with such intenseness burned?
Why leave the light of Myra's name
To blaze o'er blighted charms inurned?

Why her once magic form divest
Of sceptred love's heart-thrilling power?
And why, O Time! with scythe unblest,
Cropp'st thou life's passion-flower?

Why from the throbbing bosom take
The aspiring hopes that revell'd there,
And in their purple palace wake
Pale thought and heart-corroding care?

Why in thy reckless flight invade
Youth's towering strength and beauty's bloom,
And cast, while yet in light arrayed,
The shadows of their coming doom?

And is it thine, stern power, to wake
The slumbering heart from dreams of bliss,
And ere to other worlds we take,
Blight every joy that beams on this?

And tell me, tyrant, can it be
That love's soft light on Ellen's brow,
Shall ere like Myra's beauty, flee,
Or wax as dim as that is now?

Must disappointment's cruel sting,
And sorrow be the lot of all?
If so, swift speed thy withering wing,
And cast o'er thought oblivion's pall!

TIME'S ANSWER.

Vain mortal! cease thy idle strain;
'Tis worse than folly to complain
Of my resistless power.
This world is but a passing show—
A scene of trouble, joy, and woe,
Where clouds and darkness lower.

Then turn from this dim spot thine eye,
Nor heave one unavailing sigh,
At my unceasing flight:
A flight which e'en to *thee* may bring,
That faith which soars on radiant wing,
From darkness up to light!

Man's mortal race to Time must yield—
No prayer can save, no power can shield
From pre-ordained decay.
It is life's dark inglorious lot,
To fade, to die, and be forgot,
And pass unfelt away.

Earth's dreams of bliss, love, glory, power,
What are they? pageants of an hour,
Which touch'd, dissolve in gloom.
Thus human hopes and human fears,
Borne on the silent stream of years,
Sink to oblivion's tomb!

All cower beneath my withering wings—
The imperial chief of sceptre'd kings,
The beautiful, the brave;
And mingling in one common urn,
Alike to vulgar dust return,
The despot and the slave.

O'er rolling worlds to man unknown;
O'er all beneath the eternal throne,
My chast'ning power extends:
The vast infinitude of space,
The multitudinous abyss,
E'en *death* before me bends!

Yet shall my course in heaven be run,
The years dissolved, the glorious sun
In final darkness close!
This world shall press the funeral pyre,
And nature, through all space, expire,
In agonising throes!

But o'er creation's smouldering pile,
Shall man's immortal spirit smile
Serene, and fearless soar,
'Mid fading worlds to its abode,
Its native home, the throne of God,
When *Time* shall be no more!

New York Mirror.

REMARKABLE DREAMS.

There are various classes of dreams, which present interesting subjects of observation. One class includes those in which a strong propensity of character, or a strong mental emotion, is embodied into a dream; and by some natural coincidence is fulfilled. A murderer, mentioned by Mr. Combe, had dreamt of committing murder, some years before the event happened; and Dr. Abercrombie received from a distinguished officer to whom it occurred, the following history; in which a dream of a very improbable kind was fulfilled, ten years after it took place, and when the dream was entirely forgotten. At the age of between fourteen and fifteen, being then living in England, he dreamt that he had ascended the crater of Mount Etna; that, not contented with what he saw on the outside, he determined to descend into the interior; and proceeded accordingly. About the top, there seemed to be a good deal of flame and smoke; but a short way down, all was quiet; and he managed to descend by means of steps, like the holes in a pigeon-house. His footing, however, soon gave way; and he awoke in all the horrors of having nearly suffered the fate of the philosopher Empedocles. In the year 1811, being then a captain in the British army, and stationed at Messina, he made one of a party of British officers, who proceeded to visit the top of Mount Etna. By the time they reached the bottom of the cone, several of the party became so unwell, that they could proceed no farther; but this gentleman, accompanied by two other officers, and two guides, proceeded upwards; and, after a severe scramble of several hours, they reached the summit, in time to witness the rising of the sun. "After having rested for an hour," said the officer, "and had something to eat, I said to my companions—'We are now on the top of this famous crater; why should we not pay a visit to the bottom?' I was of course laughed at; and on applying to the guides to know if they would accompany me, they said—'We have always *heard* that the English are mad; but now we *know* it.' I was not, however, to be put off; and, being strong and active, determined to go alone; but Captain M. at last agreed to go with me. The guides would not assist in any way. The circumference of the crater is about three miles outside; the interior is like a large amphitheatre; with an area of about an acre, I should say, at the bottom. It is only towards the upper lips of the crater, that

smoke now issues; no eruption having taken place from the bottom for very many years. At one particular part of the crater the matter had given way, and slid down; so as to form a sloping bank to the very bottom. To this point we proceeded, and found our descent easy enough; and without much difficulty, or any great danger, we stood in the course of an hour, to the no small astonishment of the guides, on the very lowest stone on the inside of the crater of Mount Etna. In the centre is a lage hole, like an old draw-well; partly filled up with large stones and ashes. Our ascent was tremendous, and the fatigue excessive. I suppose we were at least five hundred feet below the lowest part of the upper mouth of the crater; and as our footing was entirely on ashes, and stuff which gave way, the struggle upwards was a trial of *bottom*, which I believe very few would have gone through. We reached the top much exhausted, but very proud of our achievement; and we had the satisfaction to learn at Catania, that we were not only the first that ever went down, but the first who had ever thought of it. When in bed that night, but not asleep, the dream of ten years back came to my recollection for the first time; and it does appear to me remarkable, that I should have dreamt of what I never could have heard of as possible; and that ten years afterward, I should accomplish what no one ever had attempted, and what was looked upon by the natives as an impossibility."

To this part of the subject we are to refer those instances, many of them authentic, in which a dream has given notice of an event which was occurring at the time, or occurred soon afterward. The following story has been long mentioned in Edinburgh; and there seems no reason to doubt its authenticity. A clergyman had come to this city, from a short distance in the country, and was sleeping at an inn; when he dreamt of seeing a fire, and one of his children in the midst of it. He awoke with the impression, and instantly left town on his return home. When he arrived within sight of his house, he found it on fire; and got there in time to assist in saving one of his children; who, in the alarm and confusion, had been left in a situation of danger. Without calling in question the possibility of a supernatural communication in such cases, this striking occurrence may perhaps be accounted for on simple and natural principles. Let us suppose that the gentleman had a servant, who had shown great carelessness in regard to fire, and had often given rise in his mind to a strong apprehension that he might set fire to the house. His anxiety might be increased by being from home; and the same circumstance might make the servant still more careless. Let us farther suppose that the gentleman, before going to bed, had in addition to his anxiety suddenly recollected, that there was on that day, in the neighbourhood of his house, some fair or periodical merry-making, from which the servant was very likely to return home in a state of intoxication. It was most natural that these impressions should be embodied into a dream of a house being on fire; and that the same circumstances might lead to the dream being fulfilled.

For further information on this interesting subject, we refer to Dr. Abercrombie's able work on the "Intellectual Powers;" from which we have extracted the preceding anecdotes; and which we shall lay under contribution in our future remarks on this interesting department of science. N. R.

Manners and Customs.

SKETCHES OF PARIS.

The Theatres.

It is no wonder that the French are for the most part poor, and astonished at our wealth and luxury. Their whole minds are so wrapt up in an endless untiring pursuit of pleasure, that they make this the first occupation of their life; and if they earn enough in the morning to carry them to a *café* or a theatre in the evening, they are thought to be doing well, and think so themselves. The uncomfortable arrangements, and unsettled state of their own houses, drives them to places of public resort, and hence every species of amusement thrives at Paris, no matter how great the number of attractions for its idlers. There is likewise a frivolity in the generality of their pleasures which accords well with their light careless temperament—you could imagine that *omelette soufflée* and *meringue à la créme* were favourite dishes with them. They have little thought of to-morrow, but as long as they can dance and sing, and ride in roundabouts on the Sunday, that constitutes their happiness, and they think Monday may look after itself.

This is the principal reason why there are so many theatres in Paris—why they all fill, and all pay. The French have little idea of amusement within themselves, and no domestic concerns to engage them: they require constant excitement, or their vivid spirits, which always seem up in balloons in their brains, react upon themselves, and engender a gloomy mood of sentiment, that finishes in the Seine or the Morgue. Something in Paris must be *the rage*—if the Opera does not produce a grand spectacle, with glittering processions and incidental *ballets*, they must have a revolution, which has the advantage of real horses, combats, and conflagrations; and if the Theâtre Français does not give birth to some new star to glitter in the dra-

matic hemisphere, they make a lion of their own in the first criminal that attempts to shoot the king, or declare himself to be the rightful heir to the throne of France. A new play with them is a matter of serious import, the newspapers fill their *feuilleton* for days with comments concerning it, and anecdotes connected with its representation and authorship; and the people forget their dinners, and go in shoals to wait hours at the doors, in order to obtain even standing room. There is no fuss about "the legitimate drama" at Paris. The same crowd will sit with breathless attention during the performance of one of Moliere's comedies at the Théâtre Français, and when it has finished, applaud it to the skies, (at least they would do so if the roof of the theatre did not intervene,) and then go and literally scream with delight and admiration at a *féerie* at the Porte St. Martin, wherein a wicked knight is turned into a cockchafer, and the good prince sticks a gigantic pin through him and sets him flying, to the air of *Hanneton vole! vole! vole!* the French version of our "Ladybird, ladybird, fly away home!"

There are, however, many arrangements in the manner of conducting the French theatres, which would be beneficially transferred to our own. In the first place there is no pushing and crowding at the opening of the doors. All as they arrive are marshalled in pairs behind one another, by the Municipal Guard in attendance, and they sometimes form a tail of most imposing length. Then again, you may leave the theatre whenever you please during the performance, and your seat is sacred until your return; a glove or a handkerchief placed on it shows it to be engaged, and no one would think of occupying it, or appropriating what you have left to their own use. We do not think this custom is general in the continental theatres, at least we recollect having a serious riot with some Italians, in the pit of the great theatre La Scala, at Milan, who took the seats of some friends of ours during the interval between the opera and ballet, and on their return refused to give them up. So far, however, the French are honest—they will cheat you in dealing every way they possibly can, but they will not rob in the downright pick-pocket style of England.

The finest theatre in Paris is the Opera—we know it better by name in England, as the *Academie Royale de Musique*. It has long been famed for its costly decorations, and the superb style in which its pieces are brought out. La Muette de Portici, La Juive, Robert le Diable, Les Huguenots, Guido and Genevra, and Guillaume Tell, have been, and still are, amongst their most favourite operas, and Le Diable Boiteux, and La fille du Danube, are played as *ballets*. The scenery is also of the most exquisite kind,—the views of the Chateau of Chanonceaux, in les Huguenots, and the Ruined Convent, with the rising of the nuns in Robert le Diable, are admirable. But while we are writing, a gloom has been cast over the opera which will not easily be dispelled. Adolphe Nourrit, its most favoured singer, *la plus belle voix de France*, has committed suicide at Naples. Annoyed at the opposition which the authorities offered to *Polyencte*, an opera composed expressly for his fine powers by Donnizetti, and hissed after performing *Pollio* in Norma, he returned home and threw himself out of window. He was only six-and-thirty, handsome, accomplished, and amiable; beloved and admired by all who enjoyed the pleasure of his acquaintance.

To give the reader an idea of the perplexity of choosing your place as a stranger in a French theatre, we add the name of the different parts of the house at the Opera, with the expenses of each—most of the other theatres of Paris follow the same plan.

	Francs.	Centimes
Avant-scène	9	0
Premières de face	9	0
Stalles	7	50
Balcon	7	50
Secondes de face	7	50
Amphithéâtre	6	0
Galerie	6	0
Premières de côté	6	0
Baignoires	6	0
Secondes de côté	5	0
Troisièmes de face	5	0
Rez-de-chaussée	9	0
Troisièmes de côté	4	50
Quatrièmes de face	3	50
Parterre	3	60
Amphithéâtre des quatrièmes	2	50
Quatrièmes de côté	2	50
Cinquièmes loges	2	50

We are sure the French have no proper idea of Shakspeare, although they have translations and adaptations of his plays. A French gentleman, whom we were acquainted with in Paris, a talented and well-read man, who spoke English fluently, said to us one day, "You should go to the Ambigu-Comique; there is a play acting there now, quite in the style of your Shakspeare." Acting on his recommendation we went, but we will confess we did not see where the analogy lay. The name of the piece to begin with was not thoroughly legitimate: *Les Chiens du Mont Saint-Bernard*—a regular Adelphi melodrama, with real dogs of the Convent. The plot was very meagre, but the machinery extremely well arranged. The scenery was likewise good—the awful *Gouffre du Diable* on the Alps, and the Hospice itself, were the most effective we ever saw, and when, ten days afterwards, we

stood amongst the eternal snows of the real Convent, we were forcibly struck with the fidelity of their views.

There has been lately a singular number of plays performed in Paris founded upon English subjects. Amongst them are *Le Sonneur de St. Paul*, at the Gaité; *Lady Melvil* and *La Popularité*, at the Renaissance; *Les Trois Dimanches*, at the Palais Royal; *Le Crasseur de Preston*, at the Opera Comique, and some others.* Some of the mistakes committed in them are ludicrous enough, for there are not many French authors thoroughly conversant with English manners. They think if they make the principal character say "*Goddem*" two or three times, and speak of "*rosbif*" and horse-races, they have hit off a fine personation of English character. Poor fellows! we can afford to let them think so; indeed, we have laughed at their plays ourselves, quite as much as our neighbours. It is, however, singular how few of the inhabitants of Paris speak English—the majority do not know a single word, in consequence of which all our actions and sentiments are seen through an interpreting medium, which generally casts anything but a favourite light.

In consequence of the destruction of the Italian Opera-house, which was burnt down about the same time as our Exchange, the company of that theatre have played this season at the Odeon, which is a fine house, and has been newly-decorated for their reception. It was a new scene for the *Quartier Latin* the first night the Opera opened—such a string of carriages and lamps had not been recollected in the memory of the oldest student, and we doubt where the *spectacle* was most attractive—inside the house or out. The walls of the Luxembourg, and the quiet precincts of the Rue de Vaugirard, echoed with a ceaseless roar of carriages from seven to eight, which astonished even the very bricks;—the *cafés* displayed their choicest luxuries, and their *garçons* had their heads arranged for the occasion. The stalls under the piazza of the Odeon glittered with attractive wares, which last preparation we thought the silliest of all, because people going to the play are not in the habit of stopping to buy bear's grease and skipping-ropes; at least not in London—in Paris they do anything. KNIPS.

In Salzburg, nearly opposite to the University Church, is the house where Mozart was born, in 1756. Neither bust, inscription, or any other memorial of this great artist draws the eye of the passenger upon it.

* Two of these pieces, *Le Sonneur de Saint Paul*, and *Le brasseur de Preston*, have been played at the Victoria and Olympic theatres lately, under the names of The Bellringer of St. Paul's, and the Queen's Horse.

THE NEW ART.—PHOTOGRAPHY.

[THE fac-simile of the photographic drawing in our last number has produced a much greater sensation than we had anticipated; but still we are not surprised at this excitement, for the engraving gave a most accurate idea of the photogenic picture, which represents the fern with such extreme fidelity that not only its veins, but the imperfections, and accidental foldings of the leaves of the specimen are copied,—*the greater opacity on the folded parts being represented by the large white patches on our fac-simile.*]

Photography, or *Lucigraphy*, is the art of obtaining views from nature, copies of drawings, fac-similes of writings, &c., by the unassisted action of solar light upon paper which has been previously saturated with certain chemical substances, whose nature is to change in colour when exposed to it. That nitrate of silver becomes discoloured on exposure to the light, is a fact which has been known for many years to students and amateurs of experimental chemistry; and it is also well known that this metallic salt is the principal ingredient in what is called indelible, or marking-ink. But it is only recently that the world have been informed of that ingenious and valuable mode of applying its solar sensitiveness which constitutes the art of photography.

The first public announcement of the art was made by M. Arago, on January 7, 1839, to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, when he entered generally into the process of M. Daguerre, a gentleman who has been long known as the artist to whom (conjointly with M. Bouton,) we owe the beautiful pictorial effects of the *Diorama*, and who, it appears, has devoted his attention, during many years, to the effects of light upon substances rendered sensitive to its action.

It is to be regretted that an art so well deserving of immediate attention and of further philosophic investigation, should have elicited so much petty squabbling in the English and continental journals, as to whether M. Daguerre or Mr. Talbot is entitled to whatever merit may attach to priority of invention. It is more in the spirit of philosophy and philanthropy to "do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame," than to be gaping for praise or striving for a patent. It seems certain, however, that the processes and the results of M. Daguerre and Mr. Talbot, are totally different. The former is said to obtain light for light, and shadow for shadow in the most perfect manner; whereas in the process of the latter, shadow is substituted for light, and light for shadow,—a reverse effect, which he rectifies by placing his first impression over another piece of photographic paper, a flat plate of transparent glass pressing them close together, and then exposing the whole to the light. But what-

ever these gentlemen have done, neither of them can be recognised as the inventor, for it appears that more than twenty years ago M. Niepce (who himself derived the idea from a M. Charles,) made many experiments on, and produced several specimens of, the art; and in 1802, Sir Humphrey Davy and Wedgwood endeavoured, but unsuccessfully, to apply this well known property of the nitrate of silver to similar uses. The question should therefore be, whether M. Charles or Mr. Wedgwood are entitled to the credit of priority; but with so many claimants, and the ease with which fresh claims may be made and supported, it is not likely to be soon settled. In the meantime, while "the lion and the unicorn are fighting for the crown," the public will avail themselves of whatever benefits this modern and successful application of an old fact in chemistry can afford them.

Mr. Talbot prepares his photographic paper by first saturating it with a solution of common salt, and afterwards with a solution of chloride of silver. It is then dried in the dark. When he wishes to obtain a view from nature, he places a sheet of the photographic paper at the back of a camera obscura, so that the reflection of the scene may fall direct upon the paper, which soon acquires a correct delineation of each object presented before it, however minute it may be, provided that it is still. To prevent the picture from being evanescent, it is again immersed in salt and water, whereby it becomes indelibly fixed.

Sir John Herschell has exhibited some very curious results from substituting the light of the great galvanic battery of Professor Daniell; and Mr. Havell has produced very exquisite specimens of an unvarying character from a given design, (some of them *tinted*,) which will compete with lithography.

In justice to M. Daguerre we must mention that the editor of the *Athenæum*, after an inspection of the photographic drawings obtained by Sir John Herschell, Messrs. Talbot and Havell, and others in this country, declares those of M. Daguerre to be far superior.

It is curious that this invention (if we may so call it,) should have only excited general attention in England, in consequence of the announcement to the *Academy* in France, on the seventh of last January; for during the preceding year the following paragraph, equally calculated to make a stir among artists and experimentalists, was published in the second edition of a book, entitled *Parlour Magic*: "*Light—a painter.* Strain a piece of *paper* or *linen* upon a frame, and sponge it over with *a solution of nitrate of silver* in water: place it behind a painting upon glass, or a stained window-pane, and the light traversing the painting or figures, will produce a copy of it upon the prepared paper or linen, those parts in which the rays were least intercepted being the shadows of the picture," (p. 58.)* And we shall have occasion to quote hereafter a passage of a similar nature, from a popular work published several years ago.

With such facilities, almost everybody may furnish himself with a collection of copies from the best masters, or of original views of the scenery around him. The folio will be seen not only on the table of the affluent, but on that of the poor man, who shall no longer hope in vain to carry with him wherever he may go some sketch of the dear scenes of his boyhood or of his early love.

(*To be continued.*)

Public Exhibitions.

THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS, PALL MALL.

[The private view of the above gallery took place on Saturday, the 13th inst. There are many works of considerable talent, that do credit to the artists, and an honour to the country,—the proportion of first-rate works this year, bearing a great preponderance over the last; and among them we noticed:—]

No. 224. *The Happy Valley.* H. Warren.—This is a most beautiful picture; the harmony is well preserved throughout, and the colouring is vivid and brilliant.

No. 207. *Interior of the Town Hall at Courtray.* L. Haghe.—We pronounce this specimen a masterpiece of art; perhaps, taking it as a whole, a little too black; the architectural parts are very minutely detailed, and the figures are well suited to the subject.

No. 213. *Granny's Specs.* A. H. Taylor.—A humourous little picture. This artist has many similar productions in this Exhibition.

No. 130. *King Henry V. entering London with his prisoners, &c., after the Victory of Agincourt*, 1415. W. H. Kearney.—As a subject detailing a great historical event, it is highly valuable, and possesses considerable talent.

No. 111. *A scene taken from a window in St. John Street, during Bartholomew Fair.* George Sidney Shepherd.—For a close resemblance to nature, and a delightful harmony of colour, we think this artist excels. Mr. George Sidney Shepherd has many other works of considerable merit, particularly one of Berry Pomeroy Castle, No. 202.

No. 216. *Romeo and Juliet.* L. Hicks.—A pleasing and beautiful picture, full of sentiment; and the story well told.

* The Foreign Quarterly Review observes, "that by possibility, this art may not be altogether unknown to the Indian jugglers. It is many years since an offer was made, in our presence, by one of them, to show any gentleman his portrait, taken by a single look alone. The master of the house, however, deeming the proposal an insult on the credulity of the company, ordered the man to be instantly expelled with the rattan.

No. 278. *View in the Roemer Berg, Francfort.*—A specimen that possesses some fine ariel tones in the distance, and great strength of colour in the foreground, and a much closer resemblance to nature than we remember to have seen in this artist's former works.

No. 328. *The Battle of Flodden Field.* C. H. Weigall and H. Warren.—This is a noble picture, and does honour to the united talents of these distinguished artists.

No. 53. E. Corbold. There are many excellent parts in this picture; the distance is well managed, but the left corner is very sombre, and the legs of the horses thick and clumsy.

No. 182. *The Tour de Beurre, Rouen Cathedral.* A. K. Penson.—A fine specimen of the ancient architecture of France; the old buildings in the centre of the picture are too prominent, and do not harmonize with the cathedral in the distance: but we understand Mr. Penson is a very young artist.

No. . *The River Wye.* Lindsay.—A beautifully-depictured representation of romantic and pure British Scenery, with peasants naturally grouped in the foreground: the whole displaying great talent.

No. 241. *Mackerel fishing, fishermen laying their nets off the Gull Stream Light: sunset.* Duncan.—The general tone of this picture partakes too much of the colour of copper, and the artist has not been quite so happy in this as in many of his former productions.

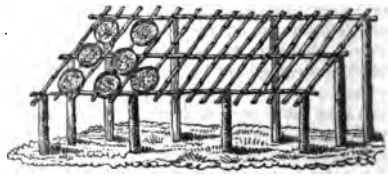
[We cannot help expressing our regret that noblemen and gentlemen possessing large galleries, do not ornament them more frequently with this most fascinating style of painting; and we cannot devise any reason why the *National Gallery* should not have their walls embellished with some specimens of this truly British mode of painting.

It is impossible to mention all the works of merit in this gallery within our crowded columns, but we shall pay another visit to this enchanting place, and perhaps give a second notice.]

DISCOVERY OF THE TEA-PLANT IN BRITISH INDIA.

(*Continued from page* 251.)

THE following is the method of making Black Tea, as now practised at Sudeya, in Upper Assam, by the Chinamen sent thither for that purpose:—In the first place, the youngest and most tender leaves are gathered; but when there are many hands, and a great quantity of leaves to be collected, the people employed for the purpose nip off, with the forefinger and thumb, the fine end of the branch with about four leaves on, and sometimes even more, if they look tender. These are all brought to the place where they are to be converted into tea; they are then put into a large, circular open-worked bamboo basket, having a rim all round, two fingers broad. The leaves are thinly scattered in these baskets, and then placed in a framework of bamboo, in all appearance like the side of an Indian hut, without grass, resting on posts, two feet from the ground, with an angle of about 25° (fig. 1.)

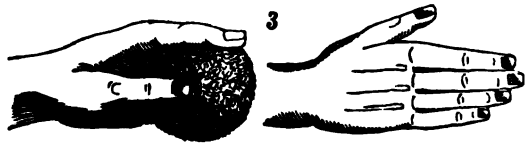


The baskets with leaves are put in this frame to dry in the sun, and are pushed up and down by a long bamboo, with a circular piece of wood at the end. The leaves are permitted to dry about two hours, being occasionally turned; but the time required for this process depends on the heat of the sun. When they begin to have a slightly withered appearance, they are taken down and brought into the house, where they are placed on a frame to cool for half an hour. They are then put into smaller baskets, of the same kind as the former, and placed on a stand.

People are now employed to soften the leaves still more, by gently clapping them between their hands, with their fingers and thumb extended, and tossing them up and letting them fall, for about five or ten minutes. They are then again put on the frame during half an hour, and brought down and clapped with the hands as before. This is done three successive times, until the leaves become to the touch like soft leather; the beating and putting away being said to give the tea the black colour and bitter flavour. After this the tea is put into hot cast-iron pans,

which are fixed in a circular mud fire-place, so that the flame cannot ascend round the pan to incommode the operator. This pan is well heated, by straw or bamboo fire, to a certain degree. About two pounds of the leaves are then put into each hot pan, and

spread in such a manner that all the leaves may get the same degree of heat. They are every now and then briskly turned with the naked hand, to prevent a leaf from being burnt; when the leaves become inconveniently hot to the hand, they are quickly taken out and given to another man, with a close-worked bamboo basket ready to receive them. A few leaves that may have been left behind are smartly brushed out with a bamboo broom: all this time a brisk fire is kept up under the pan. After the pan has been used in this manner three or four times, a bucket of cold water is thrown in, and a soft brickbat and bamboo broom used, to give it a good scouring out; the water is thrown out of the pan by the brush on one side, the pan itself being never taken off. The leaves, all hot, on the bamboo basket, are laid on a table that has a narrow rim on its back, to prevent these baskets from slipping off when pushed against it. The two pounds of hot leaves are now divided into two or three parcels, and distributed to as many men, who stand up to the table with the leaves right before them, and each placing his legs close together; the leaves are next collected into a ball, which he gently grasps in his left hand, with the thumb extended, the fingers close together, and the hand resting on the little finger. The right hand must be extended in the same manner as the left, but with the palm turned downwards, resting on the top of the tea leaves. Both hands are now employed to roll and propel the ball along; the left hand pushing it on, and allowing it to revolve as it moves; the right hand also pushes it forward, resting on it with some force, and keeping it down to express the juice which the leaves contain. The art lies here in giving the ball a circular motion, and permitting it to turn under and in the hand two or three whole revolutions, before the arms are extended to their full length, and drawing the ball of leaves quickly back, without leaving a leaf behind, being rolled for about five minutes in this way



(fig. 3). The ball of tea leaves is from time to time gently and delicately opened with the fingers, lifted as high as the face, and then allowed to fall again. This is done two or three times, to separate the leaves; and afterwards the basket with the leaves is lifted up as often, and receives a circular shake to bring these towards the centre. The leaves are now taken back to the hot pans, and spread out in them as before, being again turned with the naked hand, and when hot taken out and rolled; after which they are put into the drying basket, and spread on a sieve, which is in the centre of the basket, and the whole placed over a charcoal fire, the fire being very nicely regulated.

When the fire is lighted, it is fanned until it gets a fine red glare, and the smoke is all gone off; being every now and then stirred, and the coals brought into the centre, so as to leave the outer edge low. When the leaves are put into the drying basket, they are gently separated, by lifting them up with the fingers of both hands extended far apart, and allowing them to fall down again: they are placed three or four inches deep on the sieve, leaving a passage in the centre for the hot air to pass. Before it is put over the fire, the drying basket receives a smart slap with both hands, in the act of lifting it up, which is done to shake down any leaves that might otherwise drop through the sieve, or to prevent them from falling into the fire and occasioning a smoke, which would affect and spoil the tea. This slap on the basket is invariably applied throughout the stages of the tea manufacture. There is always a large basket underneath to receive the small leaves that fall, which are afterwards collected, dried, and added to the other tea; in no case are the baskets or sieves permitted to touch or remain on the ground, but always laid on a receiver with three legs. After the leaves have been half dried in the drying basket, and while they are still soft, they are taken off the fire and put into large open-worked baskets, and then put on the shelf, in order that the tea may improve in colour. (*To be continued.*)

The Novelist.

THE TIGER HUNT.

The day broke over a green and luxuriant valley of Hindostan, with a sudden glory peculiar to the East. A flood of gorgeous light flushed the sky and fell among the wet flowers, the trees and the flowing vines, with that radiant and yet balmy influence, which makes the beautiful contrast between morning and noon, in that burning climate. Never did light dawn over a more lovely spot than the valley we have mentioned. "The Vale of Flowers," it might well be called. On either hand towered abrupt

hills, loaded with leafy trees, and broken here and there by a precipice, down whose sides budding vines shed their rich, heavy foliage like a drapery. A forest of roses spread away, wave after wave, down the heart of the valley, swelling at intervals up the sides to the rife green foliage on the acclivity, which walled the blooming space with one vast leafy rampart. Near the foot of the valley the hills were cut in twain, and two corresponding gorges led to the open country on the east and on the west, so that a man standing within the jaw of the gorge, on either side, with his face turned valleyward, might see only a high broken pass, with a long strip of the adjacent country undulating away to a soft amber sky, without dreaming of the beautiful nook to which they gave an outlet. On the brow of a steep hill, which formed one of these gorges, stood a stately dwelling commanding a view of the pass, the valley, and the surrounding country. It was inhabited by a native Rajah, who derived his revenues from the ottar distilled from the valley of roses, which at once composed his wealth and made his home a paradise.

The morning breeze was sighing balmily through the open blinds and lattices of this dwelling, when the Rajah's daughter left her perfumed mattrass, and stepped out on the veranda which overlooked the valley. Beautiful was the flowery nook which lay, bathed in dew and sunshine beneath her feet. Myriads of roses had burst to blossom during the night. Gem-like insects flashed among them in and out, now in the sunshine, again sending their soft hum from the clustering flowers, or fluttering high in the air like a cloud of "winged buds" floating away from the overburthened thickets. Gorgeous singing-birds ruffled their plumage in the warm sunshine, or sent out strains of melody from their nestling places in the green leaves. On every hand bright and beautiful things presented themselves to the Hindoo maiden. She girded the embroidered sash which confined her pearampoor more tightly about her slender waist, shook back the braids of her redundant hair, and with a light leap sprang from the veranda. A moment after, she was wandering away up the blooming heart of the valley.

An hour after, the Rajah's daughter ascended the hill which formed one wall of the eastern pass. Her dwelling stood on the opposite precipice, and the sunlight poured hotly through the gorge. The maiden was scarcely weary with her walk, but she stopped in the shadow of a clump of thorns to brush away the dew which had sprinkled her silken slippers, and dimmed the golden border of her pearampoor. She had performed her task, and stood leaning against the trunk of a young tree, with her red lips parted in a smile of pleasant enjoyment, and her large black eyes fixed on the opposite hill—where the sunbeams were playing about her dwelling and bathing the trees with a stream of silvery light—when the thicket above was agitated, and a shower of snowy petals fell over her from the disturbed branches. She started, gave a quick glance at the thicket, and fled from the spot with a wild cry of terror. A huge tiger lay crouched among the matted branches of the thorn, his eyes glaring upon her, and his limbs gathered up for a spring. She had scarcely made one desperate leap for safety, when her foot became entangled in the long grass, and, with another wild cry for help, she fell forward upon her face. It was her salvation. The claws of the ferocious beast grazed her garments as he shot over her with an impetuous spring, which carried him sheer over a precipice that walled a ravine some thirty feet beneath the place where she had fallen. She heard the crash of his fall, and the fierce, cat-like howl which followed; then the sharp cry of an elephant, the shout of many human voices, and the report of a musket sounded in her ears, and she became senseless.

The wounded tiger dragged himself along the bottom of the ravine, leaving a trail of blood in his progress, and now and then uttering a low howl of pain, till he came to the open gap in which it terminated. Here, with brute instinct, he slunk together and crouched down in the rank grass, for a party of European huntsmen, with elephants and native attendants, had been arrested with his cries, and now halted in the gap. The leading elephant, an old sagacious animal, stopped and drew slowly back when he entered the pass. Then curling his trunk, and fixing his eyes on the mouth of the ravine, he rushed forward with a force that nearly dislodged his riders, and uttering a cry that seemed almost human, he plunged his tusks down into the long grass where the wounded tiger was striving to conceal himself. A howl of terrible agony burst up the ravine, and the goaded beast leaped up into the open space with a desperate effort at escape. But the elephant wheeled his ponderous frame with astonishing dexterity, and tossing the poor creature on a little embankment which formed the lip of the ravine, he planted his heavy foot on him, and deliberately gored him through the body with both his tusks. The death howl of the tortured animal was horridly mingled with the sound of crashing bones, and the low fierce cries of the victor. A native rushed forward and fired upon him; but it was a useless waste of powder: blood and foam were already oozing from his open jaws, and his limbs lay, with the life literally trodden out of them, beneath the massive foot of the elephant. The huge victor stood for a moment, his trunk rolled tightly under his nether jaw, his huge form swelling with

rage, and his small eyes dilated and fixed with sagacious fierceness on his crushed enemy, as if deliberately enjoying the agony of his death-throes. When no struggle or sign of life remained, he withdrew his foot, and, after slightly shaking himself, allowed his riders to resume their equilibrium, without retaining any appearance of conflict save the red stain which died his tusks.

"There was a human voice—the cry of a woman in fear, I am certain," said the leader of the party to his companion, as they resumed their seats on the victorious elephant. "It came from above the ravine, yonder—here, take my gun while I dismount."

"You will find that it was but the moan of the tiger: their cry is strongly human at times," replied his companion.

"I will see, however; the poor beast there must have had a very musical voice, if that was his."

The speaker was a young English nobleman, who had just entered on his station as governor of the province. He had brought all the fresh and vigorous feelings of his climate and age to India, and filled with the excitement of his first hunt, was eager for any new adventure that might present itself. He dropped lightly down the side of his elephant, and running up the brow of the hill, disappeared among the trees on the summit. A few moments elapsed, and he re-appeared, bearing the Rajah's daughter in his arms. She was still insensible. One slender hand hung helplessly over his shoulder, and the braids of her long hair almost swept the grass as he bore her rapidly down the hill.

"Bring wine—wine—she has fainted from terror," exclaimed the young governor, as he came on a level with his party, and stood panting with his lovely burthen still in his arms.

Wine was forced through the Hindoo maiden's lips, and at length she recovered sufficiently to point out the path which led up from the valley to her father's dwelling.

The sun was getting high; our party of huntsmen had secured the slain tiger to the back of an elephant, and remained in the gap, impatient for the appearance of their leader. They had watched the old Rajah's dwelling a full hour, when a messenger was sent with word that the party might return home; and that the governor would follow in the cool of the afternoon.

A few days after the tiger hunt, the same old elephant which had filled so prominent a part in it, knelt within the gap which opened to the "Vale of Flowers." Native servants were disencumbering him of a bale of rich scarlet cloths and other costly presents, which the young governor of the province had sent to the Rajah in exchange for his daughter; and in the shadow of the old man's dwelling, four slaves supported a gorgeous palanquin, ready to convey her from the home of her nativity. Again the Hindoo maiden came out upon the veranda. A brilliant expression of happiness sparkled in her dark eyes, and gave a richer beauty to the rare loveliness of her features. Jewels glowed upon her bosom, and shed their light around her arms and small naked ankles. She bowed herself a moment before the old Rajah, her father, and then entered the palanquin. Smiling one more adieu, she sunk back to its cushions of damask silk, drew its azure curtains about her, and was conveyed away from the home which had in all things been to her a "Vale of Flowers."

A feeling of bereavement was for a moment busy at the father's heart, as he caught a last glimpse of the palanquin, when it was carried through the gorge; but his eye fell on the sack of rupees and on the princely gifts for which he had sold his daughter, and his heart was comforted.

(To be continued.)

New Books.

The Suburban Gardener.—By J. C. Loudon, F. L. S. Longman and Co.

[The *Encyclopædia of Horticulture*, the *Encyclopædia of Agriculture*, the *Hortus Britannicus*, and several other works teeming with useful knowledge, have already earned for Mr. Loudon a distinguished place in the list of literary benefactors of mankind. But the present publication will render him still more deserving of the gratitude and encouragement of all classes who would wish to see the gardens and plantations of Britain laid out according to the rules of good taste, and managed in such a way as is best calculated to ensure the fullest reward for the expense and labour bestowed on them. Mr. Loudon, whom a recent reviewer has aptly called the Evelyn of the present day, has here given very valuable instructions and suggestions for the most judicious and economical arrangement and management of gardens and plantations of all dimensions, elevations, and aspects, and plans for the construction of lodges, tool-houses, and other buildings, the subject being frequently elucidated by wood-cuts. The work also contains several interesting observations of a more general nature, as the following extracts will show:—]

Fishponds in Gardens.

The custom of keeping fish in the grounds of country residences is much less common now, than it was in the days when, from the whole country being Catholic, fish was an essential article of food two days in every week; and when the communication between the interior and the sea was so slow, as to be unavailable for the transport of fish. Fish-ponds, wherever they can be made, are not only sources of beauty in the landscape, but of interest and use with reference to the fish

that may be reared and fed in them. In every garden, however small, and even in every green-house or conservatory, there may be a vase or small basin for gold and silver fish. These require very little care, except breaking the ice in winter, to admit air. Should the fish, however, be intended to breed, the pond must be in a warm situation, fully exposed to the sun, so as to raise the temperature of the water early in the season; and the margin must be shallow and sandy, as it is only in shallow water on a sandy bottom, or on roots or bundles of sticks, that fish will deposit their spawn. The carp, the tench, and the perch are the most conveniently managed in artificial ponds; and, throughout Europe, they are more used for this purpose, than any other kinds. Of these, the carp is the best, on account of its astonishing fecundity, its large size, and the rapidity with which it grows when well fed, notwithstanding the great age which it has been known to attain. To manage carp properly, three ponds are requisite; one for breeding, another for rearing, and a third for feeding. In the spawning or breeding pond, full grown fish should be put early in spring; the season for spawning being from the latter end of May till the beginning of July, the time varying according to the warmth of the season. After spawning, the old fish are put back into the feeding-pond, and the young fry left to themselves till the spawning season approaches in the following year. They are then removed to the nursing-pond, where they remain about two years, the time varying according to their growth. Every season the nursing pond is drawn, and all the fish which are above 5 in. in length, put into the feeding-pond; whence the largest are taken out as wanted for use. When wanted of extraordinary size, they may be kept in stews, and fed with garbage, boiled potatoes, bread, boiled rice, or any soft substance which does not require mastication. Their natural food consists of insects, worms, and soft aquatic plants. The pond in which the feeding fish are kept, should be rather deep, and have a soft marly or muddy bottom, and a warm exposure; the water should be soft, and this it generally is on marly soils: when carp are fed in stews, they should be kept in rain water. A carp will usually attain the weight of 3 lbs. in six years, and 6 lbs. in ten years. The largest ever caught was not quite 20 lbs. weight. They are in season from October to April. The whole business of stocking ponds, and raising and fattening carp, is reduced to a regular system, which is practised extensively in the interior of France and Germany, and more particularly of Prussia. But in suburban gardens, it may be tried with a single pond; taking care to reduce the number of fish by using some of the largest every year in the proper season. From 300 to 400 carp to an acre, is the number allowed in the feeding-ponds in Prussia; but in these ponds very little food is given, and hence the range required is the greater. The tench is generally kept in the same pond as the carp, and requires the same treatment. It will, however, thrive, and even attain an extraordinary size, in situations, and in stagnant fetid water, where no other fish would live. The tench is very tenacious of life, and requires less oxygen than any other fish. Mr. Yarrell, in his excellent work on the *British Fishes*, says, that the tench can breathe when the quantity of oxygen is reduced to the 5000th part of the bulk of the water; ordinary river water usually containing the 100th part of oxygen. Hence, tench will thrive in deep muddy holes, where no other fish could exist; though, in this case, they should be kept a week or ten days in clear water, before using for the table, in order that the muddy taste may go off. The tench is covered with a thick slimy matter, which is said to heal other fish, if they rub themselves against it when they are wounded; and, hence, the tench is vulgarly called the fishes' physician.

The perch requires clearer water than either the carp or the tench, and will thrive in rivers, where the current is not too rapid. When kept in stews, there should be a stream of water constantly running through these. The perch eats worms, flies, and young fish of its own kind, and also minnows, and small roach, dace, &c. The eel thrives in deep, muddy, shady ponds, where, however, the water must not be stagnant. Eels attain the greatest size in mill-ponds, or in muddy rivers, in the soft banks of which they can bury themselves 12 or 16 inches deep, while the stream continues constantly running its course over the mud, and where they are frequently found, and dug out or separated, in the winter. In stews they may be fed at discretion, with snails, frogs, worms, &c.; and will attain a large size, but they are seldom kept in ponds, as they destroy other fish. The eel in the summer season, frequently quits the water during the night, and wanders among grass in search of slugs, frogs, and worms; and where there is a mill-pond, or a dam between two ponds, large eels may often be seen in a warm summer's evening, when the meadows are wet with dew, making their way, with an undulating, or wriggling, though not very rapid motion, through the long grass, in search of food, or from one pond to the other. The pike grows to a large size in stews or ponds, where it requires clear and hard water; but its keep is very expensive, as it devours all the other fish, and even all the fry of its own species that come within its reach. "Eight pike," says Mr. Jesse, "about 5 lbs. weight each, consumed nearly 800 gudgeons in three weeks." "In default of other fish," says

Mr. Yarrell, "pikes will seize moor-hens, ducks, or indeed any animals of small size, whether alive or dead." They swim rapidly, and dart at their prey with great fierceness. The roach and dace are sometimes kept in ponds, and have a beautiful appearance in the water, but their flesh is insipid and woolly. Gudgeons, and other common small fish, are usually found in rivers; as are trout, which, however, may be kept, and will attain a large size, in ponds which have a hard rocky bottom, clear water, and a constant stream running through them.

Deerbrook. By Miss Martineau. Published by Moxon.

[THERE is talent of no ordinary kind in 'Deerbrook;' nevertheless, whatever popularity it may enjoy, it will owe more to the just observations it contains upon the concerns of humanity, than to anything particularly attractive in the narrative or the characters. In short, it does not appear to have been the intention of the authoress to represent either striking events or characters much above common-place; she perhaps knew better where her strength lay: accordingly, although the novel is not without approaches to sprightliness, the reader will seldom be better pleased than when Miss Martineau drops her story in order to make suitable reflections upon its events. Take the following extract as an instance:—]

Poverty, what it is, and what it is not.

What is poverty? Not destitution, but poverty? It has many shapes,—aspects almost as various as the minds and circumstances of those whom it visits. It is famine to the savage in the wilds; it is hardship to the labourer in the cottage; it is disgrace to the proud; and to the miser despair. It is a spectre which "with dread of change perplexes" him who lives at ease. Such are its aspects: but what is it? It is a deficiency of the comforts of life,—a deficiency present and to come. It involves many other things; but this is what it is. Is it then worth all the apprehension and grief it occasions? Is it an adequate cause for the gloom of the merchant, the discontent of the artisan, the foreboding sighs of the mother, the ghastly dreams which haunt the avaricious, the conscious debasement of the subservient, the humiliation of the proud? these are severe sufferings; are they authorised by the nature of poverty? Certainly not, if poverty induced no adventitious evils, involved nothing but a deficiency of the comforts of life, leaving life itself unimpaired. "The life is more than food, and the body than raiment," and the untimely extinction of the life itself would not be worth the pangs which apprehended poverty excites. But poverty involves woes which in their sum, are far greater than itself. To a multitude it is the loss of a pursuit which they have yet to learn will be certainly supplied. For such, alleviation or compensation is in store in the rising up of new objects and the creation of fresh hopes. The impoverished merchant, who may no longer look out for his argosies, may yet be in glee when he finds it "a rare dropping morning for the early colewort." To another multitude, poverty involves loss of rank,—a letting down among strangers whose manners are ungenial and their thoughts unfamiliar. For these there may be solace in retirement, or the evil may fall short of its threats. The reduced gentlewoman may live in patient solitude, or may grow into sympathy with her neighbours, by raising some of them up to herself, and by warming her heart at the great central fire of humanity, which burns on under the crust of manners, as rough as the storms of the tropics, or as frigid as polar snows. The avaricious are out of the pale of peace already, and at all events.—Poverty is most seriously an evil to sons and daughters, who see their parents stripped of comfort at an age when comfort is almost one with life itself: and to parents who watch the narrowing of the capacities of their children by the pressure of poverty,—the impairing of their promise, the blotting out of their prospects. To such mourning children there is little comfort, but in contemplating the easier life which lies behind and (it may be hoped) the happier one which stretches before their parents on the other side the postern of life. If there is sunshine on the two grand reaches of their path, the shadow which lies in the midst is necessarily but a temporary gloom. To grieving parents it should be a consoling truth, that as the life is more that food, so is the soul more than instruction and opportunity, and such accomplishments as man can administer: that as the fowls are fed and the lilies clothed by Him whose hand made the air musical with the one, and dressed the fields with the other, so is the human spirit nourished and adorned by airs from heaven which blow over the whole earth, and light from the skies, which no hand is permitted to intercept. Parents know not but that Providence may be substituting the noblest education for the misteaching of intermediate guardians. It may possibly be so; but if not, still there is appointed to every human being much training, many privileges, which capricious fortune can neither give nor take away. The father may sigh to see his boy condemned to the toil of the loom or the gossip and drudgery of the shop, when he would fain have beheld him the ornament of a university; but he knows not whether a more simple integrity, a loftier disinterestedness, may not come out of the humbler discipline than the higher privilege. The mother's eyes may swim as she hears her little daughter sing her baby brother to sleep on the cot-

tage threshold,—her eyes may swim at the thought how those wild and moving tones might have been exalted by art. Such art would have been in itself a good; but would this child then have been, as now, about her father's business, which, in ministering to one of his little ones, she is as surely as the archangel who suspends new systems of worlds in the furthest void? her occupation is now earnest and holy; and what need the true mother wish for more.

Songs and Ballads. By Samuel Lover.

(*Concluded from page* 236.)

[WANT of space obliged us to exclude from our former notice, the following very characteristic, highly yet playfully wrought, effusion of Irish humour. Mr. Lover may appropriate this vein as exclusively his own among living Irish ballad-writers, for Mr. Moore, who in lyrical compositions is in general unapproachable by any competitor, has been too much engaged in ministering to the drawing-room, and to sympathy with the more serious griefs of his countrymen, to have had leisure for such humble sorrows as those of the forlorn lover of Molly Carew. We add a pleasant trifle, which turns to poetical account some of those cant phrases with which from time to time our ears are dinned while passing along the streets of London.]

MOLLY CAREW.

Och hone! and what will I do?
Sure my love is all crost
Like a bud in the frost;
And there's no use at all in my going to bed,
For 'tis *dhrames* and not sleep that comes into my head;
And 'tis all about you,
My sweet Molly Carew—
And indeed 'tis a sin and a shame!—
You're complater than Nature
In every feature,
The snow can't compare
With your forehead so fair,
And I rather would see just one bliuk of your eye
Than the prettiest star that shines out of the sky,
And by this and by that,
For the matter o' that,
You're more distant by far than that same!
Och hone! weirasthru!
I'm alone in this world without you.

Och hone! but why should I spake
Of your forehead and eyes,
When your nose it defies
Paddy Blake, the schoolmaster, to put it in rhyme,
Tho' there's one BURKE, he says, that would call it *snw*oline,—
And then for your cheek!
Troth 'twould take him a week
It's beauties to tell, as he'd rather.
Then your lips! oh, machree!
In their beautiful glow,
They a pattern might be
For the cherries to grow,
'Twas an apple that tempted our mother we know,
For apples were *scarce*, I suppose, long ago,
But at this time o' day,
'Pon my conscience I'll say,
Such cherries might tempt a man's father!
Och hone! weirasthru!
I'm alone in this world without you.

Och hone! by the man in the moon,
You *taze* me all ways
That a woman can plaze,
For you dance twice as high with that thief, Pat Magee,
As when you take share of a jig, dear, with me,
Tho' the piper I bate,
For fear the owld chate
Wouldn't play you your favourite tune.
And when you're at mass,
My devotion you crass,
For 'tis thinking of you,
I am, Molly Carew,
While you wear, on purpose, a bonnet so deep,
That I can't at your sweet purty face get a peep;
Oh, have off that bonnet,
Or else I'll lave on it,
The loss of my wandherin sowl!
Och hone! weirasthru!
Och hone! like an owl,
Day is night, dear, to me without you!

Och hone! don't provoke me to do it;
For there's girls by the score
That loves me—and more,
And you'd look very quare if some morning you'd meet,
My wedding all marching in pride down the street,
Troth, you'd open your eyes,
And you'd die with surprise
To think 'twasn't you was come to it!
And faith, Kitty Nale,
And her cow, I go bail,
Would jump if I'd say
"Kitty Naile, name the day."
And though you're fair and fresh as a morning in May,
While she's short and dark like a cold winter's day;
Yet if you don't repent
Before Easter, when Lent
Is over, I'll marry for spite!
Och hone! weirasthru!
And when I die for you,
My ghost will haunt you every night!

WHO ARE YOU?

"There are very impudent people in London," said a country cousin of mine, in 1837. "As I walked down the Strand, a fellow stared at me and shouted, "Who are you?" Five minutes after, another passing me, cried, 'Flare up;'—but a civil gentleman, close to his heels, kindly asked, 'How is your mother.'

"Who are you?—who are you?
Little boy that's running after
Every one up and down,
Mingling sighing with your laughter;"
"I am Cupid, lady belle,
I am Cupid and no other."
"Little boy, then prithee tell,
How is Venus? *How's your Mother?*
Little boy, little boy,
I desire you tell me true,
Cupid, oh! you're altered so,
No wonder I cry '*Who are you?*
Who are you?—who are you?
Little boy, where is your bow?
You had a bow my little boy—"
"So had you, ma'am,—long ago."
"Little boy where is your torch?"
"Madame I have given it up:
Torches are no use at all
Hearts will never now *flare up.*"
"Naughty boy, naughty boy,
Such words as these I never knew:
Cupid, oh! you're altered so,
No wonder I say *who are you?*"

[No one who has a relish either for the tender or the humourous, should be without this volume. In a small compass there is something to gratify a variety of tastes.]

OWEN MACARTHY.

Among the many rich and pathetic narrations of Irish humour and pathos, which bespangle the pages of Mr. Carlton's *Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry*, is one of "Tubber Derg; or, the Red Well," the principal character in which is Owen Macarthy, a loving-hearted peasant, who, in order to alleviate his distress, travels to Dublin, when after a fruitless appeal to his landlord for assistance, he returns to the abode of all he loves on this earth; and on knocking at his cottage-door, his demand for entrance is unheeded:—

"Mother of glory! what's this? But wait, let me rap again. Kathleen, Kathleen! are you widin, avourneen? Owen!—Alley!—an't yees widin, childhre? Alley! sure I'm come back to yees all!"—and he rapped more loudly than before. A dark breeze swept through the bushes as he spoke, but no voice nor sound proceeded from the house; all was still as death within. "Alley!" he called once more, to his little favourite; "I'm come home wid something for you, asthore; I didn't forget *you*, alanna; I brought it from Dublin all the way! Alley!"—but the gloomy murmur of the blast was the only reply.

Perhaps the most intense of all that he knew of misery was that which he then felt: but this state of suspense was soon terminated, by the appearance of a neighbour who was passing.

"Why thin, Owen, but yer welcome home agin, my poor fellow; and I'm sorry that I hav'n't betther news for you, and so are all of us."

He whom he addressed had almost lost the power of speech.

"Frank," said he, and he wrung his hand. "What—what! was death among them? For the sake of heaven spake!"

The severe pressure which he received in return ran like a shock of paralysis to his heart.

"Owen, you must be a man; every one pities yees; and may the Almighty pity and support yees! She is, indeed, Owen, gone; the weeny fair-haired child, your favourite Alley, is gone. Yesterday she was berrid; and dacently the nabours attiuded the place, and sent in, as far as they had it, both mate and dhrink to Kathleen and the other ones. Now, Owen, you've heard it; trust in God, an' be a man."

A deep and convulsive throe shook him to the heart.—"Gone!—the fair-haired one!—Alley!—Alley!—the pride of both our hearts!—the sweet, the quiet, and the *sorrowful child, that seldom played wid the rest, but kept wid mys—!* Oh, my darlin', my darlin'!—gone from my eyes for ever! God of glory! won't you support me this night of sorrow and misery!" With a sudden yet profound sense of humility he dropped on his knees at the threshold, and, as the tears rolled down his convulsed cheeks, exclaimed, in a burst of sublime piety, not at all uncommon among our peasantry, "I thank you, O my God!—I thank you, an' I put myself an' my weeny ones, my *pastchee boght*, into your hands.—Keep me up and support me—och, I want it! You loved the weeny one, and you took her: she was the *light of my eyes, and the pulse of my broken heart; but you took her*, blessed Father of heaven; an' we can't be angry wid you for so doin'? Still, if you had spared her—if—if—oh, blessed Father! *My heart was in the very one you took!* But I thank you, O God! May she rest in peace, now and for ever! Amin!"

Necessity obliging Owen and his wife to leave their abode, they gain a precarious living by begging; at length, fortune smiles on him, and he returns to the resting-place of his "fair-haired one," and thus apostrophises over her grave:—

"Alley!" he exclaimed, in Irish, "Alley, nhien machree! your father, that loved *you* more than he loved any other human crathur brings a message to you from the mother of your heart, avourneen! She bid me call to see the spot where you're lyin', my buried flower, and to tell you that we're not now, thanks be to God, as we wor whin you lived wid us. We are well to do now, *acushla ogn machree*, an' not in hunger, an' sickness, an' misery, as we wor whin you suffered them all. You will love to hear this, pulse of our hearts, an' to know that, through all we suffered—an' bitterly did we suffer since you departed—we never let you out of our memory, No, *asthore villish*, we thought of you, and cried afther our poor dead flower many and many's the time. An' she bid me tell your darlin' of my heart, that we feel nothin' now so much as that you are not wid us to share our comfort an' our happiness. Oh, what wouldn't the mother give to have you back wid her: but it can't be. An' what wouldn't I give to have you before my eyes agin in health an' life? But it can't be. The lovin' mother sent this message to you, Alley. Take it from her. She bid me tell you that we are well an' happy; our name is pure, and, like yourself, widout spot or stain. Won't you pray for us before God, an' get Him an' his blessed Mother to look on us wid favour an' compassion! Farewell, Alley, asthore! May you sleep in peace, an' rest on the breast of your great Father in heaven, until we all meet in happiness together. It's your father that's spaking to you, our lost flower; an' the hand that often smoothed your goolden head is now upon your grave.

The Gatherer.

Another Brute Tamer is about visiting England to illuminate and amuse the novelty-seeking public. We learn by a Marseilles paper, Le Semaphore, of the arrival there from Columbia of the American vessel, Bustard, bringing Senor Martin Oataya, his son, and a racer of a new description, which bids fair to be a formidable rival to our aëronauts; it consists of a Condar of the Cordilleras of enormous size, the two extremities of his extended wings is thirty-two feet, who has been rendered so gentle and tractable, that Martin Oataya's son uses him like a horse, gets upon his back, and to the astonishment of all, flies with him to an immense height, managing him by means of a little stick with a steel point. The boy and bird reached Florence in twelve minutes, and returned in the evening.

Nature is an Eolian harp, a musical instrument; whose tones again are keys to higher strings in us.

Every beloved object is the centre of a paradise.

Surmise is the gossamer that malice blows on fair reputations; the corroding dew that destroys the choice blossom. Surmise is the squint of suspicion, and suspicion is established before it is confirmed.

The public garden at Gibraltar.—The alameda, or public walk, one of the lungs of Gibraltar, is ornamented with statues and geranium *trees*, which, indeed, they are. General Elliott is surrounded with more bombs than he was during the siege, while Nelson forms his companion, emerging, like Jonah, from two huge jaw-bones of a whale. At one end is a shadowy, silent spot, where the bones are laid of those who die in this distant land. This alameda was kept up by a small tax laid on the tickets of the Spanish lottery, which were sold in the garrison.

Louisa, the last surviving daughter of the great Linnæus, died at Upsal, March 21, 1839, aged 90.

To the Editor of Mirror.—A few days ago, I copied the following *little bit* from a bench in Kensington Gardens. It was written with a black-lead pencil. G. W. N.*

"Drowned in the Serpentine, 20th October, 1837.—Measure 100 yards from the Bridge to the left, and about 20 yards in the river—there you will find the deceased; a gold watch in his waistcoat pocket, and a black silk purse with two forged 100 pound notes."

"Yours,

"The deceased.

No more!"

* Will our respected Correspondent inform us where we can communicate with him? Or will he take the trouble to send to our office for a small parcel?

Mr. Stewart's Cabinet of Pictures were sold by Messrs. Christie and Manson, on Saturday the 20th inst. *The Visit*, by Netscher, and esteemed one of his finest productions, brought 190 guineas: a finished sketch by Fraser, of *Rembrandt in his studio*. 21 guineas: *the Drummer*, by the same artist, 19 guineas: *an Interior*, ditto, 20½ guineas: *Repose*, by A. Van de Velde, 1663, one of his most delightful and perfect works, 155 guineas: *J. Steen's Bed-chamber*, by himself, 95 guineas; and his *Convivial Party*, 80 guineas: *A Mid-day Calm*, by W. Van de Velde, 71 guineas: Cuyp's *Boy holding the Bridles of three Horses*, 96 guineas: *A Lawyer in his Cabinet*, by A. Ostade, formerly, we think, in Mr. Ludgate's collection, 105 guineas: *A Landscape and Figures*, said by Rembrandt, but more probably by Verboom, 69 guineas: Jan Steen's *Blowing Hot and Cold*, 71 guineas; very cheap. There were several by Etty; his *Monk*, brought £17. 5s.—Cleopatra, 11½ guineas;—*Head of a Philosopher*, 17 guineas—the *Toilette*, a companion picture, 16½ guineas—*A Bacchante and a Girl*, 22 guineas; and his *Cupid entreating Venus*, 55 guineas; John Burnet's *Salmon Weir*, 30 guineas. Our confined limits prevent enumerating the whole of the collection; all the pictures brought very fair prices.

We understand Mrs. Rothschild has purchased Wilkie's picture of the "Pinch of Snuff," for 800 guineas; and that the same artist's "Village Card-players," for which the late Duke of Gloucester paid £50. has been disposed of to G. Bredel, Esq. for 500 guineas.

The Sebastiani del Piombo, was sold at Foster's rooms in Oxford-street, on Friday, the 20th, for 560 guineas.

We learn by the Nottingham Review, that Millhouse, the poet, died on the 13th inst. We shall give a memoir of this gifted but unfortunate man in a future number.

Punishment of a Tom and Jerry Boy, of the olden school.—"Yesterday, one Daintry, *alias* Wilson, a carpenter, was whipt from the watch-house in Great Marlborough Street to the Blue Posts in Poland Street, for stealing knockers from gentlemen's doors. He had two brass knockers tied round his neck."—*Post Boy*, Dec. 14, 1747.

Chelsea Bun-House.—The sale of the "Ancient Relics" of this once celebrated place of resort took place on the 8th inst.; a further account of which will be given in the next number.

LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.—Agent in PARIS, G. W. M. REYNOLDS, French, English, and American Library, 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin.—In FRANCFORT, CHARLES JUGEL.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 947.] SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1839. [Price 2*d*.

MEMOIR OF

MAHA RAJAH RUNJEET SINGH,

CHIEF OF LAHORE AND CACHMINE.

The career of this extraordinary chieftain developes the character of a man, born to change, or materially influence, the destinies of a vast portion of mankind. Proud, restless, ungovernable, impatient of restraint, he rules with despotism over twenty millions of people; and from a licentious love of power, and unbounded ambition, aided by the fertile powers of his mighty genius, has risen from a common thief to be a conqueror of princes! Possessed of a considerable and well-disciplined army, numerous foundries and arsenals, a regular government, and a wealthy exchequer, he has become the friend and ally of the British government in India!

Runjeet Singh is represented as having no education in any branch of learning or science. He cannot read or write in any language; he does not value knowledge for its own sake, but he has the sense and discretion to appreciate and apply for his own advantage, that of others; yet he is in the habit of hearing papers read in Persian, Punjabee and Hindoo. He is the chief administrator of justice in his kingdom; but each village has a judge, who decides minor offences. The king is easily accessible, and any one of his subjects can plead his own cause before him. A child without a home, or a man without bread, can prefer his request to the Rajah, and never fail of his application, if he should appear a worthy object of his bounty. He

displays perspicuity in his appreciation of character, and the power of tracing the motives of other's actions, gives him a command and influence over all who approach him. His observations and remarks are given ordinarily in short, terse, incoherent phrases, or in the shape of interrogatories. He has great power of dissimulation, and under the greatest frankness of manner, and even familiarity of intercourse, can veil subtle designs and even treachery.

In action he is personally brave and collected; but his plans have displayed no boldness or adventurous hazard. His fertility in expedients has been wonderful. His uniform career and conduct through life prove him to be selfish, sensual, and licentious in the extreme, regardless of all ties of affection, blood or friendship, in the pursuit of ambition or pleasure; he is represented as profligately greedy, plundering and reducing to misery, without the slightest feeling of remorse, widows, orphans, and families. But, however, he is not blood-thirsty, for he has never taken life, even under circumstances of great aggravation. Runjeet Singh is not therefore altogether a barbarian: indeed his laws prohibit the punishment of death. A criminal sometimes has his nose or his ears cut off, but never his head. It is also not uncommon to cut off the hands of criminals; but in serious cases, and where the culprit has again committed the crime for which he has been once already punished, the tendon of the Achilles [the sinew which connects the heel of the foot with the leg] is cut through. But even here, Runjeet Singh shews mercy; for he allows a pension to all unhappy wretches whom justice has put out of a condition of gaining a livelihood, but not at the expense of others. Although this remarkable man is a man of known courage, he hitherto has not had sufficient to warrant him in abolishing the frightful custom whereby the Lahore women burn themselves upon the funeral pile of their husbands.

With the aid of his confidential officer, General Allard, he has brought his army into the finest state of skill and subordination; but his troops still wear the turban. Duelling is not known in his army; the soldiers settle their disputes with their fists—a far better mode of adjusting differences than that of stabbing, a cowardly means of revenge, and which is spreading rapidly in what is called *refined societies!*—the fist is far more manly than the stiletto.

Runjeet Singh has many expensive tastes, one of which, if fully gratified, would ruin any other than an immensely rich man. He is attached to the chase, as conducted in the East. He has an ardent passion for precious stones and fine horses. He learnt one day that there was a very fine horse in one of the neighbouring provinces, in a part of the kingdom of Cabul not yet brought under his dominion. Spies were sent out in order to inform the Rajah of the existence of the horse, and the exact spot where it was to be found. These two points being ascertained, a troop of ten thousand men were sent to seize the animal: they traversed many provinces, spent much money, fought their way to the stable of the horse, and did not rest until it was added to the stud of the Rajah. He also obtained possession of probably the finest diamond in the world by similar means. A neighbouring petty king was said to be the possessor of a diamond, which had belonged to the Great Mogul, the largest and purest that was ever known. This of course was coveted by Runjeet Singh, and accordingly he invited the prince to his court, and being master of his person, he demanded his diamond. The king pretended to resist; but after many manœuvres he yielded possession. The delight of Runjeet Singh was extreme; he gave it to a lapidary to mount it; but what was his surprise and fury when the man informed him that this pretended diamond was only a piece of crystal! Runjeet Singh caused the palace of this king to be invested: his soldiers ransacked it from top to bottom. Their researches were all in vain for a long time: at length a slave of the king having sold the secret of his master, the diamond was found among the ashes of a fire. Runjeet Singh has ever since worn it as a trophy of victory, set in a bracelet of gold. On state days he wears, in chaplets round his head, many other diamonds of extraordinary size and beauty. It is said that the jewels of Runjeet Singh are the richest and finest in the world; and the riches and magnificence of his court and palace, the splendour of his travelling equipage, and of all his equipments, exceed probably all that we hear of among oriental princes.

His stature is low, and the loss of an eye from the small pox takes away from his appearance, which, however, is still far from being unprepossessing; for his countenance is full of expression and animation, and is set off with a handsome flowing beard, grey, at fifty years of age, and tapering to a point below his breast. He is now so emaciated and weak as to be compelled to adopt a singular method of mounting the tall horses on which he loves to ride; a man kneels down before him, and he throws his leg over his neck, when the man rises with the Maha Rajah mounted on his shoulders. He then approaches his horse, and Runjeet Singh putting his right foot in the stirrup, and holding by the mane, throws his left leg over the man's head and the back of the horse into the stirrup on the other side.—The portrait of the Maha Rajah is from Mr. Princep's work, on the Origin of the Sikh Power, &c., as given in that interesting periodical, the *India Review*, kindly transmitted to us from Calcutta, by its talented editor, F. Corbyn, Esq.

THE RESURRECTION.

(For the Mirror.)

"So they went and made the sepulchre sure, sealing the stone, and setting a watch."—St. Matthew, chap. xxvii, ver. 66.

The watch is set,—the stone is seal'd,
And thro' the dewy night,
Wan stars their lustre have reveal'd,
In the blue concave's height,
Shining above earth's misery,
With their unearthly light.

No sound breaks on the tranquil hour,
But in that garden lone,
All dimly on each tree and flower,
The hues of night are thrown,
And silence reigns, the watch is set,—
And the wild crowd are gone.

And they, with measured steps before
The rocky tomb pass by;
They tread the dewy pathway o'er,
Gloomily,—silently,—
And still they see the sealed-stone,
Unmoved,—unbroken,—lie!

Why do the strong ones turn so pale,
And to the earth fall down?
With awe and fear their spirits quail,
The tomb is open thrown,
And all too bright to gaze upon,
Is one beside the stone.

His face as heaven's own lightning gleams,
And whiter far than snow,
The floating robe around him seems,
No form of earth they know,
Is the all radiant being there,
And to the earth they bow.

Away! and tell your fearful tale,
To the proud ruler's ear,
'Ere the first streak of morning pale,
Is breaking on the air;—
Away! and tell an angel stands,
And watches for you there!

"Oh grave, where is thy victory!"
No more thy terrors bring,
Her buried Saviour faith can see,
Rise on immortal wing,
The first fruits of a countless throng;
And "death has now no sting!"

Kirton-Lindsey. ANNE.

SONNET TO PUNCH.

Not Punch the *animating*, but Punch the *animated*.

(For the Mirror.)

Hail noble Punch! thou of the nose and chin,
The penny-trumpet squeak, and oaken clump,
The fair round belly, and the goodly hump!
Thy merry antics never fail to win
From circling wonderers the delighted grin,
When thou and Judy frisk and dance and jump,
And deal the kiss alternate with the bump,
And music mix with matrimonial din.
Man with his proud philosophy, but apes
Thy stole bearing. Would I had thy nack
To parry fortune's thrusts—to creep from scrapes
Unscathed!—as thou substantial forms dost thwack,
So might I battle with aerial shapes,
And scare blue devils as thou scarest the black!

W. L. B.

THE ATMOSPHERE.

(Concluded from page 164.)

Land-Animals, being surrounded by the atmosphere, may be said to live in an ocean; but they cannot, like fishes, rise up in it at pleasure. Birds can rise to a great height; but they cannot reach the top. The atmosphere is proved to have the common properties of matter, by resisting other bodies that would take its place; as may be seen by putting an inverted tumbler into water; when the inclosed air prevents the tumbler being filled. It is a fluid; for bodies move through it easily, and it presses equally in all directions. The ancients were aware of its properties; for they had great air-guns, and pearl-divers had an inverted pot on their heads. Air has weight and elasticity; and the effects of these properties were formerly ascribed to nature's abhorrence of a vacuum; which is a good expression of a property. As the atmosphere was found to support a column of water only thirty-four feet high, Toricelli thought it would support another fluid only to a height containing the same weight on the same base; and this was found to be the case. Hence the earth supports a weight of air equal to a body of water thirty-four feet deep, or of meroury twenty-nine inches; and we sustain the same weight as if we were at the bottom of a lake thirty-four feet deep. A man supports a weight of about fourteen tons; but as it presses in all directions equally, and the air is freely admitted to the lungs, and other parts in the interior of the body, a man suffers no more pressure than does a wet sponge on being plunged into water. As the barometer changes, however, considerable effect is produced on the human body.

Persons at unusually elevated stations, feel oppression and dyspucea from the attenuated atmosphere. Humboldt, on the Andes, had bleeding from the eyes, gums, &c. Saussure found that men bear a rarefied atmosphere better than horses. Mules sometimes die suddenly, when driven high up the Andes. It is said that people living in elevated regions are pale, and that their wounds heal slowly. Guy Lussac reached a height of twenty-three thousand feet above the level of the sea; which is the greatest height ever attained by man. His respiration was affected; his pulse accelerated; and his thirst great. No doubt man might be habituated to dwell at an elevation equal to that of Mont Blanc. In America there are cities eight thousand feet above the level of the sea; and Humboldt mentions a hamlet which is placed thirteen thousand feet above it. Others still higher are mentioned.

Intensity of sound diminishes as we ascend; and a deep silence reigns at the tops of mountains. On Mont Blanc, a pistol

discharged makes no more noise than a cracker in a room.

As the atmosphere surrounds the whole globe, if it remained at rest, of course it would settle into a sphere; but from the centrifugal force produced by the rotation of the earth on its axis, the atmosphere must be an oblate spheroid. The greater power of the sun at the equator would assist in producing this figure. Many attempts have been made to ascertain the height of the atmosphere; and it would not be difficult if the atmosphere had everywhere the same density. If it were throughout of the same density as at the surface of the earth, it would be five miles high. It has been proposed to obtain the height of the atmosphere, by the length of the twilight. We see the sun while it is yet eighteen degrees below the horizon; and from that circumstance it is calculated that the atmosphere must be between forty and fifty miles high. One of our greatest living mathematicians calculates that it must be at least fifty miles high. If the atmosphere pervaded all space, it would accumulate around the sun, moon, and other celestial bodies; but Dr. Wollaston found that there was no atmosphere about the sun; and thinks it ceases at a height above the earth where its gravity overcomes its elasticity. But a more effective argument is the decrease of temperature as we ascend; for at a height of about fifty miles, the temperature must be at zero; and there must there be a limit to expansion. Other planets seem to have atmospheres; and there are arguments tending to shew that the sun has one also. The moon has one; but it is much rarer than ours. Dr. Brinkley says it is a thousand times more so.

As we ascend in the atmosphere, we find firs of different kinds clothing the mountains at different heights. In lakes that are within a thousand feet above the level of the sea, pike and perch are found; but not in lakes above that height. This is called the *first* "zone." The *second* zone reaches to fourteen hundred feet; and abounds with the Scotch fir. Oats will not ripen in it; but potatoes and turnips are grown there, though not to a large size. The *third* zone reaches to two thousand two hundred feet above the level of the sea. Its characteristic tree is the birch; which becomes much distorted and dwarfish;—not being, at the upper limit, higher than a man. The lakes abound in chard, or Alpine trout. The *fourth* zone reaches to two thousand eight hundred feet. The *fifth* reaches to three thousand four hundred feet; and has the dwarf birch only a few inches high, and creeping. The *sixth* zone reaches to four thousand feet; and the *seventh* to four thousand two hundred; and is generally covered with perpetual snow; as are all the parts above. There is a bird which is sometimes found in the Alps of Lapland above the snow-line; and therefore lives higher than any other animal. The Scotch fir, in some mountains of the Pyrenees, may be traced to some thousands of feet above the level of the sea. In this country, we have no mountain that reaches the snow-line; for in order to do that it must be six thousand four hundred feet high; which is many times the height of Arthur's Seat, at Edinburgh;—the latter being eight hundred feet high. N. R.

The Novelist.

THE TIGER HUNT.

(*Concluded from page 267.*)

TWICE had the old Rajah's jars received their annual tribute of ottar from the valley, and its rose thickets were flushed with blossoms for the third season, when a solitary woman entered the gorge, and bent her way up the path which led to the old man's dwelling. Her features were youthful, but hardened with the impress of strong, severe, and fully matured passions. There was something heart-chilling in the stern, cold look of resolute daring settled upon a face of such transcendant beauty. She paused a moment at the scene of the tiger's death, and when she resumed her course, a smile was on her lips, but it was one of those mocking smiles which distil a bitterness over the whole face. It was fierce and painful to look upon. She reached the Rajah's dwelling, and entered his sleeping-room through the veranda. With a quiet, stealthy tread, she moved across the room, and sat down by the divan where the old man lay asleep.

"Father," she said, in a voice thrillingly sweet, yet which had something in its tone that fell strangely on the ear. "Father, awake—thy child would speak with thee."

The old man started from his repose, and looked with an expression of sleepy wonder upon his daughter. Before he had time to welcome her, she spoke again, as if careless what her reception might be.

"Thy child returns an outcast, old man—her lord has thrust her forth from his heart, and another, a creature beautiful as the sunshine, one of his own people, has taken her place. Shall she not have vengeance?"

The old musselman folded his arms on his bosom, and with his eyes half closed, sat as if unconscious of her presence. "My Lord, the governor, has been very bountiful," he at length muttered, but without looking on the pale, stern creature by his side.

"Has my father received his usual gifts since the Englishman chose a wife at Calcutta? Will the heart continue bountiful which has wearied of that for which it paid? See, I have brought thee gifts more precious than thou can'st ever hope from

him; they were his—why should they not purchase rest to my soul?"

She removed the jewels from her head and bosom, and unclasping the golden bracelets from her arms and ankles, laid them at her father's feet.

The old miser stooped down and clutched the glittering mass in his bony hand. "My daughter has but to speak and her will shall be done," he replied, thrusting the jewels into his bosom, but without lifting his subtle eyes from the floor.

"There is a poison known to my father which is sudden and deadly; but which kills with little pain. I would that in exchange for those gems he give me a flask of this poison."

The Rajah went to a lattice, and pointed to the ravine which we have spoken of as opening into the gap beneath. "Thy father's limbs are getting old, and he dare not trust his secret with a slave; in yonder hollow his child will find small blue flowers, with a drop of gold colour in the heart of each, on stalks which droop to the earth with the slightest touch—let her bring me some of those flowers."

The daughter turned away and went down to the ravine. The flowers grew in small delicate tufts along the crevices of the precipice. She gathered of them, and returned to her father. He received the sweet burthen at her hands, and went out. In about an hour he returned, bearing a small crystal flask filled with a purplish liquid, and carefully sealed.

"Put a few drops of this in his drink, and his death-sleep will soon follow," he whispered, placing it in her hand.

"And is there not enough for more than one?" she inquired with stern impatience.

"For more than one? Allah be praised! there are twenty deaths in that little flask."

"It is well."

The young Hindoo bowed her pale face for a moment, and left the room with the vial grasped tightly in her small hand.

All was silent in the dwelling occupied by the provincial governor. Master and slave were asleep, when a female form might have been seen stealing cautiously through the shrubbery of the garden toward a private entrance. A poor travel-worn creature she appeared in the dim light; her long hair fell in disordered braids over her soiled garments; her silken slippers were torn, and hung in damp tatters from her small feet, and every thing about her spoke of the long and weary road which she had travelled. As she entered the dwelling her step became firmer, but more cautious of sound, and she paused to listen more than once as she traversed the sumptuous apartments. She found the door of the governor's sleeping chamber. Her hand lingered for a moment on the latch, and then she entered. Her face looked stern and strangely corpse like, and her eyes had a deadly gleam in their black depths, as she passed by a night-lamp which shed its faint rays through the apartment. She glided with a noiseless step over the snowy matting to a large divan which stood in the centre of the room. A cloud of silvery gauze fell from a canopy over it, and through its transparent folds, the outlines of two recumbent persons were discernible as in a mist. On a small table at the head of the divan, stood a cup of gilded chrystal, containing a night-draught for the sleepers. The midnight intruder drew back the curtain, and with her pale, steady hand emptied a small vial into the goblet. She did not look upon the two persons whose mingled breath floated over her hand, but a shiver ran through her frame as the drapery fell back. The heavy golden fringe and bullion tassels which weighed it to the floor, swept with a grating noise over the matting. It was the only sound that had marked her deadly progress.

The murderess moved to a dark corner, and there, with her pale lips motionless and partly open, and her hands clasped tightly in her lap, sat watching the divan. An hour of intense stillness reigned through the building; then a soft murmur stole from the divan. A delicate form half rose from the pile of cushions—a little hand was extended, and the lifted goblet gleamed through the curtains. The Hindoo clasped her hands till the blood started to the nails, and bent more earnestly forward as the deadly draught was swallowed.

"Will you not drink, love, the sherbet is very cool?" breathed a soft, sweet voice from beneath the drapery. Another form started from the cushions, and the goblet again flashed before the distended eyes of the wretched watcher. She started up, then sunk back with a faint gasp, and all was still again.

A solemn hour swept on, and then a deep groan arose from the couch. A faint, shuddering cry followed, as if heart and limb were rent in twain by a fierce fang. The snowy covering was tossed about among the cushions, and the whole mass of drapery shivered, as in a high wind, from the convulsed writhings of a stout form in its death agony. The large black eyes of the Hindoo dilated fearfully; her lips grew deathly pale, and her face gleamed out in the dim light like the head of a Judith. She neither moved nor seemed to breathe. Another moment of intense stillness, and then death again began its ravages. A small hand clutched the curtain—its fingers worked among the gauzy folds a moment, and then fell heavily down. A sob—one quick, deep gasp—another—and silence reigned as before.

A few minutes passed, and then the Hindoo went to the divan and lifted the drapery

from the scene of death. She gazed on the murdered pair for the space of a moment, and then grasped the goblet and drained it to the dregs, resolutely, and without the least sign of hesitation.

When the attendants entered their master's room late in the morning, they found him lying upon the divan, composed as if in sleep, but dead. A pale, lifeless form lay by his side; one arm was flung over his bosom, and a mass of golden hair gleamed with painful contrast against his ashy cheek. The drapery was rent away from the canopy, and there on the floor, entangled in its folds, as the agonies of death had left her, lay the Rajah's daughter.

LAUREL HILL CEMETERY, PHILADELPHIA.

It has hitherto (observes an American writer,) been the custom among us to bury the dead out of our sight, in the damp vaults of churchyards which the spirit of speculation or improvement may invade in a day; separating the remains of sisters and brothers, or parents and children, from each other, and desecrating the sacred order and decency of the tomb. To prevent as far as possible such distressing scenes, the Laurel Cemetery has been fashioned and adorned. Art and nature will render it pleasing to the most choice and delicate mind: the verdure of spring, the calmness of summer, the many-coloured gorgeousness of autumn will be there; and even the dreariness of winter will be dispelled by the evergreen. The passion for rural repose, may here be indulged to the freest extent. It is this passion which has bent the pious osier over so many tumuli in England; which has embalmed her hoary minsters and solemn cathedrals in perpetual verdure. There the peer, the templar, and the peasant, lie near each other, in the final equality of the grave; and though the mourners of the former may visit them in the vaults of the abbey, beneath the banners they have won, the bard of the latter, as he looks at the place of his rest among his lowly kindred, exclaims:—

"Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

"Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,
The place of elegy and fame supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die."

If such be the influences of rude and uncultured cemeteries, how much more abiding will they be, where the hand of art lifts the urn or the cenotaph, while nature showers her garlands over the mounds of the dead; and around them

"Unfolds her tender mantle green,
And pranks the sod in loving mood,
Or tunes Æolian strains between."

W. G. C.

DISCOVERY OF THE TEA-PLANT IN BRITISH INDIA.

(*Concluded from page* 265.)

Next day the leaves are all sorted into large, middling, and small; sometimes there are four sorts. All these, the Chinese informed me, become so many different kinds of teas; the smallest leaves they called Pha-ho, and the second Pow-chong, the third Su-chong, and the fourth, or the largest leaves, Tay-chong. After this assortment, they are again put in the sieve in the drying basket (taking great care not to mix the sorts) and on the fire, as on the preceding day; but now very little more than will cover the bottom of the sieve is put in at one time, the same care of the fire is taken as before, and the same precaution of tapping the drying basket every now and then. The tea is taken off the fire with the nicest care, for fear of any particle of the tea falling into it. Whenever the drying basket is taken off, it is put on the receiver, the sieve in the drying basket taken out, the tea turned over, the sieve replaced, the tap given, and the basket placed again over the fire. As the tea becomes crisp, it is taken out and thrown into a large receiving basket, until all the quantity on hand has become alike dried and crisp; from which basket it is again removed into the drying basket, but now in much larger quantities. It is then piled up eight and ten inches high on the sieve in the drying basket; in the centre a small passage is left for the hot air to ascend; the fire, that was before bright and clear, has now ashes thrown on it to deaden its effect, and the shakings that have been collected are put on the top of all; the tap is given, and the basket with the greatest care is put over the fire. Another basket is placed over the whole, to throw back any heat that may ascend. Now and then it is taken off, and put on the receiver, the hands, with the fingers wide apart, are run down the sides of the basket to the sieve, and the tea gently turned over; the passage in the centre again made, &c., and the basket again placed on the fire. It is from time to time examined, and when the leaves have become so crisp that they break with the slightest pressure of the fingers, it is taken off, when the tea is ready. All the different kinds of leaves underwent the same operation. The tea is now, little by little, put into boxes, and first pressed down with the hands and then with the feet (clean stockings having been previously put on).

There is a small room inside of the tea-house, seven cubits square and five high, having bamboos laid across on the top to support a network of bamboo, and the sides of the room smeared with mud to exclude the air. When there is wet weather, and the leaves cannot be dried in the sun, they are laid out on the top of this room on the network, on an iron pan, the same as is used to

heat the leaves; some fire is put into it, either of grass or bamboo, so that the flame may ascend high; the pan is put on a square wooden frame, that has wooden rollers on its legs, and pushed round and round this little room by one man, while another feeds the fire, the leaves on the top being occasionally turned; when they are a little whithered, the fire is taken away, and the leaves brought down and manufactured into tea, in the same manner as if it had been dried in the sun.

In a conversation which Mr. C. A. Bruce had with some Chinese black-tea makers, the following facts were elicited respecting the management of the plant in China:—About a seventh portion of the tea produced in that country grows on the mountains, and a third portion in the valleys. It grows amongst the snow, which hurts it very little. Most of the plants live about fifty years; but some live only ten. They throw off a great number of leaves in the winter, but they always retain some. The Chinese never plant from slips; but always from seeds. The seeds are sown in a hole about four fingers deep and eight inches in diameter, two handfuls of seeds being put into it, and then covered up. Some are sown in November and December, and some in January; and when the rain sets in they come up. If the seeds are good, from a tenth to a twentieth portion of them come up, in general. These plants are very seldom transplanted, and then only during the rains, when from four to six plants are planted here and there, three or four feet apart, on small ridges of earth about a foot high, a hollow space being left between them to allow the rain-water to run off. To prevent the plants being washed away, many trenches are dug, the form of them depending on the ground and situation. No care is taken to shade the plants, though in some plantations they are in the shade for nearly half the day. The leaves of those which grow in the shade have the most juice when rolled, and therefore require more drying in the sun; but those which grow in the sun produce better and more tea than the former. Some China merchants pretend to be able to tell by the smell which tea was grown in the shade, and which in the sun, and give their preference to the latter. The Chinese cultivators weed their plantations twice a year, once in the rainy season, and once in the cold. The plants are fit for plucking in the third or fourth year, according to the soil. In the third year they are from one to two cubits high, but they would grow higher if it were not for the constant plucking. If the weather be warm and fine, and the season has not been a very cold one, the Chinese commence plucking the first crop of leaves in May; the second crop about seven weeks after the first; and the third crop about the same time, or, perhaps, six weeks after the second. Some cultivators never gather a third crop for fear of exhausting and killing the plants. The quantity of tea which a single plant will yield, varies greatly. Some plants will produce each two rupees' weight, while others produce each a pound and a half; but in the first crop, the produce of each generally averages a quarter of a pound, and in the second crop a little less. Plants which have been cut down and then grown up again, produce twice as many leaves as they would otherwise. The leaves of the Chinese plants are much smaller, and seem to have more juice than the Assamese, although the soil is the same. Tea is manufactured in the same manner in China as in Assam, and in neither country do the manufacturers use anything to give it a flavour. It is not fit to be used until it has been kept about a year; for if drank before then, it has an unpleasant taste of the fire, and it affects the head. It will keep good for three or four years in boxes, from which the air is excluded.

MODE OF EMPLOYING SERVANTS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

(*For the Mirror.*)

The Janizaries.—Turkey.

The Janizaries, or Janissaries, are the Turkish infantry, and they form the Grand Signior's guard; and are the main sinew or strength of the Ottoman Empire. Their antiquity may be deduced from Ottoman, the first king of the Turks. They were originally composed only of sons of Christians, who were paid as a tribute every fifth year to the Grand Signior, for the liberty of conscience, and were educated in the Mahometan rites, to the end, that forgetting their country and religion, they might know no other parent than the Sultan. This custom has been entirely abolished for many years, and the Janizaries are now composed wholly of Turks; and he who wishes to become one, must, before he is enrolled in the register as such, perform his noviciate, in which station they are called Azamoglans; (for the description of whom see the article under that head, p. 148). Their pay is from one to twelve aspers a day, according to their behaviour. They have besides this allowance, a daily provision, fixed by the Grand Signior. Their dress comprises a linen girdle, girt about the middle of the body, variously striped with gold and silver fringe at the ends; in room of a turban they usually wear a felt cap, with a long hood hanging over their shoulders: on particular occasions they deck their *Tarcola* or cap, with a quill full of long feathers tied on the forepart. Their arms, in war-time, consist of a sabre, and carbine, and a cartouch-box, hanging on their left side; and at Constan-

tinople, in the time of peace, they carry in their hands merely a staff. In Asia, for the most part, they wear a bow and arrow, with a poniard, which they call a *baniare*: formerly they enjoyed such great privileges throughout the empire, and were so highly respected, that many persons prevailed on the officers, through bribes, to make them pass for Janizaries, which exempted them from the payment of taxes. They seldom marry, though they are not prohibited from so doing, being then sure never to be promoted. Some years since, when they committed any great crime, the offending party was either privately strangled or drowned. Some of them are very exemplary, and live more like religious persons than warlike soldiers.

C. P. S.

ST. GEORGE.

The following ancient legend of the tutelar saint and patron of England, is from the *Legenda Aurea*, preserved in the British Museum:—"Saynt George was a knyghte born at Capadose. On a time he came into the province of Libya, to a cyte whyche is sayd Sylene, and by this cyte was a stayne or ponde lyke a sea, wherein was a dragon whyche envenymed alle the contre, and the people of the cyte gave to him every day two sheep to fede him, and when the sheep fayled, there was taken a man and a sheep. Thenne was an ordaniunce made in the toune, that there should be taken the chyldren and yung peple of them of the toune by lotte, and that it so happed the lotte fyl upon the Kynge's daughter, whereof the Kyng was sory, and sayde, for the love of Goddes, take golde and silver, and alle that I have, and let me have my daughter; and the peple sayd, how, syr, ye that have made and ordayned the lawe, and our chyldren be now dead, and now ye wolde do the contrarye; your daughter shall be gyven, or else we shall brenne you and you holdes. When the Kynge saw he might no more doo, he began to weepe, and returned to the peple, and demended eight dayes respite, and when the eight dayes were passed, thenne dyd the Kynge arraye his daughter lyke as she should be weedded, and ledde her to the place where the dragon was. When she was there Saynt George passed by, and demanded of the ladye what she made there; and she sayde, go ye your wayes, fayre young man, that ye perish not also." The legend then relates that the dragon appeared, "and Saynt George, upon his horse, bore himself against the dragon, and smote him with his spere, and threw hym to the ground, and delivered the ladye to her fader, who was baptized, and all his peple." It says further, "that Saynt George was afterwards beheaded by order of the Emperor Dacien, in the year of our Lord 287," and concludes, "This bleesed holy martyr, Saint George, is patrone of this roiaume of Englonde, and the crye of men of warre, in the worshyp of whom is founded the noble order of the garter, and also a noble college in the castle of Wyndsore, by Kynges of Englonde, in whyche college is the harte of Saynt George, whyche Sygysmunde, the Emperor of Almeyne, brought and gave for a great and precious relique to Kynge Harry the Fifthe; and also the sayd Sygysmunde was a broder of the sayd garter; and also here is a heyre of hys hede; whyche college is nobly endowed to the honour and worship of Almighty God and his blessed martyr Saynt George."

Arts and Sciences.

THE BUDE LIGHT.

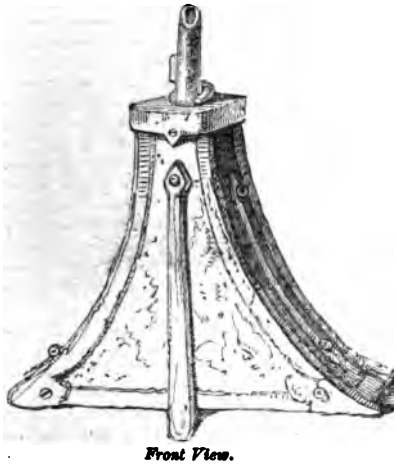
Mr. Gurney's adaptation of the Argand lamp, supplied as usual with oil, to the combustion of oxygen gas, is equally remarkable for ingenuity, simplicity and effectiveness. *Pure oxygen gas is introduced in lieu of common air to feed the inner surface of the flame:* this is the general principle of the adaptation, and in itself sufficiently simple,—but the scientific arrangement of means, has required indefatigable exertion during three years, so as to satisfy that rigid scrutineer, Mr. Farraday.

One result of this patient course of trial, deserves particular mention. To obviate the perpetual *choking* by *deposits of carbon*, the oxygen-feeder is formed analogously to the elementary form of flame.—This form is conical, and *so also is that of the deposited carbon.*

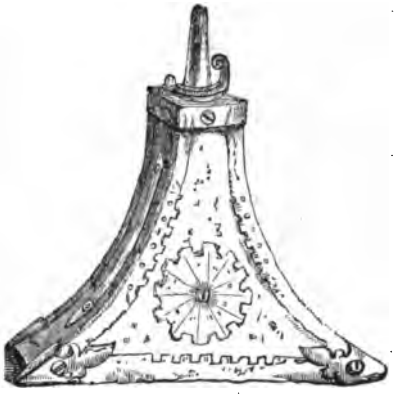
A specimen of this light may be seen at the *Polytechnic Institution*, Regent Street; and it will, at once, be conceded that Mr. Gurney's aim in fitting this new disposition of flame for Light-Houses has completely succeeded; for within 3¼ inches by 1¼ in. we now have a compressed light 2½ times more brilliant than that of the Argand, and intensely reflected to the *greatest possible distance.*

The mere mechanical contrivances to render the supply of *oxygen* perfectly *safe*, are not less worthy of admiration than other parts of Mr. Gurney's plan. As to the *cost*,—the New Light has a decided advantage—for the oxygen *reduces* the consumption of oil two-thirds, creating at the same time its *entire consumption.* Thus,—the long red flame produced by common lamps, is compressed *one half* on the introduction of the oxygen, and becomes an intense white light.

The mariners of England, nay Englishmen generally, cannot be too grateful to Mr. Gurney for the practical result of so many beautiful and scientific combinations. M.°



Front View.



Back View.

AN ANCIENT POWDER FLASK.

A FEW years since, a chimney-sweep was employed to clean a chimney in a house occupied by Mr. Chipperfield, High Street, Canterbury, nearly adjoining the Chequers Inn, spoken of by Chaucer, as being the resort of the Pilgrims on their way to the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket in Canterbury Cathedral; and after he had been in his sooty abode for some time, fears were entertained for his safety, and it was intended to break a passage through into the chimney to rescue him, but on this project being carried into effect, the little urchin made his appearance through another apartment of the house. It having soon been found necessary, from the dilapidated state of the premises alluded to, to remove the chimney, when an apartment was discovered, evidently intended, from its situation, to contain fire-arms and other weapons used in those troublesome days, which the ancient City of Canterbury have formerly so unfortunately witnessed; and in this apartment four ancient Powder Flasks were discovered, one of them being that of which we have given the above representation: it is made of wood, and the ornaments of steel. It is now in the possession of Richard Friend, Esq. of Canterbury.

We are indebted to the kind attention of Mr. Ward, bookseller, of Canterbury, for the drawing and particulars of the above curious antiquarian relic.

THE NEW ART.—PHOTOGRAPHY.

(*Continued from page* 263.)

HAVING in our last number presented our readers with a concise and impartial account of the origin and principle of the art of photography, we shall now proceed to furnish them with every information respecting the several processes necessary for the various applications of it. For the sake of convenient reference we shall arrange the subject under several different heads.

1.—*How to prepare the Photographic Paper.*

The photographic *inks* (as we may call them,) required for this purpose consist merely of *separate* solutions of common salt* and of nitrate of silver.† Mr. C. T. Downing, by a tabular exposition of the atomic numbers of these two substances which are subsequently to be brought into contact (*on the paper,*) for the purpose of exact mutual decomposition, shows us that the relative proportions should be *thirty grains of nitrate of silver to one ounce of distilled water, and ten grains of common salt to one ounce of distilled water.*

Sir J. Herschell observes that, in the *carbonate of silver, nitrate of silver,* and *acetate of silver,* the acids (*carbonic, nitric,* and *acetic,*) being more volatile than in the *chloride,* they adhere to the metallic particles by a weak affinity, and therefore impart much greater sensibility to the paper on which they are applied. The *nitrate of silver* should be *perfectly neutral,* for the least excess of nitric acid in it diminishes the susceptibility of the paper in a remarkable degree.

Pour the solution of common salt into a dish, and immerse each sheet of paper in it, and saturate every part of it by means of a sponge. The paper must then be taken out, drained of its superfluous moisture, and nearly dried by pressure between clean linen or

* Common salt is *chloride of sodium,* usually called *muriate of soda.*

† "*Nitrate of silver* is prepared by immersing silver in a glass vessel containing one and a-half times its weight of nitric acid, diluted with an equal bulk of water, and evaporating the solution to dryness."—(Reid's *Elements of Practical Chemistry,* 1831, p. 385.)

white blotting paper. When the paper is dry, sponge one side of it with the solution of nitrate of silver, and do not omit to have the corner of that side marked with a pencil, so that when the paper is fit for use the prepared side may be distinguished. Hang the sheets of paper upon lines in a *dark* room to dry, and when they are nearly free from moisture, let their *marked* sides be once more sponged over with the solution of silver, and then be permitted to dry thoroughly. The sheets of paper must be preserved from the light by being wrapped up in several sheets of brown paper, or kept close in a portfolio until they are wanted for use.

Note.—When too much salt has been used in the solution, the paper is less sensitive, and gives but a faint representation. This may be rectified by silvering the paper again, and drying it as before. The paper should be prepared by candle or gaslight, after daylight is withdrawn. "This paper," Mr. Talbot observes, "if properly made, is very useful for all ordinary photogenic purposes. For example, nothing can be more perfect than the images it gives of leaves and flowers, especially with a summer sun: the light passing through the leaves delineates every ramification of their nerves."

2.—*To prepare another kind of Photographic Paper.*

Sponge the surface of superfine smooth writing paper with the above solution of *nitrate of silver*, and then dry it before the fire; then sponge it with *bromide of potassium*, and dry it as before; and then, again, sponge it with the *solution of nitrate of silver*, and dry it as before. The great difference in this receipt is, that common salt is altogether dispensed with, and in its stead is used the bromide of potassium. According to Mr. Downing, nearly *twenty-one grains of the bromide of potassium* should be dissolved in an ounce of distilled water, if the proportion of the nitrate of silver to the water be, as in the former receipt, thirty grains to an ounce.

Mr. Talbot says that this kind of paper is very sensitive to even the feeblest daylight, but insensible to radiant heat, and, therefore, undergoes no change in drying before the fire. He adds that it is first of a pale yellow colour, but on exposure to the light it changes to *bluish green*, olive green, and finally becomes *almost* black. Mr. Downing, however, says that besides its not becoming so black as the former kind of photographic paper, the shadow it receives is more liable to change after washing it with the iodide of potassium for the purpose of *fixing* or retaining it, a process of which we shall speak hereafter. But so sensitive is this kind of photographic paper, that, when exposed to broad daylight (but not to sunshine,) the time it took to receive a distinct impression from the light was repeatedly observed with a second's watch, and found to be sometimes two seconds, and sometimes three. At five o'clock in the evening, a piece of it was placed perpendicularly in a camera obscura, the lens being turned towards the window, and a picture of the bars was obtained in six minutes. Shortly after sunset, when there was even less light, a piece of this paper being exposed near a window, became sensibly changed in colour in from twenty to thirty seconds. M. Biot, wishing to ascertain whether the change of colour was in any degree influenced by the paper itself, spread some of the solutions of nitrate of silver and bromide of potassium on a piece of white unglazed porcelain, taking care to operate by night, and to dry it in the above manner at the fire, thus obtaining a solid coating upon the porcelain, which he then shut up in a dark place. On the following morning he took it out, and found it of a pale sulphur yellow colour, and, although the weather was then very cloudy, yet he had no sooner presented it to the daylight at an open window looking north than it turned green, and it soon afterwards became nearly black. Wishing, also, to know whether the preparation would succeed equally well if not dried at the fire, he *mixed the two solutions together* in a darkened room. A precipitate fell, which he spread on a porcelain plate, and allowed it to dry in the dark. The next day he wrapped it in several folds of paper, and brought it into another room, to exhibit its original pale lemon yellow colour to a friend; but on removing the paper covers it instantly became green, and he had hardly time to present it to the light of a window looking to the north, before its colour had changed to *dark olive green, after which it almost immediately became black.*

3.—*To take Photographic Drawings of Landscapes, Trees, Buildings, Sculpture, &c.*

Provide yourself with a common camera obscura,* having a lens of 5, or not more than 6, inches focus. Then place a piece of cardboard in the box, a little beyond the true focus of the lens, and when you have succeeded in getting a well-defined bright representation (which will of course be *upside down,*) upon the card, let the camera rest perfectly still. Then place a piece of the photographic paper immediately in front of the card, close the lid, and let it remain so for at furthest half an hour, but for a few minutes if the sun be strong. A beautifully accurate outline of the object will thus be received on the photographic paper. It is

* A camera obscura quite good enough for the purpose may be purchased at almost any optician's shop for *three or four shillings.*

obvious that if the objects are not perfectly *still* they cannot be copied accurately.

4.—To take Photographic Copies of Prints, Manuscripts, Dried Plants, &c.

Place the subject on the *marked* side of a sheet of photographic paper, and put a clean plate of good window glass over it to press it close, and then let it lie unmoved and exposed to the light until the discolouration has ceased. If the subject copied be a print or a manuscript,* this first copy will be a *reverse* representation, exhibiting a transposition of the lights and shades of the original picture, and white letters instead of the dark ones in the manuscript. Mr. Havell having attempted to copy Rembrandt's powerful etching of an old man reading, found that the photographic proof made a most ludicrous metamorphosis, for, instead of *a white man with black hair*, it exhibited *a black man with white hair and white eyes*. But to obtain precise copies, a very simple proceeding is requisite, and which for convenience sake we shall term

5.—Correcting the Shadow.

To do this, place the first photographic copy, or photographic *proof*, over another sheet of photographic paper, put the plate of glass over it, and expose them, as before, to the light. This second drawing, and all others obtained by substituting the photographic *proof*, will exhibit the lights and shadows again transferred, but in their *proper places*, as in the original engraving or manuscript.

(*To be continued in our next.*)

* Engravings and manuscripts of which photographic copies are required, must have no printing, writing, or other marks on the back of them, because such marks will also be copied, and thus produce confused representations on the paper. Mr. Talbot observes that, to make photographic copies of manuscripts is so very easy, and each copy takes so short a time, that he thinks it may prove very useful to persons who wish to circulate a few copies of anything which they have written; more especially since, if they can draw, they may intersperse their text with drawings, which shall have almost as good an effect as some engravings.

GILDING OF THREAD FOR EMBROIDERY.

This process is thus described by Reaumer as practised in his time. A cylinder of silver, 360 ounces in weight, is cased with a cylinder of gold at most 6 ounces in weight. This cylindrical mass of 366 ounces of metal is then drawn by a powerful force through a series of circular holes in a plate of steel continually diminishing in diameter, until it attains the state of a wire so thin that 202 feet in length weigh but the sixteenth of an ounce: the whole length of the wire into which it is now drawn being 1,182,912 feet, or about 98¼ leagues. This wire is then passed between rollers, which in the act of flattening it elongate it one-seventh, and its total length thus becomes 112½ leagues. The width of the flattened thread is now ¼th of a line, or ⅓th of an inch; and supposing, with Reaumer, that a cubical foot of gold weighs 21,220 ounces, and a cubical foot of silver 11,523 ounces, it may readily be calculated that the thickness of this gilded thread is very nearly the $\frac{1}{1000}$th part of an inch. Now what is the thickness of the plate of gold which envelopes it? Calculating on the same principles as before, we readily arrive at the conclusion, that the thickness of this plate of gold is $\frac{1}{1111}$th of an inch. Now gilded threads are made by a process similar to this, in which only ½d the proportion of gold is used. There is spread over these, therefore, a continuous plate of gold less than the two-millionth part of an inch in thickness. The silver may be taken out of its gold case by plunging the thread in nitric acid, by which the silver will be attacked through the extremities of the gold case and dissolved, whilst the gold will remain untouched by it. This being done, and the hollow gold case being examined, it is found to be a perfectly continuous plate, and to possess in this state of extreme attenuation all the sensible and all the chemical properties which belong to the metal.—*Moseley's Illustrations of Science.*

Biography.

ROBERT MILLHOUSE.

This talented author, scarcely known to fame, and not at all to fortune, was born of poor parents, at Nottingham, the 14th of October, 1788; and was put to work, when he was only six years of age; and at ten he was set to work in a stocking frame. It appears that his taste for poetry was developed when he was 16 years old, by reading, when at the house of a friend, on a statue of Shakspeare, the inscription,—

"The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples," &c.

the beauty and solemnity of which excited in him the highest admiration. In 1810 he enlisted into the Nottingham Militia, and had not been long in that, to him, novel situation, before he made an attempt at composition. "I was," says his brother, "agreeably surprised one day, on opening a letter which I had just received from him, at the sight of his first poetical attempt, 'Stanzas addressed to a Swallow,' which was soon followed by a small piece written 'On finding a Nest of Robins.' Shortly afterwards the regiment embarked for Dublin, from whence, in 1812, he sent his brother several of his effusions, but few of which have been published. Being now desirous of ascertaining whether any of his productions were worthy of being printed, the *Review* was selected for that purpose; and in this paper the productions of this ill-fated Child of Genius first appeared. In 1814 the regiment was disembodied, and he again re-

turned to the stocking-frame, and for several years entirely neglected composition. In 1817 he was placed on the staff of his old regiment, which was then called the Royal Sherwood Foresters; and in the following year he became a married man. The cares of providing for a family now increasing his necessities, he turned his thoughts to publishing, and, not having sufficient already written, he resolved to attempt something of more importance than he had hitherto done; and in February, 1819, he began the poem of "Vicissitude." By the end of October, 1820, poor Millhouse completed his work, which was approved of by Col. Cooper Gardener, who, with those kindly and benevolent feelings by which he was so much distinguished, exerted himself to promote the welfare of the poet, and succeeded in procuring the valuable patronage of the late Duchess of Newcastle. In 1832, he gave up the labour of the loom, and applied himself to composition; and, his first wife dying, he was left with five children; but through the kind assistance of Mr. Wakefield, some other friends, and that excellent institution, the Literary Fund, he was enabled to provide for his family. The fate of the poet is now shortly to be told; he struggled hard to maintain a large family, and produced several volumes of poetry, which bear the impress of genius, strong talent, and a reflective and discriminating mind. The assertion that he was for some time previous to his death in a state of destitution, is contradicted by the *Literary Gazette*, which says, that he lived in a very comfortable house, decently furnished; and though naturally anxious, yet he never suffered privation or want. He was an eccentric man, of an unbending disposition and irritable temper.—He died on Saturday, April 19th, 1839, leaving a wife and seven children, in indigent circumstances; but, we trust, not without friends, who will rescue them from want and penury.

ADVICE TO THE LADIES.

A PRETTY hand and a pretty foot always go together—when we speak of the one we always think of the other. For this reason, stepping on a woman's foot is equivalent to squeezing her hand, and equally proper, but sometimes more convenient, as it can be done under the table. Be careful, however, never to attempt it at a crowded table for fear of making a mistake. We once saw a lady very much confused, who was trying to give a signal to a gentleman opposite, and instead of his, she trod and pressed on the corn-covered toes of an old bachelor. He bore it as long as he could, and then very quietly remarked, "Madam, when you wish to step on a gentleman's toes, be particular and get the foot that belongs to him—for the last five minutes you have been jamming my corns most unmercifully."

CADIZ.

CADIZ still bears on her shield the effigy of Hercules grappling with two lions, 'Gadis Fundator Dominatorque.' The fancy of a herald is all that remains of his substantial power, while Venus his foe, the Omphale, the Dalilah of strength and reputation, rules, and will rule, triumphantly in Cadiz, so long as the salt foam, from whence she sprung, whitens the walls of her sea-girt city.

These walls offer the first resistance which breaks the heavy swell of the vast Atlantic. The waves undermine them while the Spaniards sleep. They have gained much ground since the days of Pliny, and are a continual source of anxiety and expense.

New Books.

Cheveley, or the Man of Honour.—By Lady Lytton Bulwer. Edward Bull.

['CHEVELEY' is the story of an amiable, accomplished, and beautiful woman, married to a self-engrossed, pedantic, shallow coxcomb, and of the natural consequences of such an ill-assorted union. The bad treatment of the wife by the husband, and her unhappiness, as these are too conspicuous to escape the observation of intimate acquaintances, lead on the part of one of them, to commiseration for the sufferer; and commiseration under such circumstances very soon merges into love. But in this instance the lover is a 'man of honour,' not in the modern sense—one who first seduces his friend's wife, and then is willing to kill the said friend in a duel, by way of satisfaction,—but a 'man of honour' properly so called, one who yields obedience to a purer and sterner law than that of self-gratification. And the lady, too, albeit not unsusceptible of pretty compliments, still less of the value of genuine affection, is withal sincerely a woman of virtue. The authoress, therefore, with due regard to the demands of poetical justice, generously so frames her story as to let the ill-natured husband break his neck, at a juncture when the reader can afford to part with him without any severe tax on his sympathy; and then, as a matter of course, there being no other "let or impediment," the 'man of honour' is forthcoming, and "what oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed," is uttered in the ear of the consolable widow, and meets with the desired reception in the acceptance of the usual proposals.

As novels go, this is as good a foundation for one as need be, but in the work before us, the conduct of the story is evidently subordinate to another and quite a different purpose; and, therefore, beyond the expression of our opinion, that in Cheveley there is ample evidence of smartness and general cleverness, an estimate of the writer's talent in that line

must be reserved until she shall devote herself *bona fide* to a work of fiction.

After the "buz" which preceded and accompanied this publication, it can be treated as no longer a secret, that Lady Bulwer is understood in the guise of a novel to disclose the painful realities of her own experience. In law we are told that there is no wrong without a remedy, and we could wish it were true also in morals; but in the case of domestic disagreements that is notoriously otherwise; and many a wrong goes unredressed, and many a sufferer uncommiserated, through the want of discovery of some principle by which the truth in such cases might be ascertained. We heartily wish that Lady Bulwer had discovered such a principle, but in reading 'Cheveley' the conviction is forced upon us, that whatever purpose that novel may serve, it is wholly objectionable in regard to the one professedly intended. Living characters very thinly disguised, figure throughout the work, and often but little to their advantage; but the reader's mind knows not on what to fix as truth, nor what to reject as the adornment or disfigurement of fiction. There are a hundred things alleged against the De Clifford of this story. Is the whole true, or is half, or a quarter? or which half or which quarter? No answer can be satisfactorily given, and the conscientious reader is compelled to condemn that injudicious compound of the real with the fictitious, by which both lose their proper attributes, and the end of neither is attained.

In the following extract we steer clear of the staple of the story, and give it merely as illustrative of the authoress's style.]

The Climate and Seasons of England.

For my own part, there is to me an indescribable charm in the calm, the quiet, the soft, the cultivated, and, above all, the home look of English scenery, which neither the gorgeous and Belshazzar-like splendour of the East, the balmy and Sybarite softness of the South, the wildness of the West, nor the frozen but mighty magnificence of the North, can obliterate or compensate for. England (the country, not the people) is merry England still. There is a youth about England that no other country possesses, not even the new world, for there the vast and hoary forests, the rushing and stupendous torrents—all seem like Nature's legends of immemorial time. It has been beautifully said, that the world of a child's imagination is the creation of a far holier spell than hath been ever wrought by the pride of learning or the inspiration of poetic fancy. Innocence that thinketh no evil; ignorance that apprehendeth none; hope that hath experienced no blight, love that suspecteth no guile;—these are its ministering angels, these wield a wand of power, making this earth a paradise. Time, hard, rigid teacher—reality, rough, stern reality—world, cold heartless world; that ever your sad experience, your sombre truths, your killing cold, your withering sneers, should scare those gentle spirits from their holy temple:—and wherewith do you replace them? With caution, that repulseth confidence; with doubt, that repelleth love; with reason, that dispelleth illusion; with fear, that poisoneth enjoyment; in a word, with knowledge, that fatal fruit, the tasting whereof, at the first onset, cost us paradise. And the same almost may be said figuratively of English scenery; it has none of the might and majesty of maturity, none of the worn and rugged look of experience, none of the deep and passionate hues of adolescence; all its beauties are the cared for, watched over, cultivated, open, smiling, innocent, continually progressing, and budding beauties of childhood; the very mutability of its climate is a sort of childish alternation of smiles and tears; the repose of its smooth and verdent lawns, is like the soft and velvet cheek of a sleeping child; the sweet and fairy-like perfume of its green lanes and hawthorn hedges, is as pure and balmy as the breath of childhood. "England, with all thy faults," and in all thy seasons, "I love thee still!"

> When Spring from her green lap throws
> The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose,

I like to hunt for those yellow cowslips, and those pale primroses, till I fancy earth has its stars as well as heaven; but the year soon outgrows its infancy, and the innocent wild violets no longer child-like roll along the green; for when

> The bee goes round to tell the flowers 'tis May,

then come those stately nymphs, the blooming lilacs and the graceful acacias, "waving their yellow hair;" but they, like all beauties, alas! have but their day; and are succeeded by rich, blushing, pouting summer, making, with its roses and its cherries, every boy and girl sigh for love of it. After which one feels more sober and sedate, and the golden harvests, and matronly housewifery of autumn, is more attractive; but, these too, with all earthly things, must pass away—the year, like man's life, "falls into the sear and yellow leaf," and for hoary winter's artificial fires, we must turn to the hearts of our own homes.

MUSK.

It is said that a grain of musk is capable of perfuming for several years a chamber twelve feet square without sustaining any sensible diminution of its volume or its weight. But such a chamber contains 2,985,984 cubic inches, and each cubic inch cantains 1000 cubic tenths of inches, making, in all, nearly three billions of cubic tenths of an inch. Now it is probable, indeed almost certain,

that each such cubic tenth of an inch of the air of the room contains one or more of the particles of the musk, and that this air has been changed many thousands of times. Imagination recoils before a computation of the number of the particles thus diffused and expended. Yet have they altogether *no appreciable weight and magnitude.—Moseley's Illustrations of Science.*

SOPHIA TO HER LOVER.

I WISH, Horatio, to discover
Whether the sweet spring flowers you send
Bespeak the homage of a lover,
Or offering meet from friend to friend.
Say whether, in this wreath—your love
Those rose-buds blushingly disclose,
Your constancy these lilies prove,
And truth among these violets blows?
To-morrow—and the violets spoil,
To-morrow—and the rose-buds fade,
To-morrow—and the lilies soil,—
Truth, love, and constancy—decay'd!
Frail emblems! never to be worn
Near hearts, that know not how to range,
Back to the giver, I return;
Ere they are faded—thou wilt change!

HER LOVER TO SOPHIA.

WHEN forth I went these flowers to cull,
Thinking, not of myself, but thee,
I gather'd the most beautiful,
And this was my soliloquy:—
Spotless the lily, as her mind,
This bud, like her, lovely in youth,
These modest violets, design'd,
Fit emblems of her faith and truth,
I twined the wreath for thee.—Return'd,
The flowers lie near me in decay,
Wither'd and drooping, as they mourn'd,
All harshly to be chid away.
New wreaths will other springs restore—
New suns bring fresher flowers to view—
But love, frail flower, despoil'd—no more
Will springs restore—will suns renew?

From Blackwood's Magazine.

KYANISED WOOD.

[We have received a letter from Mr. Handley, relative to the notice of the Kyanised Wood, mentioned in No. 945 of the *Mirror*; and in justice to that gentleman we here insert the following substance of it.]

To the Editor of the Mirror.

SIR,—With reference to Dr. Moore's statement of experiments upon Kyanised wood, (see *Mirror*, p. 253) permit me to inform you, that although Kyan's process was never offered as a preventive against marine animalculæ, yet it has most triumphantly repelled their attacks. It should not be concluded that, because in a few places the prepared specimens used in Dr. Moore's experiment were merely dotted with *Limnoriæ*, they would in a few more months have destroyed the wood. Had they remained exposed to the influence of the salt water as well as the *Balani* and *Flustræ*, for seven years, they would have been found perfectly sound; or if animalculæ were found, they would not have been deeper than one inch, and that only where from some cause the solution had not properly acted upon the wood.

The gas of the kreosote spoken of in your extract from Barrow's *Life of Lord Anson*, (*Mirror*, p. 255) has been repeatedly tried, and has always been found eventually to rot instead of preserve the wood. With respect to his statement that Kyan's patent only penetrates *skin-deep*, I can assure you that the largest log of wood can be thoroughly saturated with his solution in one day, by means of the hydraulic press. CHARLES HANDLEY.

Lower Heath, Hampstead.

DEMOLITION OF THE CHELSEA BUN-HOUSE.

WE are not aware of any event that has caused, of late, more regret in the antiquarian and topographical world, than the demolition and sale of the Chelsea Bun-House, which after having enjoyed the favour of the public for more than a century and a half, has been doomed at length to fall under the hammer of the auctioneer, in consequence of the expiration of the original lease granted to the late Mrs. Margaret Hand, and to make way for the projected improvements in this part of Chelsea.

This event having been announced by our previous publication, it became known throughout London and its environs, and for several days previous to the sale, the collector and antiquary might be seen vending their way towards this celebrated temple of *Apicius*, whose hospitable doors and colonade had for so many years afforded shelter, rest, and refreshment to the visitor and grateful traveller.

On the morning of the sale, long before the auctioneer made his appearance, the room became literally stopped up with collectors, brokers, and amateurs, all seeming anxious to get a glance of Aurengzebe, the handsome grenadiers, the Duke of Cumberland, the paintings, or some other ancient relique.

When the auctioneer took his station at the table, the rush was so great that it resembled the pit of Drury Lane or Covent Garden Theatres on the first night of a new performance, and there could not have been less than three hundred persons assembled on the spot upon this occasion.

Mr. Haines made some prefatory, pleasant, and pertinent remarks upon the grotesque appearance of the place and the motley assembly, and then he called on the curious articles in the following order:

No. 17. Two lead figures—grenadier guards presenting arms:—sold for £4. 10*s*.

Upon examining these beautiful specimens of ancient military costume, the white horse of Hanover appears on the front of the cap, which determines their date to be of the time of George the First; they are admirably executed.

No. 18. A figure of the Duke of Cumber-

land on horseback, in proper colours, and seven Plaster Casts, sold for £2. 2s. Bought by J. B. Nichols, Esq.

The two preceding articles were purchased by Mrs. Hand of Mr. Thompson, a celebrated collector, more than a century ago.

No. 19. A whole-length portrait of Aurengzebe, second son of Cha. Gehan, Great Mogul, who imprisoned his father, and seized the throne, in 1600. He was a very warlike prince, and conquered the kingdoms of Decan and Golconda. We have no certain information when this curious picture first came into Chelsea; nor is the painter known. It sold for £4. 4s. Bought by C. Crewe, Esq.

No. 20. An antique eight-day clock, in a long Chinese case, sold for £2. 12s. 6d.

No. 24. A model of an interior, in a glazed case, over the door. This was an exact model of the interior of the ancient Bun-house, ornamented by various figures, turned by a vertical movement with birds. Sold for £1. Bought by J. B. Nichols, Esq.

No. 25. A Political Subject: very old painting: 6 ft. 6 in. by 4 ft. 4 in.

Upon a partial cleaning, this appeared to be a highly-finished and fine picture, and represented either George II. and his Queen Caroline, or Frederick Prince of Wales and his Princess; among the many figures was certainly Earl Bute: the figure of Time in the foreground was finely painted; the whole of what could be discerned was vigorously coloured: the artist was unknown; but certainly it was very Hogarth-ish. Most likely it was by John Collet, who painted many pictures in the manner of Hogarth: he lived and died in Chelsea. It was sadly mutilated, and fetched only £2. 10s.

In one of the other paintings, nailed up against a door, was a portrait of Miss Chudleigh, as she appeared at Ranelagh Gardens.

No. 26. A Garden Engine, of the date 1742. Sold for £1. 14s.

No. 27. A curious and elaborate model of Ratcliffe Church, in a glass case. Sold for £2. 2s. probably on account of the glass case.

No. 28. A small brass mortar on a carriage, very ancient. Sold for £1. 2s.

No. 30. Ten curious old wood-seat chairs. Sold for £3 13s. 6d.

No 31. A railed-back elbow garden-chair, shewn in our engraving of the interior of the Bun-House. Sold for £1 17s.

The whole of the curiosities and buildings produced £140.

It may be observed, that a greater part of the curiosities that had been collected by the elder Mrs. Hand, and which ornamented the interior, had, since her decease, gradually disappeared; thus, in latter times, the interior of the frabric presented only the shadow of what it was in its pristine state.

During the prosperous times of the late Mrs. Margaret Hand, upwards of two hundred and fifty pounds have been taken on a Good Friday for buns, the making of which were begun more than three weeks before the day of sale, in order to prepare the necessary quantity for the public demand; they were kept moist, and were re-baked before being sold.

During the palmy days of Ranelagh, the neighbouring Temple of Fashion and Pleasure, the Bun-house enjoyed a great share of prosperity, which very much fell off upon the termination of that institution, and it continued to decline while under the management of the late occupier; notwithstanding, it appears that he sold on last Good Friday, April 18th, 1839, upwards of 24,000 buns, which consisted of the following quantities, viz.:—eight sacks of fine flour, butter, sugar, and new milk. The sale of which produced upwards of one hundred pounds.

The old building, which has been taken down and cleared away in the space of four days, is not destined to lose its name, for immediately upon its site a new Bun-house will be erected, of a handsome elevation. The lessees, who have taken the ground of the Marquiss of Westminster, intend that the new building shall be ready for occupation in the course of a few months, and this improvement, when completed, will form a handsome addition to the appearance of Grosvenor Row, and will evince that the lessees are determined not to be behind their neighbours in the modern improvements of this interesting vicinity. We hope shortly to be able to present our readers with a view of the Chelsea New Bun-house.

COCHIN CHINA.

It would appear that the kingdom of Cochin China exhibits despotism in its worst forms. The only rich man is the king; he has fine palaces, large treasures, excellent fortresses, and vessels far superior to the navy of the Celestial Empire. The officers share little in this splendour, but are the mere puppets of one man. The nation at large is in the most squalid condition, poor, wretched, and filthy in the extreme, and forced to give one-third of its labour, or an equivalent, to the king. Few have more than a bare subsistence, and even if superior industry would enable them to amass a little property, the mandarins would soon take possession of their trifling hoards. Yet this country professes to be under the transforming influence of the Celestial Empire, and to be imbued with the true principles of civilization. Confucius is there as much conned as in the Celestial Empire, and, notwithstanding the many radical notions of the sage, many of the people labour under grinding tyranny. It is really extraordinary that a monarch, who, by sending down his ships to the Straits, and even to Calcutta, and thereby giving a practical proof that he is fond of commercial

intercourse, still proves hostile to ships which visit his ports. Though fear is at the bottom of all this, yet, if he would only take the trouble to survey the state of the world, for which he has the most ample means in his well-stored library, he would find little reason to fear an attack upon his paltry dominions. It is as if all the nations which use the Chinese character had combined to exclude all the remaining part of the world from friendly intercourse, and, whilst living like spiders, abhor the contaminating influence of foreigners. Though China still professes more enlarged views, especially when compared with Annam (Cochin China), Japan, and Corea, yet it shows its inconsistency, that, whilst admitting the merchant, it forbids all exchange of thought between the flowery native and the outside barbarian. The court of Hue, however, acts more considerately, and, whilst carefully keeping its subjects from all contact with the far-travelled adventurers, it has scrupulously collected all possible knowledge of the west in the records of the palace. Thus we may find the works of Buffon, with the latest treatises upon tactics, the best geographical works, with maps and charts, while a steam-boat anchors at the water part of the royal abode. Taoukwang might as well follow the example of his southern brother, and give, at the same time, his subjects the advantage of obtaining a more liberal idea of things in general.—*Canton Press, Oct.* 6, 1838.

The Gatherer.

It is an exquisite and beautiful thing in our nature, that when the heart is touched and softened by some tranquil happiness or affectionate feeling, the memory of the dead comes over it most powerfully and irresistibly. It would almost seem as though our better thoughts and sympathies were charms, in virtue of which the soul is enabled to hold some vague and mysterious intercourse with the spirits of those whom we dearly loved in life. Alas! how often and how long may those patient angels hover above us, watching for the spell which is so seldom uttered, and so soon forgotten!—*Nicholas Nickleby* No. xiv.

Among the many antiquities lately discovered in excavating the ground for the foundation of the new Houses of Parliament, were the skull of an ox of an undescribed species, and also a large bough of a nut-tree, with several nuts upon it, in the highest state of preservation.

The Abyssinians, (says Hasselquist,) make a journey to Cairo every year, for the purpose of disposing of the products of their country; namely, slaves, gold, elephants, drugs, monkeys, and parrots. They had to travel during these journeys, over immense deserts. In 1750, the Abyssinian caravan, consisting of upwards of a thousand persons, having consumed the whole of their provisions two months before they had reached their destination, were compelled to search among their merchandise, for something to support life in this extremity; and, having found a considerable quantity of gum Arabic, they lived entirely upon it until their arrival at Cairo, without the loss of many people, either by hunger or disease. W. G. C.

In Malta, small birds, ensnared for the purpose, are kept to free the houses of the intolerable pest of flies, during the summer-season; and by their diligence and activity they are pretty successful, affording no little amusement to the frequenters of some of the crowded *cafés*, by the capers they cut in the pursuit of their prey.

Erratic Blocks of Granite.—Mr. Laing, in his tour through Sweden, Denmark, and Lower Germany, observes, that insulated blocks of granite, and of other primary rocks, are found in immense quantities covering the surface of those countries; but that no clue has yet been discovered as to their origin.—On this subject the German geologists are wholly at fault.

Singular Wager.—In consideration of ten guineas received by me this second day of July, 1771, of Francis Salvador, Esq., I promise for myself, my heirs and executors, to pay unto the said Francis Salvador, Esq., his heirs or assigns, the sum of one hundred guineas, that is to say, in case John Wilkes, now alderman of London, shall be hang'd.

£105. THO. ROCHE.

A Retort.—Count Soissons, one evening at play in a large company, happened to cast his eye upon a looking-glass opposite to him, and saw a well-dressed sharper cut off the diamond drop from his hat; he took no notice, but pretending to want something in another room, desired the man to take his cards, which he did. The count stole softly behind him, with a sharp knife in his hand, and cut off one of his ears, and holding it up to the company, said, "Return me my diamond drop, sir, and I will return you your ear."

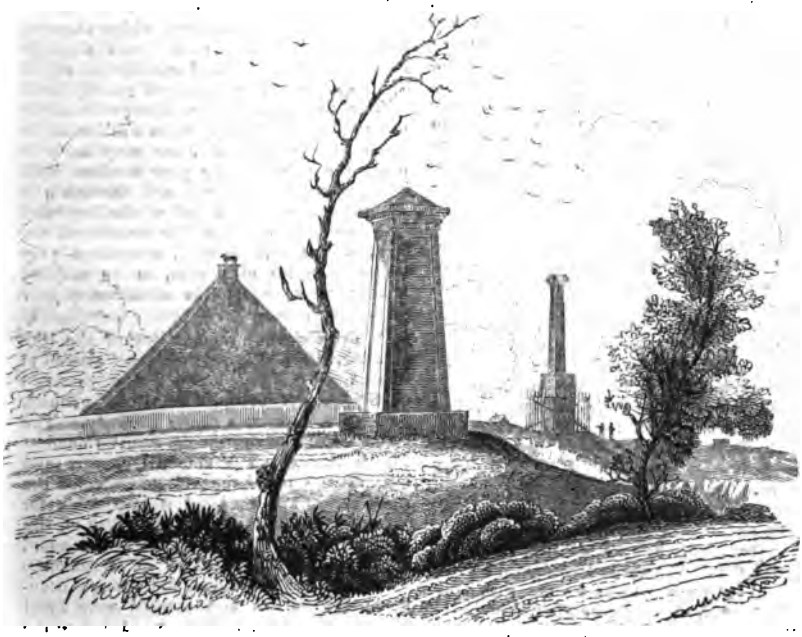
In London there are 227 houses for the reception of stolen goods; 276 for the resort of thieves; 1,781 houses of ill fame, and 231 lodging-houses for beggars. The thieves, depredators, and suspected persons, are divided into three classes—it appears of the first class in the Metropolitan Police district, there are 10,444; of the second, 4,353; of the third, 2,104; making altogether, 16,901.—*Parliamentary Report*, 1839.

LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.—In PARIS, by all the Booksellers.—In FRANCFORT, CHARLES JUGEL.

The Mirror.

No. 948.] SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1839. [Price 2d.

Wellingtoniana.



THE TREE OF PICTON, ON THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

THE FARM-HOUSE OF LA HAYE SAINTE.

WELLINGTONIANA.

Our readers have, doubtless, in former volumes of the *Mirror*, been interested by a series of papers and notices which, from time to time, have appeared in this work, illustrative of the history, character, and genius of that proud conqueror who overturned the power of nearly every state in Europe, and sought to erect on the ruins of the same an universal monarchy. We purpose, from time to time, to present in like manner a series of sketches and notices illustrative of Buonaparte's illustrious antagonist and conqueror—our own Wellington! The relation of an incident frequently, however trivial, places before us the genius of the man in a way which a laboured commentary and an aggregation of all the elements of character fails to effect; like a master-stroke by an artist, as the lightning, sudden, but sure. Anecdotes require only their proper appreciation to have their value understood. A mean mind will nibble and hoard them away. The man of taste and genius will extract their philosophy, and disencumber himself from the verbiage in which they are clothed—for it is not intended that a man should be a walking library. This quality of mind, that of separation, analysis, and combination, is eminently useful in a book-making and devouring generation, such as we live in in the present day. We are indebted to a correspondent for a few papers on the Field of Waterloo, he having recently visited it.

"I send you some Sketches of *Waterloo*, which I visited a few weeks ago, having been rather suddenly called upon to go into Belgium whilst winter yet covered the land. I do not hope to add anything new to the chronicles and narratives which fill every library on the subject of this famous field. Waterloo is now an old tale, and has been often told; yet the rural associations and consequences connected with the battle, must give it a freshness and interest to the reflecting mind, which would be unmoved by its chivalry, and only horrified at the recital of its carnage and slaughter. Standing on the summit of the pyramid which now commemorates the battle, it was in such a point of view that I was led both to grieve and to rejoice;—to grieve and deplore the evil that is in our nature, and predominates in the present order of things in the world, as the bones of sixty thousand of my fellow-creatures in the trenches below could testify; to rejoice in that long and blessed peace which flowed as the blood-bought trophy of this field; a peace in which civilization, education, science and religion, have had an opportunity of dispensing blessings to mankind; and, in a measure, (where their workings have been legitimate and effectual,) to assist in wresting the slaughter-weapon from the hands of man, and to convert the sword into a ploughshare, to pruning-hooks the warriors' spears, securing peace to future generations.

"The two sketches which accompany this paper represent the English centre and front, indicated by the tombs which stand on each side of the main road, (from *Genappe to Brussels*,) and the Farm-House of *La Haye Sainte*. As you intend giving insertion to several engravings illustrative of the principal spots of the field, an outline of the battle of the 18th of June may serve to bring the places before your readers in an improving point of view; and though it is the last and mightiest feat of the honoured instrument who gained this renowned victory, will, I feel assured, commend your proposed series of papers, to be entitled Wellingtoniana, to the attention of your numerous readers."

At five o'clock in the morning of the 18th of June, 1815, the English army arrived at its destined position, at the end of the forest of Soigny. It occupied a rising ground, having in its front a gentle declivity. The extremity of the right wing was stationed at Merbe Braine. The enclosed country and deep ravines round the village protected the right flank, and rendered it impossible for the enemy to turn it. In the centre of the right was a country-house called Hougoumont, or Goumont (*Le Chateau de Goumont.*) The house was loop-holed and strongly occupied; the garden and orchard were lined with light troops, and the wood before the house was maintained by some companies of the guards. The front of the right was thrown back to avoid a ravine which would have exposed it, and was nearly at right angles with the centre. It consisted of the second and fourth English divisions, the third and sixth Hanoverians, and the first of the Netherlands, and was commanded by Lord Hill. The centre was composed of the corps of the Prince of Orange, supported by the Brunswick and Nassau regiments, with the guards under General Cooke on the right, and the divisions of General Alten on the left. In front was the farm of La Haye Sainte, which was occupied in great force. The road from Genappe to Brussels ran through the middle of the centre. The left wing, consisting of the divisions of Generals Picton, Lambert, and Kempt, extended to the left of La Haye, which it occupied, and the defiles of which protected the extremity of the left, and prevented it from being turned. The cavalry was principally posted in the rear of the left of the centre.

Separated by a valley varying from half to three-fourths of a mile in breadth, were other heights following the bending of those on which the British army was posted. The advanced guard of the French reached these

heights in the evening of the 17th, and some skirmishes took place between the out-posts.

The night was dreadful. An incessant rain fell in torrents. The soldiers were up to their knees in mud, and many of them, particularly of the officers, who had not yet been able to change their ball dresses on leaving Brussels, laid themselves down on this comfortless bed, to rise no more. In the morning their limbs were stiffened by cold and wet, and they were unable to move. Few places could be found sufficiently free from mud to light a fire, and when the fire was lighted, the storm, which continued to pour pitilessly down, immediately extinguished it. Both armies equally suffered; but the day soon broke, and the soldiers sprung on their feet eager for the combat.

If the night was terrible to the soldiers, who were inured to the inclemency of the weather, it was far more dreadful to the wretched inhabitants of the villages in the rear of the French army. It had always been the policy of Napoleon at those critical times, when so much depended on the heroism of his troops, to relax the severity of his discipline, and to permit them to indulge in the most shameful excesses. They now abandoned themselves to more than usual atrocities. Every house was pillaged. The property which could not be carried away was wantonly destroyed, and the inhabitants fled in despair to the woods.

Notwithstanding the torrents of rain and the depth of the roads, Napoleon succeeded in bringing up his whole army, in the course of the night, and his numerous artillery, consisting of more than three hundred pieces. He had feared that the British would retire in the night, and when he saw them at the dawn of day occupying the position of the preceding evening, he could not contain his joy. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "I have them, then, these English."

A farmer, who lived near the house called Belle Alliance, was seized by the French, and carried to Napoleon, who, mounting him on horseback, tying him to the saddle, and giving the bridle into the hands of a trooper, compelled him to act as guide. Before any of the French troops were placed in the positions which they were to occupy, Napoleon ascended a neighbouring eminence, and acquainted himself with every feature of the surrounding country. His inquisitiveness knew no bounds. Not an inequality of the ground, not an hedge escaped him. He was employed in this preparation during four or five hours, and every observation was carefully noted in a map, which he carried in his hand.

The ground occupied by the two armies was the smallest in extent of front, compared with the numbers engaged, in the recollection of military men. The English line did not extend more than a mile and a-half in length, and the French line about two miles. This will partly account for the unparalleled losses which each party sustained, and particularly for the destruction caused by the artillery.

About nine o'clock the rain began to abate, and at eleven the French were in full position, and ready to advance to the attack. The left wing was commanded by Jerome Buonaparte; the centre by Generals Reilly and Erlon, and the right by Count Lobau. The imperial guard was in reserve. The French army consisted of eighty thousand men; the Duke of Wellington had not more than sixty-five thousand. The French regiments were the very *élite* of the army; but this was the first campaign which many of Wellington's troops had seen.

THE FLOWER "FORGET-ME-NOT."

(For the Mirror.)

Dearest of all the flowers that gaily gleam,
In garden, field, or on the green hill's breast.
For link'd with thee, does fond remembrance seem,
With gentle memories round thy stem to rest!

Some absent friend, in fancy hovers near,
Some form, o'er dale and hill divided far,
"Forget-me-not!" in distant tones we hear,
Oh vain such prayers and parting wishes are!

Yet still, forget me not! when moonlight sleeps,
On garden walks where we together stray'd,
When twilight dews, each gentle floweret weeps,
And stars are gleaming o'er the shadowy glade.

Forget me not! when midnight gales are high,
When voices seem to whisper faint and low,
When clouds career along the autumn sky,
And winds are tossing wide the poplar bough.

Forget me not! when morning breaks serene,
When modest spring her dewy garland wears,
Forget me not!—when deck'd in summer sheen,
With flowers all gay, thy peaceful home appears.!

And think on me! in the calm holy hour,
Devotion's own, when thou in prayer art bending,
On thee may heaven its every blessing shower,
Still let our prayers, tho' absent, thus be blending!

Kirton-Lindsey. Anne.

STANZAS.

(For the Mirror.)

The pigeon, carried from her peaceful nest,
Skims thro' the ether back again to roam;
Spreads her glad wings, nor closes them to rest,
Tho' mountains rise between her and her home.

So, should it be my destiny to track
A far-off land, or cross the yielding sea;
When freed, I'll, as the faithful bird, turn back,
Nor rest, my mother, 'till at home with thee!

H. F.

EPITAPH ON SHAKSPEARE.

Written in 1616, *by an unknown author.*

Renowned Spenser, lye a thought more nighe
To learned Chaucer; and rare Beaumont, lye
A little nearer Spenser, to make roome
For Shakspear in your three-fold, four-fold tombe;
To lodge all four in one bed make a shift
Until doom's day, or hardly will a fifthe
Between this day and that, by fate be slaine
For whom your curtaines may be drawn againe.

A VISIT TO LIVERPOOL.

BY AN AMERICAN.*

Churches.

We passed one or two churches, built in a handsome style. In general, their exterior was more showy than that of *our own*. They were also larger than *our* churches; but they were not so thickly scattered through the city; nor were their internal decorations so becoming and elegant. It is very unusual, for instance, to see a church richly carpeted; to see one or more windows hung with rich curtains; and to find the beautiful and chaste mahogany pulpits which ornament *our* churches. It is true some of the pews, with their rich crimson cushions and velvet lining, equal our most beautiful ones; but there is a bareness over the larger part of them, that makes a sad contrast with the handsome pews of a church of any of our large cities or towns.

Public Buildings.

The public buildings did not strike me so favorably as I had expected. Perhaps my anticipations had been too high. The most imposing is the Town House, with its fine cupola, at the head of Castle Street. Though of the Corinthian order, its elegance is still of the sterner kind. Its base is of rustic masonry; and gives it a massive air; and the dark stone of which the whole is built, adds to the *stability*, if not to the *beauty* of the building. A colossal figure of Britannia presides over its swelling dome. Its interior, though chiefly occupied by the local authorities, has a superb ball-room for public levees and parties. Behind the Town Hall, is a large flagged square. It is enclosed by an elegant extensive building; the three fronts of which overlook this open space. These form the Liverpool Exchange. The buildings of the latter concentrate, in an admirable manner, all the offices and facilities which commercial men have occasion for, in the speedy transaction of business. The News-Room is a splendid hall;—ninety-four feet by fifty-two. The middle of the room is unoccupied; while elegant tables, liberally supplied with magazines and newspapers, are ranged along the sides. Many gentlemen were sitting in chairs by these tables; or were walking up and down the middle of the apartment. The ceiling was supported by five fine columns; which gave the hall a spacious and noble air. The admirable arrangement and great extent of this useful room, and, indeed, of the whole building and its appurtenances, must communicate a fine tone to the commercial consequence of the place. Such buildings serve as standards of a nation's enterprise; while they tend largely to increase it. A city is deeply indebted, therefore, to the individual who projects a noble institution in its midst; for it imparts activity and a daring spirit to all kindred undertakings.

A Monument to the Memory of the illustrious Nelson occupies the middle of the square. It is of bronze; but its design violates all the principles of correct taste. After a while, out of the mass of savage figures, one detects the barbarous meaning of the artist. A fearful representation of Death triumphs over the dying victor; Britannia stands weeping behind; while a British sailor comes up to rescue or avenge the prostrate hero. Banners are floating desolately over them; and anchors, cannon, and naval trophies lie around. This is the idea, when extricated from the embryo in which it is left by the designer. The new Custom-House is an elegant and extensive building. It is not yet completed; and, like other public as well as private buildings in England, advances but slowly. The celerity with which *we* accomplish streets and squares, would be incredible in England.

Cemetery.

The Cemetery occupies a very favourable situation. It stands in the highest part of the city; and is removed, in a great measure, from its business, bustle, dirt, and wretchedness. The houses around have a more cheering aspect; the air has a freer circulation; and the thunder of the agitated city is softened down, by distance, into a soothing hum. Here stands the receptacle of the dead. It is enclosed by a low granite wall, surmounted by an iron railing; and the gateways are in the Egyptian style. From the exterior we discerned nothing else than a Grecian temple, and a beautiful porter's lodge, in excellent keeping with the genius of the place. Along the borders there are smooth gravel-walks, shaded by trees; and their sides are tastefully laid out and adorned with flowers of the most pleasing hue. No one touches these. Even the little children stooped down and gazed at them, and left them uninjured. "O, how pretty!"—said a sweet little child near me, looking up in the face of her brother, who was a few years older; "Mamma loved flowers so, too!"—"Yes," said he; "and Papa says that these are sacred to Mamma's memory." May they rest there unharmed, thought I; beautiful and touching remembrancers of the delicate being that once loved you! I did not pass away without feeling an interest in this unknown grave, and its unknown occupant.

We stood near the temple. A deep excavation in the solid rock lay beneath us. It is five hundred feet long, and fifty-two feet in depth. Inclined carriage-roads twine round the sides,—passing three successive galleries of catacombs, before reaching the burial-ground beneath. The latter is laid out in flower-beds and shrubberies: from the grateful shade of which the white marble funeral

* See our number for March 2, 1839, Volume 33; page 130; No. 938.

urns and columns rise with a sweet and chastened soberness. We descended. "How suitable an entrance to the place!"—said my companion; as we passed through a gallery cut in the solid rock; the length of which changed the intense light of day, into the solemn obscurity of parting twilight. It ushered us once more into the light; but how changed was the scene! If there are flowers and shrubs on one side of the carriage-way, on the other are the silent mansions of the dead, hewn out of the massive rock. A flat marble slab, in the lower part of the Cemetery, formed the unconspicuous monument of the illustrious Huskisson. The whole scene is deeply impressive; being at once grand, simple, solemn, and beautiful.*

Markets.

I visited the markets while in Liverpool. Their exterior is unadorned, but their interior displays great profusion. There was the same admirable arrangement which is to be found in the Boston market; and the same variety of comforts and luxuries,—of meats and vegetables, which there greet our eyes. There was more game in the market than would be commonly found in our own; but not such a variety of water-fowl and fruit. The profusion of the Liverpool market comes all at once on the eye; for it is square, and is lighted from the roof; instead of presenting that succession of necessaries and luxuries, which meets the eye in passing through the Boston market. In walking through an English market, a stranger will often be urged to buy;—at least, by the fruit and oyster women.

Manners and Customs.

THE BELTAN, OR MAY MYSTERIES OF THE HIGHLANDS.

THE month of May in all the calendars of mankind, whether they be ancient or modern, appears universally at the period of its incoming, to have been celebrated with rural, and sometimes mystical rites. None, perhaps, is more recondite or remarkable than that which, on the first of May, and again on Sunday last, might have been seen enacted on the bleak altitudes of the Scottish Highlands. In those districts, the rural population prevails, and it is natural to expect, that, as such, they would use every possible means in their power, to supplicate a good and beneficent Providence to prosper their pastoral labours, and on the other hand to propitiate the evil from hurting, or injuring them. In token of this, the Highlanders of very recent days, according to Pennant, keep up a superstitious custom called Beltan, or Beltein, which evidently had its rise in very early times, when a multiplicity of heathen deities was acknowledged by their forefathers.

On the borders of their fields, where the young green corn is just springing up in promising beauty, and where seed of all kinds is beginning to enamel the swart mould, every herdsman of every village performs the following sacrificial rite on the first of this "merrie moneth," the month of May; and on the Sunday after, it is again repeated and again rejoiced over, in this manner:—

They cut a square trench in the ground, leaving a plot of turf central in the midst thereof: on this they lay large billets of wood, and kindle a blazing fire: on this they dress a sandell of eggs, butter, oatmeal, and milk: and bring, besides the ingredients of the caudle, plenty of foaming beer, and bright whisky; for each of the company must contribute something. The rites begin with spilling some of the caudle on the ground, by way of libation: on that, every one takes a cake of oatmeal, upon which are raised nine square knobs, each of which is dedicated to some particular being, the supposed preserver of their flocks and herds, or to some particular animal, the real destroyer of them: each person then turns his face towards the red-flaming fire, breaks off a knob, and flinging it over his shoulder, says,

"This I give to thee—preserve thou my horses,
This unto thee—preserve thou my sheep;"

and so on in this manner, from the first to the ninth.

After this they use the same ceremony to the noxious animals, thus,

"This I give to thee, O Fox,—spare thou my Lambs.
This to thee, O hooded Crow.
This to thee, O Eagle!"

When this ceremony, of course much prolonged, and interspersed with other mystic evolutions of the body and voice, is concluded, the whole assembly sit down and commence their feasting, by dining upon the caudle, and discoursing on the felicitous prospects of the forth-coming year. Such is the festival of the Beltan.

ANCIENT AND MODERN FELONRY OF ENGLAND.

AN especial delight it is to the antiquary, to spend his time in observing the customs of former ages; and as he places them in juxtaposition with those which exist in his own day, to deduce from the parallel, those curious and interesting remarks which the contrast produces in his mind. Among the higher walks of antiquarian lore, more especially such as relate to old and obsolete laws, there is no lack of sterling entertainment. The subjoined passage, which is to be met

* A view of this spot, with some interesting particulars respecting it, will be found in our number for February 23; at page 113 of our present volume.

with in Rastell's Collect. of Stat. p. 2, itself furnishes a remarkable historical illustration of these remarks. It appears to have been the common form of oath or abjuration taken by persons in the time of our English King Edward, who were adjudged to be guilty of Felony, and who having been able to flee to a place of sanctuary, now engaged, in the following words, to quit the kingdom for ever.

"This heare thou Sir Coroner, that I, M. of H., am a robber of sheep, and a murderer of one, and a fellow of our Lord the King of England; and because I have done many such euilles or robberies in his land, I do abjure the land of our Lord Edward King of England, and I shall haste me towards the port of ———, which thou hast given me, and that I shall not go out of the highway, and if I doe, I will that I be taken as a robber and a felon of our Lorde the King. And that at such a place I will diligently seeke for passage, and I will tarrie there but one flood and ebbe, if I can have passage: and unlesse I can have it in such a place, I will goe every day into the sea up to my knees, assaying to pass over; and unlesse I can do this within fortie days, I will put myselfe again into the Church, as a robber and a felon of our Lord the King: so God me helpe and his holy judgment, &c.'[1]

It is evident from this passage that the felon was accredited by the judicature of those days to entertain in his bosom somewhat higher notions of honour than those of the present day. After this oath had been taken, he was entrusted, unguarded and unchained, to depart alone to the sea-side, in order to fulfil its conditions.

The felon of this day, on the other hand, is fast bound hand and foot, and imprisoned within four massy walls, under locks of stout iron, and the strict surveillance of gaoler and guards. Yet is the modern felon, when beheld in other points of view, perhaps superiorily situated to his ancient precursors. For whereas, the felon of King Edward's time had to depend upon his own means and resources towards his own transportation from English ground, to any provinces *ultra mare*; the modern felon has a stately ship prepared for his conveyance, which is to bear him to his destination, while sufficient food and even fitting livery we believe, are plentifully supplied him. The felon of the old time, however, might go to fulfil his oath at the port appointed, without perchance having a single sous or groat in the world wherewith to help himself: he might, according to the wording of his oath, "diligently seek for passage," but who would give ship-room to a penniless fellow, to one on whom the mark of reprobation was set, and branded as an outlaw? And however plaintive might be his pleadings, and querulous his lamentations, be sure that an ear, deaf as the adder's, would evermore be turned on them. And so he might "goe every day into the sea up to his knees, and assaye to pass over"; but he might as well quietly sit down in despair, for those "flows and ebbs," those tides and streams will never miraculously divide for him, to let him go over dry-shod; and to swim or ford that broad water is equally impossible. Forty nights in addition to forty days, from the first sunrise to the fortieth sunset, he might still assaye with pain of limb and dire anguish of heart, and yet after all, might at last have again to deliver up himself to the iron rules of merciless laws. Should such a one, however, be fortunate enough to comply with the peremptory conditions, and be able within the allotted space of time, to cross over the water, anywhere in the world out of the realm of England, (having liberty at his command,) he might again start anew in life, and even chance upon foreign soil, to attain to comfort, and perhaps, opulence. Not so with the modern felon.—Manacled and in chains according to the term of his condemnation, be it of years fourteen or seven, he is confined within a given range; his time, his labour, and strength, are devoted to taskmasters, who task him hardly. At the end of that period he certainly is free and absolved, he has again the advantages of freedom and unhampered action; but after the dull, heavy incarceration he has through that long lapse of seven of fourteen years undergone, his faculties are rendered torpid, insensible, and obtuse, the prime part of his life, the vigour of his manhood, and flower of his age, have been remedilessly deadened and destroyed, and he is now only as a withered trunk which no "frangrancy of water" can revive.

Such are a few of the prominent differences, between the state and condition of the old and the modern method adopted in the punishment of felony. To each are attached respective hardships; but it is certain that the state and prospects of the ancient felony of England were comparatively beatitudinal to those of the modern. W. Archer.

LETTERS ON STEAM NAVIGATION.

On the Use and Abuse of Masts and Sails in Steam-Ships.

"My Dear Sir,—Respecting masts for steam-ships, I have, on more mature deliberation, satisfied myself that they are better without any masts at all. It may be expedient in the present stage of Atlantic steam navigation, to construct what may be called a deck-mast, that can be thrown up upon a hinge, or bolt axis, in case it should be wanted. I do not doubt that more power is lost by the resistance of masts and rigging in steam-ships, than is gained by the use of sails. I am aware that it will be said that

the sails relieve the engines; but upon the same principle, the resistance occasioned by the masts and rigging, distress the engines in proportion to the degree of resistance and the time of its continuance. The truth is, as I apprehend it, the engines, if properly constructed, will perform their duty just as well without the aid of sails as with it. Every one at all accustomed to the seas, must be aware that a steam-ship running off at the rate of ten knots an hour, would so far keep ahead of an ordinary breeze, that sails would have no effect in propelling, whilst the resistance of the masts and rigging would have a constant and a considerable effect in retarding her.

"In crossing the Atlantic one way and the other for twelve months, how few days out of the three hundred and sixty-five would a ship have so strong a wind, and that a fair one, as to enable her to run ten knots an hour under canvas? And if the wind is not strong enough and fair enough to do that, sails can be of little or no use. If, as is contended, the use of sails does relieve the engines, all that can be meant by that is, that you can lessen your steam-power and reduce the consumption of fuel. But I think that advantage will be more than counterbalanced by the constantly increased resistance arising from the use of masts and rigging.

Your ob'dt serv't,
"JUNIUS SMITH."

London, Sept. 19, 1838.

Remarks upon Steam-Ships of War.

"DEAR SIR,—In my last letter I took the liberty to dismast steam-ships generally, and thus to save the expense of masts, sails, rigging, and top-hamper in the first place, and in the second, the constant disbursements necessary to keep them in working condition. My main object, however, was to show that masts in steam-ships are worse than useless, because the resistance being constant, and the advantage only occasional, the loss by resistance exceeds the gain by such power. But I do not suppose the view I have taken of several particulars relating to Atlantic steam navigation, will receive, at present, the countenance of the public; because the erroneous opinions generally entertained are both so deeply-rooted and so agreeable to the minds of many, who fear their craft is in danger, that they do not choose to have them corrected, but rather feel a secret delight in anything which has the slightest tendency to strengthen and confirm them. The bursting of a boiler, an accidental fire, the wreck of a ship, or the loss of a crew, are events hailed with triumph by the class of persons of whom I am speaking.

"But if the hints that I have thrown out lead the public mind from that general mode of thinking to which the novelty of Atlantic steam-navigation has given birth, to a more close investigation of the subject, we shall soon see our enemies disarmed, and uniting with us in carrying out a system of navigation which meets the wants and promotes the welfare of mankind.

"It is with the view of showing the subject in its largest dimensions and most important results, that I venture a few remarks upon *steam-ships of war.*

"It may seem premature, perhaps officious, to speak of the power of the sword, to measure the force of nations, and to weigh in our hydrostatic scales the fortunes of empires. But the thing throws itself upon us in such bold relief, that it seems impossible to conceal it. We are compelled, whether we will or not, to trace the outlines, to bring the subject under review, and to anticipate the mighty effects of steam power upon the destinies of nations.

"*Whatever nation, England, France, or America—and I think that it will be one of the three—has the largest and greatest number of steam-ships of war, will command the ocean.* Nothing can prevent it. In estimating the relative force of antagonist fleets, the inquiry will not be, how many frigates, or how many line-of-battle ships were engaged? but, how many *steam-ships?* It will be felt at once that the power of the fleet depends upon the latter. Those who were spectators of the last continental war, will remember that notwithstanding every effort was made, and enormous expense incurred by the transport board, to meet the urgent demands of the army, yet such were the delays arising from head-winds, tempestuous weather, detentions in port, and long passages, that the sufferings of the army were sometimes appalling, and its operations crippled.

"In war, the facility of transportation is tantamount to victory. If a fleet of twenty steam-ships can transport an army of twenty-five thousand men to the American coast in fifteen days, and to the continental ports in a time less in proportion to the distance, the army can land when and where it pleases. There is no detention in port, no delay in the passage, no hovering upon the coast, with light and baffling winds, and thus affording time for the enemy to collect the means of defence; but the steamers push at once into port, and are in possession of their object before the enemy can be aware of his danger.

"The transportation of the munitions of war and the victualling stores is scarcely less important than that of the army itself. The great magazines will always be at home, whence daily supplies will be drawn with the same ease and regularity as if they were in the vicinity of the camp. The celerity of communication and its absolute certainty

supersede the necessity of accumulating stores in a foreign country before they are wanted.

"But the greatest triumph of steam-power will be seen in those tremendous naval engagements which hereafter will settle and establish the sovereignty of the seas. Such is the locomotive power of a steam-ship, that she can place herself in any position in reference to the enemy, can run down from the leeward or windward upon the bows or stern of a sailing man-of-war, and with broadside after broadside, riddle her fore and aft, annihilate the crew, and leave in her scattered wrecks an undeniable evidence of the irresistible power of a steam-ship.

"I know it will be said that the paddle-wheels of a steam-ship are liable to be shot away, and thus disabled, she may become herself a prey to the enemy. But is she as liable to be disabled as a sailing-ship? Suppose a shot were to pass through a paddle-wheel, it is not destroyed, and may not be materially injured; but if it were utterly destroyed, the ship is not disabled. She can work with one wheel. You must therefore destroy both wheels before she is disabled.

"How is it with a sailing-ship? Dismast her, and her power is gone. She is a lost ship. The argument, therefore, regarding the danger of being disabled is vastly in favour of the steamer. She has no masts. And you must imagine her rash enough to expose herself unnecessarily to the enemy, and that too in such a manner as to give him an opportunity of carrying away both paddle-wheels, whilst his own masts are unscathed and entire, before she is disabled; —not a very likely thing, when we consider that the steam-ship, by virtue of her locomotive power, can always approach the enemy or claw off, when a sailing-ship cannot do either. The power of sails is perfectly useless, and the sailing-ships go into battle like so many dismasted ships, the sport and playthings of the lively steamer.

"If a steamer man-of-war has occasion to board her enemy, she manœuvres not, waits not the favour of a wind, but darts upon her prey at any point she pleases, and her combatants march over the bridge of her own deck into the camp of the enemy.

"The boilers of a steam-ship of war ought to be below the loaded water-line, and therefore perfectly secure from the effects of shot. The resistance of the water would effectually prevent the shot from penetrating, whilst the even keel of the steamer would give her a point blank shot at her enemy.

"Think for a moment of a sailing-ship of war, no matter how many guns, chasing a steamer, no matter how few, the longer she chases the further she is off, until, if it were possible to sail on an uninterrupted circle, the steamer in the very act of running away would overtake her pursuer. Reverse this picture, and fancy you see the steamer bearing down upon the seventy-four under full sail. Can the latter quicken her speed? Can she fly in the eye of the wind? Can she escape before it? Has she the slightest chance of evading the combat? Can there be a doubt as to the result? When we consider steam-power in time of war carried out into all its multiform ramifications, what merchantman can escape capture? What harbour afford shelter? What village resist plunder? What city destruction? What country invasion? Steam-power alone can cope with steam-power, and therefore the relative naval force of nations can be measured by no other scale. Hence we see all the maritime nations upon earth reduced to the *same level*, and the work of destruction, upon a large scale, must begin afresh. All the existing navies of the earth are not worth a pepper-corn. They will neither augment, nor diminish the power of a nation in any future maritime warfare. We may just stand upon their ruins, and witness kingdoms, empires, and republics, all starting anew in the career of naval achievements, and pressing forward towards those grand results which wait upon superiority.

"Nothing but a steam-power navy, in the present advanced state of steam-navigation, can protect itself, much more a nation, from insult. It would seem, therefore, preposterous and absurd, for any nation to exhaust its resources upon so useless and lumbering a thing as a sailing-ship of war. The apathy with which this great subject is regarded in high places, if indeed it be regarded at all, is quite surprising. But the time is hastening on when its power will be *felt*.

"England, in all the spreadings of her vast empire, her universal commerce, great in arms, great in peace; England, first in moral excellence, in mechanics, in manufactures, in literature, in the arts, in opulence, in everything which exalts and adorns a nation, and I may be permitted, after a residence of more than thirty years in her metropolis, to say all this and a thousand times more. England, with all this radiance encircling her crown, is at this moment more exposed than any other nation to the ruthless hand of the invader. It is not enough that she has strength to *crush* invasion, she wants the *power* to *prevent* it. That she can never have without a steam navy. Your ob't serv't,

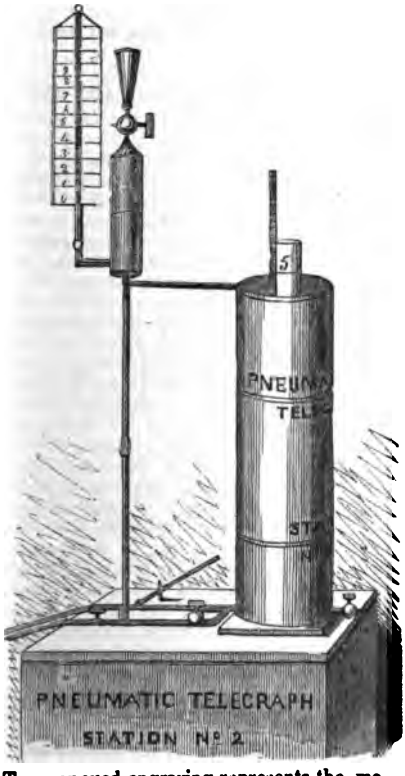
"JUNIUS SMITH."

London, October 19, 1838.

Silliman's American Journal.

Arts and Sciences.

PNEUMATIC TELEGRAPH.



The annexed engraving represents the model of a Pneumatic Telegraph invented by Mr. Crosley, and daily exhibited at the Polytechnic Institution. It is very ingeniously constructed, and possesses a quality of the highest importance—that of being *sure* in operation. Now, as far as experiment has hitherto been carried, the *Hydraulic* and *Electro-Magnetic* Telegraphs have appeared liable to considerable interruption in the process of working; *frost* and *damp*, being the most formidable of their enemies. Seeing these objections in their full force, no Company has hitherto ventured to adopt either of the last-mentioned media of communication. Provided, however, that at some future period, the wires of the Electro-Magnetic Telegraph shall be coated with a substance admitting of no external influence, we think that it may reasonably be expected to supersede all others,—for in rapidity, and precision of indication, it has many special advantages. We make this remark, because we are not willing to discourage any attempts at improvement: at the same time it must be conceded that, until that hope (a remote one) be accomplished, the Pneumetic Telegraph is immeasurably superior to it, and to all others—In a commercial point of view, it is always important that a means of transmitting intelligence quickly be at hand—to say nothing of the affairs of governments which *ought to be* communicable by night as well as by day.—So, also, on rail-roads, the unparalleled speed, and liability to accident by collision with express trains, demand that, at all hours, telegraphic signals be practicable.

In Mr. Crosley's invention, atmospheric air is the sole agent employed.—A tube extends from one station to another, wherein the air is isolated, one end of the tube being in connexion with the gas-holder or collapsing vessel, which acts as a reservoir to compensate for loss in the tube by difference of temperature or leakage.

At the opposite end of the tube is an index, so that, a certain degree of compression being acquired in the reservoir at the first station, the same compression will extend to the next station, where it will be speedily visible.

Mr. Crosley proposes that ten weights, producing distinct differences of pressure, each numbered, and corresponding in said numbers with the index alluded to above, be employed. The conduit-tubes at Edinburgh, the Euston-Square Station, and at Liverpool, fully bear out the Inventor's statements: they are from one to two miles in length, and give notice when trains are in readiness to be drawn up an inclined plane—so that they may be immediately put in motion. The air being subjected to pressure at one end, an alarm-bell is commonly rung at the other. *No failure has in any instance occurred*:—and Mr. Crosley has further tried the powers of his instrument by causing a tube, two miles in length, to *return upon itself*, the ends being *together*; when, compression (equal to a column of water of 7 in.) being applied, the notice on the index was given within one-fourth of a minute.

It is to be hoped that government will forthwith adopt this very effective Telegraph (useful as well by night as by day) in lieu of the clumsy machinery now in use.

The long-armed instrument at the Admiralty, with its jack-pudding antics, is worthy only of laughter.

Laws have been propounded by eminent men on the expenditure of aëriform fluids through conduit pipes, strictly applicable to the present question. Under all circumstances, it seems desirable that experiments on a practical scale, at extended distances, should be resorted to, as the most satisfactory guide, for carrying into effect telegraphic communications of this kind.

Biography.

JOHN GALT,

THE author of the Ayrshire Legatees, Lawrie Todd, and a number of other popular works, was born at Irvine, in Ayrshire, May 2, 1779; in which town he received the rudiments of his education; but in his eleventh year, the family removing to Greenock, he pursued his studies there at the public school, under Mr. Colin Lamont: while here, he manifested a turn for mechanics, which, joined to a taste for music, prompted him to attempt the construction of a small piano-forte or hurdy-gurdy, and likewise an Æolian harp. In those early years, he also composed some pieces of music, one or two of which have become popular. In 1802, he contributed to a newspaper, which was then started at Greenock; and from this period, Galt's was purely a literary life. We have not space to enumerate all the works that this talented but unfortunate man published: suffice it to say, they bear evidence of resplendant and pure pathos and character, and a thorough knowledge of the world.

At one period of his life he was possessed of vast territory in Upper Canada; and, in consequence of disappointment he experienced in that quarter, his health became affected, being frequently attacked by paralysis; and it is to be feared his latter days were clouded. Mr. Galt was agreeable and frank in his manners; and an intelligent and agreeable companion. He died at Greenock, on Thursday, April 11, 1839.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

DEATH has also deprived us of another inventive genius—in the above delightful lyrical poet, who died at Cheltenham, on Monday the 22nd of April last, in the 42d year of his age; after a protracted and suffering illness,—to add to the already numerous list of unfortunate literary men. This gentleman was one of those on whom 'misfortune smiled deceitful at his birth;' Born to good expectations, and married to a lady, as beautiful as accomplished, who brought him a good fortune, he began life under the most favourable auspices, but mixing with the highest company, his means were soon found insufficient, until at length "the pressure of circumstances impoverished him beyond a remedy." He became poor, and then of course, no one knew him; and he soon found himself involved in sad pecuniary difficulties, at times being obliged to sacrifice his brilliant talent to supply some pressing want; and whilst the gay, the heedless, and the wealthy, were being amused by the simple tender melodies of "I'd be a Butterfly,"—"Oh, no, we never mention her," and laughing at "Tom Noddy's Secret," and many other popular favourites, the talented author was pining in misery and want! But we must draw a veil over this sad, heart-breaking picture: it is too gloomy for reflection.

Mr. Baily has left a widow and two children, to lament his loss.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

ON Saturday evening last the third conversazione of this Society was held at the Gallery in Suffolk-street. Besides the works of art adorning the walls, several of which we noticed when speaking of the Exhibition, Paintings, Drawings, and Engravings, with some beautiful specimens of Photography, were laid on the tables; but during the early part of the evening the pictures on the walls appeared to be the great attraction to the numerous and elegant promenaders. The rooms were brilliantly lighted, and the effect of the pictures was exceedingly good. At half-past nine, Eugenio H. Latilla, Esq., the Vice-President, took the chair, when after a paper being read by Dr. Severn, J. Cooper, Esq., Professor of Chemistry to the Society, delivered a short but lucid lecture on Photographic Drawing, in which he illustrated—by means of artificial light produced by the combustion of lime—the operation of the solar rays on the sensitive paper, which, under the influence of this strong light, exhibited the same effects (though of course in a fainter degree,) as those described in our former numbers.

The lecturer also explained the manner in which some of the specimens of the art on the lecture-table (consisting of sketches of foliage, copies of well-known engravings, and original drawings,) were executed; which he stated to be by the subject being first painted on glass in white-lead, the lights and shades being reversed, the sensitive paper was then placed under the painted glass and exposed to the light, the parts covered with the white-lead being sheltered by it remained white or slightly shaded in proportion to its density, and the remainder assumes a rich brown tint. The lecturer was greatly and deservedly applauded.

Public Exhibitions.

THE AMERICAN MAMMOTH OX.

AMONG the numerous exhibitions daily catered for the amusement and instruction of the public in the metropolis, none certainly can be more worthy of patronage, or more susceptible of imparting real knowledge and gratifying reflection, than the works of Nature; and certainly we have seldom witnessed any specimen with greater pleasure than that of the *American Mammoth Ox, Brother Jonathan*, who has recently paid a friendly, but a short, visit to his

brother John Bull, at the Egyptian Hall, to prove that the old English breed of cattle are not deteriorated, but improved, by the judicious management of the agriculturists of the United States.

This immense animal, weighing 4,000 pounds, (500 stone,) is of beautiful symmetry, measuring in length, from nose to rump, 5 feet 11 inches, in girth 10 feet 9 inches; and in height over the fore shoulder, 5 feet 11 inches. On the 15th of May next it will be six years old; colour, dapple bay; and was bread by the Hon. Isaac Hubbard, in the town of Claremont, State of New Hampshire, New England.

Numerous have been the exhibitions of extraordinary exen in the metropolis: Mr. Evelyn makes mention of one that was seventeen feet from the length of the tail to the nose. At Bartholomew Fair, 1703, there was a great Lincolnshire ox exhibited; it was 12 feet from the rump to the face, standing 19 hands high. Numerous others might be mentioned: but enough has been quoted to show the comparative magnitude of *Brother Jonathan*.

The ox nearest in size to the above, was the Bradwell ox; 5 years old, and weighed 4,320 pounds; but then it was so fat that it was difficult for the creature to move; but brother Jonathan is not so; he is not fed for effect, he is a magnificent specimen of strength and majesty, nothing but bone, muscle, and flesh. He is of a cross-breed, we think, with our Sussex. It is a sight that will amply gratify the visiter.

New Books.

The Hand-Book of Paris.—W. Strange.

A CHARMING, entertaining, and extremely useful work, and just such a one as every person ought to have with them as a companion while travelling through France; for it gives a lively and interesting description of every object worthy of notice on all the roads leading to Paris from the sea coast; and also accurate topographical elucidatory remarks on the various towns; with a history of their inhabitants; their trades, pleasures, manners and customs; and also copious notices of important historical events. Among the many other useful appendages, is that most essential one, pointing out the best and cheapest mode of travelling, so as to prevent imposition and extortion. It is written by a gentleman who usually resides in Paris, and who is thoroughly acquainted with the *route* described, by his occasionally sojourning at all the places therein mentioned: he seems to have taken Truth for his guide, and made Utility his main object in writing this really desirable *brochure*, which we heartily recommend to the notice of our readers.

The Public Journals.

HEADS OF THE PEOPLE.*

[THE seventh Number of the above deservedly popular work, contains the completion of the Chapter on Tavern Heads, with the Chimney Sweep, and the Undertaker. It has four interesting engravings, particularly the one of "The Last Go!" which is a perfect study. From Mr. Jerrold's paper on the Undertaker, we make the following extracts:—]

"No man (that is, no tradesman) has a more exquisite notion of the outward proprieties of life—of all its external decencies, luxuries, and holiday show-making,—than your Undertaker. With him, death is not death, but, on the contrary, a something to be handsomely appointed and provided for; to be approached with the deference paid by the trader to the buyer, and treated with an attention, a courtesy, commensurate with the probability of profit. To the Undertaker, death is not a ghastly, noisome thing; a hideous object to be thrust into the earth; the companion of corruption; the fellow of the worm: not it! Death comes to the Undertaker, especially if he bury in high life, a melancholy coxcomb, curious in the web of his winding-sheet, in the softness of his last pillow, in the crimson or purple velvet that shall cover his oaken couch, and in more than all, particular in the silver-gilt nails, the plates, and handles, that shall decorate it. A sense of profit in the Undertaker wholly neutralises the terrible properties of death; for, to him, what is another corpse but another customer?

The Rich Man's Funeral.

"Of course, sir," says Mandrake, taking orders for a funeral,—"Of course, sir, you'll have feathers?"

"Indeed, I—I see no use in feathers," replies the bereaved party, whose means are scarcely sufficient for the daily necessities of the living; "no use at all."

"No feathers, sir!" says Mandrake, with a look of pitying wonder. "Why, excuse me, sir, but—really—you would bury a servant without feathers."

"Well, if you think them necessary,"——

"Necessary! No respectable person can be buried without feathers," says Mandrake; and (wise dealer!) he touches the chord of worldly pride, and feathers make part of the solemnity. "Then, sir, for mutes; you have mutes, doubtless?"

"I never could understand what service they were," is the answer.

"Oh, dear sir!" cries Mandrake; "not understand! Consider the look of the thing! You would bury a pauper, sir, without mutes."

"I merely want a plain, respectable funeral, Mr. Mandrake."

* Tyas

"Very true, sir; therefore, you must have mutes. What is the expense, sir? Nothing, in comparison with the look of the thing."

"I always thought it worse than useless to lavish money upon the dead; so, everything very plain, Mr. Mandrake."

"I shall take care, sir; depend upon me, sir: everything shall be of the most comfortable kind, sir. And now, sir, for the choice of ground;" and hereupon, Mr. Mandrake lays upon the table a plan of the churchyard, probably divided into three separate parts for the accommodation of the different ranks of the dead. "Now, sir, for the ground."

"Is there any choice?"

"Decidedly, sir. This is what we call the first ground; a charming, dry, gravelly soil: you may go any depth in it, sir,—any depth, sir; dry, sir, dry as your bed. This is the second ground: a little damper than the first, certainly; but still, some respectable persons do bury there." On this, Mr. Mandrake folds up the plan.

"Well, but the third ground. That is, I suppose, the cheapest?"

"Clay, sir; clay! Very damp, indeed; —you wouldn't like it;—in winter extremely wet."

"Still, if the price be much lower than either of the others,"——

"Very true, sir; it is, and properly so! or how would the very poor people be able to bury at all? You may, of course, sir, do as you please; but nearly all respectable families bury in the first ground. If it were my own case, I should say the first ground—such gravel, sir!"

"Well, I suppose it must be so."

"You wouldn't like any other; depend upon it, sir, you wouldn't. The first ground, then, sir;" and Mr. Mandrake departs, self-satisfied that, for the look of the thing,—for merely the sake of his customer's respectability,—he has induced him to order feathers, mutes, and the first ground.

And in all this dealing what part of it has Death? Alack! the feathers are not borne before his cold, white face; the mutes march not with solemn step to do him reverence; the fine, dry, gravelly bed is not for the ease of death's pithless bones; they would rest as well in the third ground as the first. No; the trappings of the defunct are but the outward dressings of the pride of the living: the Undertaker, in all his melancholy pomp, his dingy bravery, waits upon the quick, and not the dead. It is the living who crave for plumes, for nails, double gilt,—for all the outward show of wealth and finery. Pride takes death, and, for its especial purpose, tricks it out in the frippery of life. "Man," says Sir Thomas Browne, "is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave; solemnising nativities and deaths with equal lustre; nor omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature." Hence, the Undertaker.

But we are speaking of the funerals of the rich, or, at least, of those to whom death is not made more ghastly, more bitter, more agonising, by poverty.

The Poor Man's Funeral.

It is the sabbath in London. Streams of people pour along the streets; everybody wears a brightened face; the whole metropolis makes cheerful holiday. All things move, and look, and sound of life, and life's activities. Carelees talk and youthful laughter are heard as we pass: man seems immortal in his very ease. Creeping through the throng, comes the poor man's funeral train: look at the Undertaker marshalling the way. Is he the same functionary who handed cake and wine—who deferentially assisted at the fitting of the mourning gloves—who tied on the cloak; or, who noiselessly entered the room, and, ere the screws were turned, with a face set for the occasion, and a voice pitched to the sadness of his purpose, begged to know if "it was the wish,—before—before—" and then shrunk aside, as some one or two rushed in agony of heart to take a farewell look? Is it the same Undertaker—is it even a bird of the same sable feather? Scarcely; for see how he lounges along the path: his head is cast aside, and there is in every feature the spirit of calculation.—What is he thinking of, —the train he leads?—the part he plays in the festival of death? No: he is thinking of his deals at home—of the three other buryings his men are attending for him—of his chances of payment—of the people who have passed their word in security for part of the money for the present funeral—of the lateness of the hour—of his tea, that will be waiting for him ere the burying be done. How sad, how miserable the train that follows! The widow and her children: what efforts have been made—what future privations entailed, by the purchase of the mourning that covers them! Here is death in all his naked horror; with nought to mask his unsightliness—nothing to lessen the blow; here, indeed, he rends the heart-strings, and there is no medicine in fortune, no anodyne to heal the wounds. Follow the mourners from the church-yard home. Home!—A place of desolation; a cold hearth, and an empty cupboard. It is in the poor man's house that the dart of death is sharpest—that terror is added to the king of terrors. It is there that he sets up his saddest scutcheon in the haggard looks of the widow—in the pallid faces of the fatherless.

[BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY for this month is, as usual, full of interesting matter. We extract the two following delineations, from Mr. Mackay's *Rambles among the Rivers*:]—

Vauxhall in the time of Addison.

FAMOUS is Vauxhall in all the country round for snug alcoves, its comic singers, its innumerable lamps, its big balloons, its midnight fire-works, its thin slices, its dear potations, its greedy waiters, and its ladies fair and kind. In Addison's time, Spring Gardens, as they were then called, were noted for their nightingales and their sirens; and Sir Roger de Coverley is represented as having wished there were more of the former and fewer of the latter, in which case he would have been a better customer. But in our day there are no nightingales, and the sirens have it all to themselves. But let that pass. If the age will not mend its manners, it is no fault of ours; and we must take Vauxhall, like other things, as we find it. Sterner moralists than we are, or wish to be, have thought it a pleasant place, and the old guide-books invariably designate it "an earthly paradise." Addison called it a Mahometan paradise,—choosing the epithet, no doubt, from the numerous *houris* before mentioned, and the admixture of sensual and intellectual enjoyments which it afforded.

Recollections of Chelsea.

Chelsea itself abounds in reminiscences, having been the residence of Sir Thomas More, of Holbein, of Pym, of St Evremond, of Walpole, of Sir Hans Sloane, and also of Nell Gwynne, and the Duchess of Mazarin, the mistresses of Charles, with a hundred other personages, celebrated for their virtue, their genius, their patriotism, their benevolence, or their beauty. There is an air of antiquity and sobriety about that portion of it which is seen from the river that is highly pleasing. The solemn, unassuming church, the sedate houses, and the venerable trees on Cheyné Walk, throw a charm around it quite delightful to the eye, which has dwelt too long upon the flaunting elegance of modern buildings, and the prim precision of new streets, that never by any chance afford room for a tree to grow upon them, and rarely within sight of them. The visitor's eye cannot fail to remark about the middle of the walk a tavern, inscribed with large letters along its front, "Don Saltero's—1695." This is the place celebrated in No. 34 of the Tatler, which was opened in the year above mentioned by one Salter, a barber, made a *don* by the facetious Admiral Munden, who, having cruised for a long period on the coasts of Spain, had contracted a habit of *donning* all his acquaintance, and putting a final *o* to their names. This barber had a taste for natural history, and adorned his coffee-room with stuffed birds, reptiles, and dried beetles; and the singularity of his taste, for a person in his condition of life, drew him many customers. The Tatler describes the room as being covered with "ten thousand gimcracks on the walls and ceiling," and Don Saltero himself as a sage-looking man, of a thin and meagre aspect. Its appearance is somewhat different now. The gimcracks, the old curiosities of the don, have dwindled away to two which still ornament the walls,—an old map of London and its environs; a painting of a ferocious Welshman with a Bardolphian nose riding on a goat, and armed with a leek and a red-herring, instead of sword and gun; and a label here and there about ginger-beer and soda-water. Instead of the meagre-looking sage, a bluff waiter enters at your summons, upon whose character you cannot speculate, so dull is he, and so like the thousands you may daily meet. The old host offered, on the contrary, a very fertile subject for the theorist. "Why," said the Tatler, "should a barber, and Don Saltero among the rest, be for ever a politician, a musician, and a physician?" Ah, why, indeed?—who can tell? To this day the barber is still the same. Go into a barber's anywhere, no matter in what district, and it is ten to one you will hear the sounds either of a fiddle or a guitar, or see the instruments hanging up somewhere. You will also find him a politician; or if not a politician, a great friend and small critic of the drama. Had we space, and it were part of our subject, we could discourse upon this matter lengthily if not learnedly, and also upon another question equally luminous, which has puzzled philosophers for many ages, "Why do all poor old women wear *red* cloaks?" But we refrain, and continue our reminiscences of Chelsea.

In a house fronting the river, resided Sir Thomas More, about the year 1520. Erasmus, who was his frequent guest, describes it as having been "neither mean nor subject to envy, yet magnificent enough. There he conversed with his wife, his son, his daughter-in-law, his three daughters and their husbands, with eleven grandchildren. There was not any man living," continues Erasmus, "who was so affectionate to his children as he; and he loveth his old wife as well as if she were a young maid." Here Holbein shared this great man's hospitality for three years; and here also the royal brute his master, when he was in the mood to do him honour, came in regal state, and sometimes privately, to dine with him. Here also the noble-minded daughter of the philosopher buried the grey head of her unfortunate father, after having, at great risk, stolen it from the pike on which it was fixed at London Bridge, by the order of the bloodthirsty Henry VIII. If there are occasions in which the insensible sod can become hallowed and consecrated, an incident like

this ought in all true hearts to render it holy for evermore, — thither should pilgrims resort, and there should monuments be erected. Never did soil receive a more affecting deposit than when the head of that sage and Christian, with its long white beard, was laid by filial hands in the garden at Chelsea.* Pity it is that there is no memorial on the spot to guide the steps of the thousands who would think it a labour of love to visit it. The body was buried at Chelsea, in the south side of the chancel.

THE WONDERS OF PALMER'S VILLAGE, WESTMINSTER.

BY THE IRISH OYSTER-EATER†.

"WONDERFUL are the works of nature," as Mick Montague observed to me, on emerging from the puppet-show.

So they are, to be sure—and so is the far-famed city of Westminster.

The far-famed city of Westminster, as every fool knows, has a famous abbey. Now this famous abbey, in days of yore, was a sanctuary for thieves, robbers, murderers, and other pious reprobates, who took to their heels as soon as pursued by the myrmidons of the law; and, once they laid violent hands upon the hem of some old monk's garment, or got into the sanctuary, as this sink of perdition was called, they were forthwith as safe as the church, and snapped fingers at the constable —provided always they had money wherewith to fee the monks, in default of which they were incontinently pushed out of the sancturay, and delivered over to the officers of justice. This refuge of atrocious criminals tended, no doubt, greatly to the honour and glory of God, and materially enhanced, in those days, the respectability of Westminster.

There was another class of semi-clerical scamps, who flourished in these days, and in this neighbourhood, called Palmerins, or Palmers, most reverend rascals, who, with a scrip on their shoulders, a scallop in their hats, and peas (boiled) in their shoes, went blackguarding round the country, under pretence of selling Saracen's heads, cut off in the Holy Land, and other relics—begging, moreover, what they could beg, borrowing what they could borrow, and stealing what they could steal; and this they did, as all scamps of their pursuasion do, for the love of God.

The sanctuary has been abolished—the monks have been sent to the tread-mill—the most dreadful punishment that could possibly be inflicted upon their reverences—and the palmerins have gone to a tropical climate, which I only indicate as the antipodes of the Holy Land; nor would any body be a whit the wiser concerning the palmers, or palmerins, were not the hamlet, or collection of houses appropriated peculiarly to them, called and known as Palmerin's or Palmer's Village to this very day.

Of all the human burrows in and about London, there is not one comparable, in its way, to Palmer's Village, into which I followed my fair little guide, under an archway not much more than four feet high, close to the mouth of which stood a steam-engine of peculiar, and to me incomprehensible, construction—the engineer uttering at intervals a short and rapid guttural sound, which I then conceived to be a warning to passengers to avoid the engine, but which more matured experience has informed me is simply an announcement to the nobility, gentry, his friends, and the public, that his steaming apparatus contains "baked taters, a halfpenny a piece —all hot—all hot!"

For the information of the curious in such matters, who may be induced by my description to essay the wonders of Palmer's Village, I take the liberty to observe, that, at the further end of the tunnel, or archway, aforesaid, is a step, over which new comers are apt to break either their shins or noses, which accident is facetiously called by the villagers paying your footing. When your footing is thus paid, by your footing being lost, you emerge into an alley or avenue, fifteen inches wide, or thereabouts, affording room for one person, and no more, to pass along, and fenced on either side with old barrel staves, broken iron hoops, and rotten paling of every variety of scantling. Within the fence, on either side this path—which, I should have observed, is neither paved, nor flagged, nor bituminized, but simply one aboriginal puddle from end to end—are arranged the gardens of the respective tenements, two or three palings being omitted from the line of palisade for the convenience of pigs and tenantry. No gardens, I am sure, from the hanging gardens of Babylon, to those of White Conduit House, can exhibit in the same space (two yards square each) the variety of ingenious devices that ornament the gardens of Palmer's Village. A bit of anything green is the only deficiency observable, but this is supplied by a curious artistical arrangement of puddle-holes, dung-heaps, cabbage stalks, brick-bats,

* Margaret Roper did not steal the head of her father, Sir Thomas Moore; nor does it rest in Chelsea Church; for, in August, 1824, while making some repairs in St. Dunstan's Church, Canterbury, a box was found, containing the head of that venerable and virtuous man; it was much decayed, with the exception of the teeth, and was immediately restored to its resting-place. His daughter Margaret, wife of John Roper, Esq., of a distinguished family long resident in the parish of St. Dunstan, having privately obtained the head of her beloved parent, carefully preserved it in a box; and when she died, it was placed on her coffin, in the south chancel of the church, which is called the Roper chancel.—*Ed. M.*

† From an admirable article in the last number of Blackwood's Magazine.

and broken bottles. The tenements attached are like nothing on the face of this world but themselves—a sort of half-breed between hovel and wigwam, with the least trace of cottage running in the blood. There are two stories, with two windows to each, in the face of these extraordinary village edifices—the window containing, on an average, three old hats, one flannel petticoat, and two patched panes of glass—each; there was also to each house a doorway, and some had an apology for a door.

You are not to suppose that there exists only one avenue through Palmer's Village, or only one straggling street of the tenements above mentioned. There are as many avenues, lanes, holes and bores, as there used to be in the catacombs—houses huddled upon houses, without regard to discipline or good order; in short, were I a magistrate, I should feel inclined to read the riot act, Palmer's Village being strictly within the spirit and meaning of that enactment—a neighbourhood tumultously assembled!

The houses, individually, look as if they deserved to be fined five shillings every man jack of them, for being drunk. They had evidently been up all night, and wore an intoxicated and disorderly look, which no well-regulated and respectable tenement would disgrace himself by being seen in. Stooping under the rotten paling, I was at length received into one of the most taterdemalionized mansions, and, having picked my way up a worn-out stair to the two-pair back—a miserable place, wherein a counterpane of patchwork, spread over a little straw upon the ground, a broken chair, a stool, three bars of nail rod stuck in the chimney by way of grate, with a bit of the same material to serve for poker, a frying-pan, a salt herring and a half, perforated through the optics, upon a nail, a tea-kettle, and a smoothing-iron, made up the ostensible furniture of the apartment.

MODES OF EMPLOYING SERVANTS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

(For the Mirror.)

The Ichoglans, in Turkey.

The Ichoglans are youths designed for the great offices of the Turkish empire. They must be of Christian parents; either taken in war, or presented from remote parts by Bassas. The Sultan, to make his subjects wholly devoted to him, established the Ichoglans, who are raised to the great places of the empire, as he finds them deserving. The best shaped, and handsomest, or those who evince any degree of talent, are instructed in all sorts of exercises and learning in the schools of Pera, Adrianople and Constantinople. They are brought up in the Mahometan faith, and educated with great care under the severest discipline. White eunuchs being their *Censores Morum*, who treat them with extreme rigour, severely punishing them for the smallest faults, sometimes with a *Falaka* (a sort of cudgel) upon the soles of their feet, or else they have the hardest tasks to perform. They pass through four several chambers, called *Oda*, in which are 600 Ichoglans, where they are taught the demeanor suitable to be observed in the presence of a prince (or Anglicè *manners*). Their names, age, and parents, are registered in a book, with their allowance, generally four aspers a day. Their chief food is rice; their beds are ranged in long rooms, where lamps are kept burning every night. When the Capiaga makes his general visitation, he turns out of the Seraglio all those he thinks incapable of doing their prince good service, and such as betray disgust at so austere a life; and then they lose all hope of ever entering the Seraglio again, and can pretend to no other office than that of Spahi, with but a very poor rate of pay: however, the advantages of capacitating themselves for the most eminent charges of the court and of the empire, make those who remain take courage and suffer patiently for some years, the harsh and unmerciful treatment of the eunuchs. The Oda is divided into four chambers:—in the first they are taught to read and write, and are initiated in the grounds of the Mahometan law; in the second, they are instructed (being now more robust) in manly exercises, throwing the lance, &c; in the third, they begin to be employed in the Grand Signior's, either the wardrobe or baths, &c., and are perfected in their riding and exercises; in the fourth, is the highest class of Ichoglans, which is limited to forty; these always attend near the Grand Signior's person. None, however, unless by special favour, are advanced from the Seraglio till they have attained the age of forty years, when they are considered mature for government offices. The latter class are generally clothed in gold and silver cloth, the others in meaner attire. C. P. S.

NEW CLASS OF THUGS.

The depositions made in certain recent cases of Thuggee, taken by Capt. Graham, disclose the existence of a hitherto distinct class of these atrocious criminals. The Thugs, to whom these depositions relate, differ both in their habits and the technical terms they use from the ordinary Thug, in whose community they may be held to occupy the position the Pariahs do among the people at large. They are known by the term *Megpunnah*, and prowl in small gangs over the country, murdering the poorest travellers for their children, whom they sell to courtezans, procuresses, and such persons, as well as dispose of in the larger cities, where slavery either exists, as in

those under native governments, or where it is difficult to suppress the practice, as in ours. While they are thus as murderous and criminal as the common Thug, they are more successful in eluding the law, from their habit of throwing the bodies of their victims into rivers, which renders it a work of the greatest difficulty and nicety to procure evidence upon which to convict them. The strong corroboration afforded of the evidence of the ordinary Thug approver, by the actual bodies of the parties murdered, is entirely wanting in all cases of the Megpunnah Thug; and this serious want is not made up by any testimony the children obtained by these people can supply, they being too young to be received as evidence, even though capable of narrating every circumstance of their own cases. By, however, diligently comparing and sifting evidence, the officers of the Thuggee department have been enabled to carry conviction home to many of these unnatural criminals. Lieut. Mills, to whom, we believe, is entirely due the high credit of having discovered this very dangerous subdivision, or rather form, of Thuggee, has already procured the conviction of forty before the sessions judge of Meerut, and is about to bring one hundred more to trial.—*Agra Ukhbar*, Dec. 13, 1838.

The Gatherer.

THERE are few anecdotes told in favour of Foote's magnanimity; yet one deserves to be told. The epilogue to his farce of *The Minor*, contained a burlesque of the style and the manner of the well-known Whitefield, under the title of Dr. Squintem. During the run of the farce, it happened that Whitefield died. The epilogue was withdrawn. On its being loudly called for by the audience, Foote came forward, and said, that he was incapable of holding up the dead to ridicule.—*Blackwood.*

Cranmer's Bible.—A copy of Cranmer's Bible, edition 1539, in folio, wanting the title page and two other leaves, was sold on Friday the 3rd inst., at Mr. L. Sotheby's rooms, for £50. The volume concludes with the following colophon:—"The ende of the New Testament, and of the whole Byble, ffynished in Apryll, Anno MCCCCCXXXIX.

When I see leaves drop from the trees in the beginning of autumn, says Warwick, just such, think I, is the friendship of the world. While the sap of maintenance lasts, my friends swarm in abundance; but in the winter of my need, they leave me naked. He is a happy man who hath a true friend at his need; but he is more truly happy that hath no need of his friend.

Garrick's baptism is thus recorded in the parochial Register of All Saints' Church, Gloucester—"Chris: David, Son of Mr. Peter and Arabella Garrick—baptized ffebruare the 28, 1716.

The celebrated Nancy Dawson, the soul and delight of the audience when she performed, died at Haverstock Hill, near Hampstead, on Monday, June 8, 1767.

Pleasure is a rose, near which there ever grows the thorn of evil. It is wisdom's work so carefully to cull the rose as to avoid the thorn, and let its rich perfume exhale to heaven, in grateful adoration of Him who gave the rose to blow.

The *veritable* physician, Francis Moore, says, in his almanack for this year, in the month of May, p. 11,—"I am sorry to find that there are likely to be broils and dissensions at home. The times are not likely, I fear, to be so tranquil as might be wished."

Benevolence.—There cannot be a more glorious object in creation, than a human being, replete with benevolence, meditating in what manner he might render himself most acceptable to his Creator, by doing most good to his creatures.—*Fielding.*

The first person who brought the making of porter to perfection, was Mr James Harwood, an eminent brewer in Shoreditch; he died in October, 1762.

The workmen are now erecting a wall to enclose an additional portion of ground so as to enlarge the gardens of Northumberland House;* this great improvement has been accomplished by removing a row of low old houses on a line from Northumberland-street to Scotland-yard; by which means the garden front of this noble mansion will be thrown open to public view. It was near this spot that the body of Sellis was thrown into a hole, dug for the purpose, March, 1813.

On yesterday week, the theatre of Cheltenham was totally destroyed by fire. It was built in 1805, by Mr. J. Watson, a coadjutor of *the* John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, both of whom; in the early part of their career, had appeared at Cheltenham: it was while acting here that the transcendent talents of Mrs. Siddons was duly appreciated by a gentleman who hastened to London, and induced Garrick to engage her.

* This edifice originally formed three sides of a spacious quadrangle, the fourth side remaining open to the gardens and river Thames; but after the estate became the property of Earl Algernon, who disliked the noise of so public a thoroughfare, the quadrangle was completed by a fourth side, towards the river, under the direction of Inigo Jones.

LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.—Agent in PARIS, G. W. M. REYNOLDS, French, English, and American Library, 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin.—In FRANCFORT, CHARLES JUGEL.

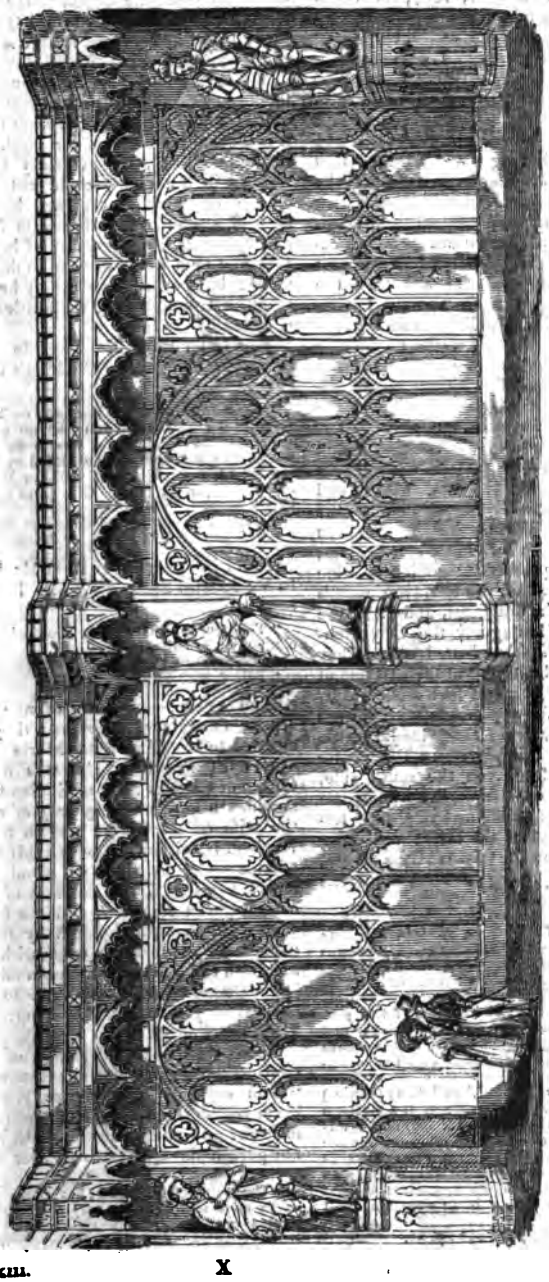
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 949.] SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1839. [Price 2d.

City Improvements.



THE NEWLY-ERECTED EAST END OF THE GUILDHALL OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

THE NEWLY-ERECTED

EAST END OF THE GUILDHALL

OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

On the 14th of December, 1837, the Committee of City Lands, in a report, recommended that the east end of the Guildhall* should be made to correspond with the west end, as regards the architecture thereof, by forming Gothic panelling, at an expense of 230*l.*; and in a second report, 15th of March, 1838, the said committee add, "The clerk of the City Works having since reported that the three statues, formerly in front of the chapel in Guildhall-yard, were in possession of the Corporation; and might, in his opinion, be put into a state of repair at an expense of 60*l*, and be introduced at the east end of the Hall, in niches;" and then the report goes on to say, that a proposal having been made "by Messrs. Robson and Estall for the execution of the said works, amounting to 452*l.* 6*s.* exclusive of the expense of the restoration of the said figures, the committee was of opinion that the introduction of the said statues would add much to the effect and general character of the building; and recommended therefore that they should be authorized to execute the said works, and to draw on the chamber for payment of the expense thereof." This last recommendation was confirmed 30th of March following; when the works proceeded; and they were finished by the end of the following month of October, from the drawings, and under the direction of Mr. Montague,† the City architect, and of his highly-talented son. They are erected on the hustings‡ at the east end of the Guildhall, consisting of four arched compartments of graceful proportions, with projecting rich-pointed cornice. The splendid statue of Queen Elizabeth is placed in the centre niche, with Charles I. on the south side, and Edward VI. on the north: the whole forming a very appropriate and imposing termination to that end of the Hall; reflecting the highest credit on the talents of the artists, and also on the improving taste of the citizens of London.

* The *Memoires d'Angleterre*, 1698, in speaking of the Guildhall, makes the following curious remark: —"Il est à croire que la grand salé étoit autrefois dorée, puisque le mot de Guild, ou Gild-Hall, signifie sale dorée."

† It is to the urbanity and kindness of this gentleman, by the liberal use of his drawings, and rendering every facility to our artist, that we have been enabled to present our readers with the accompanying engraving.

‡ Derived from *Aus* (a house,) and *thing* (causa,) i. e. a house where causes are tried: it is a platform of timber raised on the floor of the hall; and was formerly the supreme court of judicature within the city of London—a very ancient court of record.(*a*). It was separated from the interior by a screen with an arch in the centre; which screen was removed about the time of George I. There is an engraving of it extant.

(*a*) Privilegia Londini; 3rd edit., p. 35.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. ix. N. s. p. 652, it says "These statues, which are made to travel from the Exchange to the Guildhall Chapel, were Edward VI. Charles I.§ and *the Queen of the latter*; although it was generally styled Queen Elizabeth, to whose portrait it bore *not the least resemblance*;" &c.

We cannot surmise what grounds the writer had for making such assertions. *The statue is not that of the Queen of Charles I.*; it having the crown on the head, the globe in the left hand, and evidently has had the sceptre in the right, could not have been for any other than a crowned head; and it is well known, that Henrietta Maria *was never crowned*, on account of her religion. It would be a waste of time to dilate on this point; but nevertheless it may be as well to give the two following authorities in corroboration of the fact.

In a letter from Mr. Mead to Sir Martin Stuteville, announcing the king's coronation, (MS. Harl. 389,) it says:—

"The coronation of the King was on Thursday (as passengers from London tell us,) but private. The king went to Westminster church by water. The Queen was not crowned, but stood at a window in the meantime, looking on; and her ladies frisking and dancing in the room. God grant his Majestie a happy reign.

"Christ Col.

"Feb. 4th, 1626."

And in another letter from Mr. S. D'Ewes to Sir Martin Stuteville, (MS. Harl. 383,) it says:—

"The Queen was neither crowned, nor at the church, yet saw ther going.

"Middle Temple,

"Feb. 4, 1625-6."

And again:—we know of no statue of a *Queen Consort* of England: they are not entitled to it Henrietta Maria was never Queen of England, she was merely the Queen of Charles King of England. *Queen*, signifies a *wife*; but *by way of excellence*, the wife of the King; and in the laws of England is, either she who holds the crown of this realm by right of blood, or who is married to the King: the first of which is called *Queen Regnant*, and the last *Queen Consort*. She who holdeth by blood is, in construction of law, the same with the King, and hath the like legal power in all respects; but a *Queen Consort* is *inferior* to the King, and his subject. Staund Prærog. 10. 3 Inst. 7. 1 Mar. Parl. 2. chap. 1.

Speaking of the inferiority of a Queen Consort, William, of Malmesbury, says:—"Non enim *West Saxones* reginam, vel juxta regem sedere, vel Reginæ appellatione insigniri patiuntur, (for the West Saxons do not permit the Queen to sit near the King,

§ The statue of Charles I., having his foot symbolically on a scorpion; we may conclude it was not erected until after the restoration of his son, the second Charles. It was sculptured by W. Stone.

or be honoured with the appellation of Queen). Asserius Menevensis, who lived and was familiar with King *Alured*, from whom he had this relation: "Gens occidentalium *Saxonum* (saith he) *Reginam* justâ regem sedere non patitur; nec etiam reginam appellari, sed *regis conjugem* permitti. (The West Saxons, says he, do not suffer the Queen to sit near the King; nor even to be called Queen; but allow her the name of the King's wife.)—Hence, the reasons why a Queen Consort is not entitled to a public national statue, she not being a sovereign.

And again: Is it probable, that the Citizens of London would place a statue of a bigoted mischievous Roman Catholic, like Henrietta Maria, in front of a Protestant place of worship? The idea is preposterous. Besides, in an account of Guildhall Chapel, published by Nichols and Son, in speaking of the statues, it says, "Queen Elizabeth, with a phœnix under her;" which evidently alludes to the resuscitation, in her person, of the Protestant religion. With all these facts before us, together with the *striking resemblance* which the statue of Elizabeth bears to all the *accredited* portraits of that sovereign, by Nicholas Hilliard, Oliver, and other *authorised** painters, it places the statue beyond the shadow of a doubt to be that of Queen Elizabeth—and of no other person; and a splendid piece of sculpture it is. Σ

SONG.

BRING ME A BOUQUET OF ROSES!

BY ANDREW PARK,

Author of "The Superstitions of Scotland,"—"What is Woman?" &c &c.

Bring me a bouquet of roses!—
Let them be both fresh and gay:—
Flowers which breathing love discloses
To my dear one far away!
Let them be the Sharon's† blossom,—
Fragrant as at dewy morn;
For the one who owns this bosom,
Must have those which bear no thorn!

He was kind when he was near me,
Even in absence still the same;
Plant a tendril—let it rear me
Buds as cherished as his name!
That when these sweet flowers are spreading,
In their blossoms I may know
Each new thought his heart o'erlading,
Whether it be joy or woe!

Gentle flowers! ye charm, ye please me!
Why were such fond love-tints given?
Surely ye were born to ease me,
Cherished as I am, by heaven!
This bouquet shall charm my dear one;
'Tis as sweet as love can be!—
He who breathes a kind sincere one,
As the fragrant soul in thee!

* It is well known Elizabeth was very vain of her personal beauty and accomplishments; and feeling insulted at the incorrectness of the *portraitures* of her, that were daily being published, a law was passed prohibiting the sale of any portraits of the Queen but what were duly authenticated, or licensed.

† The rose of Sharon has not a single thorn.

X 2

(*For the Mirror.*)

Oh Death! how oft thy cruel shaft doth rend,
And part asunder many a loving friend!
But none on whom thy hand has fall'n before
Was half so dear to me, so rich a store
As this sweet child, who in the bloom of youth
And health, has perished! Now like sad Ruth,
Nought can me comfort, nought can soothe or cheer.
In vain I would repel the rising tear,
In vain I check the sigh, and strive to smile,—
'Tis but a mockery, a treach'rous wile;
For how can I forget? did I not to him bear
More than a sister's love? it was so dear,
So ardent an affection; for I look'd on him
As some fond mother on her child. 'Twas sin
To idolize him thus, to plan long years
And schemes of happiness; having no fears
That death might intervene. Alas! I woke
From that brief dream, to feel more keen the stroke.
Where are those spirits flown—so buoyant, light,
Which once were mine, shedding around delight?
Where is the merry laugh, the sprightly song?
The sound of music's strings are silent long;
The world that erst seem'd like a fairy land,
Bright with imaginary dreams, and hand in hand,
With flow'ry pleasures, now appears to me
A region dark with woe, and sad reality.
I dreamt not once of care, now o'er this breast
The waves of trouble roll: sorrow's my guest;
All things that formerly look'd bright and fair
Seem tinted with the nightshade of despair.
Oft I think on that gentle boy, and weep,
To know no earthly power can wake from sleep,
So solemn and profound; while round me spread
I hear low whispers, voices of the dead!—
But this is sinful—there is One can calm,
Can heal the broken spirit, give a balm:
Methinks I hear a voice say Peace—be still!
Thou murmur'r! bow thyself unto his will,
For God in wisdom now hath taken away,
But will unite thee at a future day;
A few short years and thou shalt pierce the gloom,
And meet in brighter worlds beyond the tomb.

Westminster. M. S.

TO LOUISA.

(*For the Mirror.*)

Oh! think not Love was born, sweet maid,
Without his eyes, as Poets say—
Altho' he sometimes wears a shade
To guard them from the blaze of day.

But when the sun withdraws his beams,
That shade the little urchin raises,
And hovering o'er her, in her dreams
On beauty he enamoured gazes.

To J— in solitude and night,
When stars shine out and thought is free,
Seize fancy's wings and take my flight
To dwell with happiness and thee!

Then tho' I seem to pass unmoved,
Thy charms, when others own their spell,
How dearly thou art prized and loved,
This throbbing heart alone can tell.

But not 'midst heartless crowds shalt thou,
Where hundreds bend, thy slaves before thee,
Hear me record my ardent vow,
To prove how truly I adore thee.'

No—but the moon—thy counterpart,
As pure, as peerless, and as lonely,
Can witness for my constant heart,
It beats for *Thee* and for thee *only*. F.

THE VIPER AND THE LEECH.

The viper to the leech observed one day,
"Both of us sting—and yet, I know not why,
You are a favourite and a friend, they say,
While me they strive to kill, or from me fly."
"True, we both sting," the little leech replies;
"But mine gives life unto the sick; and you'll
Death, even to the healthiest man ensures,"

THE NEWLY-ERECTED

EAST END OF THE GUILDHALL

OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

On the 14th of December, 1837, the Committee of City Lands, in a report, recommended that the east end of the Guildhall should be made to correspond with the west end, as regards the architecture thereof, by forming Gothic panelling, at an expense of 230*l.*; and in a second report, 15th of March, 1838, the said committee add, "The clerk of the City Works having since reported that the three statues, formerly in front of the chapel in Guildhall-yard, were in possession of the Corporation; and might, in his opinion, be put into a state of repair at the expense of 60*l.*, and be introduced at the end of the Hall, in niches;" and they report goes on to say, that [illegible] been made "by Messrs. [illegible] for the execution of the [illegible] to 452*l.* 6*s.* exclusive [illegible] restoration of the [illegible] was of opinion that [illegible] said statues would [illegible] and general effect [illegible] recommended [illegible] authorized [illegible] to draw [illegible] expense [illegible] was [illegible] when [illegible] finished [illegible] of [illegible]

In the *Gentleman's* [illegible] N. S. p. 652, it [illegible] are made to [illegible] the Guildhall [illegible] Charles I. [illegible] though [illegible] beth, [illegible] *restored*.

[illegible]ons in it filled [illegible]ic paintings of [illegible]c and dancing in [illegible]d French *branle* and [illegible]e of the middle ages; [illegible]cha, the Russian Kra[illegible]litan Tarantella, all are [illegible]he ceiling is elaborately [illegible] emblematical devices, from [illegible] of the first artists in Paris. [illegible]otunda projects into the garden [illegible]reat room; but the garden itself [illegible]k the most beautiful part of the [illegible]e affair—it is a realization of Eastern [illegible] splendour and Fairy-land combined; and reminds us much of the garden-scene in Blue Beard, where the festival takes place, as we recollect seeing it some years back. Large orange-trees ranged along the smoothly-gravelled walks, cast a subdued and delicious perfume around them; and the multitude of lamps, with their ground-glass shades, have a pleasing and softened effect. At the extremity of the garden is a raised terrace, to which you ascend by three or four steps, backed by a wall of looking-glass, and covered with the choicest plants, while a row of elegant fountains, playing amongst glittering festoons of gas, is reflected in a thousand different directions over the enclosure; and nothing can be more delightful than the drip of the fountain mingling its sound with the orchestra. The *salle* is generally too crowded; but in the garden you may walk about the whole time, or arrange your own party together where you like, as all the seats are chairs. It is a famous rendezvous for the Parisians, and for the English too, as far as that goes, for you may talk away, half concealed by an orange-tree, as long as you like. Take our word that the overtures are not the only concerted arrangements going on at Musard's. Nearly all are engaged, musically or otherwise; and the same unequalled privacy, which a crowded evening party so paradoxically affords, may be obtained here.

[illegible] were about to be started in London, we confess we felt a little curiosity to see how they would succeed. We knew the difficulty in England of keeping any place thoroughly respectable, where the price of admission was low enough to meet the pockets of all classes; but we were happy in being agreeably disappointed. To be sure there were a few ready-made pilot coats and gossamer hats, flitting amongst the crowd; but their owners conducted themselves well and quietly, and what more could we desire.

Musard's is the head concert-room in Paris—the Jardin Turc ranks nearly as high, but it is in a locality rather out of favour with the Parisian exquisites, viz. the Boulvart du Temple; and it is likewise exactly opposite the little house of the *Marchand de Vin*, from whose top window Fieschi fired his twenty-barrel gun. But Musard's boasts a happier situation—it is at the best end of the favoured Rue Vivienne, close to the Passage des Panoramas, and is equally convenient for the frequenters of the Palais Royal, and the Boulvart des Italiens, and especially adapted for the idlers who have read all day on the old sofa that stands on the right of the time-piece in Galignani's reading-room. The *salle* consists of a noble room, magnificently adorned with pier-glasses, shaded by heavy

One of the most brilliant *cafés* in Paris is attached to the concert-room, and we think as much worth seeing, as far as elegance and splendour are concerned. It was *the* leading one in point of costly decoration until the Café de Geulis opened on the boulvards last autumn, and then the ever-varying French all chose to drink their *demi-tasse* there. Nevertheless, the Café Musard is most beautiful, and its fretted ceiling, its stained windows, its elegant company, and the distant sound of the orchestra, form a *tout ensemble*, which in the way of refined and cheap pleasure Paris alone can offer.

Kind and gentle reader;—the twelfth and last of our Sketches is now before you, but we would not finish them without giving you an English good-bye. As the unknown

to a London periodical, we
r your attention during the
tempts to amuse you, through
the pages of the *Mirror*
the *Quartier Latin*, we
olain and hearty friend-
rm recommendation
ave endeavoured to
te our sketches in
them in "Mer-
ast in our own
id witnessed
ew impressions
n in our mind; but
ned with an English
n feelings, unbiassed by
ompurisons, to appreciate the
nberality, comfort, and civilization,
own fair land.

ALBERT SMITH.

SICILIAN SUPERSTITION AGAINST MAY MARRIAGES.

A PLEASANTER or more extraordinary conceit, bearing upon the merry month of May, is to be found in no quaint Elizabethan writer, be he Sidney, Marlowe, or Carewe, than that which the vivacious wit of Leigh Hunt has put forth on this occasion. In his usual delightful and merry-humoured way, he speculates for a moment on the supposed appearance and sentiments of the human genus, were it endowed with the same renascent and revivificatory principle which belongs to the vegetable world; that so every human feature might have the faculty of springing out afresh and blossoming anew every succeeding spring, making Hebes and Ganymedes to abound in the land; but let the arch-poet speak for himself,—

> Ah! friends, methinks it were a pleasant sphere
> If like the trees we blossomed every year:
> If locks grew thick again, and rosy dyes
> Returned in cheeks, and raciness in eyes,
> And all around us, vital to the tips
> The human orchard laughed with cherry lips!
> * * * * *
> Lord! what a burst of merriment and play,
> Fair dames were there, and what a first of May.

But there is at least one merry May-time for the softer sex, the gentle ladies, in that period of their youthful lives, when their charms, in the eyes of their enamoured lover, appear to have gained new accessions of lustre and brilliancy; and this is in that happy time when the spirit of love reigns over them.

Surprising, however, is it, that though at this ecstatical season of the year, when nature puts forth all her charms, when they are burning to be one, that in Sicily, the fair maidens would not in the month of May enter into the bonds of wedlock, though the refusal might lose them a proffered dukedom: nothing can overcome their firm-fixed idea, that a marriage solemnized in May, would ever after prove inauspicious in the extreme. There is no accounting for so ridiculous a custom, which has certainly no foundation in nature, and the wonder is, therefore, that this piece of superstition, which is as old, perhaps older, than the time of the Romans, and by whom it appears to have been transmitted to Europe, should have stood its ground so long. But so firm-grafted a piece of their faith is it, that to hear a merry marriage-peal in Sicily during the month of May, would create as much astonishment, and much the same feeling of expected misery, as the terrible alarum of the tocsin.

We had no idea that this superstitious custom was prevalent in any other country, till a gentleman of our acquaintance informed us that this identical superstition existed in most parts of England, though at a different period of the year. With us it is during Lent; a time at which the judges of the land sit in black at Westminster, and every pulpit and altar-piece is covered with sable drapery. The appearance of the church at such a minute would decidedly be excitative of rather dismal feelings, and damp the gladness of the marriage ceremony, and strangely indeed would the dark drapery contrast with glistening favours or snow-white bridal habiliments. Indeed, so strongly is this superstition impressed on some minds, that the same gentleman knew but recently of a youthful bride who resolutely refused to marry during the Lent season; in vain her friends expostulated against it as a foolish and groundless superstition; but in spite of all it is certain that "the bridegroom kept dangling his bonnet and plume" until that period (in his opinion fully "accursed in the calendar,") was past and gone by.

Soon, however, as May is over in Sicily, and Lent-time in England, their departure is the signal for the full chiming of the musical marriage-bells: the plump red cushion again sits cheerfully on the clerical desk: the bulky form of the glorious old pulpit, looks again gay and joyful in its crimson array; and many a beautiful creature, relieved from tedious suspense and anxiety, with happiness abundant at heart, glides down the sacred aisles towards the holy altars.

W. ARCHER.

SINGULAR ANTIPATHIES.

THE extraordinary antipathies some persons manifest towards inanimate objects, or to circumstances deemed so trivial, as to pass unnoticed by others, are among the phenomena of nature which have never been satisfactorily accounted for. The following narratives are recorded in the acts of the Liepsic Academy.—The celebrated Robert Boyle, related to Dr. Borrichius, then in England, that the harsh and disagreeable sound of whetting a knife on a grind-stone, never failed

to cause his servant's gums bleed. Mannagetta, who had been physician to three emperors, and with whom Dr. Tunguis had lived some years, often spoke to him of a singular antipathy to music, by a man of consideration, who, whenever he heard the sound of a lyre, had an involuntary flow of urine, and could not restrain it. Scaliger also relates a similar example in the person of a Gascon gentleman, the moment he heard the sound of a lute. Henry of Heer, speaks of a young woman of Namur, who always appeared uneasy, and as if about to faint, every time she heard the sound of a bell.

John Keller, rector of Wielk, a small village of Silesia, had a still more singular fancy, as every time he saw served up at table, a sort of pasty made of the flesh of a smoked hog, a prevalent dish of meat in that country, and very agreeable to the taste of the inhabitants, he was wont to burst out into immoderate fits of laughter, and would have died laughing, if the pasty was not immediately moved from the table, or out of his sight.

M. Fehr relates the case of a young woman at Schelestat, in Germany, who, after being accustomed to drink wine, conceived, for sixteen years, such an aversion to that liquor, and everything relating to it, that she could take no remedies, in which were either the salt or cream of tartar, spirits of wine, &c.; and if it happened without knowing of it, that she had taken anything of the like kind, a sweat immediately overspread her body, with anxieties, oppressions, and weakness.

A woman of Bavaria could never handle, or keep in her hands, any article or utensil made of iron, as nails, or needles, or any thing in most general use, without being bathed in sweat—otherwise, in whatsoever exercise she might be employed, not the least moisture appeared on her body, and was even all the time cold as usual with women of her country, her grandmother having been a Japanese.

John Pechmann, a learned divine, could not from his infancy hear the sweeping of a floor without becoming immediately uneasy, followed by a difficulty of breathing, continual sighs, and an almost insupportable fear of being suffocated. Once, deeply engaged in prayers, surprised by the servant sweeping of an adjoining room, he grew pale and restless, sweated profusely, and having rushed to the window, opened it, and gasped at the air with extreme eagerness, heaving involuntarily at the same time deep groans. He several times jumped out at the window, on seeing a servant with a broom following him, or impeding his way. In the street, if, contrary to his expectations, the pavement was either scraped or sweeped, he was wont to run off like mad; even at public disputations, if to disturb him, the floor was rubbed by the ferril of a cane, and the distance not too great, as to be beyond his hearing, he was obliged to fly from it, or open the next window for air; so that it is certain his aversion was not in the least feigned. The cause, it was supposed, arose from his dislike in childhood to the noise, as very disagreeable to him; and that afterwards, either by disturbing, thwarting, threatening, or striking him, the antipathy became more deeply rooted, according to the axiom—we always seek after what we are forbidden, and wish for what we are refused. Thus, the more he was contradicted, the more his imagination, under the appearance of an evil, or of a thing contrary to his nature, conceived an inordinate horror of brooms.

TRUTH.

Adhere rigidly and undeviatingly to truth; but while you express what is true, express it in a pleasing manner. Truth is the picture, the manner is the frame that displays it to advantage. If a man blends his angry passions with his search after truth, become his superior by suppressing yours, and attend only to the justness and force of his reasoning. Truth, conveyed in austere and acrimonious language, seldom has a salutary effect, since we reject the truth, because we are prejudiced against the mode of communication. The heart must be won before the intellect can be informed. A man may betray the cause of truth by his unseasonable zeal, as he destroys its salutary effect by the acrimony of his manner. Whoever would be a successful instructor must first become a mild and affectionate friend. He who gives way to angry invective, furnishes a strong presumption that his cause is bad, since truth is best supported by dispassionate argument. The love of truth, refusing to associate itself with the selfish and dissocial passions, is gentle, dignified, and persuasive. The understanding may not be long able to withstand demonstrative evidence; but the heart which is guarded by prejudice and passion, is generally proof against the argumentative reasoning; for no person will perceive truth when he is unwilling to find it. Many of our speculative opinions, even those which are the result of laborious research, and the least liable to disputation, resemble rarities in the cabinet of the curious, which may be interesting to the possessor, and to a few congenial minds, but which are of no use to the world. Many of our speculative opinions cease to engage attention, not because we are agreed about their truth or fallacy, but because we are tired of the controversy. They sink into neglect, and, in a future age, their futility or absurdity is acknowledged, when they retain a hold no longer on the prejudices and passions of mankind.

CHARACTERISTICS OF EMINENT PERSONS.*

OLIVER CROMWELL.

It has been justly observed by the editor of the Athenæum, (October 27, 1838.) that "often as the portraiture of Cromwell has been attempted, it has never been satisfactorily drawn." Impressed with the truth of the above remark, and in order to assist our readers in forming an estimate of the character of this misunderstood and wonderful man, we have selected the following opinions of him from the writings of various authors; adding a few elucidatory notes, and the concluding paragraph.

Cromwell had much decision in the camp; but in the church, hypocrisy asserted her dominion, and sometimes neutralized his moral courage, never his physical; for he always fought with more sincerity than he prayed.—*Rev. C. C. Colton, A. M.* 1829.

Cromwell, by nature, was generous and humane, kind and compassionate.—*Harris.*

A man arose, of a depth of mind truly incredible; as subtle and refined an hypocrite, as he was an able and transcendant politician; capable of enterprising everything, and of concealing every enterprise. In peace and in war equally active and indefatigable; he left to fortune nothing of which he could deprive her, by wisdom and by foresight; and yet, vigilant and prompt, he never lost an opportunity which she offered to him. In fine, he was one of those bold and restless spirits that seemed created to change the destinies of the world.—*Bossuet.*

A brave wicked man.—*Lord Clarendon.*

Cromwell was not one of those men who have appeared unworthy of empire as soon as he had arrived at it. He had a genius adapted to all places, all seasons, all business, all parties, all governments. He was always what he ought to be: at the head of the army, the bravest; in council, the wisest; in business, the most diligent; in debates, the most eloquent; in enterprises, the most active; in devotion, the most fanatic; in misfortune, the most firm; in an assembly of divines, the most learned; in a conspiracy, the most factious. He never made any mistake; never let slip an opportunity; never left an advantage incomplete; never contented himself with being great when he had it in his power to be greater. Chance and natural temper, which determine the conduct of other men, did not influence the most inconsiderate of his actions. Born with an absolute indifference to all that is praiseworthy or blameable, honest or dishonest, he never considered virtue as virtue, crime as crime; he regarded only the relation which the one or the other might have to his elevation. This was his idol; he sacrificed to it his king—his country—his religion; which he would have defended with the same zeal, had he had the same interest in protecting as in destroying them. The system of his ambition was conducted with an art, an order, a boldness, a subtlety, and a firmness, of which I believe history can furnish no examples. All sects, all ranks, all nations, peace, war, negociations, revolutions, miracles, prophecies, all advanced the fortune of this hypocritical usurper. He was a man born to decide the fate of empires, nations, and ages. The splendour of his talents hath almost made the horror of his outrages to be forgotten;—posterity at least will question, whether Oliver Cromwell deserved execration or admiration. —*Abbé Raynal.*

He was a tyrant.—*Alg. Sidney.*

He was brave, ambitious, generous, and dissembling.—*Lives of great Characters.*

He was a coward.—*Lord Holles.*

A perfect master of all the arts of simulation, and of dissimulation; who turning up the whites of his eyes, and seeking the Lord with pious gestures, will weep and pray, and cant, most devoutedly, till an opportunity offers of dealing his dupe a knock-down blow under the short ribs.—*George Bate; Cromwell's physician.*

He left a name behind him not to be extinguished but with the whole world; which, as it was too little for his praise, so it might have been for his conquests, if the short line of his mortal life could have stretched out to the extent of his immortal designs.—*Cowley.*

One of the nine worthies.—*Maidstone.*

A fortunate fool.—*Card. Mazarine.**

His method of treating his enemies was mild and generous.†—*Harris.*

Of him, therefore, I will say no more, but that verily I believe he was extraordinarily

* It is intended to give a series of similar characteristics of illustrious English persons, deduced from authentic sources: in all probability the above will be followed by that of King James I.

* This Cardinal was a minister of state, and a most profound and contemptible hypocrite: he must have given the above opinion *after* the death of Cromwell: for he dare not have done it, had the Protector been alive: indeed, the people of France, knowing his terror of him, used to say that Mazarine was more afraid of Cromwell than he was of the devil. For further proof of the Cardinal's fear of the Protector, vide Parliamentary History; Carte's Collection, vol. ii. p. 81.—The World's Mistake in O. Cromwell. —Puffendorf's Life of the Elector of Brandenburgh; and Histoire d'Olivier Cromwel, par Raguenet; in the advertisement to which will also be found a valuable list of works, relative to Cromwell and his times.

† As the great—the good—the learned Jeremy Taylor, in 1650, wished to exchange his residence in Wales for Ireland, he applied to Cromwell for a passport, which was immediately granted, with every expression of personal kindness, by the Protector. If we consider the very active and public part which Taylor took on behalf of the Royalists, this incident is a proof of the kindness of Cromwell's heart, and that he held in regard all virtuous and good men. It is by these little incidents we become acquainted with the real character of great men.

designed for these extraordinary things, which one, while most wickedly and facinorously he acted, and at another as successfully and greatly performed.—*Mem. Sir P. Warwick*, p. 247.

It was Cromwell who said, that he hoped the day would come, when the name of Englishman would be as sure an immunity from wrong in every part of the world, as that of Roman had been; and no Englishman ever did so much towards realizing that patriotic wish. It was this magnanimous temper that disposed the same populace which had gazed in heedlessness or exultation upon his remains as fastened on a gibbet in 1660, to lament, in less than seven years, that he could not be called from his grave to rescue their country from the contempt of the meanest of her enemies.—*Dr. Vaughan's Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell*, 1838.

Cromwell, with all his faults, had many virtues.—*Harris.*

If ever there appeared in any state a chief, who was at the same time both tyrant and usurper, most certainly Oliver Cromwell was such.—*Wiquefort's Emb.*

Cromwell is described as a man who was an impostor all his life. I can scarcely believe it. I conceive that he was at first an enthusiast, and that he afterwards made his fanaticism instrumental to his greatness. An ardent novice at twenty becomes an accomplished rogue at forty. In the great game of human life, men begin with being dupes, and end in becoming knaves. A statesman engages as his almoner a monk, entirely made up of the details of his convent, devout, credulous, awkward, perfectly new to the world; he acquires information, polish, finesse; and supplants his master.—*Voltaire.*

After he returned from the short parliament of 1628, his too active mind preyed upon itself: he had strange fancies 'about the cross,' at Huntingdon; starts from his bed in wild horror,* and wearies out Dr. Simcott with the strange phansies that made him believe he was then dying; while his after paroxysms of mirth, so soon to be followed by the deepest mental depression, all prove how nearly the hypochondriasm of Cromwell trembled on the verge of insanity.—*Foster's Lives of Eminent Statesmen*, vol. vi.: as given in the Athenæum, Nov. 1838.

Cromwell was an illustrious villain, who cannot be praised without horror, nor despised without injustice, whom we are forced to admire and detest.—*Abbé Raynal.*

His face was natural buff, and his skin may furnish him with a rusty coat of mail. You would think he had been christened in a lime-pit, and tanned alive, but that his countenance still continues mangy. We cry out against superstition, and yet worship a piece of wainscot, and idolize a blanched almond. Certainly 'tis no human visage, but the emblem of a mandrake, one scarcely handsome enough to have been the progeny of Hecuba. His soul, too, is as ugly as his body; for who can expect a jewel in the head of a toad?—*Hudibras in Prose*, 1682.

A person rais'd
With strength sufficient, and command from heaven,
To free his country.—*Milton.*

His courage in the field was undoubtedly admirable.—*Life of Cromwell*, 1731.

With all his faults, (although he was a coward at first,) he was of great courage, and vastness of mind, since he raised himself up from a private gentleman, to the supreme height of the empire, not altogether unworthy the degree he attained to, if he had not acquired it by ill means.—*Sir Roger Manley.*

Cromwell was a vast genius, because he derived his greatness not merely from his deeds, but from a higher source, from a principle, which, in the present instance, unfolds the philosophy of a Montesquieu. With Cromwell's turn of mind, like another Mahomet, he might have founded a new religion. He prayed and wept, and had all the unction of inspiration. He rarely disputed on doctrinal points, but he poured himself out on free grace.—*D'Israeli's Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles the First.*

He lived desired, and died lamented.—*Sec. Thurloe.*

Cromwell was a great lover of music,† and a friend to musicians.—*Anth. Wood.*

His demeanour was so blunt as sometimes might be termed clownish; yet there was in his language and manner, a force and energy corresponding to his character, which impressed awe, if it did not impose respect; and there were even times when that dark and subtle spirit expanded itself so as almost to conciliate affection. The turn for humour, which displayed itself by fits, was broad, and was sometimes of a low, and sometimes practical character. Something there was in his disposition congenial to that of his countrymen; a contempt of folly, a hatred of affectation, and a dislike of ceremony, which, joined to the strong intrinsic qualities of sense and courage, made him in many respects not an unfit representative of the democracy of England.—*Novel of Woodstock.*‡

* Sir E. L. Bulwer has attached to his historical play of Richelieu, an Ode, called "Cromwell's Dream," taken from this part of Mr. Foster's narrative.

† Having "music in his soul," he was not, according to Shakspeare, "fitted for murder, stratagems, and spoils."

‡ The late Sir Walter Scott did incalculable mischief in perverting historical facts, in order to render his novels attractive. In the one above quoted, he makes Charles II. go to Woodstock, although he knew that he went no further than Boscobel-house. In this novel of Woodstock, he has presented his readers with a most ludicrous scene, wherein Oliver, in the presence of the over-loyal Wildrake, is running away in horror at the accidental sight of a portrait of Charles I. in Wildrake's apartment. It

A dexterous villain, an intrepid commander, a bloody usurper, and a sovereign that knew the art of governing.—*Voltaire.*

A man miraculously raised by God, and endowed with an extraordinary spirit of wisdom and courage.—*Morland.*

An eminent person he was in many respects, and even a superior genius, but unequal and irregular in his operations. And though not defective in any talent, except that of elocution, the abilities which in him were most admirable, and which most contributed to his marvellous success, were the magnanimous resolution of his enterprises, and his peculiar dexterity of discovering the characters, and practising on the weakness of mankind. The private deportment of Cromwell, as a son, a husband, a father, a friend, is exposed to no considerable censure, if it does not rather merit praise. And, upon the whole, his character does not appear more extraordinary and unusual, by the mixture of so much absurdity with so much penetration, than by his tempering such violent ambition, and such enraged fanaticism, with so much regard to justice and humanity.—*Hume.*

The greatest personage and instrument of happiness, not only that our own, but indeed any age else ever produced.—*Lord Fauconberg.*

If he cannot be ranked among the best, he undoubtedly is to be placed among the greatest of princes.—*Harris.*

He seems to have stuck at nothing in order to gain his point, which when obtained he used most nobly.—*Progress of Oliver Cromwell*, 1752.

A bold, cunning, and ambitious man, but unjust, violent, and void of virtue: a man, in fine, who had great qualities, but never a good one.—*Memoir of Brandenburg.*

Through dark dismay
Where chaos brooded, Cromwell won his way
To power supreme, uplifted on the wings
Of a bold spirit; nor dishonour brings
His rule, who taught the factious to obey,
And foes to fear us.
Blackwood's Magazine for May, 1839.

Thus, we see, the writers attached to Cromwell, make his character bear the air of the most extravagant panegyric; while his enemies give a representation of his private and public character, full of the most virulent invective. However difficult it may be to form a correct idea of the above wonderful man, from such clashing opinions, *certain it is*, that during the reign of the Protector—learning, the fine arts* in general, and commerce, not only flourished, but soared to so high a state of perfection, that but little was left for future ages to achieve. Men of abilities were sought for everywhere, and given employment, and the benches were filled with able and honest judges.† This period also gave education to a Newton, who, soon afterwards, with more than Promethean intrepidity, ascended the heavens in search of the most profound secrets of nature, and brought the knowledge of light upon earth. At the same time, a Milton, a Waller, and several others, taught the flattering ejaculations of love and of praise. The arts of painting and engraving were fostered and advanced by the encouragement given to Vandyke, Kneller, Hollar, and Simon, and by the admirable productions of Lely, Faithorne, Lombart, and others; whilst eminent naval heroes, and undaunted circumnavigators, inscribing with the trident of Neptune the name of Britannia round the globe, laid the foundation of that immense commerce

is indeed surprising that the "Author of the Waverley Novels" could have been so foolish as to suppose any person the least acquainted with the determined character of Cromwell, would believe that the Protector could be frightened at the mere effigy of Charles; for, had that monarch walked in the room with his head in his hand, like St. Denis of France, Oliver, instead of scampering off, would have politely ordered him out of the room.

* The following *notitia* manifests his great regard for the fine arts:—

When the Commonwealth authorities determined on the sale of the pictures, sculpture, tapestry, and articles of vertù, which had belonged to the decapitated monarch; the proceeds to be applied to the purposes of the state; we find among the contractors, a Mr. John Leigh, who, on August 1, 1649, bought goods for the use of Lieutenant-General Cromwell, in value 109*l.* 5*s.*; and on the 15th, goods sold to the Hon. Lady Cromwell, to the amount of two hundred pounds. Subsequently we find, the cartoons of Raffaelle bought by his Highness [Cromwell,] for 300*l.*; he had then become Lord Protector, and no sooner was he in possession of the sole power than he not only prevented any farther sale, but even detained from the purchasers much of what they had contracted for. This appears by a petition, the autograph original of which we remember to have seen among the Historical Manuscript Collections of Mr. J. H. Burn; addressed after the Protector's death to the Council of State, by Major Edward Bass, Emanuel de Crits, William Latham, and Henry Willet, in behalf of themselves, and divers others, representing, "That in the year 1651, the petitioners did buy of the contractors for the sale of the late king's goods, the several parcels undernamed, and did accordingly make satisfaction unto the treasurer for the same; but for as much, as the said goods are in Whitehall, and some part thereof in Mr. Kinnersley's custody in keeping, the petitioners do humbly desire their honour's order, whereby they may receive the said goods, they having been great sufferers by the late General Cromwell's detaining thereof." The goods specified are the rich tapestry hangings in Whitehall; and the gladiator and other statues, in the gardens of that palace, all of which, by the denial of the claim, became again the property of the crown, and are now at Hampton Court. Kinnersley retained the same office in the Protector's Household he had previously held in that of the fallen monarch; on the restoration, in May, 1660, he was continued, and by having watched the movements of these decorations of royalty, was mainly instrumental in their recovery.

† They were as follow:—the lord chief justices Glyn, and St. John; the justices Warburton, Atkins, Hale, Windham; the barons Nicholas, Parker, Hill,

and invincible navy, which still continues to give our country an indisputable pre-eminence over all other nations. Z.

(19th October, 1651.)

(11th August, 1657.)

ECCENTRICITIES OF HENRI-JULES,

THE FIRST OF THE HOUSE OF CONDE.

(From the "Memoires du Comte de Maurepas.")

Henri-Jules de Bourbon, the last twenty years of his life, was frequently subject to fits of hypochondriacis. In these fits he would utter the strangest things imaginable, and act in every respect like an insane person. In his last journey to Burgundy, for instance, of which he was governor, he fancied himself a hare, and ordered the bells not to be rung, for fear they should frighten him, and compel him to take refuge in the woods.

What was strange is, that these fits in no way deprived him of his right senses, and during them he would transact business with the same degree of attention and presence of mind as when free from their influence.

He once fancied himself a plant, and as such, ordered himself to be watered. For this purpose he placed himself in the garden of the Hotel Condé, and insisted on being watered by Mr. de Plainville, one of his pages. This page, however, was unwilling to perform such a strange office, and leaving the two watering pots full of water, that he had brought, made his escape, and hid himself. His royal highness was filled with indignation at the page's disobedience, and threatened worlds of mischief in retaliation. The threats, however, died away as the fancy lost its hold of his imagination.

Another followed; and now the idea that he was dead possessed him; labouring under this impression, he refused all nourishment; and had it not been for a method hit upon by his valets, he certainly would have made his exit from this world, from the want of proper sustenance. This is the stratagem they had recourse to: Girard and Richard entered into his apartment, each completely enveloped in a sheet, the former under the name of the late Marshal Luxembourg, the latter under that of his highness's grandfather. After a curious conversation, the topic of which was the country of the dead, the valets invited their master to partake of a dinner at Marshal Turenne's, to whose house they were going. The prince appeared surprised at the proposition, and expressed his doubt whether the dead ever ate. The fact that they did eat having been satisfactorily proved to him, he followed his servants through a subterranean passage, in which they met the "*soi disant*" Marshal Turenne. This strange assemblage of men sat down, and all partook largely of the food before them, and none more than the already half-famished prince of Bourbon. The waiters, who were all shrouded in sheets, acted their part remarkably well; and as long as this strange fancy of their master continued, officiated under the same circumstances.

One of the most frequently recurring of his mental delusions, was the belief that he was a bat, and he actually caused a room to be hung with stuff, and wadded, for fear he should fly against the boards in the day-time, and do himself some injury.

He grew at last weaker and weaker every day, and it was evident that his remaining days were few. The princess, his wife, who was of a serious and devout turn of mind, suggested the propriety of his seeing the curé de St. Sulpice, but it was out of the question, he repelled all attempts. At last, one evening in winter, at five o'clock, he ordered one of his servants to get a fly; it was of no use remonstrating with him, that he had several carriages and horses to command, a fly he would have. The vehicle was brought to the door, he threw himself into it, and forbidding any of his dependants to follow, he ordered the coachman to drive with the utmost speed. The princess, however, who had heard of the intention of her husband, despatched two or three servants after the coach; the speed at which the animal was urged precluded all possibility of their keeping it in sight, so they were obliged to return as ignorant as they were on their setting out. Henri-Jules first had himself conveyed to the Bastille, into which he did not go; then to the Temple; and from thence to the fathers of the Oratory, where he applied for an audience with the principal. The brother who opened the gate, seeing a person so strangely habited, (for so, by-the-bye, he was) gave the prince to understand that it was too late to see the principal, who besides was holding a consultation with a bishop. His royal highness, however, insisting, the brother bade him wait in the hall, till such time as his superior would be disengaged. To this Henri-Jules consented, and notwithstanding

the severity of the cold, stood there not less than an hour. At length the superior was at liberty, and not little was his astonishment to see the prince in the hall waiting like a menial. After the necessary excuses and apologies, they sat down by the fire, and talked till eleven o'clock at night, at which hour the prince returned home. He ordered supper to be brought in, and shortly after contracted the fever which was the cause of his death. An hour before his dissolution, he ordered a couple of stout sticks to be brought to him. At a loss to imagine what he would want sticks for at such an awful hour, they were tremblingly brought to him, when having caused them to be placed on either side of him on the bed, he called for the princess and Mademoiselle de Langeron. These ladies being apprised of his royal highness's wish to see them, (not, however, without being first warned to beware of the two sticks,) with doubtful feelings made their appearance. When the prince saw them, he said, that considering the shameful way in which he had treated them during his lifetime, he deserved that they should retaliate upon him, and begged they would make him die under the blows they would minister to him with the two sticks. The poor prince, however, was saved such a death, and died before he could persuade his wife to take one of the sticks.

H. M.

A POPULAR VIEW OF NATURAL HISTORY.

BY JAMES H. FENNELL.

(*Continued from page* 185.)

NEXT to agriculturalists, horticulturalists, and gardeners, the persons to whom a knowledge of natural history, especially geographic botany and geology, is important, are those who speculate in the mineral productions of the earth. "To the neglect of this knowledge may be traced," says Dr. Hastings, "the lavish expenditure of money in many fruitless speculations. How many persons have lost their property in searching for coal in situations where the slightest regard to the principles that have been established, and the rules that have been discovered relative to the association of coal with certain stratified rocks, would have saved those individuals from ruin and misery." (*Natural History of Worcester*, p. 89.) "It is not many years since an attempt was made to establish a colliery at Bexhill, in Sussex; the appearance of thin seams, and sheets of fossil-wood and wood-coal, with some other indications similar to what occur in the neighbourhood of the great coal-beds in the north of England, having led to the sinking of a shaft, and the erection of machinery, on a scale of vast expense. Not less than £800,000 are said to have been laid out in this project, which it is almost needless to add, proved completely abortive, as every geologist would at once have declared it must: *the whole assemblage of geological facts being adverse to the existence of a regular coal-bed in the Hastings' strata*; while this, on which Bexhill is situated, is separated from the *coal measures* by a series of interposed beds, of such enormous thickness as to render all idea of penetrating through them absurd. The history of mining operations is full of similar cases, where a very moderate acquaintance with the *usual order of nature*, to say nothing of theoretical views, would have saved many a sanguine adventurer from utter ruin."—(Herschell's *Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy*.)

To *medical men*, a knowledge of the qualities of plants, and even of animals, is extremely necessary, that they may have confidence in the accuracy of their preparations and prescriptions. The importance of an acquaintance with the Jussieuian system of botany, a system founded upon certain generalized principles, is incalculable, as it invests the scientific inquirer with the means of learning the medical, the wholesome, and the injurious properties of a plant, by merely inspecting a few of its outward characters. The translator of Mirbel's *Observations on Vegetation*, when enforcing the importance of medical men possessing an acquaintance with the characters of medicinal and edible plants, places the matter in the following light: — "Suppose that from the length of a voyage, the surgeon's stock of medicines is exhausted, or that by some misfortune at sea, he is deprived of it, and that he is surrounded with a sickening and expiring crew, cast away perhaps upon some uninhabited shore, where though nature may be ever so lavish in her gifts, yet are her offerings rendered useless from the want of knowing how to employ them. Let us now fancy the medical man in possession of the almost God-like power of administering to the necessities of his half-famished fellow-creatures, arising from a knowledge of certain characters by which he is enabled to distinguish those plants which are wholesome and beneficial to man, from those which would prove deleterious. Then might we, indeed, say that—KNOWLEDGE IS POWER." (p. 64.)

In the absence of this acquired means of discriminating plants of different qualities from one another, a knowledge of the ascertained habits and properties of the various known species is highly useful to the medical man. Burnett mentions that a German botanist, having noticed the preference manifested by some species of *lichens* for certain plants, has pointed out a very useful application of this simple but valuable fact, "to aid in the discrimination of the true *Cinchona* from the spurious barks which in commerce are, either from accident or fraud, frequently

commingled with it; for he has shown that one species of *Lichen* is peculiar to, and only found on, the true officinal *Cinchona*, while the false barks with which it is adulterated, although often covered with other lichens, never bear any of this diagnostic species." (*Lecture at King's College*, March 14, 1832.)

On another occasion the same learned botanist observed, that—"A man presuming to practice medicine without a competent knowledge of the means at his disposal, and the best mode of their application, is not simply a dishonest man, for he does not, like the fraudulent tradesman, merely rob his fellow-creatures of their property, but he injures their health, and perhaps destroys their life; and if a life be lost by an ignorant practitioner, which might have been saved by one well informed, is such a death to be considered a natural death? Is it not rather one of the most cruel and cold-blooded kinds of murder? If these things be so, can we wonder that the study of plants, whence our most valuable medicines are derived, should be considered an important and essential branch of medicine? Can we any longer be surprised at the labours, immense as they are, which have been bestowed on the systematic arrangement and specific distinctions of vegetals? For a long time all our medicines were derived from the vegetal kingdom; and even now, although some important ones are of mineral origin, the majority of the most valuable and useful are vegetals, such, for example, as opium, cinchona, rhubarb, belladona, assafœtida, catechu, digitalis, myrrh, caster-oil, sarsaparilla, tobacco, &c. &c; and even iodine, which triumphs over scrofula, and threatens to conquer cancer, and even consumption, is the produce of a long-neglected plant—the Alga *inutilis* of the ancients. What a satire on the judgment of man as to the utility of the productions of nature!" (*Lecture at Chelsea Garden*, April 27, 1835.)

Dr. George Johnson observes, that the history of the common fox-glove (*Digitalis purpurea*) "might afford a practical answer to those who sneer at the pursuits of the botanist, and are continually asking, *Cui bono?*—for it grew neglected until Dr. Withering, a botanist, made known its virtues, and gave to medicine one of its most valuable auxiliaries." (*Flora of Berwick-upon-Tweed.*)

The knowledge of the fact that several species of plants assist in purifying an unwholesome atmosphere, and in correcting its humidity, thus rendering it fit for respiration, has led to the judicious system of planting trees in swampy districts, where ague, &c., prevail, and the result has been that such localities have become thoroughly salubrious. The most remarkable instance of this utility of plants in absorbing the noxious particles from a bad and unwholesome atmosphere, is the fact, that wherever the plane-tree has been cultivated in Persia, but particularly in the neighbourhood of Ispahan, the plague has disappeared.

"The knowledge of dietetics," says Pennant, "is a necessary branch of medicine, as by a proper attention to it, an obstinate distemper may be eradicated, when common remedies have failed; but this can never be attained without the study of zoology, which assists us greatly in learning the different qualities of animal food, and how far a difference of nutriment may contribute to cure the disease." (*British Zoology*, vol. i. preface.

How, too, shall a medical man possess the skill of applying the proper remedies to the injuries inflicted on his patients, by different animals, without possessing some degree of knowledge with regard to their being of a venomous nature or otherwise. And, again, how is he to destroy such animals as are parasitic to the human race, without being acquainted with the history of each species, as it is improbable that what may be fatal to one or more species, will be so to all, as the generality possess, most likely, peculiar natures, and consequently require different means for their destruction. Let me instance the case of Mary Riordan, who continued to vomit living myriads of the churchyard beetle (*Blaps mortisaga*,) in the grub and perfect state, in spite of Doctors Pickells, Herrick, and Thompson, until at length, after the expiration of several years, they discovered an effectual remedy in copious doses of turpentine. (See Rennie's *Insect Transformations*).

To acquire a correct and comprehensive knowledge of human anatomy, an investigation of the structure of the inferior animals, or comparative anatomy, is almost indispensable; but to fully comprehend the uses of the different members, some attention to their voluntary motions is requisite. We may form very plausible conjectures of the functions performed by the singular members which we may observe in some skeleton or other; but we are not justified in declaring what are positively their functions, unless we have observed the actions of the living animal. Naturalists have made many *guesses* respecting the use of the serrated claw of the night-jar, (*Phalænivora Europæus*); but they will never arrive at any satisfactory conclusion, until they have actually *seen* how it is employed by the living bird.

Architects have drawn rather largely upon nature, for models and decorations for their buildings. Imitations of real shells and plants are often employed, with great propriety and effect, as architectural ornaments; and it must be pleasing to all lovers of nature to observe that the Sphinxes, Centaurs, and other fabulous monstrosities, are giving

way to natural objects, which, unlike those ridiculous absurdities, add to the beauty of a building, and gratify both the eye and the mind of the beholder. "What rational pleasure or instruction," says a writer in the *Edinburgh Journal of Natural History*, "can a reflecting people derive from the representations of beings which never had an existence, except in the imaginations of heathen nations? Can there be any really solid taste in admiring a hippogriff, a pegasus, a phœnix, a griffon, a dragon, and fifty more such fictitious animals, which have so long held sway in the ornamental parts of architecture? To the mere student of antiquities, who knows nothing of the beauties of creation, these may call up certain associations; but they are looked at, thrown aside, and treated with contempt by the lover of nature. As natural history consists in an accumulation of facts, and as it is the province and delight of the disciples of nature to trace the true character of every object in nature; so everything which is detected as departing from the truth, must create disgust rather than pleasure in those who are accustomed to search after her beauties.

Of all architectural forms, the foliated Corinthian capital is, perhaps, the most elegant and natural in its appearance, and for this architecture is said to be indebted to the casual observance of an accidental arrangement of the leaves of the plant called *Acanthus*. Callimachus, the celebrated sculptor, took the hint for it, according to Vitravius, by observing near the tomb of a young lady a basket of offerings, covered with a tile, and which had been placed there by her nurse, over a root of *Acanthus*, which, as it grew upwards, encompassed the basket, and having reached the tile, descended under the cover of it, forming a kind of volute; and thus did the basket suggest the vase of the capital, the tile the abacus, and the leaves the volute.

It is thought that a horse-chesnut, with its rind partially slit, and thus showing an eliptic portion of the enclosed nut, was the prototype for the echinus-moulding which runs under the volutes of the Pompeian specimens of Ionic architecture. (See *Pompeii*, in the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*, p. 322.)

Doxius, who was the first to build clay-houses, is said to have taken the idea for them from observing the mud-built nests of the swallow. *(To be continued.)*

The Chinese, when going on voyages, provide themselves with a very simple means of preservation in the event of a shipwreck. This consists of four spars joined together so as to form a square hollow frame, which being put below the arms, easily supports a person floating in the sea.

THE NEW ART.—PHOTOGRAPHY.

(Continued from page 281.)

6.—*To take a Photographic Copy on Box-wood.*

Place the smooth side of a block of box-wood in a shallow dish or plate, containing a solution of salt, twenty grains to an ounce of water. When it has remained in it for about five minutes, take it out and dry it, and then put the same side in another plate containing *sixty grains of nitrate of silver, dissolved in an ounce of water*. After the elapse of a minute, take it out, and dry it. It will then, on exposure to light, assume a fine brown colour. If it be again immersed in each solution, for a few seconds only, it will become so sensitive, as to be affected by a very slight degree of light. To obtain a drawing of a view, or a copy of a picture, &c. proceed with the prepared block, precisely according to the instructions already given for using the photographic paper. In this manner, a drawing upon a block may be most expeditiously obtained, and without the services of a draughtsman. It only needs the wood-engraver.

7.—*To take a Photographic Copy on Ivory, Horn, &c.*

We are not aware of this having been done yet; but as animal substances are soon discoloured by the nitrate of silver, there can be no doubt of the practicability of obtaining photographic drawings upon them. For this purpose, proceed according to the instructions in the preceding paragraph.

8.—*Photographic Engravings on Pewter, Copper, Stone, and Glass.*

M. Niepce, of Châlons-sur-Saône, who as early as 1814 engaged in photographic experiments, arrived in England, in September 1824, and having exhibited to Mr. Francis Bauer, several interesting specimens of images, fixed by the action of light, upon polished pewter plates, and impressions on paper, taken from those plates, after they had been prepared by his chemical process, this gentleman advised M. Niepce to submit specimens, and a memoir on the subject, to the notice of the Royal Society. M. Niepce accordingly wrote a memoir, bearing date December 8th, 1827; but some of the influential Fellows being opposed to its being read before the Society, without the secret of the process being explained in it, returned him his specimens and memoir, after keeping them several weeks under consideration. Of this memoir, Mr. Bauer has recently published a translation, from which we learn the powers and effects of M. Niepce's process, but nothing concerning the chemical agency employed. All that we can collect from the memoir, is that he obtained permanent and faithful images of objects on pewter, copper, and stone, by means of the camera obscura

and the action of light. "My photographic designs made on pewter plates and framed," he confesses, "are much too weak in tone. This defect arises from the light not contrasting sufficiently with the shades, owing to the metallic reflection. It would be easy to remedy this, by giving more whiteness and more brightness to the parts representing the effects of light, and receiving the impression of this fluid [the light] upon metal plated with silver, well polished, and burnished; for then the contrast between the white and black, would be so much more marked, and the latter colour, by being rendered more intense by means of some chemical agent, would lose that brilliant reflection which is disagreeable to the sight, and produces even an effect of dimness." M. Niepce then mentions, that, after having operated on the plate, it is sufficient to blacken, slightly, the part engraved on, and place it on white paper to obtain a strong impression. It must be observed, that, although M. Niepce obtained impressions on his plates by the action of the light, yet this was not the means employed to obtain copies of them on paper, for at the commencement of his memoir he informs us that impressions of the objects on the plates were to be produced "*according to the known process of engraving.*" In the course of his brief memoir he says, that he thinks *glass* would be, perhaps, preferable to pewter, copper, and stone.

A French paper states that M. Niepce succeeded, some years afterwards, in *fixing* his images, so that they resisted external agents.

M. Niepce has been dead some years, and nothing seems distinctly known to the public, concerning the kind of chemicals he used in his process. But some impressions from his pewter plates are still in existence, and are reported to be quite as perfect as M. Daguerre's photographic drawings are described to be. Mr. Bauer still possesses several specimens, which he kindly offers to show to any artists or scientific gentlemen who will call at his house, (*Eglantine Cottage, Kew Green*). Whatever secrecy may hang over M. Niepce's chemical preparation, there is no doubt that engravings or etchings on plates of pewter, copper, and glass, or slabs of stone, may yet be copied on photographic paper, placed inside a camera obscura, whose lens is directed towards their engraved surfaces.

Indeed, Mr. Nichol, a lithographer, exhibited, at a meeting of the *Society for the Encouragement of the Useful Arts*, held in Edinburgh on the seventeenth of last month, a stone on which he had obtained a photographic copy of an engraving, by coating the surface of the stone with *phosphate* of silver, and then, having placed the engraving upon it, exposing the whole to the light.

(*To be continued.*)

CAUBUL AND ITS DEPENDENCIES.

On looking over an outspread map, there is no portion on its surface which sooner catches the eye, or arrests the attention, than that of the old continent of Asia. This arises partly from the majestic and venerable antiquity which attaches to every object that falls under our observation, and partly from the important historical events of which it has in all ages been the theatre. There is no section of that old world whose soil is not encumbered with some vast relic of mysterious ancientness—there is no quarter but is strewn with remains of dislocated grandeur—nor is there any which is not signally marked, as having been the site of some great event in history. Yet are those histories which appertain to it, to the sorrow of humanity be it said, histories for the most part of anarchy, cruelty, and profligate bloodshed. For out of these regions is it, that the greatest oppressors of the human race have arisen. Zenghis Khan—Bajazet—Tamerlane—men who rose up and "went forth conquering and to conquer;" and who, for the mere sake of territorial aggrandisement, carried their exterminating army to such extremes, and so mowed down the thousands of the human race, that at those periods, (as hath been energetically observed,) "the sun of manhood seemed setting in seas of blood." And appaling indeed must it have been, (and earnestly is it to be prayed that the like may never again recur,) to have beheld in his day such a warrior as Tamerlane, glittering in his steel, with his battle-axe on his shoulder, and piling up his pyramid of seventy thousand human skulls!

We have been led to this retrospect of the terrible effects of Asiatic warfare, seeing that at this season her broad plains are again threatened, as in those days, to be deluged with the blood of her children, and her otherwise quiet seats and pleasant places again likely to be mercilessly desolated.

But apart from political considerations—apart from scenes of tribulation and war—it is our present desire to direct the attention of our readers more particularly to that quarter of Asia on which at this moment all eyes are intently fixed—to lay before them an account of the kingdom of Caubul, and of the countries which are subject to its sovereignty; and that, too, as they exist in their present and undisturbed condition—before the rude hand of war has desecrated its dwellings, or broken in upon the blessed quietude of the Affghan shepherd; while his cattle and steeds yet feed uninterruptedly beside their "green pastures and still waters," not having as yet heard "the shouting of the captains or the trumpet," and before the borders of his land shake under the drums and tramplings of conquests.

It is with no little degree of difficulty, that the limits or boundaries of the great kingdom

of Caubul are to be fixed. In former times, the countries under the sovereignty of the king of Caubul covered an immense circumference. But this once vast empire has of late undergone a considerable diminution, and been much shorne of its fair dimensions, owing to the distracted and anarchical state of the government. There is only one certain method by which to form anything of a correct notion as to what countries are without doubt under the sovereignty of the king, and that is, wheresoever the king is prayed for in the Mahommedan service, and where his name is also inscribed on the current coin. According to the latest and most accurate geographical estimates, the kingdom of Caubul comprehends the immense territories of Affghanistaun and Segistan, with part of Khorasan and Makran: Balk, with Tokarestaun Kilan: Kuttore, Caubul, Candahar, Sindy, and Cashmere; together with a portion of Lahore, and the greater part of Moultan. The whole population of this vast district cannot be under fourteen millions, of which population (putting aside the miscellaneous Indian tribes) the Affghauns contribute more than four millions. This people, which constitute the most powerful and effective part of the king of Caubul's subjects, we shall notice separately, and more at large, in succeeding articles. At present our subject lies with Caubul—the head-quarters of the kingdom.

We had remarked in our outset, that no part of the old Asiatic continent was without some relic of antiquity. With these, Caubul, and the countries which encompass it, are everywhere overstrown. The mystery which envelopes them is as great as that which rests upon the Pyramids, or the Round Towers of Ireland. One of the most remarkable of these altogether inexplicable buildings is that which meets the traveller at Manikyala. It is called by the singular name of "a Tope," and is an immense mound of massive masonry, as much like Grecian architecture as any building which an European in remote parts of the country could now construct by the hands of unpractised native builders. It was some years back opened by M. Ventura, an agent in Runjeet Singh's army. By him there were several relics found of value, and of curious workmanship. They were most of them found to consist of three cylindrical boxes; one of gold, another of pewter, (or some mixed metal,) and a third of iron. These were cased in one another, and placed in a chamber, cut in a large block of stone, at the foundation of the pile. In addition to these, many coins and reliques were also found; and the people affirmed that some human bones had been disinterred. It is of a doom-like shape, and standing as it does almost central, on a broad, spacious plain, it is to be seen at a distance of sixteen miles.—There is doubtless much room here for antiquarian research. There is another of very remarkable antiquity, which lies on the road to Caubul: it is in a very decayed state; and numbers, of similar structute and dimensions, are to be seen scattered over the Punjaub. They are all like the one at Manikyala, and all go by the name of Topes or Mounds. They generally run one hundred feet high, some much more. The natives can give no further tradition save that they are "Topes." Two are to be seen which are in a perfect state of preservation; one is in the Khyber pass, about 18 miles distant, and another also at Belur, both of which are loftier and larger than that at Manikyala. The most probable conjecture is, that these buildings are the cemeteries of kings; since they are all built with a chamber in the centre of the pile.

Caubul may be approached by as many as five different roads; but that which leads by the river is perhaps the best and pleasantest. Travelling across the beautiful plain of Peshawur, you at length arrive at the river of Caubul, which is crossed by a most curious kind of apparatus, and which indeed affords a most frail and unsafe mode of transport. This is a raft, supported by inflated skins; and the river, though it is not wide, is yet very rapid, and merchandise is never sent by this route. Travellers, as they proceed over the plains, are in continual dread of the pestilential Simoom, which is not unfrequently fatal in its effects. The remedy adopted in such cases is remarkable. With great violence, copious streams of water are poured into the mouth, a plan which sometimes is found successful, and a fire kindled near the patient has a good effect. As he is recovering, sugar and the dried plums of Bokhara are beneficially administered.

Caubul is a most bustling city. Imagine to yourself the busiest part of London, and you will have an exact notion of the noise created there. One of its chief attractions is its great Bazaar, which is distinguished for its painted roof, and its glittering display of silk cloths and embroidery. The number of shops for the sale of dried fruits is noticeable; and grapes, pears, and apples, and even the melons of the by-gone season, may be bought there ten months old. Shops and bazaars of all kinds, and of every trade, are to be met with at Caubul.

The grape is converted into singular uses by the people of Caubul. They use its juice in roasting meat, and during meals have grape-powder as a pickle. This is effected by pounding the grapes while in their crude unripe state, after drying them. It has, however, a very agreeable acid flavour. They dry them also as raisins, and use much grape syrup. A pound of grapes sells for a half-penny.

In Caubul neither the sight nor sound of

a wheeled carriage is either to be seen or heard. A great number of horses are annually sold in the north of India, under the name of Caubul horses, but almost the whole in truth come from Turchestan. No horses in fact are bred at Caubul, except by men of property. These of Heraut are carried to other countries. But great numbers are bred at Balik, in the Caubul dominions. The country being destitute of navigable rivers, and not adapted to wheeled carriages, commerce is carried on by beasts of burden: of these, camels are found to be the best, from their strength and endurance of thirst. The country parts are much infested by predatory tribes, and great precautions are obliged to be taken to cover a line of march, and defend a caravan.

The streets of Caubul are not very narrow, and are kept in good condition during the dry weather: they are intersected by small covered aqueducts of water, which, to the population in general, afford very great convenience. Caubul is, on the whole, a compactly-built city, but its houses cannot be certainly dignified by the epithet "elegant;" the greater part of them are constructed of sun-dried bricks and wood, and few of them are to be seen whose altitude exceeds two stories high. It is, however, densely peopled in every part, and contains a population of upwards of sixty thousand souls. The river of Caubul passes through the city; and Burnes learnt a tradition, which stated that the city had been thrice inundated by its waters.

Elphinstone says, that the principal foreign trade of the kingdom of Caubul is with India, Persia, and Toorkestan. The exports to India are chiefly horses, furs, shawls, madder, tobacco, almonds, walnuts, nuts, and fruits. One of their principal exports is shawls, which are worn by every man in India who can afford to buy them. The principal imports from India are coarse cotton cloths, (worn by the common people of the whole kingdom), muslins, silken cloth, and brocade and indigo in great quantities.

Truly enchanting indeed are the gardens about Caubul. The variety and number of its fruits and trees is great. Peaches, plums, and apricots, in all their bloom and ripeness; pears, apples, mulberries, and vines, are all to be seen congregated in the compass of a single garden. But that which is pre-eminent above the rest, and is reckoned the finest in Caubul, is that called the King's Garden, laid out by Timour Shah.

The tomb of the Emperor Baber is interesting as a relic. His cemetery, with its running clear stream and fragrant flowers, is the great holiday resort of the Caubul people. His Commentaries are a description of Caubul. These are his own words regarding Caubul: "The climate is extremely delightful, and there is no such other place in the known world." And elsewhere he cries out in a strain of delight and exultation, "Drink wine in the citadel of Caubul, and send round the cup without stopping, for it is at once a mountain, a sea, a town and a desert!"— W. ANDREW.

The Gatherer.

The magnificent State Coach of Russia was built in Long Acre, in 1762, by order of the imbecile Emperor, Peter the Third, but his deposition and death precluded his use of it; it was finished for the Empress Catherine II., and excited at the time general admiration. The harness with gilded buckles cost £1,300, and the whole was finished with the greatest elegance. It was first used at her coronation at Moscow, November 3d, in that year.

The English were contented to dedicate their churches to Saint John or Saint James; not so the Welsh, the church at Llangollen being dedicated to Saint Collen ap Gwynnawg ap Clydawg ap Cowdra ap Catadog Freichfras ap Lleyr Merim ap Einion Yrth ap Cunedda Wledig!

Remorse.—Let not the guilty man who may now be enjoying the pleasant sunshine of prosperity, flatter himself that he shall escape a self-inflicted punishment for guilt. When adversity comes, remorse, with its poisonous fangs, begins to gnaw at the heart of its victim.

F. J. Haydn, was born in 1732, at Rhorau, a small town forty miles distant from Vienna, lies buried at the foot of the steps leading up from St. Rupert's little Cathedral to the chapel and cell of St. Maximus, at Salzburg; his head, enclosed in a black marble urn, is placed in a monument erected to him in the neighbouring church of the Benedictines.

Traffic of the Metropolis.—A statement has just been published by the Marylebone vestry, in connexion with the experimental paving of Oxford-street, which will give the reader some idea of the immense traffic in the streets of London. The following is a copy of the statement alluded to:—On Wednesday, the 16th of January, from six in the morning until 12 at night.—By the Pantheon, 347 gentlemen's two-wheel carriages, 935 four-wheel, 890 omnibuses, 621 two-wheel and 752 four-wheel hackney carriages, 91 stage coaches, 372 waggons and drays, 1,497 light carts and sundries. Total, 5,515.—By Stafford-place, on Friday, the 18th of January, the total is, 4,753, out of which, 1,213 were omnibuses; on Tuesday, the 22nd of the same month, by Newman-street, the total was 6,992! and on Saturday, by Stafford-place, the total is stated to be 5 943.

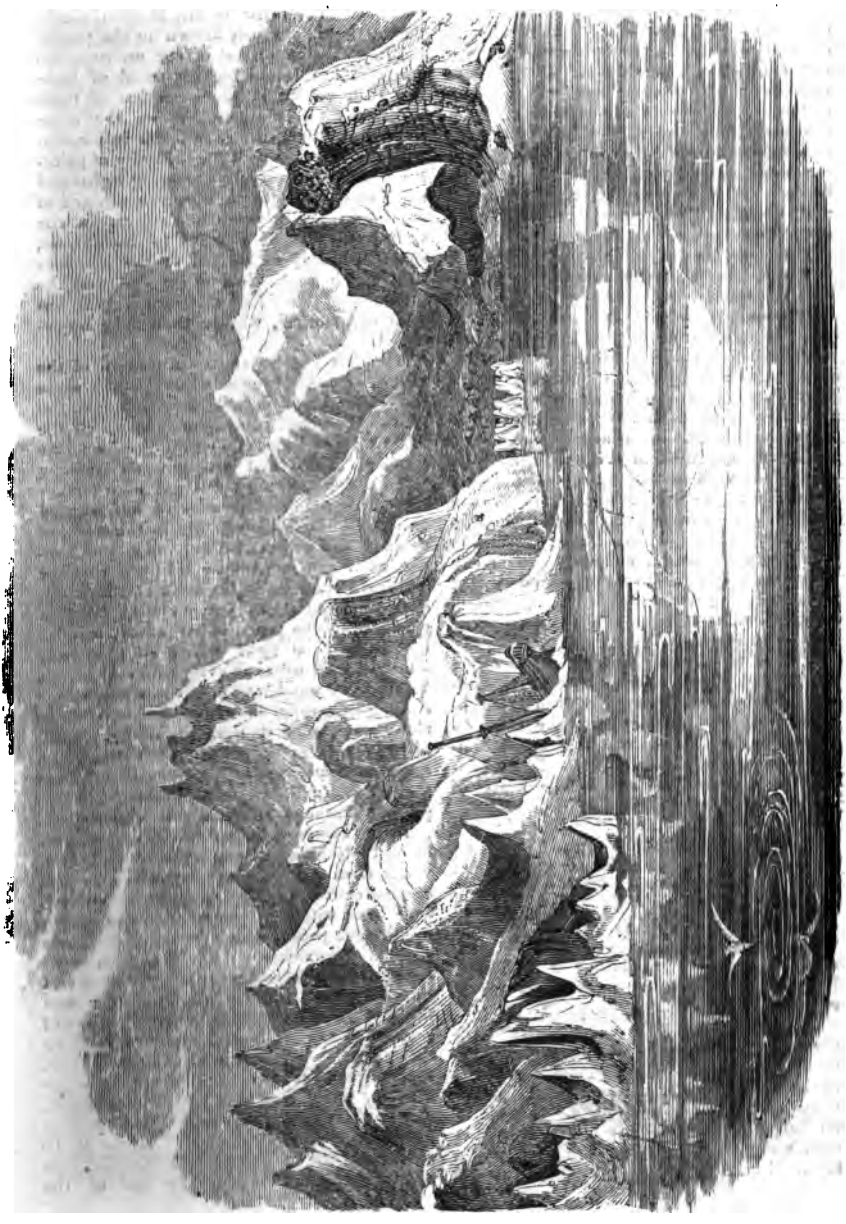
LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.—In PARIS, by all the Booksellers.—In FRANCFORT, CHARLES JUGEL.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 950.] SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1839. [Price 2*d*.



THE MODELLED PANORAMIC VIEW OF MOUNT HECLA,
AT THE SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

THE MAGNIFICENTLY-MODELLED PANORAMA OF MOUNT HECLA,

THE CELEBRATED BURNING MOUNTAIN OF ICELAND.

CERTAINLY, it is impossible a more gratifying or truly intellectual treat can be offered to the notice of the public, and particularly of the juvenile part, than what is daily to be witnessed at the *Surrey Zoological Gardens*.—The splendid collection of animals—the beauty, stillness, and salubrity of the gardens; with the brilliant effect of the newly-erected picture of Mount Hecla, all combine to charm the eye, and enliven the understanding of the astonished beholder. It is a gratifying reflection, that such unexampled exertions meet with commensurate success.

For some time after the opening of these Gardens, they were confined to the exhibition of animals, and a display of rare and beauteous shrubs and flowers. But two years since, an entirely original attempt was made to employ, to the utmost advantage, the unequalled capabilities which they possess, by producing an exhibition, that should unite in itself the attractions of a panorama, upon a most extensive scale, and executed in a peculiar manner, combined with a display of pyrotechnic art of the most splendid description, These objects were successfully accomplished in the representation of Mount Vesuvius, which was then constructed, and embodied in one scene the varying features presented by that volcano during the periods of its fertile serenity, and when convulsed by the devastating fury of an eruption.

The universal admiration which this called forth, and the continued success that attended it for two seasons, induced the proprietor of the Gardens to make arrangements for the production of a second exhibition of a similar character, but differing altogether in its subject and in the mode of handling.

The region fixed upon was Iceland; and the immediate site that of Mount Hecla, its most famous Volcano, with several miles of the savage and desolate country at its foot; a locality which has excited the astonishment and curiosity of travellers for ages, and one which offers as fine a vehicle for the display of the artists' powers, as any which could have been selected throughout the whole range of scenes of this description.

The representation is not a panorama, in the sense in which that word is commonly used, but more properly a modelled picture, as each part is first constructed of the proper shape, and afterwards combined so as to form an harmonious whole. It is of stupendous size, completely occupying one side of the lake, and covering a space of several thousand square feet. The scale is that of a quarter of an inch to a foot, and this immense tableau comprehends a view of many miles in extent. The sketches and models have all been made from the drawings of various travellers taken on the spot, and it is consequently an accurate transcript of the scene it is intended to pourtray. The artist is Mr. Danson, a gentleman advantageously known to the public, by his works in several of our metropolitan theatres, but whose highest meed of fame has been gained by the execution of these gigantic representations. When the enormous amount of surface is taken into consideration, together with the difficulty of painting to suit the constantly-changing lights and shadows of daylight in the open air, and of converting the incongruous objects in the vicinity into useful adjuncts to the illusion, some idea may be formed of the obstacles with which he has had to contend, and the greatness of the artistical triumph that has been surmounted, will be then fully appreciated.

The view first arrests the attention of the visiter, on looking towards the opposite verge of the ornamental lake, while standing on the side of the glazed conservatory, in which the beautiful collection of lions, tigers, &c., are confined. The first emotion on turning towards the spot, must be that of astonishment, that such a scene of wild and rugged barrenness should be existing in the midst of summer, and within a mile of the city of London, as it can scarcely be believed that the landscape there beheld is not a stern reality, or that so complete an illusion could have been produced by the pencil of an artist, unaided by the artificial light which so materially assists similar works in every other situation. When, after wandering over the whole of the chilling landscape, and the eye has time attentively to examine its minuter details, the admirable manner in which each has been made to contribute to the general effect of the whole, will be found deserving equal praise with the execution of the large masses.

In the centre of the picture, the most prominent object is, of course, Mount Hecla, which rises in rugged majesty from amidst a scene of corresponding barrenness. Its summit is crowned with perpetual snow, and is broken into jugged peaks, which are the precipitous sides of an immense and fearful chasm, forming the crater. Its sides are covered with vast tracts of snow and icy glaciers, here and there obtruded upon by a projecting mass of rock or solid lava, fearful evidence, that although all now appears so cold and pure, there lurks beneath fierce elements of combustion, which may at any time burst forth, and by their fury render even this appalling region more terrible. Mount Hecla is 18 miles from the sea-coast, in the south-western part of Iceland; at the foot of the

mountain is the river Weak, or Rangan, the bed of which consists of large masses of lava. Hecla has three summits, of which the central is the highest. The whole consists of volcanic masses, loose grit and ashes. The crater is not much over 100 feet deep. Since 1004, 24 eruptions are said to have taken place, of which the latest were those in 1766, in 1818, and in 1823. A hot vapour issues from various small openings near the top; and the thermometer, which in the air stands below the freezing point, will rise, when set on the ground, to 120, or even 150 degrees. Sir Joseph Banks visited the mountain in 1772, and Sir George Mackenzie in 1810. From the summit there is an extensive view, two-fifths of the island being visible, as the country is level, except where a *jocul* or glacier intervenes.

The mountains on either side, clothed with perpetual snow, are called *yokuls*, and of these the great one, called Snæfell, is represented in the extreme distance of the above Painting. It is 4560 feet high; and although now extinct, was formerly a volcano of most destructive force, situated on the hem of a tongue of land, dividing the two great bays or inlets of Bræde-fiord and Faxe-fiord, and from its graceful form, its height, and commanding situation, is a most remarkable feature of the geography of Iceland. Its base is purely basaltic, and the contract of its streams of lava with the columns of the basalt, and the ferocity with which subterraneous fires have broken and tossed about all the country in its immediate neighbourhood, have produced a scene of the most wild and picturesque confusion. This yokul appears to have been entirely formed by repeated eruptions of lava, &c., from one crater; but the whole surface of the ground, near it, must have been burst in many places at once, as it is thrown up into innumerable little pyramidical heaps of scoriæ and ashes, each of which has probably been the centre of a distinct volcanic action, executing its force at different periods of time.

The fore-ground represents icebergs, with broken masses of ice, projecting their hoary peaks out of the water, in all sorts of fantastic forms; between which, a stranded ship is seen wedged, which fills up the foreground of this magnificently-grand production, presenting one of the most illusive efforts of art ever beheld.

The Geysers, or Boiling Fountains, are objects which at all times must attract the attention of the observer. The Great Geyser rises from a tunnel-shaped basin, lined and edged with silicious depositions. The emissions generally take place at intervals of six hours, preceded by a rumbling noise or loud report, like that of artillery, with an agitation of the ground. The hot springs, near the habitable parts, are used for economical purposes; food is dressed over them, and, in some places, huts are built over small fountains to form steam-baths. In other parts are seen caldrons of boiling mud, emitting sulphureous exhalations.

To form a correct opinion of the above display of scenic art, it must be seen—the delusion being so masterly handled—when the spectator will imperceptibly imagine himself in the midst of the grand but inhospitable shores of Iceland.

We are indebted for some of the above remarks, to a descriptive pamphlet, which may be had at the doors of the Gardens.

SAY NOT THAT LOVE GROWS COLD.

BY ANDREW PARK,

Author of "The Queen of Merry England," &c. &c.

(For the Mirror.)

Say not that love grows cold;
First say, the sun looks old,
And that the planets die!
Then if thou art so bold;
When the untruth is told,
Let echo answer—"Lie!"

Love always shall endure,
If first the flame was pure,
It glows in truth for ever!
Its hold on life is sure;
In death it has no cure—
List! echo answers—"Never!"

What stronger grows with age?
Ask of the thought-worn sage,—
Ask saints above,—
Ask Nature's varied page—
Ask man in every stage,
And echo answers—"Love!"

There is a love that dies;
A love, the wise despise!
A love—a lust for gold!
It puts on wings and flies,
And echo now replies—
"That love grows cold!"

OLD FOLKS.

TOUJOURS LE MEME CHOSE.

(For the Mirror.)

The world one scene is e'er the same,
All but the time, the place, the name:
Let who will fall, or who may rise,
The throng and bustle never dies.
The sun's-light gleams on nothing new—
New ideas bring the old to view.
The mind invention but displays
The schemes and thoughts of by-gone days:
Hence sordid souls I'll let it pass,
With cheerful friend enjoy my glass,
Nor envy those who do not know
They've liv'd some thousand years ago!

THEODOSIUS PURLAND.

STANZAS.

(For the Mirror.)

When gathering clouds in diverse forms arise,
And close between us and the god of day,
Tho' we no longer track him thro' the skies,
Yet other worlds behold his yellow ray.

So, to the virtuous is their day of strife;
Tho' clouds obscure their modest efforts here,
They find, when parted from the toils of life,
Their worth has shone upon a better sphere.

H. F.

REMARKABLE DREAMS.

(*Continued from page* 260.)

A GENTLEMAN in Edinburgh, was affected with aneurism of the popliteal artery (that is, a rupture of the principal blood-vessel of the ham); for which he was under the care of two eminent surgeons; and the day was fixed for an operation. About two days before the time appointed for it, the wife of the patient dreamt that a change had taken place in the disease, in consequence of which the operation would not be required. On examining the tumor in the morning, the gentleman was astonished to find that the pulsation had entirely ceased; and, in short, this turned out to be a spontaneous cure. To persons not acquainted with surgery, it may be right to mention, that the cure of popliteal aneurism without an operation is a very uncommon occurrence;—not happening in one out of numerous instances, and never to be looked upon as probable in any individual case. It is likely, however, that the lady had heard of the possibility of such a termination; and that her anxiety had very naturally embodied this into a dream. The fulfilment of the dream at the very time when the event took place, is certainly a very remarkable coincidence.

The following anecdote also, I am enabled to give (on the authority of Dr. Abercrombie) as entirely authentic. A lady dreamt that an aged female relative had been murdered by a black servant; and the dream occurred more than once. She was then so impressed by it, that she went to the house of the lady to whom it related; and prevailed upon a gentleman to watch in an adjoining room during the following night. About three o'clock in the morning, the gentleman, hearing footsteps on the stairs, left his place of concealment, and met the servant carrying up a quantity of coals. Being questioned as to where he was going, he replied, in a confused and hurried manner, that he was going to mend his mistress's fire; which, at three o'clock in the morning, in the middle of summer, was evidently impossible; and, on further investigation, a strong knife was found concealed beneath the coals.

Another lady dreamt that a boy, her nephew, had been drowned along with some young companions, with whom he had engaged to go on a sailing excursion in the Firth of Forth. She sent for him in the morning; and with much difficulty prevailed upon him to give up his engagement. His companions went, and were all drowned.

A gentleman dreamt that the devil carried him down to the bottom of a coal-pit; where he threatened to burn him, unless he would agree to give himself up to his service. This he refused to do; and a warm altercation followed. He was at last allowed to depart, upon condition of sending down an individual whom the devil named,—a worthless character, well known in the neighbourhood. A few days afterwards, this person was found drowned; and under circumstances which gave every reason to believe that his death had been voluntary.

A lady in Edinburgh had sent her watch to be repaired. A long time elapsed without her being able to recover it; and, after many excuses, she began to suspect that something was wrong. She now dreamt that the watch-maker's boy, by whom the watch was sent, had dropped it in the street, and injured it in such a manner, that it could not be repaired. She then went to the master; and, without any allusion to her dream, put the question to him directly; when he confessed that it was true.

Such coincidences derive their wonderful character from standing alone; and apart from those numerous instances in which such dreams take place without any fulfilment. An instance of a very singular kind, is mentioned by Mr. Joseph Taylor; and is given by him as an undoubted fact. A young man, who was at an academy a hundred miles from home, dreamt that he went to his father's house in the night-time; tried the front door; but found it locked; got in by a back door; and, finding nobody out of bed, went directly to the bed-room of his parents. He then said to his mother, whom he found awake, "Mother, I am going a long journey; and am come to bid you good bye." On this she answered, under much agitation, "O dear son, thou art dead!" He instantly awoke, and thought no more of his dream; until a few days afterwards, he received a letter from his father, inquiring very anxiously after his health, in consequence of a frightful dream his mother had had, on the same night in which the dream now mentioned occurred to him. She dreamt that she heard some one attempt to open the front-door; then go to the back-door; and at last come into her bed-room. She then saw it was her son; who came to the side of her bed, and said,—"Mother, I am going a long journey; and am come to bid you good bye;" on which she exclaimed,—"O dear son, thou art dead!" But nothing unusual happened to any of the parties. The singular dream must have originated in some strong mental impression, which had been made on both the individuals about the same time; and to have traced the source of it would have been a subject of great interest.

On a similar principle we are to account for some of the stories of second sight. A gentleman sitting by the fire on a stormy night, and anxious about some of his domestics who are at sea in a boat, drops asleep for a few seconds; dreams very naturally of

drowning men; and starts up with the exclamation that his boat is lost. If the boat return in safety, the vision is no more thought of. If it be lost, as is very likely to happen, the story passes for second sight; and is, in fact, one of the anecdotes that are given as the most authentic instances of it.

It is unnecessary to multiply examples of the fulfilment of dreams on the principles which have now been mentioned; but I am induced to add the following, as it is certainly of a very interesting kind; and as Dr. Abercrombie vouches for its being entirely authentic in all its particulars. A most respectable clergyman, in a country parish of Scotland, made a collection at his church for an object of public benevolence, in which he felt deeply interested. The amount of the collection, which was received in ladles carried through the church, fell greatly short of his expectation; and, during the evening of the day, he frequently alluded to this, with expressions of much disappointment. The following night he dreamt that three one-pound notes had been left in one of the ladles; having been so compressed by the money which had been thrown in above them, that they had stuck in the corner when the ladle was emptied.* He was so impressed by the dream, that, at an early hour in the morning, he went to the church, found the ladle which he had seen in his dream, and drew from one of the corners of it three one-pound notes. This interesting case is perhaps capable of explanation upon simple principles. The possibility of the ladle not having been fully emptied may have darted across his mind, and this impression may then have been embodied in a dream. N. R.

* These ladles are partially covered over.

THE WORSHIP OF THE DOG

May be traced to remote antiquity. In *Egypt* it was prevalent; and in Bruce's Travels we find that the *Kowas*, or watch-dog of the skies, is venerated in *Abyssinia*; not only was he raised by the ancients to a conspicuous station in the heavens, but he was placed as the deep-mouthed guardian of the infernal regions. In Hindu and Siamese mythology a portion of hell is given over to his power.

This singular species of worship was once openly professed by many Indo-chinese tribes, but now slight remnants of it alone remain. Thus amongst the Siamese there are many persons, who, on undertaking a journey, or upon any unusual occasion, invoke the great dog to avert all evil from them. The people of *Salang* had statues of this dog, the last of which was, it is said, carried off by some Malays. There is little doubt that the Malays also were once infected by this superstition, and it is worthy of notice, that although so many centuries have elapsed since they were converted to Muhammedanism, yet it is curious to observe the large number of their former superstitious observances, which they still retain and cling to, although denounced by Muhammed.

The Naturalist.

To the Editor of the Mirror.

Sir,—The commencement of the year 1834 was a season of unusual mildness and precocity. A short notice of several natural phenomena, registered at Barton-under-Needwood, in the county of Stafford, was, at the time, inserted in one of the periodicals, by an ingenious and amiable observer now no more. The Spring of last year (1838) was of directly opposite character: it may, therefore, be interesting to contrast the dates of the same occurrences, happening at these two different periods, and observed in the same locality. I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

May, 1839. W. L. Beynon.

1838.	1834.	
March 2	Feb. 23	Rooks begin to build.
5	Jan. 1	Galanthus nivalis, bl. (Snow-drop.)
7	Feb. 11	Draba verna, bl. (Whitlow-grass.)
8	Jan. 1	Senecio vulgaris, bl. (Groundsel.)
..	Feb. 20	Corylus avellana, bl. (Hasel.)
9	Jan. 1	Anemone hepatica, bl.
..	11	Primula polyanthus, bl.
..	Feb. 11	Stellaria media, bl. (Chick-weed.)
..	Jan. 1	Blackbird begins to whistle.
11	3	Crocus vernus, bl.
..	1	Daphne mezereum, bl.
..	.....	Primula vulgaris, bl. (Primrose.)
13	.....	Bellis perennis, bl. (Daisy.)
..	Feb. 20	Frogs appear and croak.
20	15	Ficaria verna, bl. (Pile-wort.)
27	March 1	Bat first observed.
28	Jan. 1	Viola adorata, bl. (Sweet Violet.)
..	.....	Veronica agrestis, bl. (Speedwell.)
30	March 2	Mercurialis perennis, bl. (Dog's Mercury.)
..	.....	Fragraria oterilis, bl. (Barren Strawberry.)
..	Feb. 28	Cardamine hirsuta, bl. (Land-cress.)
..	Jan. 26	Tussilago farfara, bl. (Colt's-foot.)
..	Feb. 18	Prunus armeniaca, bl. (Apricot.)
..	Jan. 1	Pyrus Japonicus, bl.
April 2	Feb. 10	(Narcissus pseudo-narcissus, bl. (Daffodil.)
9	Jan. 1	Leontodon taraxaci, bl. (Dandelion.)
10	Feb. 15	Lamium purpureum, bl. (Red Dead Nettle.)
11	Jan. 2	Lamium album, bl. (White Dead Nettle.)
..	1	Ulex europoeus, bl. (Gorse.)
..	20	Thlaspi bursa pastoris, bl. (Shepherd's-purse.)
..	March 1	Ulmus campestris, bl. (Elm.)
14	Feb. 28	Cerastium vulgatum, bl. (Mouse-ear.)
..	March 1	Glechoma hederacea, bl. (Ground-ivy.)
.	14	Fusillago petasites, bl.
..	1	Hyacinthus orientalis, bl.
15	6	Anemone nemoralis, bl. (Wood-anemone.)
18	Feb. 18	Arabis thaliana, bl. (Wall-cress.)
22	March 6	Primula veris, bl. (Primrose.)
25	Feb. 15	Caltha palustris, bl. (Meadow-bolt.)
30	April 22	Cookoo heard.
May 3	Jan. 20	Prunus spinosa, bl. (Blackthorn.)
5	March 13	Cardamine pratensis, bl. (Lady-smock.)
..	18	Scilla nutans, bl. (Blue-bell.)
..	28	Erysimum alliaria, bl. (Hedge-garlick.)
6	1	Stellario holostea, bl. (Stitch-wort.)
8	Feb. 25	Lychnis divico, bl. (Campion.)
9	April 13	Orchis morio, bl. (King-finger.)
.	March 25	Erysimum barbarea., bl. (Yellow-rocket.)

N. B.—Those dated Jan. 1st, may be considered as having been in bloom during the month preceding, or even throughout the winter.—The abbreviation, bl., is put for blossomed.

SAINT GEORGE AND THE DRAGON AT TORONTO.

In the beginning of the year 1836, as I was taking my morning ramble along one of the green-bordered roads of Upper Canada, which led at its terminus into the city of Toronto, I came suddenly at one of its angles upon two men, who had all the appearance of tillers of Canadian soil; and whose conversation, being in a key somewhat above soprano, fell distinctly on my ear. From the questions which they put to each other, it was evident that they themselves had but just met; for, said the stouter of the two, whose name I afterwards ascertained to be Wickory, to his little friend on his right, most euphoniously named Hickory, "Where are you bound for, neighbour Hickory, this morning?" "Oh! I am going," responded Hickory, "where you, I suppose, and all the rest of the world, are going, to buy up all the shares I can catch hold of in the new Coxamareca company, and so make my fortune in the fifth of a second."—"Shares and Coxamareca!" exclaimed little Wickory; "what new bubble is afloat, friend Hickory, to take in and delude? Keep your money fast, I say, and don't give, like Franklin, too much for your whistle."—"Bubble afloat, indeed!" exclaimed Hickory; "it is one of the most substantial things which speculation has laid hold of this ten centuries. The Coxamareca company, is a company now forming, I would have you know, neighbour Wickory, the object of which is to fish up, by means of diving-bells, the throne of pure gold of the Incas, which the Peruvians threw into the mineral waters of Coxamareca on the approach of the Spaniards. They are diving after it at this minute like crocodiles; and before sunset, I guess, we shall have despatches, stating that the magnificent treasure is on dry land. From that instant, Wickory, Hickory's fortune is made. If you're a good fellow, you'll wish me my hearts desire: but I suppose you are going on the self-same errand as I."—"No," said Wickory, "you mistake: I am not going Coxamareca gold-throne hunting—I am, it's true, where all the world is going to-day, and that is to Toronto, to see the grand anniversary festival of St. George and the Dragon, which takes place this afternoon." Attracted by this news, though I had determined in my mind to follow Hickory, and hear the result of his fortune-chase, I now changed my mind, and having plenty of spare time on my hands, determined to follow Wickory instead, and see with him what was to be seen.

Proceeding the same road as the Canadian farmers, who still carried on their conversation, we at length arrived at the market-place of Toronto, where dense crowds were already collected, to secure a sight of the procession which was destined to pass that spot; and which was afterwards to proceed to the Ontario House, where the ceremony of Saint George was to take place. Shortly after our arrival here, Hickory, who was all impatience after his Coxamareca shares, managed to slip away from Wickory, and we saw no more of him.

Standing beside farmer Wickory, whom I had seen to be of mature, good-humoured and garrulous, I inquired of him the origin of this observance of Saint George's Day, in these parts; whereupon he informed me, that the first settlers here instituted this ceremony, when they had become sufficiently located, to the honour of the titular saint of merry England, and that the anniversary of its institution had been carefully maintained up to the present day. Wickory further informed me, that this ceremony was under the direction of a president and managing committee, who were elected officers of the society annually, for the proper discharge of the duties of the ensuing year. All preparatory arrangements, he continued, had been made for this anniversary, and on this day, as previously decided on, the society would meet in the City Hall, for the purpose of receiving a banner and two stands of colours, "with gems and golden lustre rich emblazed," by the fair hands of the English ladies at Toronto, who have signified their intention of presenting them to the society.

I was intent upon examining the nature of the building before me, called the Ontario House, in which the ceremony was to take place, when I observed standing up erect, against one of the front portals, an ancient clerical friend of my acquaintance, a man of profound erudition, and notable beyond the rest of the crowd by the quaintness of his attire. Delighted at discovering one, from whom I knew much information was to be derived on any point, I immediately forced my way through the crowd, and being descried by his keen eye beforehand, I met with a hearty salutation.

"Well," said he, "have you so much English love left in your heart, as to stray three miles from your quiet home, for sight of St. George killing the Dragon?"

"Yes," said I, "if the picture should prove, as it promises, to turn out better than the common draughts I have heard you speak of."

"Oh!" said he, "you mean those I have formerly described to you, which I saw ten years ago in the English college at Rome, where this celebrated Saint is set forth in the Icons or Cuts, by Cevallerius."

"Yes, but I understand there is a fair chance of seeing brighter faces in this forth-coming ceremony, than even that of the King's daughter, who is represented as standing by in the picture, and viewing the exploit of the knight: but have you an admission at the

door?" "I have not, unless a silver key opens it for me, somewhat in the shape of a crown."

"No need for that," said my reverend friend; "here is a carte blanche for you, if you will." I expressed my delight at the opportunity offered, and the doors being now thrown open for the entrance of all who had admissive cards, we entered with celerity, and took our seats in a commanding situation.

At the end of the hall, was a magnificently large cartoon, representing the subject we had come to see, and of which we had just been holding discourse.

"Ah!" said the divine, looking expressively on the picture, "on that description dependeth a solemn story; how by this achievement that valorous knight redeemed a king's daughter; which story we English more especially believe, and whose protector he is chiefly esteemed."

"Yes," answered I; "but of what authority soever this piece be among us, it is received with very different belief by others. I have spoken with some who believe indeed both the person and the story: some the person and not the story, and others who deny the story altogether! Do you yourself think that there was ever such a person in reality?"

"You seem to be yourself the most sceptical of the lot, I perceive," said he:—"that such a person there was, I may not contend; I should rather say, that the indistinction of many in the community of name, or the application of the act of one to another, has made some suppose there was no such man at all."

"But did you ever meet with his name in any accredited history?"

"Yes," said the rev. schoolman, "I have met with more than one in history, and no less than two of Cappadocia; the one, an Arian, who was slain by the Alexandrians, in the time of Julian, and the other, a valiant soldier, and Christian martyr, beheaded in the reign of Dioclesian. This last I consider as the George conceived in the picture, who has his day in the Roman Calendar, which these people are now keeping."

"But it appears to me," rejoined I, "that the picture was never intended as a veritable history, but that some symbolical expression is attached to it, which, were I scholar erudite as you, I should be able to discover."

"You say right," said the reverend, "a noble picture and emblem is that yonder, of the soldier and true champion of Christ, which this Saint and soldier is meant to imply. Armed from greave to helm in golden panoply,—that horseman saint George, is intended to represent the Christian, complete in his armour of light, and who combating the Dragon, type of the Devil, fights bravely, and to the death or conquest in defence of that beautiful creature, the king's daughter, who is the sweet and amiable emblem of the Church of God: and such picture," said the reverend, "if I had my will, should be gloriously blazoned on every church-door in the land!"

Further conversation was stopt by the arrival in the Hall of the Sister Societies of St. Andrew and St. Patrick, bearing their respective flags, who came to witness the interesting spectacle. The Hall was fitted up in a style of splendour suited to the occasion, and a temporary platform had been elevated for the ladies who were to present the colours. The splendid streamers of St. Patrick were ranged on the left of the ladies, and the dazzling pennons of St. Andrew on the right; and under these, the noble front of many a Torontite distinguishedly shone. Bright and brilliant were the benches made, by the crowded gathering of ladies; and in front of the stage stood the members of St. George, waiting to receive from the hands of their fair countrywomen

Those emblems, endeared to all Englishmen's hearts
By all that love values and beauty imparts:
Since the time when the sword of St. Geogre in the fight,
With the dragon of Egypt first gleamed in the light:
Since the time when at Ascalon, Cœur de Lion,
The Red Cross of St. George as his banner bore on;
Since the time when their Edward, the garter bedecked
With the motto, that libertine ribaldry checked.

Arrangements being completed, the lady most conspicuous for her grace and beauty, took her seat on a throne, which was placed centrally on the platform. On the right and left she was supported by two ladies, of eminent loveliness. Behind the throned lady, high up, was reared the white silk banner, bearing on one side Saint George vanquishing the Dragon, and on the other, the Insignia of the Order of the Garter. On her right was reared the Blood-red Cross, in a field of pure white, made of satin, and resplendent with its silver fringes: while on the left was displayed a crimson banner, emblazoned with three lions, on a field of blood, encircled with the garter, and bearing in letters of gold, the well-known compliment of King Edward.

It was now that the throned lady rose from her seat, and with an air that seemed to say

"I breathe on the roses I offer to thee,"—

presented the bright-flaming gonfalon to a noble representative of the Order of Saint George; and with words sweetly modulated as are angel-lutes, announced the following address:—

"Sons of St. George,

"Your countrywomen have this day come forward, to present to you national emblems, around which to rally, calling upon the sons of the Old World, and to their descendants, to unite for one common purpose, and be prepared to put forth their strength when

required, either to succour the distressed, or to repel aggressors.

"Let the banners of St. George, which we now offer you, remind you, that though no such fell monsters ravage this fair land, as the champion of England is thereon represented to have slain, yet a dragon of discord doth sometimes carry dissensions into the bosom of our social family, the which you are especially called on to destroy, under whatever form disguised.

"By the first—the banner of our Faith,—we are taught that a spirit of charity hath called upon the knight to protect that forlorn damsel; and who is there of us so void of defence, as not to need this protecting mantle?

"On the third banner, the arms of England are represented by lions in a field of blood. Well have the Sons of Saint George, in the Old World, and their descendants here, merited this heroic distinction!

"Sons of Saint George, receive our best wishes for your prosperity! may you ever cherish in your hearts that respect, veneration, and love for our father-land, which has brought you together on this occasion."

As soon as the last sweet syllables from the lady's lips had died away in the hall, the other two banners were presented, in like manner as the first; and immediately a strain of inspiring music struck up, which filled the Hall with harmony.

On its subsidence, a young man, of handsome deportment, stept forth, much in form and figure like Milton's "Azaziel, that seraph tall," who, with becoming grace and dignity, returned for answer the following address:

"On behalf of the Sons of Saint George, I am deputed to acknowledge your magnificent gift: it calls to my remembrance the days of old, when the ardent aspirant for chivalric honours gained the long-sought object—fair hands girded his sword to his side, and buckled the spur to his heels—the scarf which was thrown over his armour was wrought by the fingers of his lady-love; and the banner which he was to advance in tourney and the field, was embroidered by her, whose peerlessness, on all occasions, he was eager to assert—and to the gift of whose hand he looked for the reward of his fearless devotion. But though the age of Chivalry be over, not more grateful or more devoted was he to her, the fair mistress of his thoughts, than the Sons of St. George now feel to you, Ladies, for the gifts with which you have honoured us.

"We should little deserve the name in which we pride ourselves—the name of Englishmen—did not our bosom thrill with emotion at the proud recollections those banners inspire. They bring back to our minds our own, our loved, our native land—England, merry England, with her fertile fields, her smiling flower-decked plains. The hills and heights crowned with the ancient baronial castles, the spires of her churches pointing to that heaven, the way to which is sought within,—the manor halls of her squires, and the tens of thousands of her cottages, wherein was, and is, nurtured the sturdy English yeomanry, who have been her boast and protection, and the terror of her foes. Dearer still to all of us, arise in our memories the "old familiar faces"—those who nursed our infancy—who tended our childhood, the companions of our youthful sports, the friends, the loved ones of our early years. O, cold indeed must be our hearts, and deadened our affections, when we do not feel grateful to you for reviving associations and recollections such as these. What matter it whether we drew our first breath in the castle or the cottage, the hall or the ivy-decked parsonage—we are children of one soil—our hearts unite in the same hallowed remembrances—we have one common pride in our native land—and are united in one common feeling of attachment to

> The free fair home of England!
> And long in hut and hall
> May hearts of native proof be found
> To guard each hallowed wall.
> And green for ever be the graves,
> And bright the flowery sod,
> Where first the child's glad spirit loves
> Its country and its God.

"The banners given of yore" continued the eloquent speaker, "were to be advanced in the field of deadly strife—ours, the gift which you, thrice-honoured Ladies! have presented us with, will be displayed daily in the field of charity and benevolence. They will be raised as standards, around which the strong may rally—beneath which the distressed may find shelter. Proud will the Sons of St. George be to display them—as they now see the banners of the Sons of St. Andrew and St. Patrick displayed, in honour of the patron Saint of their British brethren; and as the day of their celebration arrives, we will unfurl these flags, in return of the kindly feeling that has brought our Scotch and Irish friends round us to-day. The only struggle—the sole contest between us all will be, which shall be foremost in works of kindness, charity, and brotherly love—and when the distressed wanderer claims the shelter and protection of St. George's banner, we will not fail in granting it to him, to make him aware that to the Ladies he owes it, that he has that banner to fly to for refuge in this distant land.

"Once more, ladies, the Sons of St. George render you their most sincere, their most grateful acknowledgments. We cannot vow to destroy monsters, or to combat dragons for your sake, as our knightly forefathers would have done, yet we will endeavour to associate your names with the recollec-

tions of the olden times; and when our libations are poured out, when we sit around the festive board which will be spread in honour of our anniversary—and when our only regret will be that it is not graced by your presence—we will raise in your honour the ancient and spirit-stirring cry, "For God, St. George, and the Ladies."

The manly and melodious tones of the speaker now ceased—martial music rose around, and the ceremony in honour of St. George concluded: but its effects were good and lasting on those who beheld it.

"It were well," observed my Rev. friend as we were departing, "taking into consideration the spirit and good impressions this anniversary ceremony has evidently on the mind, if it were celebrated throughout every other town in Canada, for much, undoubtedly by reason of its patriotic tendency, would it strengthen the cords of love, and effectually confirm the affections of the Canadians to their Mother-Country.

W. Archer.

THE LOBISHOMENS.

Having established myself at the inn, (says a recent traveller,) on going into the kitchen, which was very spacious, but imperfectly lighted, with a huge chimney and high pointed roof, I observed among the company a man of singular appearance, sitting apart, who was neither speaking himself, nor was he spoken to by others. His face was pale and haggard, his eyes deep sunk, and his hair was prematurely grey. Upon asking who he was, I was informed that he was one of the Lobishomens, a devoted race, who are held in mingled horror and commiseration, and never mentioned without emotion by the Portuguese peasantry. They believe, that if a woman is delivered of seven male infants successively, the seventh, by an inexplicable fatality, becomes subject to the powers of darkness, and is compelled on every Saturday evening to assume the likeness of an ass; and when so changed, is compelled to run over the moors, and through the villages, followed by a horrid train of dogs; nor is he allowed an interval of rest, until the dawning Sabbath terminates his sufferings, and restores him to his human shape; should, therefore, a peasant meet a pale and weary traveller at an early hour on Sunday morning, he shudders as he looks upon his haggard countenance, supposing it to have been occasioned by the infernal chase. They declare that the only means of relieving the victim from this horrible bondage, is by inflicting a wound upon him during the very act of transformation; a liberation supposed to be seldom effected, few men having the courage to behold the appalling change in progress; and still fewer having sufficient coolness to strike the critical blow at the exact moment. Such is the superstition of the Lobishomens, which is diffused over the whole of Portugal; but although subject to various versions in the different districts, it is only implicitly accredited in the wild and lonely wastes of Alentego.

W. G. C.

MODES OF ENGRAVING MAPS.

[The following interesting particulars of the rise and progress of map engraving on wood, is extracted from Mr. Jackson's Historical and Practical Treatise on Wood Engraving: a work as interesting to the antiquary as to every admirer of the fine arts; and which will prove a delightful companion and faithful guide to all who are employed in that beautiful department of the arts.]

In Ptolemy's chronology, of the edition of 1482, we discover the first specimens of engraved maps on wood; but in a previous edition of the same work of 1478, the maps are printed from plates of copper, the names of places being stamped with a punch:—

"In the execution of the maps, the copper-plate engraver possesses a decided advantage over the engraver on wood, owing to the greater facility and clearness with which letters can be cut *in* copper than *on* wood. In the engraving of letters on copper, the artist cuts the form of the letter *into* the plate, the character being thus in *intaglio;* while in engraving on a block, the wood surrounding has to be cut away, and the letter left in *relief.* On copper, using only the graver,—for etching was not known in the fifteenth century,—as many letters might be cut in one day as could be cut on wood in three. Notwithstanding the disadvantage under which the ancient wood engravers laboured in the execution of maps, they for many years contended with the copper-plate printers for a share of this branch of business; and the printers, at whose presses maps engraved on wood only could be printed, were well inclined to support the wood engravers. In a folio edition of Ptolemy, printed at Venice in 1511, by Jacobus Pontius de Leucho, the outlines of the maps, with the indications of the mountains and rivers, are cut on wood, and the names of the places are printed in type, of different sizes, and with red and black ink. For instance, in the map of Britain,—which is more correct than any which had previously appeared,—the word "ALBION" is printed in large capitals, and the word "GADINI" in small capitals, and both with red ink. The words "Curia" and "Bremenium" are printed in small Roman characters, and with black ink. The names of the rivers are also in small Roman, and in black ink. Such of those maps as contain many names, are almost full of type. The double borders surrounding them, within which the degrees of latitude are marked, appear to have been formed of separate pieces

of metal, in the manner of wide double rules. At the head of several of the maps there are figures of animals emblematic of the country. In the first map of Africa there are two parrots; in the second, an animal like a jackal, and a non-descript; in the third, containing Egypt, a crocodile, and a monstrous kind of fish, like a dragon; and in the fourth, two parrots. In the last, the "curious observer" will note a specimen of decorative printing from two blocks of wood; for the beak, wing, and tail of one of the parrots is printed in red. It the last map,—of Loraine,—in an edition of Ptolemy, in folio, printed at Strasburg in 1513, by John Schott, the attempt to print in colours, in the manner of chiaro-scuro wood-engravings, is carried yet further. The hills and woods are printed green; the indications of towns and cities, and the names of the most considerable places, are red; while the names of the smaller places are black. For this map, executed in three colours, green, red, and black, there would be required two wood engravings and two forms of type, each of which would have to be separately printed. The arms, which form a border to the map, are printed in their proper heraldic colours. The only other specimen of armorial bearings printed in colours from wood-blocks, that I am aware of, is Earl Spencer's arms in the first part of Savage's Hints on Decorative Printing, which was published in 1818, upwards of three hundred years after the first essay. At a later period a new method was adopted, by which the wood engraver was spared the trouble of cutting the letters, while the printer was enabled to obtain a perfect copy of each map by a single impression. The mode in which this was effected was as follows. The indications of mountains, rivers, cities, and villages, were engraved on the wood as before, and blank spaces were left for the names. Those spaces were afterwards cut out by means of a chisel or drill, piercing quite through the block; and the names of the places being inserted in type, the whole constituted only one 'form,' from which an impression both of the cut and the letters could be obtained by its being passed once through the press. Sebastian Munster's Cosmography, folio, printed at Basle in 1554, by Henrie Petri, affords several examples of maps executed in this manner. This may be considered as one of the last efforts of the old wood engravers and printers to secure to themselves a share of the business of map engraving. Their endeavours, however, were unavailing, for within twenty years of that date, this branch of art was almost exclusively in the hands of the copper-plate engravers. From the date of the maps of Ortelius, Antwerp, 1570, engraved on copper by Ægidius Diest, maps engraved on wood are rarely to be seen. The practice of engraving the outlines and rivers on wood, and then piercing the block and inserting the names of the places in type, has, however, lately been revived; and where publishers are obliged either to print maps with the type, or to give none at all, this mode may answer very well, more especially when the object is to give the relative position of a few of the principal places, rather than a crowded list of names. Most of the larger maps in the Penny Cyclopædia are executed in this manner. The holes in the blocks are pierced with the greatest rapidity by gouges of different sizes, acting vertically, and put in motion by machinery contrived by Mr. Edward Cowper, to whose great mechanical skill the art of steam-printing chiefly owes its perfection."

Biography.

THE YOUNGER SERVIN.

THE following account of an extraordinary union of amazing talents with the greatest depravity, is extracted from the memoirs of M. de Sully. An old nobleman of the court, named Servin, went one morning to Sully, and presented his son, begging that he would use his endeavours to make him a man of some worth and honesty; although he confessed it was what he dared not hope; for, though he had no deficiency of understanding or capacity, yet he had a natural inclination to all kinds of vice. What his father asserted having excited in Sully a curiosity to gain a thorough knowledge of young Servin, he found united in him an assemblage of the most excellent and the most pernicious qualities. He was of so lively a genius, and so extensive an understanding, as rendered him scarcely ignorant of anything that could be known; of so vast and ready a comprehension, that he immediately made himself master of whatever he attempted: and of so prodigious a memory, that he never forgot what he had once learned. He possessed a knowledge of philosophy and mathematics, particularly fortification and drawing. He was well skilled in theology, was an excellent preacher, and an able disputant, either for or against the reformed religion. He understood Hebrew, Greek, and all the learned languages, besides all the different jargons, or modern dialects, which latter tongues he accented and pronounced so naturally, and so perfectly imitated the gestures and manners, both of the several nations of Europe, and the particular provinces of France, that he might have been taken for a native of any of these countries. He was a good comedian and great droll; he had a genius for poetry, and had written many verses; he played upon almost all instruments, was a perfect master of music, and sung agreeably and justly: he likewise could say mass. His body was well suited to his mind:

he was light, nimble, dexterous, and fit for all exercises; he could ride well; and in dancing, wrestling, and leaping, he was much admired; there were not any recreative games that he did not know, and he was skilled in almost all the mechanical arts. But, at the same time, he was treacherous, cruel, cowardly, and deceitful; a liar, a cheat, a drunkard, and a glutton; a sharper in play, and immersed in every species of crime; in a word, in him might be found all the vices contrary to honour, religion, and society.

W. G. C.

New Books.

Every Mother's Book, for judiciously treating herself and Children. By W. Ord, M. D. Darton and Clark.

[This little treatise is fairly and honestly written, in language very easily to be understood—not laboured with dog-latin terms

"That knaves invent, and fools admire,"

but couched in such simple diction, that every mother may easily understand what she is reading about; and that is a very useful and meritorious feature in the work. It treats of the various complaints of mother and child: the following extracted remarks are worthy of attentive perusal.]

Accidents and Errors of Clothing, &c.

We have greatly improved, during the last forty years, in the treatment and clothing of infants; immensely swaddled and enveloped on the first dressing, infants were in former times scarcely permitted to stretch their limbs, or to see the light of day; and, in fact, were so little noticed, as, in familiar language, to be more backward at two years of age than ordinary children now are at six months.

To affix rules for systematically dressing them would be as absurd in our ideas as to diet them by some pragmatic principle of artificial life; but, while we must condemn the absurd notion of washing or dressing so as to *harden* them—(a thing somewhat problematic where the frame is naturally feeble, and in attempting which, we feel assured, some thousands die from cold, water of the brain, paralysis, &c.); still must we avoid the opposite extreme of a pampered, luxurious state, capable of enervating even the stoutest frame.

Cleanliness is a virtue of civilized life, and must never be forgotten; next to this, the rule of an old physician of great celebrity, to "keep the feet warm, the head cool, and the bowels regular," must be strictly remembered; and, as a child advances in years, he must be taught that the first is best accomplished by exercise, the second by temperance, and the last by a prudent regulation of his diet. It will be self-evident that the warming of the feet only by fleecy hosiery, and the cooling of the head by bleeding and refrigerants, are neither natural nor of much hope.

Tight bandages are always improper; and, no material can be appropriate, however costly or elegant, which is not both in its nature and substance adapted to the season. Furs in summer, or gauze in winter, can never lengthen life. Colds, consumptions, diarrhœas, dysenteries, and colic, are easily produced in such a climate as this; and down beds, and the once great necessary of a nursery, warm curtains, are equally improper. The skin of the horse may be rendered more delicate and showy by hot stables and extra clothing, added to high diet, but he thereby becomes the child of disease; and rest assured, however much vanity may startle, or puritanical feeling shrink, the same physical laws which govern the habitudes of the lower world, govern man; and in as far as the grade or class of animal indicates the treatment and kind of food required, so precisely must man be treated. The child of aristocracy could no more exist on the peasant's diet, than he could perform the peasant's task; and vice versa, the food of the child of fortune would be as much too light for the digestive powers of the one to work upon, as the peasant's shoes would be too heavy for the feet of the other.

Flannel is of great value in this climate; but, if once adopted, should never be cast off. Stays with hard busks, should never be permitted, and certainly no busks at all before twelve or fourteen years of age.

The present system of school routine is as absurd and dangerous as that of factories; in truth, seminaries for young ladies and gentlemen are, eight out of ten, but factories under another designation; but assuredly union schools and workhouse asylums among the poor are infinitely worse; and I much question whether large assemblies of this kind are, at any time, practically more *moral*, than they are healthy. Man is a social animal; but, neither mentally nor bodily, is he to be treated as a mere machine. I allude obviously to close sitting, impure vitiated atmosphere, insufficient exercise, limited and non-selected diet.

Diseases of the spine often originate in the use of stays; from the same cause the viscera of the belly are first deranged in function, and ultimately become diseased. So also are the feet crippled by the ridiculous adoption of shoes no more adapted to the human foot than to the toes of a lap-dog. More than one half of society pays this penalty to fashion without the slighest return, for a high instep becomes a deformity in a very low shoe, as much as the foot of a carman would be in Bond-street pumps: if the Athenians were wise in pointing out drunkenness in its most brutal forms to the youths of that day, we might be no less so in show-

ing the difference between the graceful tread of men with healthy feet, and that of the crippled monkey who ambles from Bond-street shoe bazaars. And if the folly be great, nay criminal in man, what is it in the female, whose gait and gesture should be grace itself? The corn-cutter, like the worm doctor, is either an ignorant knave or dangerous impostor, and in either character should be avoided. Very sensitive corns are generally deadened by touching every night with copperas (sulphate of iron) slightly damped; and rasping will always supersede cutting.

Whenever the feet are chilled from walking in wet weather, the warm bath and dry stockings generally prevent injury; we are somewhat epicurean with our feet, and add to this bath a little mustard.

In cold or foggy weather the secret of safety and comfort consists of two precautionary measures, *motion* to circulate the blood, and protecting the lungs by breathing through any gauze-like texture.

I cannot conclude the present chapter without quoting some of the excellent remarks as to the nursing of children, given by my friend Dr. Hume Weatherhead, in his admirable "Treatise on Rickets." He says, p. 111, "Children by nature are more helpless than the young of other animals, and hence, remain longer in a state of tutelage. Before their infant limbs have attained strength sufficient for locomotion, frequent exercise in and by the arms of the nurse, is therefore a salutary and necessary part of her duty. The perspiration of an infant is much more abundant than in the adult, and exercise promotes this; hence, also, the benefit and propriety of suitable clothing."

Further on, at p. 114, he says that which ought above all things to receive the careful attention of the mother. "One great and prevalent cause of distortion in the figure and position of the lower limbs of children, arises from the idle anxiety of nurses to teach them to walk too soon. No maxim ought to be more inculcated than that children walk of themselves when they have attained competent strength for it. Children are naturally active, and as soon as the bones have gained sufficient solidity, and the muscles sufficient strength, their little mischievous curiosity will quickly prompt them to walk; this inherent bias may be assisted and encouraged, but ought never to be prematurely forced. Indeed, while laziness is at bottom the main reason for the nurse's conduct, she deceitfully flatters the vain and confiding mother by a false representation of the willingness and ability of the really reluctant infant."

Again he says, p. 115, "It imports us to note the impropriety of seating children on soft cushions, &c.; they sink into them, their body bends forward, and the back consequently becomes curved. The same objection applies to chairs hollowed in the middle; they perhaps sit more secure in them, and with more comfort for the moment, but these considerations ought to be disregarded. The height of the arms of their little chairs is another matter of some importance; they naturally lean upon them, and if too high, this elevates their shoulders; if too low, they lean only upon one, the evil consequences of which are too obvious to require indication: perhaps it were better, were they without elbows at all."

[It appears admirably adapted for all young mothers; and to such we recommend it.]

MERIT OF A FORGIVING TEMPER.

To forgive an injury is an indication of an exalted mind, displaying in its exercise one of the noblest qualities of the human heart. It is likewise a duty enjoined by the divine invocation, "forgive us our trespasses (or debts) as we forgive them who trespass against us," (or our debtors); and, unless a man has attained sufficient self-command over his choleric passions habitually to restrain them, and coolly disregard the provocations of malice or ire, he knows not how to forgive, nor can he merit forgiveness.

It is the act of a devout, a rational, and enlightened mind, to pardon. For, he who takes revenge for any affront, makes himself equal with his adversary, and betrays a little mind; but he who passes it over, renders himself the superior, and commands the applause of Virtue. It is the attribute of Virtue to forgive, but of Folly to resent.

Mercy is an amiable goddess, who sits smiling benevolence and charity upon all her suppliants; while Revenge is a bloodthirsty demon, who infuses nothing but relentless fury into the imagination of all who submit themselves to her fiendish rule.

History, out of numerous examples illustrative of the admiration which a generous remission of offences excites, mentions that of Cn. Domitius, a Tribune at Rome, who burning to ruin his enemy, M. Laurus, publicly accused him of certain high crimes and misdemeanors. His zeal in the prosecution incited a slave of Laurus, through the hope of a reward, privately to offer himself as a witness against his master. But justice prevailed over revenge. As Domitius, without hearing a word, ordered him to be put in fetters and carried to his master—an action that deservedly gained Domitius the highest honours.

"To err is human,—to forgive divine."

Consequently, all who aim after a celestial perfection of character, must make the attempt at least to imitate that which is truly an attribute of the angelic nature. If no

other and greater merit attended our exercise of the virtue of forgiveness, certainly the peace and harmony of society would be promoted. But it has infinitely higher claims to our adoption. The Supreme Being is represented to us as incapable of beholding iniquity unmoved by a holy indignation, and that no mortal is guiltless in his sight. Yet we presume to seek and expect his forgiveness of our faults. How can we, with any pretension to humility and a knowledge of ourselves, dare to prefer our request for the pardon of the Omnipotent if we forgive not our brother his trespasses ?—*Freemason's Quarterly Review*, No. xxi.

THE NEW ART.—PHOTOGRAPHY.

(*Concluded from page* 317.)

9.—*To obtain Photographic Copies of Objects larger or smaller than the Originals.*

By altering the focus or distance of the lens of a camera obscura, placed opposite to an object, a copy of any required proportion can be obtained on the photographic paper. Sir. J Herschell says, that a copy of an etching reduced to any required scale, may be got by placing the etching on a smoked glass, (not having a resinous ground,) behind an *aplanatic* lens, the smoked side towards the focus. "By exposure to a solar beam radiating from the focus of a lens, the scale," says Mr. Talbot, "may be enlarged. The reducing process, on trial, succeeded perfectly, only a little care is required to follow the sun. By the use of highly sensitive paper, this inconvenience would be much diminished; and by attaching the whole apparatus to an equatorial with a clock, it would be entirely removed. If a resinous ground is used, the etching must be afterwards varnished or gummed, to destroy the loose light refracted obliquely by the thin edges of the cut-up ground, which is never quite opaque."

10.—*To obtain Photographic Copies, requiring no correcting of the Shadow.*

Cover a plate of glass with a solution of resin in turpentine, or with opaque varnish, or with etching ground, and then hold it over the smoke of a candle. Sketch designs upon the blackened side with an etching needle, scratching away the composition wherever you wish shadow to be represented on the copies—the design itself being the reverse of the effect which it is intended to introduce. If the solution of resin, or the opaque varnish be used, the design must be sketched before the surface is quite dry.

You may also transfer a print or picture on to the glass from which you mean to take photographic copies requiring no correction, by proceeding in the following manner. Put a square of thin glass over a picture, and paint on the high lights (or lighter parts of the scene) with thick white lead, mixed with wax, copal varnish, and sugar of lead, to make it dry quickly; for the half tints, make the white less opaque with the varnish, and graduate the tints off for the deep shadows. When it is dry, retouch the whole, by removing, with the point of a knife, the white ground, to represent the darkened lines of the original. Place a sheet of photographic paper upon the painted surface, and to make the contact perfect, put three layers of flannel at the back, and tie the whole down to a board. Through the cleared parts of the glass, the light will penetrate, and produce, in about ten minutes, if there be a bright sun, deep purplish black marks, corresponding in shape to those parts. If the half-tints have absorbed too much of the violet ray, paint them over with black on the other side of the glass, and this may be wiped off or renewed until it lays accurately over the particular spot. Mr. Havell, who, in this manner copied the well-known etching by Rembrandt, of *Faust conjuring Mephistophiles to appear in the form of a bright star*, says "There is no advantage in letting the glass remain too long in the light, as it deepens the middle tints, and does not blacken the shadows in the same proportion. The fixation [of the shadow,] with salt entirely failed; with the iodide of potassium it succeeded very well. The effect of the drawing may be heightened at pleasure, by touching the lights with strong iodide of potassium, and the darks with a strong solution of the nitrate of silver dropped upon tin with a camel's-hair pencil: this instantly turns black. With these, the drawing may be invigorated, and the whole will resemble a mezzotint print, or a rich sepia drawing. I preferred a white ground made of white lead, sugar of lead, mixed with wax and copal varnish: this may be laid on very thin, with a silk dabber, or thick by repeating the process, or the various opacities may be introduced, according to the subject and effect proposed. Transfer the outline in soft pencil, by rubbing on the back of the paper, and proceed to etch with the etching-point, a knife or any hard point, to make the bolder lines; thus, with the glass placed on black paper, the work will look like a spirited drawing in pen and ink; or, under the hands of the engraver, a highly-finished engraving. If the semi-opaque ground be preferred, various middle tints will readily be obtained; and by touching the high lights with opaque white, or with black at the back, a variety of effects may be produced, similar to the double lithography.

These processes may be applied to original designs, copies from paintings, portraits, and figures. At present I have found the bank-note post-paper the best. Probably it

may be worth while to join two pages together, as the paper is very thin. As the preparation on the glasses never wears out, causes no dirt, may be altered, improved, and retouched at any time, and only requires the care not to break them, it may be the means of employing women and children. It will give rise to new employment to the artist, in making original designs on glass, as well as copies from pictures; it will be a source of amusement to the amateur; and an elegant employment for ladies, particularly to those who can paint or draw. It is perfectly available to those who wish to publish a limited number of illustrations, with manuscripts, where it would not be worth the expense of employing engraving, or printing. Every pane of glass in the windows of a house may be occupied, by having a back-board to fit the frames, and layers of flannel, or wadding, to make the contact perfect, and the house being darkened is the more favourable for the preparation of the paper, and fixation of the photographic drawings."

Mr. Talbot remarks, that photographic drawings obtained in this way "resemble more than any others the productions of the artist's pencil; and for such they have been generally mistaken, because they give, not mere outlines only, but all the details of the figures perfectly well shaded."—"Designs thus produced will become much more common, and even more generally applicable than lithography, because all the means are more readily accessible, whilst it will receive its rank as an art, and be excellent in proportion to the skill of the artist, as a draftsman with the etching needle. The size need no longer be kept down by that of the printing-press, as the size of the glass can alone limit the size of the design. This is a real and valuable discovery, applicable to a thousand purposes. Beautiful imitations of washed bistre drawings may be produced by *stopping out* the light on the glass by black varnish, which will obstruct the transmission of light in proportion to the thickness with which the varnish is laid on; and specimens like fine mezzo-tinto prints have been produced by this process.—*Literary Gazette.*

11. *Dr. Fyfe's mode of obtaining Photographic copies requiring no correction of the Shadow.*

At a meeting of the Society for the Encouragement of the Useful Arts, held at the Royal Hotel, Princes-street, Edinburgh, Dr. Fyfe described a process for obtaining photographic drawings requiring no correction of the shadow, or having the lights and shadows untransposed. The paper is first saturated with phosphate of silver instead of nitrate. When a drawing is required, this phosphate-paper is immersed in a solution of the *iodide of potass*, and while still moist exposed to the light, with the object, the impression of which is to be taken, placed on it, and left till the whole of the paper exposed becomes yellow, and when removed it exhibits a distinct representation of the object. In this process there is a tendency of the iodide to convert the dark phosphate to yellow iodide of silver, which it does instantly when the solution is strong, but very slowly when it is weak, unless it is exposed to light, and then the action goes on rapidly. It was observing this that induced Dr. Fyfe to try the influence of light on phosphate-paper besmeared with iodide of potass, by which he was led to the discovery. Of course when an object which allows the light to pass through it differently, is put on the paper, those parts on which the denser portions of the object are placed still retain their darker colour, the other parts are tinged, just according to the transmission of the light. When impressions thus prepared are kept, they gradually begin to fade, owing to the continued action of the iodide of potass, and hence the necessity of submitting them to a preservative process. After numerous trials, that which seemed to answer best was merely immersing them in water for a few minutes, and in some cases even allowing a stream of water to flow gently on them, so as to wash out the whole of the iodide of potassium not acted on—in this way the agent which tends to discolour the blackened phosphate, seems to be removed.

12. *Fidelity of the Photographs.*

To give some idea of the fidelity of the photographic copies, we shall mention a few examples:—"It is so natural," says Mr. Talbot, "to associate the idea of labour with great complexity and elaborate detail of execution, that one is more struck at seeing the thousand florets of an *agrostis*, (bent-grass,) depicted with all its capillary branchlets, (and so accurately, that none of all this multitude shall want its little bivalve calyx, requiring to be examined through a lens,) than one is by the picture of the large and simple leaf of an oak or a chesnut. But in truth the difficulty is in both cases the same. The one of these takes no more time to execute than the other; for the object which would take the most skilful artist days or weeks of labour to trace or to copy, is effected by the boundless powers of natural chemistry in the space of a few seconds."

Mr. Talbot having held a photographic copy of a piece of beautiful lace-work, at the distance of a few feet from some persons whom he asked whether it was not a good representation, they replied that they were "not to be so easily deceived, for it was evidently no picture, but a real piece of lace."

We have seen so true a photographic copy of a small-toothed comb, that we at first supposed it was a real one. A wag indeed

might find frequent sport in observing the surprise created whenever he has slyly placed a photograph of this sort upon the table-cloth or plate of an acquaintance. This would indeed put the fidelity of the photograph to as good a test as could be devised. Objects the most minute are obtained,—the delicate hairs on the leaves of plants,—the most minute and tiny bivalve calyx,—nay even a shadow, the emblem of all that is most fleeting in this world, is fettered by the spell of the invention, and remains perfect and permanent long after it has been given back to the sunbeam which produced it. Mr. Talbot's photographic copies of engravings and manuscripts are so accurate that they have been mistaken for the originals.

DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE.

On the difficulty of ascertaining the precise Date of the Erection of Ancient Domestic Edifices constructed of Timber and Plaster.

England cannot be said to have possessed any distinct and national style of architecture since the period of the earlier half of the sixteenth century, when the perpendicular English began to give way to the strangest anomalies and absurdities; nor have we many examples of the private habitations of that age which have come down to us unaltered. There can be no doubt that the Reformation gave a death-blow, for a time, to the cause of architecture. The riches of the dissolved monastaries were then appropriated or squandered, and the channel for the dispensation of money, which had once flowed through the piety of the devotee, and had been mostly employed in architectural embellishment and design, took a different and far less laudable course. Architecture, therefore, became debased, and sculpture bowed her diminished head, to assume a stiffness of character alike foreign to feeling and to judgment. When such was the lot of the *palace* and the *temple*, the lower grades of buildings partook proportionately of their revolution, and the artistical vagaries which have left us gothic canopies supported by Ionic columns, and a knight in plate armour, reposing on a shelf, above the effigy of his wife under a Corinthian entablature, may also have played such similar pranks in the construction of the cottage or the hall, as would tend to baffle the keenest inquiry of the most zealous antiquary. C. S.

"*While brooding over our misfortunes, let us look around, and we shall find many far more wretched than ourselves.*"

It is a world of woe that we inhabit. I am in trouble; and think, perhaps, that I am more to be pitied than any one of my fellow-mortals! My eye falls on a map of the world—I pass to the smallest quarter of it, then to a remote corner, a little island—I look in vain for the town, or even the county, in which I dwell. The frozen waste of Siberia, the arid plains of Africa, contain millions far more wretched than I. Thousands of ships are ploughing the ocean, bearing their human freight all for a time, many for ever, from home and kindred: some, outcasts from their country, doomed to end their days as exiles to a foreign clime—others, victims of avarice and oppression, torn from their dear, though humble home, fated to labour worse than death for another's gain. To return to my own country—the mighty metropolis—what thousands of miserable beings are therein! Many, immersed in dungeons, perhaps condemned to die on the scaffold: countless numbers existing in hovels, or even in the streets, in the most abject misery and wretchedness. Shall I, seeing all this,—and while brooding over mine own affliction,—say —"It is greater?" Αλφα.

The Gatherer.

Mr. Stewart's Autographs were brought before the public for sale, on Friday and Saturday last, by Mr. S. Leigh Sotheby, at his house, in Wellington-street, Strand. As the collection was well known to contain many excessively rare and important State Papers, Letters, &c., the sale was attended by some of the most eminent collectors; among them we noticed Mr. Upcott, Sir Frederick Madden, Mr. Baker, &c. &c. Under the management of Mr. Sotheby, the various lots brought very good prices, the different specimens being in general in the highest state of preservation. In a sale, consisting of 370 lots, it is not to be expected we can enumerate anything like a tithe of them. The following are the prices at which some of the most interesting documents were sold:—An entire autograph letter of Mary D'Este, 2*l.* 6*s.*—A valuable letter of Prince Rupert, 3*l.* 4*s.*—State Papers, signed by Richard Cromwell, 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*—An original letter, in French, from Oliver Cromwell to his agent at Versailles, dated *Westmonastery*, June 1654; an extraordinary and characteristic specimen of Cromwell's diplomatic genius, 5*l.*—A letter of Henrietta Maria, addressed to the Prince of Orange, 3*l.* 16*s.*—Royal Letters Missive, with the autograph of Queen Elizabeth, 4*l.* 6*s.*—Autograph of King Edward VI. 4*l.* 6*s.*—Original letters signed by Napoleon, written on paper water-marked with his profile, 6*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*—Autograph of James II. of Scotland, attached to a letter, in Latin, 4*l.* 2*s.*—A letter in French, addressed to Marmontel, the author of Belisarius, informing him of a translation of his romance into Russian; among many signatures attached, is that of the Empress Catherine, dated Sept.

11, 1768, 3*l.* 6*s.*—A melancholy relic of the gifted and generous Mrs. Jordan, being a letter of hers in humble acknowledgment of a creditor's forbearance, dated Paris, 22 Feb. 1816, a few weeks before her death, 1*l.* 1*s.*—Two letters by Thomas Chatterton, entirely in his hand-writing: these interesting documents revealed the fact of his attempting to impose the Rowley MSS. on Dodsley, before he addressed Walpole, 3*l.* 3*s.*—An autograph letter of Dr. S. Johnson, 3*l.* 10*s.*—A ditto of Grahame, of Claver house, afterwards Viscount Dundee, 3*l.* 5*s.*—A letter of the infamous Judge Jeffreys, with his rare autograph, spelled *Geo. Geffreys*, 2*l.* 11*s.*—A splendid state paper, signed by nearly all the eminent statesmen of the time of Charles II. almost immediately after his restoration, 5*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*—An original letter from Archbishop Laud to the Lord Clifford, 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*—A ditto from the Earl of Strafford to Lord Cromwell, 2*l.* 10*s.*—A signature of Henry Darnley, husband of Mary Queen of Scots, in an Italian Grammar, both at the beginning and end, brought 2*l.* 6*s.*

Oxford Street Experimental Paving.—The following is the state of the experiments, as reported by the committee on Saturday last: the bitumen laid down by the Bastenne and Gaujac Bitumen Company, stood the wear and tear of the vehicles passing over it, without any material alteration. The portion laid down by the Val de Travers Company, had stood, but that portion of it in which the broken granite had been set in their liquid had totally failed, and must be removed immediately. The Aberdeen granite cubes proved to be in excellent condition, and more particularly those set in Claridge's asphalte. Robinson's bitumen had proved a complete failure. The Scotch asphaltum had nearly proved useless. Mr. Stead's wooden block pavement was found to form a road of a most even surface, and of the 12 inches, the length of the blocks, it was found they had not been diminished one quarter of an inch; but the bottom of the blocks appeared discoloured by a blue stain. A diversity of opinion existing among the committee, it was resolved, that a further trial was necessary; and that they ought not to come to a final decision until September next. A Mr. Geary has obtained permission to lay down a wooden pavement on a new principle.

A Charter granted by Malcome Kenmure, King of Scotland.—I, Malcome Kenmure, King, the first of my reign, give to thee, Baron Hunter, Upper and Nether Powmode, with all the bounds within the floods, with the Hoope and Hoopetown, and all the bounds up and down, above the earth to heaven, and all below the earth to hell, as free to thee and thine, as ever God gave to me and mine, and that for a bow and bread arrow when I came to hunt upon Yarrow; and for the more sooth of this, I byte the white wax with my teeth, before Margaret, my wife, and Maule, my nurse.

Sic Subscribitur.

MALCOME KENMURE, KING.

MARGARET, *witness.*

MAULE, *witness.*

1057.

Oglander, in his Memoirs of the Isle of Wight, written in 1700, gives us the following record of a blessing formerly enjoyed by that favoured spot. "I have heard," says our author, "and partly know it to be true, that not only heretofore was there no lawyer nor attorney in the Wight, but in Sir George Cary's time, 1588, an attorney coming to settle there was, by his command, and with a pound of candles hanging at his side, lighted, with bells about his legs, hunted out of the island."

Australia.—In the library of the Carthusian friars at Evora, in Portugal, there is a manuscript atlas of the different countries in the world, with richly illuminated maps, made by Turnao Vaz Dourado, cosmographer at Goa, in 1570. In one of the maps there is laid down the northern coast of Australia, with the following note:—This coast was discovered by Ternao de Magathuens, a native of Portugal, in 1520. From this account it appears that the Portuguese visited it many years before the Dutch, who have claimed the merit of the discovery.

W. G. C.

Fortitude under Pain.—In the course of an inquest taken before Mr. Wakley, that gentleman said it was surprising what fortitude was displayed by women whilst undergoing any surgical operation, as compared with men. The latter he had seen quiver at the slightest touch, whilst women would submit to the most painful operation without a shudder. He, however, once witnessed a most surprising instance of fortitude in a man, who having had the misfortune to break his leg, amputation was deemed necessary, which was accordingly performed by Sir Astley Cooper. Some time after, the man called upon Sir Astley, and begged him to cut some more off the stump, as it incommoded him very much! Sir Astley tried to dissuade him from having it done, but without avail. The man then sat down in a chair, and refused to be strapped to it, saying, he well knew what the pain was, and that he would not move. Sir Astley thereupon cut off three or four inches more from the stump, the man, according to promise, not moving a muscle.—1839.

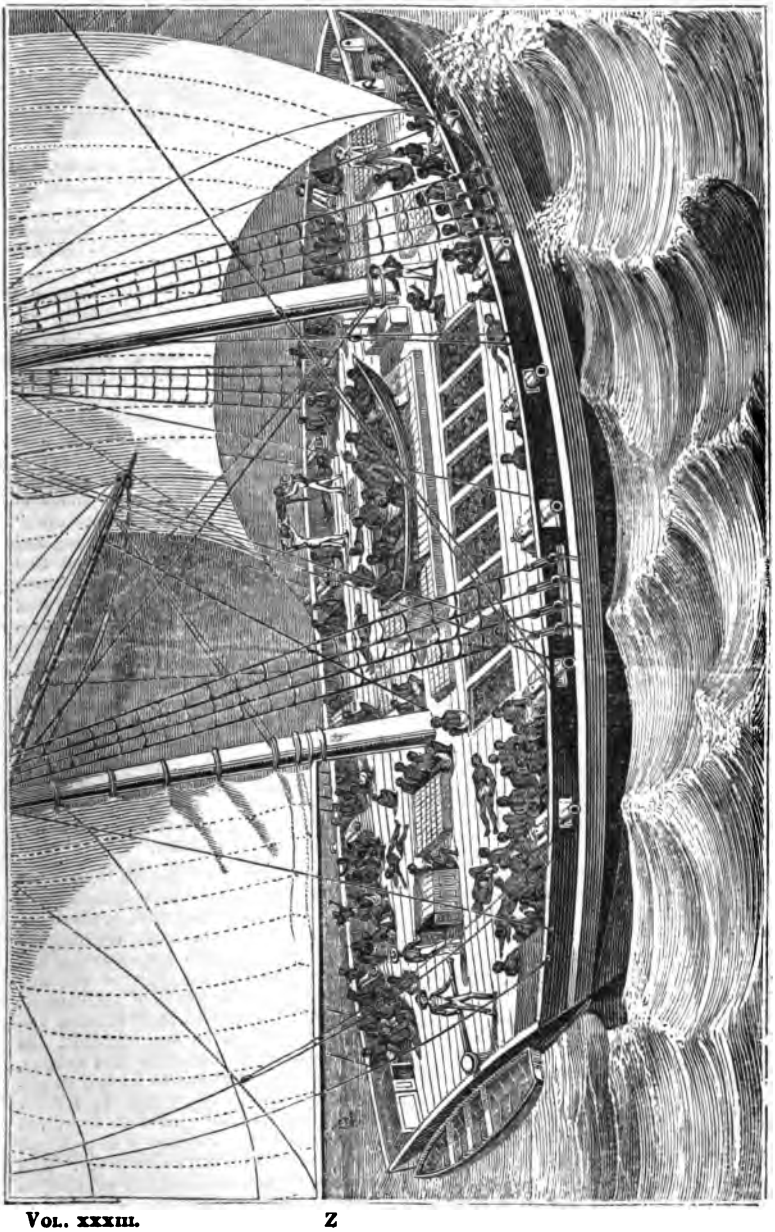
LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.—In PARIS, by all the Booksellers.—In FRANCFORT, CHARLES JUGEL.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 951.] SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1839. [PRICE 2*d*.



REPRESENTATION OF CAPTAIN HUNTLEY'S MODEL OF A SLAVE-SHIP.

Public Exhibitions.

CAPTAIN HUNTLEY'S MODEL OF A SPANISH SLAVE-SHIP.

An elaborate model of one of those horrid and pestilential receptacles—a slave-ship!—is now being exhibited at the Cosmorama, Regent-street; affording a frightful illustration of the manner in which the slave-trade is carried on. It is a beautiful specimen of workmanship, and a perfect representation, on a scale of half an inch to a foot; the vessel, called the Semiramis, *alias* the Regulo, of about 180 Spanish tons: she is represented retreating from a ship of war. When she sailed from the river Bonny, she mustered 600 slaves, with a Spanish crew of between 70 and 80 men; being in company with another slave-ship, called the Rapido: both these vessels had been narrowly watched by the Fair Rosamond, Lieut. Huntley, and the Black Joke, Lieut. Ramsey, tenders to her Majesty's frigate, the Dryad; and on the 10th of September, 1831, they fell in with the slavers, and captured them; the Regulo having upwards of 200 slaves on board; but the Rapido displayed a frightful scene of the horrors to which the African is a victim, when the safety of the slave-ship is threatened. Being in advance of the Regulo, she was beyond the reach of the Fair Rosamond's shot, and thinking that if no slaves were found on board, she would not be detained, she re-landed about half her cargo; but the canoes not coming to her in sufficient numbers to take out the slaves, they were hurried into the river, chained together, either to be drowned, or literally torn to pieces alive, by the innumerable sharks allured to that river by the constant supply of food which they find in the dead slaves daily thrown into it. Both the vessels were carried by the Fair Rosamond to Sierra Leone, and condemned.

The above admirably-executed model represents the manner in which the slave-ships are fitted up: it shows the captain's cabin; with the slave-room for women, and the slave-room for men: the upper-deck of which two last mentioned places are left open for the purpose of showing the spectator the frightful manner the kidnapped negro is stowed away; then—

> He makes his heart a prey to fell despair:
> He eats not, drinks not, sleeps not, has no use
> Of anything but thought; or, if he talks,
> 'Tis to himself, and then 'tis perfect raving:
> Then he defies the world, and bids it pass;
> Sometimes he gnaws his lips, then draws his mouth
> Into a scornful smile."

The height between the decks, and where upwards of 650 slaves are thus placed, is only 3 feet 6 inches!

It is in the above dreadful manner, the wretched slaves are inhumanly huddled together.

The grating-hatchways, for the admission of fresh air, or rather the escape of foul air, are *covered over during wet weather.*

The mess-places for the crew, &c., are also faithfully represented in the model.

Captain Huntley, to whom we are indebted for the following particulars, observes:—"That at least 150,000 natives of Africa are annually torn from their homes; the deaths during the voyage average about 33 in the hundred; and the survivors are sold into bondage principally in the Brazils and Cuba; from which latter place they are conveyed into Florida, Louisiana, and other states of the North American Union. It is painful," he says, "to assert that this enterprising and civilized republic is extensively connected with the slave trade, by building the vessels peculiarly adapted for the purpose, selling them to the Spanish slave-dealers in Cuba, and then, sailing still under the American flag, to some of the Portuguese colonies upon the coast of Africa. A fictitious sale of the vessel then takes place to a Portuguese, and she sails immediately under her new flag upon her demoniacal intent; it is also but too certain, that as the cultivation has advanced in the Brazils, or as any new state, such as the Texas, has started up, so a fresh call has been made, and as readily answered, by more negroes from Africa."

"The efforts of Great Britain to suppress this inhuman trade have been rendered in a great measure unavailable, first, by the determination of Portugal to retain the original treaty signed by the two governments, and which gave the latter the right to continue the slave trade to the south of the equator, Portugal demanding this right because she then had the Brazils for her colonies; she now has no colonies at all in that quarter, and, therefore, as the cause for slaving no longer exists, it is to be hoped that the British government will insist upon that right being given up, or seize Portuguese ships found exercising it, without farther reference. The next cause of the continuation of success

to be many engaged in this execrable vocation, may be found in the refusal of the American government to become a party to the treaties signed between England and every other European nation (Portugal excepted), giving the mutual right of search upon the coast of Africa, and within certain latitudes and longitudes, by which vessels are seized, if fitted for slaves, equally as if slaves are on board."

"The trade," he says, "is carried on with impunity in the very neighbourhood of the British colonies of Gambia and Sierra Leone. Within 150 miles of the latter place, indeed, is the river Gallinas, from whence not less than fifteen or twenty thousand are every year exported, and this through the scandalous prostitution of the Portuguese flag.

"The slavers proceed to the Gallinas, Bonny, Camerooms, and other rivers on the coast of Africa, near the entrance of which are large establishments for the reception of slaves when brought from the interior, and in general, for facilitating the slave trade. The chiefs in the vicinity of these stations make sudden incursions into the interior, laying waste the country, and carrying off all such of the inhabitants as may suit their purpose, and have been unable to conceal themselves. On the required number being obtained, they are put on board, as shown in the model. For these, cloth, beads, gunpowder, muskets, &c., are exchanged, at the rate of about 5*l.* sterling per head. The profit derived may be imagined from the fact of the slaves being sold at from 50*l.* to 70*l.* per head on the other side of the Atlantic.

"Every device is resorted to in order to escape the British cruiser; and the vessel loaded in some cases to absolute suffocation, the whole voyage being in the tropics, the sufferings of the negroes defy description; nor would these poor wretches escape the fate of the prisoners confined in the Calcutta 'black hole,' but for their being permitted about one-third at a time to take the air on deck.

"During the voyage, the slaves are fed upon 'farina,' the root of the cassava scraped and dried, a little yam or rice, with about a pint of water to drink daily. A short time previously to reaching the place of disembarkation, they are fed up with palm oil, indeed rubbed over with it, in order to give them a fat and glossy appearance, and thus expedite their sale."

"With all these humiliating facts," says the *Times* journal, "it is clear to demonstration, that our abandonment of the slave-trade has not materially diminished the amount, and that it is carried on at ten times the cost of human suffering inflicted when it was a traffic carried on by all nations, and subject to regulation. It appears by commercial letters from Rio de Janeiro, that in that port alone, 1,032 slaves were brought in three ships; and that in the month of February last, 6,137 slaves were brought in ten ships. As the destruction of life in these voyages, owing to the strict precautions used against capture, is seldom less than one half, these transactions for one Brazilian port, and during two months only, involve the sacrifice of more than 14,000 human beings!"

How grievous to reflect, thou Citizens of America! that thou, with the word of Freedom everlastingly hanging on thy lips, should countenance the slavery of thy fellow-creatures, and be the prime cause of rivetting the chains of the enslaved Africans. Shame on thee!

However painful it may be even to write on this most wretched and heart-sinking of all subjects, there is yet one proud reflection, that Britain has to boast of such men as Clarkson — Wilberforce — Brougham — the glorious triumvirate, that have, by their brilliant talents, so nobly and so successfully crushed the demon of slavery throughout the British dominions!

"They that fight for freedom, undertake
The noblest cause mankind can have at stake;
Religion, virtue, truth, whate'er we call
A blessing—freedom is the pledge of all.
Oh liberty! the prisoner's pleasing dream,
The poet's muse, his passion, and his theme;
Place me where winter breathes his keenest air,
And I will sing, if liberty be there;
And I will sing at liberty's dear feet,
In Afric's torrid zone, or India's burning heat."

CHARITY NEVER FAILETH.

CHARITY is an emanation from the choicest attribute of the Deity; it is, as it were, a portion of the divinity engrafted upon the human stock: it cancels a multitude of transgressions in the possessor, and gives him a foretaste of celestial joys. It whetted the pious Martin's sword, when he divided his garment with the beggar, and swelled the royal Alfred's bosom, while a pilgrim was the partner of his meal. It influenced the sorrowing widow to cast her mite into the treasury, and held a Saviour on the Cross, when he could have summoned Heaven to his rescue. Its practice was dictated by the law, its neglect has been censured by the prophets; and when the Lord of the vineyard sent his only Son, he came not to destroy the law, but to fulfil it. Other virtues may have a limit here; but Charity extends beyond the grave. Faith may be lost in endless certainty, and hope may perish in the fruition of its object; but Charity shall live for countless ages, for ever blessing, and for ever blessed.

A CRUISE IN THE ATLANTIC.

Some fifty or sixty years ago, before steamboats, tourists, excisemen, *et hoc genus omne*, (translated into cockney dialect "and all that sort of thing,") had penetrated into the most wild and remote creek and corner of that ultima thule of her Majesty's British dominions—the Highlands and Islands of Scotland—the inhabitants carried on what they, in their simplicity and ignorance, called an *honest trade* in rum and brandy with the Faro Islands. Since that period, however, the "schoolmaster has been among them," and, supported by the strong arm of the law, has at length convinced them, that to exchange their fish, oil, and seal-skins, for rum and brandy, or even to convert the scanty crop of grain raised under their inhospitable sky, into ardent spirits, is a *crime* against society and morality.

However sound and unanswerable the logic might be by which the "schoolmaster" himself had arrived at the above conclusion, it could hardly be expected that a simple, primitive people, whose perception of right and wrong must necessarily have been very imperfect, from their total ignorance of the world, could at first be made to comprehend the enormity of their crime, in exchanging their own property for something else they preferred; or, in drinking the produce of their soil instead of eating it. It was therefore frequently necessary to resort to another species of argument; and all those whose craniums did not unfortunately admit of their being convinced, were *convicted*, and forthwith sent to some penal settlement, or on board of a man-of-war, to learn morality. But the simple islanders were so blind to their own interests as not to appreciate this paternal solicitude for their welfare on the part of their rulers,—those among them whose inclinations led them to "do what they liked with their own," still evading, as far as in their power, the revenue laws, and the discipline consequent on their infringement; and, at the same time, possessing the sympathy of such of their fellow-countrymen as were not directly engaged in this contraband trade. The active exercise of this sympathy frequently frustrated the ends of justice, and, on one occasion, led to the following adventure.

John M'Kenzie, or, as he was commonly called, Jan Dhu Mor, one of the most daring smugglers of the Hebrides, was, after innumerable hair-breadth escapes, at last betrayed into the hands of a party from a revenue cutter, by one of his own men, and carried to Stornaway, in the island of Lewis, where he was offered by the authorities, who, under the circumstances, were not guided in their proceedings by the strict letter of the law, the option of being sent to the county town for trial, or to enter on board his Majesty's sloop of war, Revenge, of eighteen guns, then lying in the harbour of Stornaway. Jan Dhu Mor knew very well, if he went to prison he should be transported, unless he could effect his escape; and he did not feel the slightest inclination to serve his Majesty; he therefore begged, as a favour, to be allowed until the next morning to decide.

This boon was readily granted, for Jan Dhu Mor was highly respected; and his character was not only beyond reproach, except on the single point which led him into his present dilemma, but his notions of honour were of a superior order. He was never known to take an unfair advantage even of the revenue officers; on the contrary, he treated them with marked civility when he happened to be stronger, and never on any occasion used unnecessary violence.

Jan was confined for the night in the only inn in the town, which, unfortunately, could not boast of a prison, (a fact strongly indicative of the barbarism of its inhabitants,) and a marine from the ship of war stationed at the door of his chamber.

Among those whose sympathy for the prisoner was strongly excited on this occasion, was a young midshipman belonging to the Revenge, of the name of Norman M'Leod, the son of a gentleman of landed property on the island. This youth was well acquainted with Jan, and had been first inspired with a love for a seafaring life by the romantic legends of the bold smuggler; he therefore conceived the bold design of liberating him. For this purpose he asked leave of absence till the next day.

The room in which Jan Mor was confined was over the cellar, and the flooring consisted of rough planks, clumsily put together. This circumstance was well known to our midshipman; he therefore contrived to abstract the key of Jan's room from the place in which it had been deposited by the landlord, to whose care it had been entrusted, and, stealing into the cellar, he made himself known to the prisoner. He then thrust the key through one of the crevices in the floor, and bade him make the best use of it he could.

The sentinel was found on his post next morning; but gagged, and tied hand and foot. It appeared that the smuggler's hand was on his throat before he could give the alarm, and that he was, without much difficulty, reduced to the helplessness in which he was found by the superior strength of his antagonist. Jan took the precaution to carry off the marine's firelock and cartouch-box.

Our smuggler, without having any particular object in view, except putting the greatest possible distance between himself and the Revenge, retreated to the other side of the island. Having reached the point nearest Barnera, he found one of the long skiffs, in use among the islanders on the

shore, and containing a quantity of straw just imported from the mainland. Into this boat he threw himself, and soon fell asleep. When he awoke, the day was far advanced, and he found himself on the "broad Atlantic," with the "sky above, and the sea below," and one of the small native cattle of the island as his *Compagnon du voyage*. He then recollected having observed some cattle near the boat when he entered it, and immediately concluded that they had surrounded it for the sake of the straw, and that his fellow-voyager being more adventurous than his companions, had got into it when the tide had receded. The rope by which the boat had been fastened, which was made from a species of long grass peculiar to the island, had been eaten away. It was therefore evident that the returning tide had carried himself and his present companion to sea, in consequence of the destruction of the rope. Jan Dhu Mor would gladly have exchanged his present ship and crew for a place before the mast in the Revenge, much as he disliked the strict discipline on board of her; but there was no choice left for him now, and he was not a man to waste time in useless repinings. He therefore took his place at the helm, and kept the boat steadily before a fresh easterly breeze, in the expectation of hailing some ship ere he should reach the other side of the Atlantic. For he thought, and rightly too, that, if he could not return, he might as well use all the means in his power to go forward, and that he had as much chance of being picked up while traversing the pathless ocean in one direction as another. There was not a morsel of food (except the live stock) on board, nor, what was of greater consequence, a single drop of water.

For two days, our smuggler ran steadily before the wind, without seeing a solitary sail. He now began to suffer from intense thirst; and the only means by which he could allay this most dreadful of all sensations, was the blood of the unfortunate quadruped, which, upon the whole, fared much better than its superior, having abundance of straw moistened by occasional showers.

But to kill the animal under the present circumstances, would be like destroying the goose that laid the golden eggs, as it presented the only prospect of prolonging his life. Our smuggler, therefore, had recourse to a practice sometimes resorted to by his poor countrymen during seasons of scarcity, viz. bleeding the cattle at stated periods, for the sake of the blood, which they mixed with a small portion of oatmeal.

Having quenched his thirst, and bound up the wound, he continued his course. On the evening of the third day it became a dead calm.

Jan Dhu Mor could no longer withstand the cravings of hunger; he therefore commenced with his stock of beef, after the Abyssinian fashion—by cutting off the tail!

Next morning a ship hove in sight. It appeared at first to take no notice of him; but having struck a light with the marine's musket, and set fire to some of the dry straw, he soon attracted its attention, and a boat was sent off to take him on board.

The ship proved to be the "Franklin," of New York, an American privateer, carrying twelve guns, owned and commanded by Captain Jenks. The smuggler had no sooner been taken on board the Franklin, than the man at the mast-head sung out "a sail," and soon afterwards "English colours." All was bustle on board the privateer. On the nearer approach of the strange sail, it was discovered to be a British ship of war, carrying six guns more than the Franklin. Captain Jenks, on this discovery, deemed it advisable to set every stitch of canvass, a slight breeze having sprung up, and sheer off with all possible speed.

The Englishman, however, proved to be much the better sailer before the wind; and, after a chase and running fight of several hours, in which the American suffered severely, the latter struck her colours.

Three boats were immediately sent to take possession of the prize. As the unsuspecting *boarders* were in the act of pouring into the privateer, the American captain, forgetting all sense of honour, and mad for the loss of his ship, ordered his men to attack them. Jan Dhu Mor, who had fought bravely till the Franklin struck, was standing at a short distance from the captain when the order for this cowardly attack was given, and, before he could recover from his astonishment at an act so totally repugnant to his own sense of honour, he observed Captain Jenks levelling a pistol at the head of an English midshipman, who was coming over the side. Before he could bring the deadly weapon to bear upon his enemy, one blow from the smuggler's cutlass severed three of his fingers, striking sparks of fire from the pistol, as it glanced on its shining barrel; and another cleft his skull. The midshipman was Norman M'Leod, of his Majesty's ship Revenge.

The first lieutenant of the Franklin, a brave and humane man, seeing his captain killed, surrendered the ship into the hands of the captors.

Jan Dhu Mor was, through the interest of his friend Norman, promoted to be a petty officer on board the Revenge, in which he served until the close of the war, when he was, on the recommendation of Captain Norman M'Leod, appointed to the command of one of the Revenue cutters, for the suppression of smuggling in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland; and thus ended Jan Dhu Mor's Cruise in the Atlantic.

M.

PLAYS WRITTEN BY DIVINES.

[Mr. J. W. Calcraft, lessee and manager of the Theatre Royal, Dublin, has lately published a very interesting *Defence of the Stage*,* displaying great research and knowledge of his subject. It is in answer to a Sermon preached by the Rev. J. B. Bennett, (Wesleyan,) in Dublin. We shall not go into the controversy, but merely extract a summary, not less interesting than curious, of the number of plays written by divinity-men.]

"Gammer Gurton's Needle," was written by the Rev. J. Still, afterwards bishop of Bath and Wells. * * *

Dr. John Bale, bishop of Ossory, called bilious Bale, from the acrimony of his controversial writings, is the author of above twenty dramatic pieces, four of which were published.†—Dr. Nicholas Brady, the coadjutor of Tate (who was also a dramatist) in the version of the Psalms, is the author of a tragedy called "The Rape, or the Innocent Impostors."—The Rev. Thos. Broughton, prebendary of Salisbury Cathedral, is the author of a tragedy called "Hercules."—The Rev. William Cartwright, who died in 1643, is the author of the "Royal Slave," "The Lady Errant," "The Ordinary," and "The Siege." He was an eminent preacher. The learned and pious Dr. Fell, Bishop of Oxford, said of him, "Cartwright was the utmost man could come to."—Dr. Samuel Cobb, archdeacon of Salop, is the author of the "Fair Circassian."—Dr. John Dalton altered and adapted to the stage Milton's "Comus."—Dr. Dodd, who, though his end was unfortunate, was an able divine and a religious man, wrote the oratorios of "Ruth" and "Balaam," the tragedy of the "Syracusan," and edited the "Beauties of Shakspeare," with notes and annotations.—Dr. Warburton, bishop of Gloucester, bestowed much time on an edition of Shakspeare, and in writing notes to his works.—Dr. Percy, bishop of Dromore, wrote an essay on the English stage, and contributed many notes to the various editions of Shakspeare. * * *

The Rev. Thomas Goff, who was esteemed as an excellent preacher, wrote the tragedies of the "Raging Turk," "Orestes," and the "Courageous Turk," and a tragi-comedy called the "Careless Shepherdess." He died in 1627.—Dr. Zachary Grey wrote critical, historical, and explanatory Notes to Shakspeare.—The Rev. John Upton, prebendary of Rochester, wrote critical observations on Shakspeare.—The Rev. Stephen Gosson, who afterwards became a noted persecutor of the theatre, and wrote "The School of Abuse," an invective against poets and players, is the author of a tragedy called "Catiline's Conspiracies," the comedy of "Captain Mario," and a morality called "Praise at Parting."—Dr. John Hacket, bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, is the author of "Loyola," a comedy acted before James the First.—The Rev. Samuel Harding wrote the tragedy of "Sicily and Naples, or the Fatal Union."—Dr. Peter Hausted, chaplain to the Earl of Northampton in the civil wars, wrote the comedies called "Rival Friends," and "Senile Odium."—Dr. John Hoadly, prebendary of Winchester, is supposed to have materially assisted his brother in the celebrated comedy of the "Suspicious Husband," and is the author of the following dramatic pieces:—"The Contrast," "Jephtha," "Love's Revenge," "The Force of Truth," and "Phœbe," and left several dramatic works in manuscript behind him.—The Rev. John Home is the author of "Douglas," a play that will keep possession of the stage as long as any taste for true natural poetry remains; and also of "Agis," "The Siege of Aquileia," "The Fatal Discovery," "Alonzo," and "Alfred." The rigid principles of the synod of Scotland were shocked at the idea of a member of the kirk becoming a dramatist; they, accordingly, in a public convocation, expelled him, and disqualified him from the ministry; in consequence of which he resigned a good living, and withdrew from the jurisdiction of the presbytery. The opinion of mankind has amply vindicated him, and condemned the harsh bigotry by which he suffered; and the late King George III., then Prince of Wales, afforded him a substantial recompense, in the form of a handsome pension, which placed him beyond the effects of further persecution.—Dr. James Hurdis is the author of "Panthea," and "Sir T. More,"‡ tragedies, and "Cursory Remarks on the Arrangement of the Plays of Shakspeare."—The Rev. W. Mason, chaplain to the king, rector of Aston, and canon-residentiary of York, and prebendary of

* Milliken and Son, Dublin, 1829.

† The Camden Society have lately published "Kynge Johan, a Play, in Two Parts, by John Bale;" printed from the original manuscript, in the library of the Duke of Devonshire. The date when "Kynge Johan" was originally written, cannot be clearly ascertained; perhaps before Bale was made an Irish prelate by Edward VI., in 1552. Bale was originally a Roman Catholic; became a Protestant; made a Prebendary of Canterbury; and died in 1563.

‡ Cowper, a pious, and in some respects severe Christian, in a letter to Dr. Hurdis, speaking of the tragedy of "Sir Thomas More," says, "I wish to know what you mean to do with 'Sir Thomas,' for though I expressed doubts about his theatrical possibilities, I think him a very respectable person, and, with some improvement, well worthy of being introduced to the public."—*Hayley's Life of Cowper*. Letter cxxxviii. See also "The Task," book vi. p. 254, in which he eulogises Garrick, and, in speaking of the Jubilee at Stratford, in 1769, in honour of Shakspeare, says:—

"'Twas a hallowed time; decorum reigned,
And mirth without offence. No fear restrained.
Doubtless much edified, and all refreshed."

It is evident from this, Cowper had no horror of the theatre; yet his character and conduct are often quoted by the most rigid.

Driffield, is one of the authors entitled to the applause of the world, as well for the virtues of the heart, as the excellence of their writings. He is the author of the celebrated dramatic pieces, "Charactacus" and "Elfrida," two tragedies still in MS., and finished a tragedy left by Whitehead, called "Ædipus."—The Rev. Dr. Brown is the author of the tragedies of "Barbarossa" and "Athelstan." * * *

The Rev. James Townley is the author of the popular farce of "High Life below Stairs," so often attributed to the pen of Garrick, and many others.—Dr. John Watson, bishop of Winchester in 1588, is the author of "Absalom," a tragedy, in Latin.—Dr. Welch, bishop of Derry, in 1670, wrote two comedies, called "Hermophus," (in Latin,) and "Love's Hospital."—Dr. Francis Wrangham, archdeacon of York, is the author of a farce called "Reform," written in 1792.—Dr. James Plumptre is the author of a comedy called the "Coventry Act," the tragedy of "Osway," "Observations on Hamlet, with an Appendix," and "Four Sermons on Subjects relating to the Stage," preached in St. Mary's Church, Cambridge. In these discourses Dr. Plumptre takes the middle course, and points out the distinction between the uses and abuses of the stage. He says, "this powerful engine can be made to promote the cause of virtue and religion, and to become, not only an innocent amusement, but a highly rational and pleasing source of instruction." These discourses were written under the sanction of the Rev. Dr. Pearson, vice-chancellor of the University of Cambridge, to whom they are dedicated. The reader would do well to peruse them entire, and not draw his opinion of Dr. Plumptre's object, or the mode in which he enforces it, by the summary account included in Dr. Bennett's Appendix. The book is reasonable and moderate, and the notes abound with highly entertaining information. This production Dr. Bennett regards as "a curiosity in theological literature." It may be so. That a clergyman should say a word or two in defence of the stage, may appear to him curious, but I think I have shown that, at all events, it is not singular.—Dr. Edward Young, the author of "Night Thoughts," wrote the tragedies of the "Revenge," "Busiris," and "The Brothers;" the last of which (a fact, I believe, not generally known) was written and acted for the express purpose of adding to the fund for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts.—In more modern times, the Rev. C. Maturin, who is remembered in this city as an eloquent preacher, is the author of the tragedies of "Bertram," "Manuel," "Fredolfo," and "Osmyn the Renegade."—The Rev. H. Millman is the author of "Fazio," which was eminently successful on the stage when produced at Covent Garden for Miss O'Neill, "Belshazzar's Feast," the "The Fall of Jerusalem," and the "Martyr of Antioch."—The Rev. C. Croly is the author of "Catiline," and a very successful comedy, called "Pride shall have a Fall."

The Naturalist.

BOTANY.

Leaves of Plants.

In whatever way absorption takes place in plants, no doubt the leaves are the agents of it; for if you put into water two branches,—one *with* leaves, and the other *without* them,—the water will rise in the *former*, but not in the *latter*. But leaves have also a *directly* absorbing power. In summer, plants are revived more by watering the *leaves*, than by watering the *roots*. In this way we account for plants growing in arid soils, and on rocks, where no rain falls for months together. The water-melon, though in hot countries, sometimes grows to the weight of fifty pounds; and the water must have been derived from the leaves. Experiments have been made to determine by which of their two surfaces it is, that absorption takes place. A leaf of the white-mulberry, when laid on its *upper* surface on water, died in five days; but if laid on its *lower* surface, it lived many months. With the leaves of other trees, it seemed of little consequence on which surface they were laid. In some plants which have no roots (as the *fuci*) the leaves are the sole organs of absorption.

The cooling power of leaves should also be mentioned. This is accomplished by the evaporation of the fluid they transpire; and the transpiration and consequent evaporation are always greater on a hot day. If you place your hand on a growing vegetable, or on a grass-plot, in hot weather, you will feel it very cool. This is seen well in the ice-plant. We here see another reason for the large leaves of tropical plants;—their affording a large space for transpiration. Coolness is also promoted by heat being *reflected*, instead of *absorbed*; and many tropical plants have *smooth* leaves, which are well adapted for reflection. Plants, from being colder than the surrounding atmosphere, often create a dew around them. Drops of dew are often seen on plants after a cold night. Even in the day-time, if a fog should happen to arise, trees arrest it in its progress, condense it, and let it fall in an abundant shower of rain;—even though all around may be parched with drought. In one of the Canary Islands, the inhabitants were said to be chiefly dependent on this source for a supply. A large tree, of the laurel kind, condensed the fog which daily rose from the sea; the water was collected in a large basin underneath; and was distributed to the natives by a superintendent. This account was once rejected by philosophi-

cal scepticism; but was found to be true. Provided there were a sufficient number of such trees, there seems nothing improbable in the statement.

Plants, being organized beings, require air to support them in life. They die if placed in a vacuum. They require that some oxygen (one of the two great constituents of the atmosphere) shold be present. It has been said that they can live in nitrogen (the other constituent of the atmosphere) alone; but that is not the case. Carbonic acid (of which the atmosphere contains one part in a thousand) is hurtful to them if too abundant. If you put a plant into a jar of air inverted over water, the latter will continue to rise during the whole night. This shews that the plant has absorbed some of the air; and the part absorbed is oxygen. Thus plants perform only one inspiration during the night. When exposed to the sun, they *expire* oxygen,—give it out again. If they were entirely excluded from the sun, they would probably continually vitiate the air, by absorbing oxygen, and giving off carbonic acid. It seems that some portion of carbonic acid is necessary for their existence; for they will die, if enclosed in air deprived of carbonic acid; and if rather more than the usual proportion of that gas be present, they grow more vigorously. Plants which grow in water, are observed to have bubbles of air around them. This air consists of oxygen. The green *conferva*, on the inside of troughs, keeps the water from putrefaction, by continually giving out oxygen. Sir Humphrey Davy, in his "Consolations in Travel," says that this little plant and others grow very abundantly round lakes in Italy, which exhale much carbonic acid. The agent in decomposing the carbonic acid, seems to be the chlorophel (as the green colouring matter of plants is called); for the white and the coloured parts of plants,—such as the root, the flowers, and the fruit,—do not decompose carbonic acid. It seems that the *violet* rays of light have a peculiar power in producing green. Senebier made plants grow under glasses of different colours; and the plants in that glass which transmitted only violet rays, grew best. Generally, the upper surface of leaves is the greenest; for the light falls more directly on that surface. In the long leaves which grow upright in lilies and other plants, both sides are equally green. In rushes, the leaves are rolled up; so that their upper surface is concealed from the light, and is *white*; while their lower surface is outside, and is *green*. Leaves have a power of spontaneously turning to the light; and it is generally their upper surface that they present to it. In a field of trefoil, the leaves are seen to move round with the sun. The same thing is seen in vine-leaves. The sun-flower has acquired an undeserved reputation on this head. It is no doubt with a view to this exposure to light, that the leaves of plants have a peculiar arrangement on the stem. If you examine a plant, you find the leaves so arranged (by the different length of their leaf stalks, &c.) that no one leaf completely shuts out another from the sun's light. Plants which grow in the dark, are found to contain very little carbon (pure charcoal). Dutrochet found, that if he exhausted the irritability of the sensitive-plant, if put into the shade, it never recovered; but it did if exposed to the light of the sun. It appears probable, from this, that light is the source of vitality, as well as of the power of gaining carbon. Light is also the source of the formation of aromatic oils, &c. Some have supposed that light itself is an ingredient in some of these substances; as in agreeable scents, and beautiful colours. But if it form part of otto of roses, it must also form part of assafœtida. Bishop Berkely treats of it, when writing on tar-water.

Plants regulate the distribution of water; for they raise it by means of their roots; give it out by their leaves; and condense it again, as dew. Wherever there are forests, springs and rivulets abound. This will remind many of our readers of the Indians' finding water in the woods, in "The Last of the Mohicans." Plants are very useful to animals as food; as in the case of the mulberry-tree and the silk-worm. The mulberry bears to lose its leaves, better than any other plant. The cactus, again, is adapted for cochineal, which is an insect. Many trees afford *habitations* for insects. Sometimes the insects which infest plants, perform an office which is useful to man; as in the case of the insect which by piercing the bark of the oak, causes the excrescence to form which is called a *gall-nut*; and which is so useful in the manufacture of ink. We once heard a lecturer inform his audience, that gall-nuts were the *fruit* of the oak; and when we ventured, after lecture, to state the impression under which we had lain, that the *acorn* was the fruit of the oak, he replied that such was the case with *English* oaks, but he had spoken of *foreign* ones! Our readers must have seen the little hole in the nut, by which the young insect makes his escape when the proper time arrives; but our learned friend informed us that this hole was made by the old insect trying to get in to eat the fruit! Some insects are very pernicious; as is the case with the catepillar, the turnip-fly, &c. The leaves of plants are often very useful to man; as in the case of tea, vegetables, condiments, &c. Vine-leaves, as well as grapes, will make wine. Many leaves, such as those of the palm, are made use of for paper in the East. Mosses keep up bogs, and afford fuel. Many of the inconveniences which we now suffer from the ravages of the caterpillar, would be obviated if we knew more of its habits.

N. R.

CAUBUL AND ITS DEPENDENCIES.

(*Continued from page* 330.)

AFFGHANISTAN.

CAUBUL, according to the evidence of recent travellers, is a compact and picturesque city: it abounds in all the necessaries, and no small part of the luxuries, of civilized life. Its houses are fair of appearance, its religion is carried on with propriety and becoming solemnity; and at those seasons when its state is pacific, and its government judicious, it is a happy and desirable place.

But, as regards the physical appearance of the territory without its boundaries, subject to its jurisdiction and sovereignty, scenes of another kind appear. No longer, when beyond what are strictly termed the limits of the city, is level pathway or trim street, intersected by water-streams, to be trodden by the foot; no longer does the brilliant bazaar, glittering with its rainbow-hued fabrics, delight or dazzle the eye, these give way to scenes of another nature. Instead of those mountains, rugged of surface, and sublime of height, at whose bases stretch out plains mantled with rich and fertile verdure, at one time overpower, and at another, please the eye of the beholder. And not untenanted are these varied sceneries. Thickly studded are they everywhere by the tents of various nomade tribes—here the Doorannee abides—there the Affghan shepherd fixes for a while his moveable habitation. This last-mentioned nation, by far the most considerable of all which are tributary to the king of Caubul, is that which above all demands and deserves notice. From a faithful description, indeed, of this large nation, a correct notion may be formed as to the modes and habits of most of the other tribes spread over the kingdom. These, though they may indeed differ in trifling points, will, however, in their broad and general characteristics, be found to very closely assimilate. Of that immense country, known by the name of Affghanistan, we propose to speak—a country whose population is dense, and the tenants of whose soil, though they be entirely pastoral in the manner of their lives, yet, than whom, in the event of war, there exists not a more courageous or bellicose people.

Upon the north of this great country, extend chains of mountains, covered with perpetual snow, from which issue many rivers. Round the eastern boundary, the great waters of the Indus roll as long as that river continues near the hills. The southern limits of the country are again bounded by hills, while plains and deserts make up the rest of its irregular boundary. Multitudinous are the countries which it comprehends, various in their level, climate, soil, and productions. These all bear certain names, for the Affghans have in truth no general name for their country: but that of Affghanistan, which was, most likely, first employed in Persia, is frequently used in books, and is not, by this time, unknown to the inhabitants of the country to which it applies. Nothing can be more imposing than the appearance of the loftier mountains surrounding Affghanistan, and indescribable are they for the magnificence and variety of their towering summits. A peculiar beauty, too, belongs to the lower hills. From their summits, down to their bases, the different gradations of vegetation are remarkable. Snows lie for three or four months on their tops, which are almost treeless, and desolate, but their sides are embellished with forests of dark pines, oaks, and flourishing olives; lower down, enjoying a delicious clime, are many charming little valleys, irrigated by clear and beautiful waters. In this degree of latitude, the plants and flowers which adorn the gardens of Europe grow in profusion, and the ground is gaily variegated with the rich verdure of many-coloured mosses.

For a country of such capacious extent, Affghanistan has few large rivers. With the exception of the river Indus, there is none which can be forded during the greater portion of the year. The largest rush from their sources with the impetuosity of torrents. One chief cause of the diminution of their importance, is the practice in vogue among the people, of draining off their waters for the purpose of irrigating the fields which lie upon their borders. A river of magnitude is by this means consumed, before it can reach any other.

It is according to the fall of the rains, that the husbandry of these parts flourishes or withers, indeed, it altogether depends upon the seasonableness and quantity of the rains. The rainy season, productive of the most calamitous effects, is that which is called the S. W. monsoon. Its effects are diffused over a wide space, and for a third part of the year, it absolutely floods all the countries over which it extends. Heavy masses of cloud, accompanied by a darkening of the air, are the general harbingers of its advent, and during the silence of the night is it that it sets in with the roll of thunder-storms, the rush of hurricanes, and the downfall of huge rain-floods. But out of this seeming evil marvellous good is educed; for no sooner has its intemperate fury ceased, than the whole length and breadth of the land, which was before arid and verdureless, sparkles with all the freshness and brilliancy of spring. During the first month, these rains descend only at intervals; for one month only they are at their height; during the third month they gradually lessen, and during September they almost entirely suspend their force, departing, as they came, in thunders and tempests.

During the depth and severity of the winter season, there falls also a second rain, and which, according to the temperature of the place, assumes the form of rain or snow:

this second rain, by those who study agricultural pursuits, is held to be of much greater importance to husbandry than the south-western monsoon.

From the fluctuating nature of the climate, which is sometimes consumed by intense heats, at others, devoured by cold or devastating rains, fevers and agues are very common in Affghanistan; colds are very troublesome, and are, in winter, not unfrequently fatal. Many are carried off by the ravages of the small-pox, though inoculation has been long in vogue, even in the most remote quarters of the kingdom. Weakness of the eyes, and opthalmic complaints, are also very frequent of occurrence.

Of the characteristics of some animals which are indigenous to the country, there are some facts which are not uninteresting.

During winter the wolves are particularly formidable; they gather together in numerous troops, and man himself is oftentimes attacked by them. It is remarkable, on the other hand, that the hyænas never assemble in bodies, but will oftentimes, with ferocious courage, attack a bullock singly.

There is also a remarkable species of deer, noticeable for the size of its branching horns; the uneducated Affghan people entertain very curious notions relative to the means of its subsistence. They assert that it feeds wholly on snakes, and that within it is found a hard green substance, and this, by them, is reckoned an infallible remedy for the poisonous bite of the serpent.

The furnishing of the armies of the king of Cabul with cavalry, depends much on Affghanistan. Numbers are bred in the Affghan dominions, and those brought up at Heraut are superb creatures. The fine graceful shape, peculiar to the Arab charger, is frequently to be seen among them, united with superior strength. Though, indeed, the horses of the Affghan dominions are not, when taken collectively, to be considered as remarkably good, yet, in the province of Bulkh, they are very excellent and numerous. There is a kind of gad-fly, which makes continual inroads upon these animals, and, indeed, so violently harassed are they by them that they have been known, in many instances, to pine away and die. Mesquito, too, that everlasting plague of hot countries, swarms in these parts, and the natives are obliged to have mosquito curtains, as in Bengal.

In the vegetable kingdom there exists an infinite number of trees, which are altogether unknown in Europe. Among others is the selgoozeh, whose branches are clustered with cones, larger than artichokes, and containing seeds resembling pistachio nuts. Here, also, flourish two species of oaks, the botanical name given to one of which is quercus belooi; and these, together with a sort of gigantic cypress, tower on the tops and sides of the mountains. There are other trees, which go by the names of seemhoobb, purra, bulkhuke and zurung, which few travellers have met with.

There are, however, many parts of the Affghan country which present a very destitute and forlorn appearance. There are continually to be met with, hills and waste, which are unmarked by any enclosures, unadorned by any trees or natural productions, unimproved by either navigable canal or public road, or distinguished by any single refinement of human industry. Neither again is the mere outward aspect of the people more prepossessing. Their features are high and harsh, their countenances dark and swarthy, from constant exposure to the sun, their beards are suffered to grow to a great length; and these, together with their loose clothing, and the shaggy skins which mantle their shoulders, strike the traveller with no little surprise.

But, on entering their society, these sensations speedily give way to others of an agreeable and pleasant nature. He beholds their martial and lofty spirit, and he at once yields the tribute of admiration: he partakes of their generous hospitality, and experiences deep-felt gratification; and while in those bold and simple manners which at first excited his displeasure, he begins to perceive many noble qualities, and the rudiments of many virtues. W. ARCHER.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Phenomena of Nature.

WILL WITH A WISP.

THE following letter from Mr. R. Overton, of Grimstone, appears in the *Norwich Mercury*, of Saturday, May 18, 1839:—"On returning home from Tatterford, on the 8th of May, at half-past 11 o'clock P.M., when within half-a-mile of Rudham, I observed two lights, apparently 200 yards distant, passing rapidly about two feet from the surface of the earth, through a dense fog, which covered a circumscribed spot of meadow-land to the extent of an acre: the adjoining land appeared perfectly free from that vapour. At first sight I supposed the lights to proceed from lanterns. I was, therefore, induced to stop and observe their movements, but was rather surprised to see them disappear; after travelling in a straight direction about 100 yards, another, much larger and more brilliant one, made its appearance, and in a short time disappeared. It was a beautiful starlight night, and the sky frequently illumined with flashes of vivid silent lightning, and the wind blowing briskly from the north-east. Several lights sprung up in different parts of the meadow, and moved about in various directions—and one, as if more bold than the rest, advanced in a straight direction to within about 90 yards of the place

where I stood, remained perfectly still for a few seconds, described a half-circle, as if about to return, and instantly disappeared. Feeling fully satisfied that the phenomenon above described was an *ignis fatuus*, I remained a full hour to observe its gambols, which at times were truly ridiculous—and as I am not aware that it has been before noticed that these midnight luminaries are immediately connected with electricity, I beg leave to request you will do me the favour of giving a place in your valuable journal to the preceding phenomena. I particularly observed two or three of these lights instantly appeared with each flash of lightning, more or less brilliant, according to the degree of light caused by the lightning."

LAW OF STORMS.

A LECTURE on this interesting subject was delivered on Thursday evening, the 16th ult., at the Metropolitan Institution, Salvador House, Bishopsgate, by Mr. W. R. Birt, the librarian. After controverting the generally received opinion that the trade winds blow from the north and south, at the limits of the torrid zone, becoming due east at the equator, by showing that they first commence from the eastward, and gradually become north and south near the equator, the lecturer explained the theory so ably put forth by Colonel Reid, and, with the help of diagrams and maps, showed the phenomena that would arise from a cylinder of air rapidly rotating, possessing at the same time a progressive motion. He also showed the agreement of facts with theory, by a diagram, constructed from the published accounts of a storm that passed round the north off Scotland and along the eastern shores of England during the night, between the 11th and 12th of October last. In concluding, the lecturer endeavoured to show the vast importance of the inquiry, particularly to those individuals whose occupations are connected with the sea.

Arts and Sciences.

ACCIDENTAL DISCOVERY OF PRUSSIAN BLUE.

THIS colour takes its name from the country wherein it was discovered by accident, in 1704. It happened that a manufacturer, named Diesbach, was engaged in precipitating a solution of alum, to prepare the white body (as the basis of lake,) to be coloured with a decoction of cochineal, employed for that purpose some potass which had been given him by Dippel, and upon which the latter had several times rectified animal oil; but, to the astonishment of the operator, the precipitate, which should have been white, became blue. Dippel being made acquainted with the phenomena, applied himself to examine all the circumstances connected with this strange appearance, and at last he succeeded in reproducing the new colour at his pleasure. The method of preparing the colour, which was kept secret by the inventors, was an object of research for many years among the chemists. In 1724, Woodward, who was a member of the Royal Society of London, published the following process, which has been for a long time the only one in use:—Some dried ox-blood and potass are mixed together and calcined; as soon as the vapours have ceased, and the substance has become of a dark red, it is thrown into water and boiled, to hasten the solution of the salts it contains. With this liquid, clarified by rest or filtration, is precipitated a solution of sulphate of iron and alum; the precipitate is then purified by hydrochloric acid and repeated washings. At the present time, instead of the Prussian lye, the crystals drawn from it, and called prussiat of potass, are used. The salt is a triple combination of Prussic acid, potass, and a little iron: the solution being much more pure than the lye in which it crystallises, the blue should be, and is in fact, much more brilliant. If this colour possessed solidity, it would be one of the greatest utility: it has intensity, flows freely in the pencil, and is a good dryer; but it loses its brightness, becomes greenish and gray when exposed to a strong light: therefore, it never can be used to make green tints of a brilliant and durable nature. In the article on browns we shall shew, that Prussian blue, exposed to a strong heat, becomes an excellent brown. When Prussian blue is prepared with proto sulphate of iron, the precipitate is first of a dirty green, and only becomes blue by contact with the air. It must, therefore, be well stirred; and when the blue is developed, it is washed by decanting or filtration. When the sulphate of potass is carried off by washing, the colour is soluble in water, and holds the same quality when dry; but this will not be the case if alum has been added to the sulphate of iron, or is contained in it.—*Sarsfield Taylor's Translation of Mérimée's Art of Painting in Oil and in Fresco, &c.*

QUALITIES OF WOOD AS A MATERIAL OF CONSTRUCTION.

SUCH is the form which, guided by experiment and such other resources of science as we possess, we find ourselves led to give to the substance, iron, which, forming part of the solid materials of the earth, and ministering there to some wholly different use, we dig up and apply to our purposes of construction. Now let us turn to the architecture of trees, and examine Nature's material, and let us consider whether, guided by the light which our efforts to economise this artificial material of construction may have given us, we may not discover, in the material which

has been elaborated wherewith to build up those stately structures, some feeble traces of that mighty and all-perfect wisdom of which ours, feeble as it is, is yet an emanation. And let the principle first of all be stated, as one observable throughout all nature, that creative power, infinite in its development, is infinitely economised it its operation. Were wood but as durable as iron and stone, it would supersede their use as a material of construction. If other evidence were wanting, the unparalleled boldness of the structures erected with wood would, for itself, speak to the fact. What have we to compare with the structures erected in wood? There is no arch of iron or stone, for example, that approaches to the span of the wooden arches which have been erected by Weibeking in Germany, or to that arch at Philadelphia, which, with one vast span of 350 feet, crosses the Schuylkill. The superiority of wood to iron or stone, as a material of construction, results from the extraordinary lightness which it unites with its strength. Thus deal has only one-fifteenth the weight of cast-iron, although it has considerably more than one half the tenacity, and sixteen bars of it would weigh only the same as one bar of the same dimensions of wrought-iron, although they would have together more than the strength of three. Now it is evident that a building erected with a material, however strong, which was in the same proportion heavy, might, and probably would, be a weak building. Such a structure, notwithstanding the great strength of its material, might load itself with its own mass to the utmost that it would bear, so that the slightest additional pressure would cause it to yield, as it is the last ounce which breaks the camel's back. Many, and memorable, are the instances of this weakness in artificial structures. The case of the Brunswick Theatre, whose iron roof fell in by the pressure of its own weight, and that of Mr. Maudeslay's manufactory in London, and of the Conservatory at Brighton, are in everybody's recollection. But wood falls short of other materials in durability. The food of living vegetation is extracted from decayed vegetation; decay was thus, for the great purposes of nature, made its inseparable concomitant. This decay—which was a necessary property then of timber, as a material of nature's architecture—unfitted it for that of man; who, reserved for immortality, and struggling, even here, in an unceasing combat with the fleeting and transitory character of all that surrounds him, would construct for himself an abode whose durability may laugh to scorn the shortness of his tenure, and digs its material from among those mineral substances out of which the mass of the earth itself is builded up, and whose duration is coeval with it.—*Moseley's Illustrations of Science.*

New Books.

THE GIFT FOR ALL SEASONS.

A LITTLE volume, most appropriately named, for its main object appears to be the promotion of that which, in all times and at all seasons, should be the lantern of our paths, and which, in the hours of adversity or death, can alone afford us real support—Religion. There are amid its pages many pieces of great merit, particularly the Valley of Abourna, by Miss Pardoe, and a paper on the Jews, by Henry Innes, Esq. We subjoin the following beautiful poem as a general specimen of its contents.

MY MOTHER.

BY D. ROSS LIETCH, M.D.

DARK is the night and wild the sea,
The tempest round me gathers,
And I must wander far from thee,
Sweet island of my fathers!
But soft dreams in my soul arise,
Nor storm nor fear can smother:
And clothed in love, before mine eyes,
Thy image glides, my Mother!

The sable garb—the widow's cap
Thy sweet cheek simply shading;
And, oh! that pensive look of love,
Unspeakable—unfading!
Bright thoughts lie brooding on that brow,
Where Grief hath left his furrow;
For Faith and Love have brightened now,
The lines engraved by Sorrow.

Oh, Mother! thou art blent with all
That to my heart is nearest;
Even Heaven to me is doubly dear,
Because to thee 'tis dearest.
If virtue burns within my breast,
To thee that bliss is owing!
'Twas thou that lit the sacred flame,
'Tis thou that keep'st it glowing.

When the wild waves of passion roll,
Like starbeams o'er the ocean;
Thine image glides athwart my soul,
And calms each fierce emotion.
An angel atmosphere of peace
Breathes from thy spirit o'er me:
The gloom retires,—the tempests cease,
And all is bright before me.

Thy love is like a light divine,
A lustre rich and holy;
Hate lives not in that heart of thine,
'Tis pitying melancholy!
Thy gentle chiding, even more dear
Than kindness from another;
Reproof is Love, when from thy lips
'Tis breathed, my angel Mother!

To bask beneath thy holy smile—
To feel thy kiss upon me;
To hear those gentle tones that oft
From worldly thoughts hath woo me;
To live beside thee, and to touch,—
To talk of loved ones perish'd;
Ye, Sacred Powers! can tell how much
This lot by me is cherish'd!

The bounding heart of Youth is gone,
The flowers have left the wildwood;
And dim, dim now the dreams have grown
I cherish'd in my childhood.
But, mother, oh! whilst thou art left,
The true, the angel-hearted,
Not all of boyhood's bliss is reft,
Not all of youth departed!

Oh! may the Power who gave us thee
Awhile on earth to blossom,
To show how much of heaven may be,
Within a human bosom;
Long with thee bless our loving eyes,
A beam of glory given;
The polar star of Paradise,
To guide our souls to Heaven.

CROMWELL'S PARENTAGE.

To the Editor of the Mirror.

SIR,—The interesting notitia of the opinions of Cromwell, as emanating from various writers, recorded in number 949 of the *Mirror*, induces me to forward some particulars of his family, not generally known. Cromwell's mother was daughter to Stewart of Rothsyth, in the Shire of Fife, in Scotland, —the situation of Rothsyth Castle is almost opposite to Hopeton House, on a rock near the sea. The family of Rothsyth passed into England, at the time of the accession of James VI., and the barony of Rothsyth became the property of the Earl of Hopeton.

Robert Cromwell, the father of the Protector, although, by the means of his elder brother, Sir Oliver, made a Justice of the Peace, in Huntingdonshire, was possessed of a very slender estate, much of his support being derived from a brewhouse in Huntingdon, managed chiefly by his wife, sister to Sir Robert Stewart, of the city of Ely, Knt., who bequeathed to his nephew, afterwards Lieutenant-General and Protector of the Commonwealth of England, his estate of about five hundred pounds per annum, in the Isle of Ely. AN ANGLO-SCOT.

EARLY ENGLISH MUSIC-PRINTERS.

BY EDWARD F. RIMBAULT,
ORGANIST OF EGLISSE SUISSE.
(*For the Mirror.*)

THE subject of this paper, as the above title indicates, is to treat of the old music-printers, as distinguished from the ordinary printers of the periods to which, in the course of the following pages, we shall have occasion to refer; for although most of the printers of the time, as a matter of course, would in the routine of business be called upon to print and publish musical works, as well as others of a different description, yet, as it is well known, most of our early musical literature was mainly issued from the presses of printers who devoted themselves more exclusively to the publication of musical compositions; not that they ever debarred themselves from printing other works, but because this constituted the greater part of their occupations, insomuch that most of this class of publishers, more especially at a later period, distinguished their shops from those of the more general publishers, by signs, as was then the common custom, which had immediate reference to their occupations and common employment, as will sufficiently appear from the two following, copied from the title-pages of different publications; thus we have the "*Bass Viol and Flute*" in one instance; and in another, the "*Golden Viol*;" these instances might of course be readily multiplied, but as they are all of somewhat the same nature, the two given are sufficient for our present purpose.

It is a fact, perhaps as interesting as any in the whole range of Typographical history, that our early music-printers did not, as might have been supposed from the imperfect date of the art at such an early period of its existence, print from stamped or engraved plates, in imitation of the mode of printing from cut blocks, but actually from moveable type; so that the music type could be put up and printed at the same time, and nearly with as little trouble, as the common letter-press type itself; and this must have been a very considerable advantage at this early period of the art of music-printing, as may readily be conceived.

This method of printing musical compositions was introduced about the latter end of the fifteenth century, and continued to be used as the ordinary mode of printing music till the commencement of the eighteenth century; about which period a very considerable alteration was made, as will be subsequently explained.

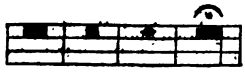
The first musical characters (according to Mr. Ames) that issued from the press in England, are to be found in an exceedingly curious work, by Ralph Higden, which is known to the antiquarian portion of the literary world under the name of the "Polychronicon."* This interesting work was translated by Treviso, and given to the world about the year 1495, from the press of the celebrated "Wynken de Worde," who was a man of remarkable character, and one to whose exertions the press owes many of its improvements; he was then settled in Westminster. It is not known whether Wynken de Worde printed any other work besides this in which musical characters were used; I have not seen any other, nor either am I aware of any musical author mentioning to the contrary; and this I think may be regarded as a curious circumstance, because he was one of the most extensive as well as one of the best printers of his time; and it may be imagined that if any other musical work had been issued from his press, it would have been known to some of the musical historians, who are, however, quite silent on this point.

There appears to be a blank in the

* The series of our modern English Chronicles may, perhaps, be considered as commencing with John de Trevesa's translation of Heydon's Polychronicon, first printed by Caxton in 1482—but the musical characters do not occur in Caxton's edition, Wynken de Worde's reprint being, in many respects, very different.

history of music-printing for a considerable period, namely, from the year 1495, which was the date of the publication of the "Polychronicon" of Wynken de Worde, up to the year 1550; in which year a printer, of the name of Richard Grafton, published a very curious and interesting work, entitled, "*A Boke of Common Praier, noted:*" during this interval, however, some few books are known to have been published; but as they are both few, and of a very trifling nature, and not from the press of any printer of note, we may look upon this period as blank.

This 'Boke of Common Prayer' is the composition of John Marbeck, organist of the Chapel Royal, Windsor, and is considered valuable on several accounts, as it is nearly one of the earliest books of the kind printed in England, in which musical notes are introduced; and it contains the rudiments of our present cathedral service, so that we are able to trace, with considerable ease and precision, the various changes that have been introduced into the religious ceremonies and services of this country, from the period just mentioned, through all its gradations and improvements, up to the present time. The title-page of this work contains the following statement of its content and meaning.—"*In this boke is contayned so much of the order of Common Praier as is to be sunge in the Churches, wherein are used only four sortes of notes.*" Of the notes contained in this book, the annexed diagram is a specimen, taken



from a copy in the British Museum; and, as it will be perceived, they are different from those now in use, indeed they differed considerably from those that had preceded them; so much so, that at the time of the publication of the work, the author thought it necessary to append the following brief but interesting explanation, which is taken verbatim from his work:—"*The first is a streme note, and is a breve; the second is a square note, and is a semy-breve; the third is a pryche, and is a mynyme; and when there is a pryche by the square note, that pryche is half as much as the note that goeth before it; and the fourth is a close, and is only used at the end of a verse.*"

We can therefore readily perceive that the notes or characters used in this book had not long been introduced, insomuch that they were, at the time of its publication, not commonly known, or otherwise there would not have been any necessity for this explanatory note; so that even these few words of themselves, without any further evidence, tends to prove that this book was unquestionably one of the earliest in which musical characters occur, which, indeed, is clearly demonstrated from other sources.

The next printer who appears to have employed himself in printing musical compositions, is one William Serres, of whom, however, little is known; in the year 1553, he published the work of Dr Tye's, which was of a religious cast, as most of the musical works of this period were, under the singular title of the "*Actes of the Apostles, translated into English metre, and dedicated to the Kinges most excellent Majestie, with notes to each Chapter to synge, and also to play upon the lute, very necessary for students after their studie to fyle their wittes; and also for all Christians that cannot synge, to read the good and godly storyes of the lives of Christ and his Apostles.*"

Dr. Christopher Tye, the author of the above work, was tutor to the young king, Edward the Sixth, to whom the book is dedicated; it was composed expresely for the Royal Chapel, it being well known that both Henry the Eighth, his son Edward, and Queen Elizabeth, were lovers of music, which they patronised to a very considerable extent during their respective reigns. That such a curious title should have been given to a book of a serious character, may perhaps appear strange to the people of a more refined age, who are accustomed to the brief but elegant titles which are now given to such works, in lieu of the quaint titles of our forefathers.

The curious phrase used in the text, namely, to "*fyle their wittes,*" will be understood to mean, that they should learn music as an extra accomplishment, which it was desirable all students should know after having passed through their college studies.* This accomplishment, and dancing, at one period being of as much use and importance to the youth of the higher classes as the rudiments of their ordinary education.

The idea of recommending a book of music to "*all Christians that cannot synge,*" will be considered as a specimen of the mode in which the writers a few centuries ago indulged themselves in making puns, even concerning the most grave and severe topics; and doubtless this curious phrase would now

* Mr. Reeves, in his History of English Law, quoting from Fortescue, has the following curious extract, concerning Law students of the time of Henry the Sixth, viz.: "A Student could not reside in the Inns of Court for less than twenty-eight pounds per annum, and proportionally more if he had a servant, as most of them had. For this reason the students of the law were generally sons of persons of quality. Knights, barons, and the greatest nobility of the kingdom, often placed their children here, not so much to make the laws their study, as to form their manners, and to preserve them from the contagion of vicious habits; for, says the same author, all vice was there discountenanced and banished, and every thing good and virtuous was taught there—music, dancing, singing, history, sacred and profane, and other accomplishments."

be regarded as a good piece of pious humour, but which at that period no doubt recommended the sale of the work, precisely as in our own times a well-chosen motto or title conduces to the same end; for it is well known to be an old fancy of authors, that they invariably write the best, when they have fallen upon some title that suits their fancy.*

After these works had been issued from the press, and had become common, we find that they were the means of increasing the demand for musical works of different kinds; for within a very few years from the date of the last-mentioned work, others were printed and circulated; but not being of any particular importance, it is unnecessary to mention them in this brief article.

(*To be continued.*)

TRANSIT OF LETTERS IN ENGLAND.

The post-office system of England, perfected as it has been of late years, is vastly superior to that of any other country.

The mention of the office of chief postmaster of England, occurs in 1581. In 1635, Charles I. directed his "post-master of England for foreign parts" to open a communication by running posts, between London and Edinburgh, Holyhead, Exeter, Ireland, &c. In 1653-4, the post-office revenues were farmed by the council of state and Protector at 10,000*l.* per annum. In 1656, the parliament made some enactments for the erection of a new General Post-office, which was established at the Restoration in 1660, and from that period has only changed by a perpetual growth of activity and usefulness. The mail for letters was first conveyed by stage-coaches; on the 2nd August, 1785, and in 1789, by royal mail coaches.†

In order to form some idea of the magnitude, and great facility of transacting business at the General Post-office at the present time, we give the following extract from a recent parliamentary report:—

"There are employed at present at the Inland-office of the General Post-office in London, 84 clerks, 50 sub-sorters, 241 letter-carriers, and about 30 messengers—in all, 405 persons.

"The operations of the Post-office, belonging to the despatch of letters, or the evening work, as it is called, consist in—

"1st. Facing the letters, and stamping them, to show the date of their receipt. Stamping is performed with a hand-stamp, at the rate of 200 letters per minute.

"2. Sorting, according to the different mail routes; in doing which 54 persons are employed. Mr. Bokenham states, that sorting is done at the rate of 30 letters a minute. Sir Edward Lees says, that 60 is the lowest number that a sorter ought to sort.

"3. Examining and taxing the letters; in which business 21 persons are employed for one hour and a quarter each. Taxing is performed at the rate of 33 in a minute.

"4. Re-sorting, according to the different post towns.

"5. Telling: that is, making out the bills for the unpaid letters, against the different deputy-postmasters. Twenty tellers are thus employed for somewhat less than one hour and a quarter each.

"In the evening there are also the newspapers to sort. The first step is to put the directions all one way, the second is to sort. The 241 letter-carriers, and the 50 sub-sorters, in all about 290, are employed upon this duty.

"The morning duty of the Post-office consists in unloading the mails, and delivering the letters, that is to say, in

"1. Opening the bags, of which there are 700, and in checking the Deputy-postmasters' accounts for paid letters; 15 persons are thus employed; one person examines a bag in one minute and a half; 10 clerks are employed in examining the taxings of unpaid letters, made by the deputy-postmasters.

"2. Sorting; 50 sorters are thus employed for two hours.

"3. Telling, that is, making out bills against every letter-carrier. Ten tellers, assisted by three check-clerks, are employed in this business during an hour.

"4. Delivering; the letter-carriers, of whom there are 241, are to return by a certain time, and are to pay the money charged against them to the receiver-general; also 50 sub-sorters, who are in a situation between clerks and letter-carriers, assist in the early delivery of general-post letters."

* It is a well-known fact, that one of our principal booksellers always stipulated, while purchasing a copyright, *that he should write the title.*

† The procession of the mail-coaches which took place annually on the Sovereign's birthday, forming, perhaps, the most pleasing exhibition of the day, was dispensed with on Thursday, the 23rd inst. for the first time since the mail-coaches were established. The omission is accounted for by the great diminution in their numbers, occasioned by the transmission of many of the mails by rail-road, and the altered hours of conveyance, in consequence of which the evening display of the splendidly-horsed coaches would have been exceedingly meagre compared with former years.

The Gatherer.

The River Thames.—The Parks have been fitly called the lungs of the Metropolis; because they afford opportunity to our overgrown population "in crowded city pent," to breathe the fresh air, and recruit their health. But the Thames is as much entitled to the appellation as the Parks; because, in consequence of the current created in it,

twice a day, by the flux and reflux of the tide, the river is thoroughly washed out every twelve hours, the back-going current as often carrying with it to the open sea, all the drainage of a population of a million and a half of people, and twice every twenty-four hours bringing up fresh air and clear water.

The funeral obsequies of a great Chancellor of Venice, were performed in the afternoon of January 22, 1766, with the same pomp and ceremony as observed for a Doge. The secular clergy of Venice walked in procession, carrying in their hands lighted wax-candles, from St. Mark's church, through St. Mark's place, to the church of St. John and St. Paul; these were followed by the school, or confraternity of St. Mark, who carried large wax-tapers upon single stands of immense size. There was carried instead of the corpse, an image of the deceased, taken in wax, and exposed upon a bier, attended by the mourners dressed in long black cloaks, ending in the point of a cone, high above their heads. The Vice-Doge, accompanied by the six counsellors, and the three Capi di Quaranta, and all the Secretaries, each with a noble Venetian upon his right hand, closed the procession. The image was deposited upon a magnificent catafalco, or scaffold, which extended from the bottom to the top of the church, and was illuminated with wax candles. The solemnity concluded with an oration in Latin in praise of the deceased. W. G. C.

Players in 1580.—The following curious document is, we hear, among the modern discoveries of the State Paper Office:—"Warrant to the treasurer of her Majestes chamber to pay unto ye Erle of Sussex men for a play exhibited before her Majestie on St. Johnes day at night, 10*l.* The like summes to Erle of Leycester's servaunts for a playe on St. Stephens daie. To the Erle of Derbyes men for a playe on New Yeres daie. To the master of the children of Powles for a playe on Twelfe daye at night, 33 Jan. 1580-1."—"Warrant to the treasurer of her Majestes chamber to paie unto the servauntes of the Erle of Leicester, for a play by them presented before the Queen upon Shrove Tuesday at night, 5*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*; and for their attendaunce otherwise by waie of reward, 3*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* Like sommes to servauntes of the Lord Chamberlaine for a a play by them presented before the Queen uppon Candlemas daie at night. Like sommes to be payed the master of the children of the chappels for a playe presented before the Queen upon Shrove Sunday last at night. 13 Feb. 1580-1."

A Frenchman's Opinion of the Duke.—"Wellington is an isolated character in England;—no one can determine his position—no one is able to assign to him his actual place among the nobility. He is the political hero of the Tories, as he is the military hero of the age. With the Whigs (to whom he causes great embarrassment) he is a man that cannot be attacked—a person whom they neither can nor will touch; they fear him, but honour and respect him."—*Pérignon's Twenty Days in London.*

Macklin, in December, 1774, made Foote an offer of his services for the ensuing summer, by telling him—"I think, Sam, I have yet abilities to entertain the public."—"It may be so, Charles," said Foote, "but not at my expense."

The Trustees of the National Gallery have directed that the Gallery should continue open till six o'clock, during the months of June, July, and August. Three splendid paintings have been purchased of Mr. Beckford, and placed in this Gallery: they are St. Catherine, by Raffael; the infant Baptist presented to the infant Christ, by Garofalo; and St. Francis adoring the infant Saviour, said to be by Mazzolino di Ferrara.

At Aberconway, Caernarvonshire, there is a tomb-stone, with the following curious inscription.—"Here lieth the body of Nicholas Hookes, of Conway, Gent., who was the one-and-fortieth child of his father, William Hookes, Esq. by Alice his wife, and the father of seven-and-twenty children. He died the twentieth day of March, 1637."

Court of Chancery.—The tapestry, with the armorial insignia of Charles the Second, put up in the Court of Chancery in Westminster Hall, on the restoration, in 1660, continued there till November, 1762, when it was taken down, and new tapestry, with the arms of George III. placed there in its stead.

Amongst the Egyptian curiosities, exhibited by Mr. Williams, in his late lecture at the Society of Arts, on the 'Ancient Agriculture of the Egyptians,' was one of a bird-flapper, two or three thousand years old; with such instruments the Egyptian boys, like our own in many parts of the country, went out in the morning, and by the clack of the simple instrument alluded to, they frightened the feathered depredators from the fields and fruit gardens.

A True Prophet.—An Hibernian, who was tried and convicted during the last Western Circuit for a burglary, on being asked his age, as usual, by the Clerk of the Court, replied, *he believed he was pretty well as old as ever he'd be!* and declined giving any other answer.—He was executed on the following Wednesday.

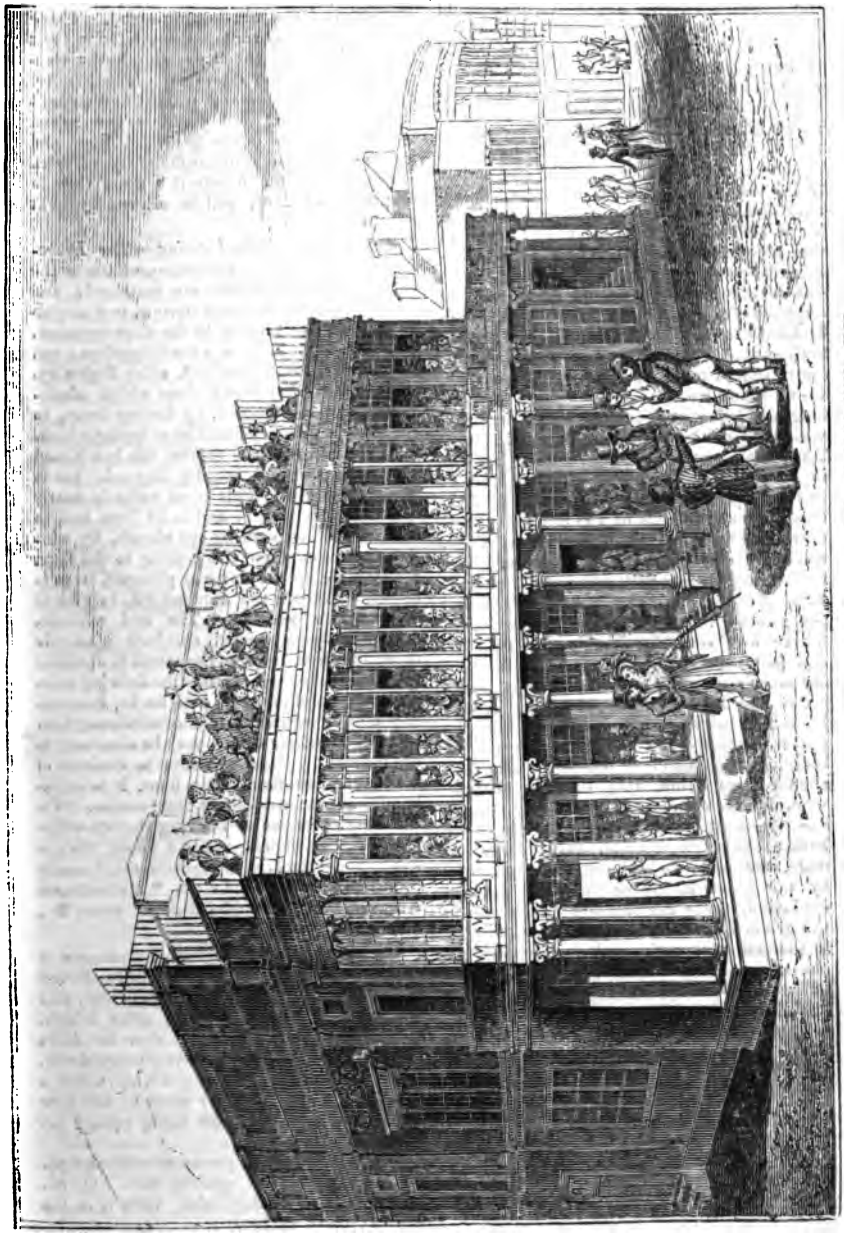
LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.—In PARIS, by all the Booksellers.—In FRANCFORT, CHARLES JUGEL.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 952.] SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1839. [Price 2*d*.



THE NEW GRAND STAND ON ASCOT HEATH.

THE GRAND STAND ON ASCOT-HEATH.

It has long been a subject of surprise and regret, that while Epsom, and almost every other provincial race-course in the kingdom, was provided with a grand stand, Ascot—the fashionable, the Royal Ascot—should have been until now without one. However, "better late than never;" the Stand is now erected, and a very handsome and commodious building it is. The funds were raised by 100 shares, of 100*l.* each, of which 5*l.* are to be paid off every year, so that at the end of 20 years it will be free of all charge, and will be appropriated solely to the benefit of the races, under the trusteeship of Lord Errol, Captain Seymour, Mr. T. R. Ward, and Mr. M. Gilbertson. In the mean time the shareholders will receive five per cent., in addition to a bonus out of the profits; the remainder will be applicable to the purpose of the race-fund. It stands between the Queen's and the old betting-stand, occupying the site formerly appropriated to six or seven wooden stands. Its elevation from the ground is 52 feet, its length 97½ feet, or, including the balcony, which extends beyond the building, 121 feet. The drawing-room, or grand floor, is 90 feet in length, and is provided with ten rows of benches, placed above each other; both in front and at the ends of the room the windows extend from the ceiling to the floor, and slide up and down at pleasure. The roof is leaded, and will accommodate nearly 1,800 persons. We should have stated that the ground-floor will hold 1,000 or 1,200. There are several refreshment, retiring, and play-rooms; in fact, the conveniences are more numerous than at any other building of the kind we have yet seen. A very handsome balcony, supported by Corinthian pillars, extends the whole length of the building, the colonnade beneath it affording shelter from damp, rain, or heat, to those who, for the convenience of betting, prefer the basement. The only entrance is at the back of the building, under an elegant colonnade, the carriage approach to which is by the great Reading-road. To prevent confusion, there are distinct stair-cases to the grand floor and the roof. The building is thrown well back, and as the straight course in front has been carried out about 30 feet, the turn from the old mile into the straight running is vastly improved. There is another improvement connected with it, which ought not to be passed over. Those who have been in the habit of attending these races must have noticed, and perhaps felt, the annoyance occasioned by the formation of the betting-ring right in the centre of the course. To remedy this, and accommodate the speculators themselves, a space of 55 feet from the railing to the colonnade has been enclosed in front of the Grand Stand, for the use of betting-men and others who have paid for admission to the latter; the ring is formed here, and business is carried on without requiring the services of the police to disperse them, as was the case when they were driven to the sorry accommodation of the old betting-stand. There is also a spacious room appropriated to their use on the basement floor, should the weather render shelter desirable. The general appearance of the stand is light and elegant in the extreme; but there is one grand fault—the seats in the principal floor and on the roof are not sufficiently elevated above each other to permit a good view to all; this, we hear, will be altered by next season.

Description of the Interior.—The Drawing-Room.—Within the folding-doors at the back, the money-takers are stationed; and immediately in front on entering, is a magnificent staircase leading to the drawing-room. The first flight leads to a landing-place; and from thence, right and left, other flights approach the lobby above, from which admission is at once obtained, by folding-doors, to the room in question; and on entering which, a splendid view of the course, the heath, and the wide-extended country beyond, bursts upon the sight. This room extends nearly ninety feet in length, and is lit from end to end, as will be seen by our sketch, by windows reaching from the ceiling to the floor, which slide up and down at pleasure, so as to admit or exclude the external air, in case of unfavourable weather. The end windows are similarly constructed, and from those ends an uninterrupted view of the course is obtained as well as in the front. Within the drawing-room are ten rows of benches, with backs, descending amphitheatrically to the windows, from which immediate egress may be obtained to the balcony by those who may be desirous of taking that location. This floor, it is calculated, will accommodate 1,200 persons. On the lobby, previous to entering the drawing-room, right and left, are two doors, the one leading to "the Ladies' Apartments," clearly indicated, the other to the "Refreshment Rooms," in which cold collations, wine, &c., may be procured.

The Roof is gained by stone staircases at each end of the building, without interference with the company in the drawing-room; and on reaching which, through other refreshment rooms, the panoramic view for miles round which is obtained, is very magnificent. This portion of the building it is estimated is calculated to receive 1,800 persons—the view in the back or the front being equally desirable.

The Ground Floor possesses attributes peculiarly desirable for sporting men. On entering the door of admission, there is on the

sight a refreshment-room, and on the left a series of water-closets. Advancing, you enter a spacious saloon, communicating directly with the colonnade and lawn in front. On the right of this saloon is "*the Betting-room*," a species of accommodation peculiarly desirable for betting-men, and altogether superseding the old and inconvenient system of forming a "betting-ring" on the course, under every vicissitude of weather. This room is surrounded with oaken benches, and in the centre is a round oaken table; and here, in fact, all the betting business of the races may be admirably and securely conducted. On the opposite side of the saloon is another room, corresponding in size with "the betting-room," set apart for "play," another room of a similar character being at the back.

The Colonnade and Lawn.—The colonnade is paved, and not gravelled as at Goodwood; and here benches are placed between the windows; the latter opening to the floor. From this spot, as well as from the lawn in front, from its great elevation, a perfect view of the course is still preserved; and for the convenience of those who do not wish to ascend to the "upper regions," garden benches are liberally dispersed; so that, in fact, all tastes are carefully and effectually consulted.

In the basement story there is an excellent kitchen, with every culinary apparatus and accommodation; wine cellars, and other useful apartments in abundance—all dry, well lighted, and ventilated. The building is profusely supplied with water by force-pumps and cisterns, and there are fire-places in every apartment, to secure the advantage of a warm atmosphere, should the inclemency of the season require it.

INTERIOR OF SANTA CROCE, FLORENCE,

NOW EXHIBITING AT THE DIORAMA.

(*From the Album Wreath of* 1833.)

Bright gorgeous shrine of rich and golden light,
Where silver lamps their fragrant incense shed;
Where altars starred with gems and fretted tombs,
Enclose the ashes of the sleeping dead.
Where music pours her sweet melodious strain
In holy murmurs through the lofty fane.

Look round and gaze, above that oriel, beams
The radiant lustre of our Saviour's death;
Say does the canvass live, those looks how bright,
The quivering lips bear mercy on their breath.
Tears mixed with blood, bedew the mournful eyes,
The heaving heart expires with dying sighs.

Then let me kneel before thy sacred form,
Thou Lamb of God, and gaze upon thy brow.
Those cruel thorns have pressed thy blessed head;
And crimson drops have stained thy neck of snow.
And yet *that* look of love—oh! Heaven, how pure,
'Twas thine to pity, suffer, and endure!

Flash* from the cloistered aisle, a sound awakes!
First, low and dim the gentle echo's steal;
Now, in soft harmony it streams along,
Now, thunders in the organ's loudest peal!
Then *one* rich voice, in tones of lofty fire,
Bursts forth impassioned notes above the quire.

There shines a Magdelene, her eyes like stars
Melt with fond glances from each lustrous lid;
The brow of marble, raven ringlets bind,
The queenly cheek her small white hand hath hid.
Ah, why should sin and sorrow leave one trace
Of mortal anguish on that lovely face.

The quire hath ceased; the gothic aisle is still,
'Tis even-song, and darkened shadows fall,
The moon has risen from her azure throne,
And rays of silver light the antique wall;
Through the high window steals the softened air,
And silence consecrates this *House of Prayer*.

* The organ at the Diorama destroys the idea of a picture, as the rolling peal is heard the whole time.

CURIOUS BEQUESTS.

(From the Reports of the Charity Commissioners.)

BANCKS'S CHARITY.

Thomas Bancks, by will, dated in 1600, gave 20*s.* per annum to the Company of Barbers, on condition that they should, on the 11th day of May in every year, give to twelve poor people of the company, amongst them equally to be divided, six stone of beef, each of them a twopeany loaf a-piece, twopence a-piece in money, and every one a wooden platter.

By indenture, bearing date 12th of May, 1619, an abstract of which is given in the Report of the Charities of the Mercer's Company, sixth Report, p. 305, John Bancks, son of the donor, conveyed to Sir Baptist Hicks, and others, and their heirs, a messuage and appurtenances, situate in Holloway, in the parish of Islington, in the county of Middlesex, and three closes adjoining, containing by estimation six acres; and by deed of the same date it was declared, that the said conveyance was made upon trust, that the yearly rent of 17*l.*, for which the premises were then let, and all other rents and profits thereof to grow due, should yearly be paid by the said Trustees to the Renter Warden of the Company of Mercers; and that all the said monies should be from time to time applied by the said Company, as therein specified. Among the different objects to which the rent is appropriated, is mentioned the Company of Barber Surgeons, to which 20*s.* yearly is given, to be distributed on the 11th of May to twelve poor householders or widows of the said Company, in beef, bread, and twopence a-piece in money, and each of them a wooden platter. and to the clerk of the same Company, 2*s.*

The sum of 20*s.* was received yearly from the Mercer's Company up to the year 1822, and in respect thereof poor persons belonging to the Company, freemen, or widows of freemen, have long received, on the first court-day in May, four pounds of beef, a three-penny loaf, and twopence in money each, the total cost of which varies from 4*l.* to 5*l.*

The entire rents of the premises conveyed by John Bancks having been appropriated by him to the different charitable objects enumerated in the Report, it appeared that all were entitled to participate proportionably in

the increased rents—which, in the year 1822, were 84*l.* per annum.—An information was accordingly filed in the Court of Exchequer to effect this object, and a decree was made, affirming the right to such participation in the increased rents. From this decree the Mercer's Company appealed to the House of Lords, where upon argument the opinion of the Lord Chief Baron was upheld. The costs of these proceedings having been ordered to be paid from the Estate of the Charity, the increase to which the respective objects are entitled, and for the application of which a scheme has been settled by the Court, has not yet come into operation.

SAMUEL HAWKINS'S CHARITY.

SAMUEL HAWKINS, by will, dated the 8th of November, 1804, and proved in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, the 27th of January, 1806, in addition to the donation to the school already mentioned in the Report of Davenant's school, gave 300*l.* to his executors on trust, to lay out the same within two years after decease, in the names of the rector and churchwardens, for the time being, on Government or other good securities, to be applied for performing divine worship in the parish church on every new-year's day for ever, viz.—

	£	s.	d.
To the Rector or his Curate annually for the time being, who should preach a sermon on that day in the parish church from the text therein named	2	2	0
To the parish clerk annually, for singing the 100th Psalm, old version	0	10	6
To the organist annually, for playing the tune thereof	0	10	6
To the sexton annually, if he attended on that occasion	0	10	6
And to the master and mistress of the Free-school annually, for attending the charity children, 10*s.* 6*d.* each	1	1	0
And to the trustees of the schools annually, towards their refreshment on this occasion	3	3	0
And the like sum annually for refreshments for the children	3	3	0
	£11	0	6

And to supply the churchwardens with so many quartern loaves to be distributed to such poor people as should attend divine service on that day, and to be distributed at their discretion, and the overplus interest (if any,) to be distributed in bread to such and so many other poor persons belonging to the parish as they should think proper objects of relief. This legacy was invested in the purchase of 426*l.* 17*s.* 5*d.*, 3 per cents. reduced, and stands in the names of the Rev. D. Mathias and John Burnell, producing 12*l.* 16*s.* a-year dividend. A sermon is preached every year, on the required text, by the Rector, on new-year's day, who retains 2*l.* 2*s.* for himself, pays 10*s.* 6*d.* each to the parish clerk, organist, sexton, and master and mistress of the Free Schools, and 3*l.* 3*s.* to the trustees for their refreshment, and the remaining sum of 4*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.* is distributed in bread to deserving poor belonging to the parish, and in refreshment to the children. P. Q.

SECRECY.

OWEN FELTHAM says:—When a man hath the project of a course in his mind, digested and fixed by consideration, it is good wisdom to resolve of secrecy, till the time our designs arrive at their dispatch and perfection: he shall be allowed to have enough of the unadvised, that brags much either of what he will do, or of what he shall have; for, if what he speaks of falls not out accordingly, instead of applause, a mock and scorn will strike him. They seldom thrive in business that cannot but proclaim their intentions. When Quintus Metellus could not compass his conquests in Spain, he seemed to neglect the principal city, and with a rowling army flew to other parts; and, when in regard to so wild a war, a friend asked him what thereby he intended, he answered, "If my shirt were to know my mind, I would order it to be destroyed immediately." We see that which carries on, even evil actions to their prosperity, and is, indeed, the main of their success, and without which they would certainly come to nothing, is their secrecy, and clandestine creeping along; and if secrecy can promote designs that are to be abhorred, certainly it will be as advantageous to what we intend for good. He that before lay still, when he sees another running for a prize, will use his best endeavours to outspeed him; and, indeed, he is not likely to speed well, that cannot keep his own counsel. That mind which cannot keep its own determinations private, is not to be trusted either with his own, or others' business. If the business be of what is yet to come, it is vanity to boast of it; for we boast of that, which not being in our power, is none of our own: he digs in sand and lays his beams in water, that builds upon events which no man can be master of; bewraying even a kind of greediness, while he catches at that which is not yet in his reach: he seems to unfold but an uncompacted mind, that is not so wise as to subsist well with what he hath in present; and then, if after his boasting he comes to be disappointed, the defeat is made more visible. Secrecy is a most necessary part, not only of policy, but prudence; for, things untold, are as things undone; and if they succeed well, they are gratefuller by being sudden: if ill, they may be dispensed with, as, for aught any knows, they being no other than casual, so not at all in intention. I would first be so wise as to be my own counsellor; next, so secret, as to be my own counsel-keeper.

W. G. C.

POPULAR VIEW OF NATURAL HISTORY.

BY JAMES H. FENNELL.

(*Continued from page* 317.)

To various classes of *mechanics* a knowledge of natural history might be serviceable. The beautiful mechanism displayed in the organization of animals, and also, indeed, of plants, might frequently suggest most important hints for the construction of new, or the improvement of old machinery. Man, being naturally an observer of the works of creation, many writers have asserted that it is most probable that the examination of the structure and of the habits of different natural objects suggested the application of similar mechanisms and actions to the purposes of human life. Democritus, Drayton, Pope, and other writers, have endeavoured to show that all our arts and inventions were originally obtained from the observation of the *animal* creation; and, although this may not be entirely correct, yet there are many reasons for our entertaining that opinion to a certain extent, for nature is, doubtlessly, the source from which we have derived these things, however modified and complicated they may appear. While we have no direct evidence to prove that the spider taught us to weave, the swallow or the bee to build, the mole to plough, or

> "The little nautilus to sail,
> Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale,"

yet we have authentic confessions that the principles of several inventions, even of some of modern times, were derived from the contemplation of natural objects.

Mr. Brunel, the eminent engineer, is said to have "taken the idea of his new plan of tunnelling, (namely, by the frame-work or *shield*, as used under the Thames,) from the operation of the *Teredo nivalis*, a testaceous worm, which is covered with a cylindrical shell, and which bores through the hardest timber; hence Linnæus called it *Calamitas navium*. The accidental sight of the trunk of an old oak, which had been sawn across, suggested to Mr. Smeaton the idea of *dove-tailing* each course of masonry in the Eddystone Lighthouse. The same happy observation of the wisdom displayed in the works of Nature, led Mr. Watt to deduce the construction of the flexible water-main, from the mechanism of the lobster's tail. From a close consideration of the curious structure of the eye, Mr. Dolland contrived his achromatic telescope; and from a minute inspection of the horse's hoof, Mr. Bracy Clark constructed an expanding shoe, by which the elasticity of the foot is preserved, and lameness prevented. Many other instances might be mentioned, where mechanical contrivances have been suggested from the consideration of animated nature." (*The Naturalist's Poetical Companion*; note, p. 241.)

"In *ship building*, the ancients took their patterns from fish; the *carina* (there being no keel,) from the back, the *prow* from the head, the *helm* from the tail, and the *oars* from the fins." (*Arts of the Greeks and Romans*, p. 350.) So says Dryden,

> "By viewing Nature, Nature's handmaid, Art,
> Makes mighty things from small beginnings grow;
> Thus *fishes* first to shipping did impart
> Their tail the *rudder*, and their head the *prow*."

Dr. Bowring, in his evidence before a select Committee of the House of Commons on the Silk Trade, says, that he was much surprised at finding, in France, among everybody connected with the production of patterns, including weavers and their children, attention directed to everything which was at all beautiful in arrangement or in colour. He mentions having repeatedly seen the weavers gathering flowers in the fields, and arranging them in the most attractive groups. These artisans are constantly suggesting to their masters, improvements in their designs; and it is said that in almost every case where the manufacturer has been very successful, there is always some person in the factory who is the inventor of beautiful patterns. The invention of patterns for fancy silks is there treated as an object of so great importance, that a *School of Art* is established in Lyons for that purpose, and placed immediately under the protection of the government, as well as of the municipal authorities of the city. A botanical garden is attached to the school, and a professor of botany has thirty or forty juvenile pupils engaged in copying the most beautiful flowers, and great attention is paid to the most tasteful grouping of them. Another professor's duty is, to show the young men how their productions may be rendered applicable to the manufactures,—that is to say, how, by machinery, they can produce on a piece of silk cloth that which they have drawn on paper.

To *military men*, even, a knowledge of natural history may be very useful on particular occasions, especially during their marches in foreign countries.

When Antony led his army into Medea, a considerable number died, in consequence of their ignorance of its vegetable productions. After suffering for some time under the effects of a famine, they were at length reduced to the necessity of endeavouring to subsist on the herbs and roots which the sandy desert yielded. Few of these, however, did they find, that were known to be eatable; therefore they were obliged to venture upon eating those with whose properties they were in utter ignorance. Amongst the vegetables thus indiscriminately chosen, there was one which proved fatal to all that had eaten of it. (See Plutarch's *Life of Antony*.)

Xenophon records, that during the cele-

brated retreat of the ten thousand Greeks from Persia, the soldiers, when they came to a place near Trebizonde, found many bee-hives, the combs of which they sucked; the result of which was that they became as though intoxicated, and were soon attacked with a virulent cholera-morbus. Tournefort, when at Trebizonde, made some observations on purpose to explain this occurrence, and was induced to suspect that it arose from the bees collecting their honey from a plant there, very abundant, and the very blossoms of which exhale a sweet, but intoxicating perfume. Either the rose-laurel, (*Rhododendron Ponticum*,) or the yellow azalea, (*Azalea Pontica*,) was the plant noticed by Tournefort, as Father Lamberti found the same poisonous plants and poisonous honey, in Mingrelia. Colonel Rottiers states that he observed, in 1816, the Rhododendron ponticum growing on all the mountains of Trebizonde; and the inhabitants assert, that the honey which the bees extract from it, when mixed with that of other flowers, is a kind of poison, causing stupor, in a greater or less degree, according to the season of the year. M. Dupré, the French consul, assured Colonel Rottiers that he had experienced this effect himself. Several other cases are recorded of the ill effects produced by eating honey that bees had collected from poisonous plants: a fact which ought to induce the cultivators to consider what species chiefly grow in the vicinity of their bee-hives. The Greeks and Romans were careful to eradicate all bitter-tasting herbs that were to be found near their apiaries, lest they should impart a bad quality to the honey. The people of Languedoc, according to De Lille, pay great attention to this point.*

"Beverley, in his *History of Virginia*, tells us that some soldiers, who were sent to James Town to quell the rebellion of Bacon, mistaking *Stramonium* for a spinach herb, gathered some of its leaves in a very young state, and, after boiling, ate plentifully of them; the effect of which, he adds, was "a very pleasant comedy, for they turned natural fools upon it for several days. One would blow up a feather into the air; another would dart straws at it with fury; another, stark naked, was seen sitting up in a corner like a monkey, grinning and making mouths; a fourth would fondly kiss and paw his companions, and sneer in their faces with a countenance more antic than a Dutch drôll. In this frantic condition they were confined, lest in their folly they should destroy themselves. A thousand simple tricks they played, but, after eleven days, returned to themselves again, not remembering anything that had passed." Beverley might call it *a very pleasant comedy*, but to be deprived of one's reason for eleven days, and to be during that time not only a fool, but in danger of destroying one'self, could be anything but pleasant to the sufferers, however comic their antics might be to by-standers: and in other cases where this plant has been taken, death has ensued.

"Such an accident could not have occurred if the surgeon of the regiment had possessed a very slight portion of botanical knowledge. It contrasts well with another case, in which a ship's crew, suffering much in health, from the deprivation of vegetable food, touched at a place where there were found abundance of plants, but none of them such as they had been accustomed to eat; but the surgeon recognising in an unknown plant those essential characters of a natural order of known harmless qualities, at once, for confidence, selected it for food, and thus restored the crew to health, avoiding, by the means of science, the misfortune of rendering his companions madmen for a fortnight or of poisoning them." (Burnett's *Lecture at Chelsea Garden*, April 27, 1835.)

The horse and the elephant are not very easily reconciled to each other's presence, unless habituated to it at an early age. When the Romans, under Julian, assailed the Persians on the plains of Assyria, the horses and elephants that were employed by the contending parties on the occasion, not being accustomed to the sight of each other, became so frantic and unmanageable, that in their rage they inflicted great injury on even the armies to which they belonged. The same thing happened at the siege of Nisibis.

In the invasion of Scythia by the Persians, Darius brought with him into Scythia several asses, animals which were previously quite unknown in that country, which Herodotus says, contains no asses nor mules, owing to the coldness of the climate. The Scythian cavalry, unused to such animals, were, as might have been anticipated, affrighted every time that the asses chanced to bray; and frequently, when they attempted a charge on the Persians, the horses started, and fled away in fear: and thus, by the want of knowledge and precaution on the part of the invaded, did Darius, for a while, gain

* The oleander (*Nerium Oleander*,) yields a honey that proves fatal to thousands of flies; but our bees avoid it. Occasionally, perhaps, in particular seasons, when flowers are less numerous than usual, this instinct of the bees appears to fail them, or to be overpowered by their desire to collect a sufficient store of honey for their purposes, and they suffer for their want of self-denial. Sometimes whole swarms have been destroyed by merely alighting upon poisonous trees. This happened to one in the county of West Chester, in the province of New York, which settled upon the branches of the poison-ash, (*Rhus vernix*.) On the following morning they were all found dead, and swelled to more than double their usual size. Whether the honey extracted from plants of the genus *Kalmia, Andromeda, Rhododendron*, &c., be hurtful to the bees themselves, is not ascertained; but, as has been before observed, it is often poisonous to man.—(*Introduction to Entomology*, ii. 180.)

advantage. The horse, it may be observed, has a similar antipathy to the camel, unless accustomed to its presence at an early age.

The elephant has a great aversion to pigs; and it is related by Procopius, that, at the siege of Edessa, by Chosroes, king of Persia, the besieged Greeks employed the cry of a pig to frighten from their walls the enemy's elephants.

Lysander told his men, when they lay before Corinth, to be of good courage, because he saw a hare running upon the walls; for he concluded that it would not be there if any military exercise were frequent upon them.

In the war with Spain, in 1762, the horses of the British cavalry were all docked; and the consequence was, that, not having their long switchy tails to protect themselves from the swarms of insects which annoyed them, they became very restive and untractable. The cause of this being soon obvious, orders were subsequently issued for the abolition of the practice of docking them in future.

"Quartremère d'Isjonval was a state prisoner in Holland in the latter part of 1794, when the French army, under Pichegru, invaded that country. He found means to carry on a correspondence with the French general, and having carefully watched the operations of some spiders, he wrote to Pichegru that he was there, and that he believed, from his observations upon his spiders, that a severe winter was at hand, which would, of course, facilitate the operations of the invading army. The French general, who had already thought of retreating, acted upon this hint, and, in a few days after, took possession of the whole country, which would have been inaccessible to him, had it not been for the ice, which was soon sufficiently strong to allow the French army to cross the rivers."—(*Goldsmith's Natural History*, by Innis, ii. 359.

The ancient Romans appear to have learned their *cuneus*, or the arrangement of their battalions into the shape of a wedge, as a more secure mode of attack and defence, from the herds of swine, which are observed, when wolves appear amongst them, to arrange themselves, instinctively, in the same wedge-shaped figure, which they very dexterously preserve during the engagement.

The sharp iron instruments, called *caltrops*, which in time of war are thrown or fixed in such parts of the field as the enemy are expected to pass, and which are intended, by their sticking in the feet, to interrupt or prevent their passage, are said to have been suggested by observing the form of the prickles of the plant called the water-*caltrops*.

(*To be continued.*)

EARLY ENGLISH MUSIC-PRINTERS.

BY EDWARD F. RIMBAULT,

ORGANIST OF EGLISE SUISSE.

(*For the Mirror.*)

(*Continued from page* 351.)

The next printer, in the order of time, who appears from the evidence of his works to have made music-printing partly his trade, is a person known as "*Old John Day*,"* as early as the year 1560, or about seven years after the publication of Dr. Tye's book: he printed a work, entitled, "*The Church Service in three and four parts.*" And again, soon after this, we find his press once more at work; for in the year 1562, he published another work, entitled, "*The whole Book of Psalms, with apt notes to sing them withal.*" Both these works, like that of Dr. Tye's, were religious, as their titles sufficiently show; indeed, most of the productions that had been printed in this country up to the above time, appear, with very slight exceptions, to have been of a religious character; the general demand for works of a more miscellaneous nature not being so great; as may readily be perceived from the nature of the music-books which were published to meet the demand; for had books of songs, and such kind, been demanded more extensively, we are aware, from the spirit of enterprise and commerce that pervades most trades, that a supply would have been prepared, as will be subsequently seen.

After a lapse of about nine years, or in the year 1571, "*Old John Day*" published a collection of songs, with the following quaint and curious title, namely, "*Songs of three, four, and five, voyces, composed by Thomas Wythorne, Gent.; the which songs be of sundrie sortes, that is to say, some long, some short, some hard, some easie, to be sunge, and some between both; also some solemne, and some pleasante, or mery, so that according to the skill of the singer (not being musitians) and disposition or delite of the hearers, they may here find songes to their contention and liking.*" And this book, with few exceptions, may be regarded as one of the earliest works of the kind that was published, and therefore it is upon that account valuable, in comparison to some of the books already enumerated. All books of songs set to music of an early period, must be valuable, not only to the musician himself, but to the antiquarian, and the lover of our old national songs and ballads.

A short analysis of the songs contained in

* Wynken de Worde chose for the sign of his shop in Fleet-street, the Sun, as emblematical of the light the art of printing was to shed on the world; and John Day, who had a printing-house in Aldersgate-street, with yet greater felicity of invention, took for his motto a form of words, which at once proclaimed the great discovery, and connected his own name with its promulgation—*Arise, for it is Day!*

this book would undoubtedly be interesting to most readers; but as this is not the subject of the present dissertation, I will reserve it for a subsequent paper, and at present confine myself to the music-printers.

About the beginning of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, two celebrated musicians, of the names of *Tallis* and *Byrd*, applied jointly for a patent to enable them to print music; letters patent were granted to them; and their assignees giving them the sole power of printing and publishing all kinds of musical compositions. They were not printers, so that they employed strangers, under the patent: and the chief person who printed their compositions was one Thomas Vantrollier, then established at Blackfriars; he printed in the year 1575, a work entitled the "*Cantiones Sacra*", which book was the joint composition of the two patentees abovementioned. The custom of granting letters patent for printers continued in force up to a comparatively late period, as also a custom of granting similar patents for type-founding; at one time, four founders of this description were deemed quite sufficient to manufacture all the type that the trade then required.

In the year 1598, another patent was granted to Thomas Morley, with considerably more extensive powers than the patent enjoyed by Tallis and Byrd. This Thomas Morley, as the title of one of the most famous of the books which he published informs us, was "*one of the gents. of her majesties Royall Chapell*," and also a "*Batchelor of Music*."

The former circumstance no doubt enabled him to obtain this patent, as he was in much favour at court, and the latter shows that he had gone through a regular course of musical study; he appears to have been a man of very considerable talent, and of good taste.

The books which he published are mostly very highly embellished, and ornamented with ingenious designs; the title-pages are, indeed, very rich, and often exuberantly covered with a fine broad arabesque marginal border. All the initial letters at the beginning of each song were generally in imitation of some of the old illuminated manuscripts, and always rich and fanciful. One of the works which he published, under the title of "*A plaine and easie Introduction to practical Music*," has been deservedly praised and admired for the superior elegance and beauty of the type, as well as the frontispiece, which is an elaborate, and altogether a very fine specimen of the art of engraving at the period of its publication.

The notes which he used are the open lozenge-shaped, which are printed with remarkable neatness, and possess the property of being both clear and distinct, which most of the earlier specimens do not.

The artists whom Thomas Morley employed under his patent, in printing his works, were two of the names of *William Barley* and *Thomas Este*, but principally the latter, who at that period carried on an extensive business, as the numerous works which bear his name, amply testify; and he is also known by the name of *Snodham*, as the following title, and many others of his publications, show: "*Lessons for Consert, made by sundrie excellent authors, and set to six several instruments, namely, the treble Viol, Base Viol, Bandora Citterne, and the Flute. Now newly set forth by Phillip Rossetter, one of his majesties Musitians. London: Printed by Thomas Este, alias Snodham, and are to be sould at his Shop in St. Dunstans Church Yard in Fleet Street*, 1609." This is a very curious book, for several reasons, but chiefly valuable from its showing the kind of instruments, and consequently the nature of the music, which was principally used in concerts in the reigns of Elizabeth and James the First.

The patent continued in force for some time after the date of the above book; but as most of the numerous works which were issued are not so curious nor so intrinsically valuable as the preceding, we shall omit them, and pass on without alluding to any cotemporary printers, with the exception of *John Winder* and *William Godbid*, who printed several musical works, but as none of them are of much importance, they are not worth particularly mentioning; these printers followed the foreign method which De Worde had introduced, and did not, that I am aware of, make any improvement in the processes of printing; and from this period up to the time of "*honest John Playford*," there did not appear any printer of note, and therefore I shall confine myself to him and his productions.

To the unceasing endeavours of this man, the musical word is much indebted, both for the extensive improvements which he suggested and practically carried into effect, in the art of music-printing, and to the number and value of the works which he issued from his press.

(*To be continued.*)

Arts and Sciences.

EXHIBITION OF ARTS AND MANUFACTURES IN PARIS: MAY MDCCCXXXIX.

THE most inattentive observer will be convinced, after witnessing the many rare specimens of Foreign genius, at the Exhibition of Arts and Manufactures, now to be seen in Paris, that unless John Bull "goes-a-head," he will most assuredly be not much longer 'Lord-Paramount' in the mechanical arts: but we have nothing to fear; it is a glorious emulation. In sincerely wishing our friends in Paris every possible success, we are fully

assured, that the greater their discoveries, the more the spirit of enterprise and rivalry will predominate in the breasts of the British mechanic.

Without farther preface, we beg to introduce our readers to the First Gallery, which is on the left-hand on entering; it is in a court, and contains the machinery, the agricultural, architectural, hydraulic, and other mechanical apparatus, which is exhibited in great abundance, and which forms, to the scientific and practical observer, the most interesting part of the whole collection. The long transversal gallery, into which the visiter first sets foot, however striking and beautiful may be its contents, principally objects of furniture, we shall leave to the last.

The names of the exhibitors, and of each article or class of articles, are, however, affixed to each standing in the galleries, and the persons in charge of the objects are very willing and intelligent in their explanations. This is fortunate; otherwise, the visiter would be lost in such an immense bazaar, and his inspection would prove comparatively unfruitful.

At the top of this first gallery, and in the middle of the room, stands a large beet-root sugar apparatus, No. 3,026, the system of which is one of great simplicity, and the cost comparatively low. On the left-hand against the wall, under No. 1,644, will be found a fine collection of tools of all kinds, with many ingenious works for large clocks. Some of the clock-movements of the famous Wagner, of Paris, will be observed in this gallery, and, from the long-established fame of that house, are worthy of inspection. The elliptical clock, with hands extending or shrinking as they revolve, is very ingenious, and a large circular clock-face for Constantina should be remarked. In the middle of the room will be found No. 821, a model of a manufactory for carriage-wheels, where one steam-engine or water-wheel, of 14-horse power, sets in motion an infinity of others, and enables the workmen to effect five-times as much as they could do were they working separately. Close to this is a large cylinder, No. 786, for storing and drying corn, and for preserving it from insects. It deserves the notice of all practical agriculturists. Messrs. Koechlin and Co., of Mulhausen, have got here some very large and very important machines for cotton-spinning and for paper-making, which, from the space they occupy, cannot escape notice, and which might excite jealousy even in a Lancashire manufacturer. One of the principles introduced into a fine machine of the former class, due to one of the partners of this extensive house, is that of the self-acting spinning-jennies, similar to those invented by Roberts, of Manchester. In this gallery there are other machines for similar purposes; to which the attention of manufacturers should be especially directed, and by whom their respective merits will be readily understood. We may observe at once that the high degree of finish given to these and several other large machines of the same kind, is what will principally attract attention, next to their size, with an ordinary observer; and that, in reality, it is a very conclusive evidence of advance in mechanical art. To the left-hand of the room, No. 1,976, indicates a new and elegantly-constructed orrery, of great simplicity; and near it is a new wine-press of peculiar construction. A little beyond, on the same side, if so humble an object can attract attention, we would recommend the visiter to examine some specimens of iron, copper, and brass wire, remarkable for their fineness and high finish. He will understand the value of these articles when he turns to the beautiful wool-cards and cotton-cards, several exquisite specimens of which may be perceived in the middle of the room, and on the excellence of which the wool and cotton manufacturers greatly depend. Few persons have an idea of the great difficulty and expense of forming these delicate instruments. No. 1,321 is a highly-ingenious kind of lantern for a light-house, formed of a series of cylindrical layers of glass, so constructed as to form an immense lens of high refracting power, at a comparatively cheap rate. This apparatus is intended for the United States, and its maker is Lepante, of Paris.

Against the walls of this, as well as of the other side of the gallery, hangs an immense collection of varnished leather of all kinds, and prepared by various methods: large pieces of a very beautiful and useful manufacture, white felt, will be observed; the immense size of which, and the impermeability of their texture, are remarkable. We may add, that the *tissus metalliques* (wire canvasses) seem to be brought to a wonderful degree of perfection in France, there being no limits to the size of the sheet, or the fineness of its texture. Various beautiful specimens of oil-cloths, and of stained papers, of many different methods of preparation, can hardly escape the eye of the visiter. These objects, though they do not bear on themselves the stamp of so much ingenuity as a complicated machine, often call into play the very machines that are so difficult to be made, and they may all be looked on as owing much of their improvement to the great strides made by the employment of steam-power. We have been much pleased at an ingenious and beautifully-executed series of moulds for stamping the leaves of artificial flowers, No. 1,073, in the middle of the room: the exactness with which the moulds have been taken from nature constitute their excellence, and account for the great superiority of this

manufacture, in which Paris stands quite unrivalled. Near to them the famous Parisian cutler, Sirhenry, has exhibited some of his beautiful products in their rough state: they will at first puzzle the visiter to make out what they are. A little above this place, towards the entrance of the gallery, is a remarkably ingenious anti-friction wheel, applicable to all purposes of machinery or agricultural instruments, the axle being surrounded by four small cylinders, revolving like satellites round it in a case, either horizontally or vertically. No. 1,589 is a splendid wool-combing machine, by Collier, one of the great lions of the gallery; and No. 1,706, a large flax-spinning machine, by Schlumberger, of Guebwiller, close by it, will strike the visiter's eye. No. 3,149, a printing machine, and No. 791, a paper-making ditto, are beautiful models of ingenuity, especially the latter.

On approaching the lower end of the first gallery, there will be perceived a complicated condenser *in vacuo*, looking like a house with a roof, and an immense series of copper tubes, rather too cumbersome, we should apprehend, not to require further improvement. Behind it is a new kind of carriage, drawn by the hand, a most elegant little chariot or *coupé* on wheels, putting one in mind of a bath chair, but fitted up with all the luxury that the most exquisite *petite maitresse* of the faubourg St. Honoré could desire.

Returning up the gallery towards where it was entered, and against the western wall, the visiter will observe some very beautiful metallic castings of ornaments, statuettes, &c., in iron, lead, and other metals, which are of importance, as showing that these metals are likely to supersede bronze and other more expensive compounds in the fabrication of ornamental articles. The exquisite diminutive models of steam-engines, cotton-spinning machines, &c., exhibited along this side of the gallery, and especially some by the pupils of the Ecoles Royales des Arts et Métiers at Angers and Chalons, should not fail to be examined and admired. The larger steam-engines which form part of this exhibition will be peculiar objects of attraction to all who understand machinery of that sort. No. 284, a rotatory steam-engine, by Pecqueur, of Paris; No. 1,099, an inexplosible boiler, by Beslay, of Paris; No. 1,411, some very splendidly-finished steam-engines by Pauwels, of the faubourg Poissonnière; No. 816, ditto, ditto, by Alexandre, of the faubourg St. Denis; and a very curious one by Deitz, No. 304. All these will give excellent instances of the actual state of French art in this important branch of industry. Competent judges state that the finish of these machines is highly beautiful—equal, in fact, to those of English manufacture; and that their power of working with economy of combustible matter is not one of the least recommendations they possess.

The supplementary gallery belonging to the division of machines is formed out of the court between the galleries Nos. 1 and 2, and which we will enter from the northern or nearest end. Here are placed the agricultural machines, the specimens of cast iron, pottery, &c., the larger kinds of hardware products, carriages, &c.; and, though this division may not appear very inviting to the general examiner, we assure our readers that they will not repent a careful inspection of its contents. Immediately in front of the entrance are some baked stucco preparations, for pavements of halls, passages, &c., in imitation of ancient mosaic, highly durable, beautiful, and ingenious, but likely to be superseded by the application of bitumen to similar purposes. No. 2,732 is a clever, but, we fear, not very useful kind of tower, applicable to fire-escapes; it may be propelled along a street, if there be a sufficient power to move it, and it throws out bridges up to a seventh or eighth story of a house, if required. Close to it will be observed the valuable apparatus of Colonel Paulin, for enabling firemen to enter apartments full of flames and smoke, being perfectly air and smoke proof, and already brought into general use in the capital, where its value is fully appreciated. In the side gallery, to the left hand, will be found the wood-sawing machine used at the Chantier d'Austerlitz, for cutting up fire-wood to any requisite length; it is very simple in construction, presents the wood to a well-constructed circular saw, and is apparently of little cost in formation. No. 2,032 is the expression of a very curious idea, being nothing more nor less than the utilising every movement of a tree, when shaken to and fro by the wind, towards the obtaining of mechanical power. An apparatus is fitted to a tree, half-way up the turnk, consisting of a certain number of ropes or chains, attached to cranks or wheels in a building below, so that, whichever way the tree inclines, it sets in motion one of the wheels, and thus communicates force to a system of machinery. If this be always practicable, adieu to windmills! On pursuing this gallery, which surrounds an open court, to the further or southern end, the visiter will find a most formidable display of all sorts of economical stoves and cooking apparatus, many of which are not only highly ingenious, but exceedingly pretty. With one in particular, No. 3,308, we have been greatly struck, and we think all lovers of a good dinner will be of our opinion, when they see in a smart brass fire-place, over two or three logs of wood, a nice little sucking-pig in full roast; in a hot cupboard by the side a goose baking, half a dozen cutlets, a dozen larks, no end of kidneys, plenty of potatoes, &c., all in full stew and fry—not in reality,

but in pasteboard; altogether a plan much to be longed for, if economical and practicable. There are more than a dozen other stoves of similar kinds at the same part of the gallery; in fact, you may now cook a dinner for twelve in a common-sized tea-kettle, and put all your larder into a band-box. After the culinary apparatus come some inventions for curing smokey chimneys, sure to be prized by all housekeepers. The great lion of this part of the exhibition is the real, identical, "genuine," coronation carriage of Marshal Soult; round which the loyal subjects of her Britannic Majesty thronged with inexpressible delight, and at which the *aimables badauds* of Paris appear disposed to open all their eyes.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

THE KINGDOM OF CAUBUL.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE AFFGHAN PEOPLE.

THROUGHOUT the whole range of the countries tributary to Caubul, the same customs, and the same habits of dress, pervade the whole people. Be it at Candahar or Lahore, or Segistan, the people will not be found fluttering about in white muslins, or half-naked like the Indians, but as at Affghanistan, soberly and decently attired in dark-coloured woollen vestments, wrapt up in capacious brown mantles, and covered with large sheep-skin clothes.

The Affghan community is parcelled out into tribes or Oolooses, each under the command of the head chief, and in this manner the Doorauneés, and all other nations of consequence in these parts, divide themselves. The troops, too, of most of them, are generally foot. In Affghanistan, the fighting men receive no pay; but in some tribes there exists a rule, that if a horse be slain, the owner of the animal shall receive the price from a fund formed by fines, and by a tax on the tribe. Taxes are, in fact, however, very rarely imposed, save at those times when for purposes of public utility, money is imperatively needed; but there is a regular infidel tax on Hindoos, and the customs collected on merchandise, are in several cases, when they pass through the hands of the Ooloss, appropriated by the Khan.

It is a singular fact, that not a court of judicature is anywhere established throughout the country. There is one broad rule on which the Affghans act, which is, that it is every man's right and duty to do himself justice; and to revenge one's own injuries is almost the prevailing custom. "In some Oolooses, the adjustment of disputes," says Elphinstone, "is left to mediation and persuasion, to which the chiefs and elders lend their weight; but if these means are insufficient to compose the quarrel, the society leaves the injured person to pursue his revenge." The practice of duelling, peculiar to our own nation, well illustrates the Affghan notions on this subject, our own system being only a generous and well-regulated mode of private revenge.

The Affghan nation is, in truth, an assemblage of petty commonwealths; and the whole, or nearly the whole, is formed into a state by the supreme authority of a common sovereign.

It will doubtless sound strange to European ears, to hear that it is the established custom of the Affghans to purchase their wives; a practice which the Mahommedan law sanctions and recognises. The price of course rises or falls according to the circumstances and condition of the bridegroom. The necessary result of this practice is, that the women, though they are in general treated with all becoming kindness and affection, are in some measure unavoidably considered as property. Another modification of this practice is, that if the husband chance to depart before the wife, his relatives receive the price which is paid for her, in case a second bridegroom takes her in marriage; but it is thought incumbent on the brother of the deceased to marry his widow; and it is a mortal affront to the brother for any other person to marry her, without his especial sanction and consent.

Education has not yet spread its blessings or refinements very liberally over this quarter of the earth. The ladies of the upper classes frequently learn to read: but on account of a strange and unaccountable prejudice which prevails, it is thought immodest for a woman to write, as she might avail herself of her talent, to correspond with a lover! Valentine's Day, in their eyes, instead of being a Saint's day, as with us, would be with them "aye accursed in the calendar."—"O Tempora, O Mores!"

Women of the poorer orders are always seen in the streets, when walking, wrapped up in a large white sheet, which falls down in folds, covering them to their feet, and completely enveloping and concealing all shape, comeliness, and figure. The only method by which they see abroad, is by peering through a net-work in the white hood which covers their head. Women of condition also wear this dress on going out, but being generally on horseback at such times, they wear in addition a pair of large white cotton boots. They travel in what are called cajawas, which are hampers or wicker baskets on each side of the camel, long enough to allow them to recline at length; but as they are covered with a case of broad-cloth, they are insufferably hot, and almost suffocated in hot weather.

Their funerals do not differ from those of the Mahommedans: the only remarkable circumstance is, that if the deceased were an opulent or rich man, moollahs or priests

are employed to read the Koran for some days over his grave.

With regard to the education of the Affghans, the rich keep moollahs or Mahommedan clergymen in their houses, to teach their children, but allow them all the power appertaining to the office of a didaskalos or schoolmaster. One of these schoolmasters is to be found in every village and camp, who is maintained by a piece of land allotted to him, and by a small contribution which he receives from his scholars. In the towns there are regular schools, like those in European countries, where the master is maintained by his scholars alone. The sum commonly paid to the schoolmaster is about fifteen-pence a month, but the payments are in proportion to the circumstances of the boy's father. The course of study pursued, it is pleasing to know. A child begins his letters when he is four years and four days old; but its studies after this are immediately laid aside, and not resumed till it has attained the age of six years. It then learns a-new its alphabet, and is taught to read a little Persian poem of Hafiz; this incipient course takes from four months to a year, according to the capacity of the infant tyro. After this, the Koran is opened before him, and he begins to scan its marvellous pages. He then concludes his educational course by reading portions of the Persian classics, and is happy if he can acquire a smattering of the Arabic grammar. If the youth be intended for the sacerdotal order, and is destined to be a moollah or priest, he is placed at some place famous for its moollahs, such as Peshawur, Hushtinggur, &c.; and he there proceeds to the abstruse studies of logic, law, and theology.

In these parts, the old cabalistical and occult sciences of alchymy, magic and divination, are carried to a great extent. Superstition, too, has no confined sway. They believe each of the numerous solitudes in the mountains and deserts of their country to be inhabited by a lonely demon, whom they call the Goule, or spirit of the waste, and whom they represent as a gigantic and frightful spectre, who devours any passenger whom chance may bring within his haunts.

They also place great belief in dreams, and pry into futurity by astrological and geomantic calculations. Their commonest method of divination is by examining the marks in the blade-bone of a sheep, held up to the light—by the drawing of lots from the position assumed by arrows, poured carelessly out of a quiver, and by touching their rosaries after a peculiar fashion. They place implicit belief also in the Sortes Virgilianæ. For this purpose the Koran and the poems of Hafiz are used. And a happy coincidence is related to have occurred to a person at Lahore, who consulted Hafiz at the beginning of the troubles produced by the deposition of Shah Zemaun. His object was to ascertain which of the sons of Timour Shah would obtain the throne, the contest for it being at that time waging; and the verse that met his eye was to this effect:

> At the dawn a voice from the invisible world,
> Brought these glad tidings to my ear;
> It is the reign of Shah Soojah,
> Drink wine, and be bold!

Our readers will immediately call to mind the remarkable fulfilment of the words.

W. Archer.

The Public Journals.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,

[Of this month, is enriched with many pure literary articles; and among them, a series of Poems called "Hymns to the Gods," written by Albert Pike, an American gentleman: they display poetical talent of the very highest order: it is from this source we cull the following pleasing morçeau:]

TO CERES.

Goddess of bounty! at whose spring-time call,
When on the dewy earth thy first tones fall,
Pierces the ground each young and tender blade,
And wonders at the sun; each dull grey glade
Is shining with new grass; from each chill hole,
Where they had lain enchain'd and dull of soul,
The birds come forth, and sing for joy to thee
Among the springing leaves: and, fast and free,
The rivers toss their chains up to the sun,
And through their grassy banks leapingly run
When thou hast touch'd them: thou who ever art
The Goddess of all Beauty: thou whose heart
Is ever in the sunny meads and fields;
To whom the laughing earth looks up and yields
Her waving treasures: thou that in thy ear,
With winged dragons, when the morning star
Sheds his cold light, touchest the morning trees
Until they spread their blossoms to the breeze;—
Oh, pour thy light
Of truth and joy upon our souls this night,
And grant to us all plenty and good ease!

Oh thou, the Goddess of the rustling Corn!
Thou to whom reapers sing, and on the lawn
Pile up their baskets with the full-ear'd wheat;
While maidens come with little dancing feet,
And bring thee poppies, weaving thee a crown
Of simple beauty, bending their heads down
To garland thy full baskets: at whose side
Among the sheaves of wheat, doth Bacchus ride
With bright and sparkling eyes, and feet and mouth,
All wine-stain'd from the warm and sunny south;
Perhaps one arm about thy neck he twines,
While in his car ye ride among the vines,
And with the other hand he gathers up
The rich full grapes, and holds the glowing cup
Unto thy lips—and then he throws it by,
And crowns thee with bright leaves to shade thine eye,
So it may gaze with richer love and light
Upon his beaming brow; if thy swift flight
Be on some hill
Of vine-hung Thrace—oh, come, while night is still,
And greet with leaping arms our gladden'd sight!

Lo! the small stars, above the silver wave,
Come wandering up the sky, and kindly lave
The thin clouds with their light, like floating sparks
Of diamonds in the air; or spirit barks,
With unseen riders, wheeling in the sky.
Lo! a soft mist of light is rising high,
Like silver shining through a tint of red,
And soon the queened moon her love will shed,

Like pearl-mist, on the earth and on the sea,
Where thou shalt cross to view our mystery.
Lo! we have torches here for thee, and urns,
Where incense with a floating odour burns,
And altars piled with various fruits and flowers,
And ears of corn gather'd at early hours,
And odours fresh from India, with a heap
Of many-coloured poppies:—Lo! we keep
Our silent watch for thee, sitting before
Thy ready altars, 'till to our lone shore
Thy chariot-wheels
Shall come, while Ocean to the burden reels
And utters to the sky a stifled roar.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF NICHOLAS NICKLEBY. NO. XV.

[Boz has herein shown great knowledge of mankind, particularly in depicturing the knavish machinations of Ralph Nickleby and Arthur Gride, which contrasts finely with the virtuous character of the innocent and dutiful Madeline Bray, who forms a prominent feature in this

Scene in the Rules of the King's Bench.]

The place to which Mr. Cheeryble had directed him was a row of mean, and not over-cleanly houses, situated within "the rules" of the King's Bench Prison, and not many hundred paces distant from the obelisk in Saint George's Fields. The Rules are a certain liberty adjoining the prison, and comprising some dozen streets, in which debtors, who can raise money to pay large fees, from which their creditors do *not* derive any benefit, are permitted to reside by the wise provisions of the same enlightened laws which leave the debtor who can raise no money to starve in jail, without the food, clothing, lodging, or warmth, which are provided for felons convicted of the most atrocious crimes that can disgrace humanity.

To the row of houses indicated to him by Mr. Charles Cheeryble, Nicholas directed his steps, without much troubling his head with such matters as these; and at this row of houses—after traversing a very dirty and dusty suburb, of which minor theatricals, shell-fish, ginger-beer, spring-vans, green-grocery, and broker's-shops, appeared to compose the main and most prominent features—he at length arrived with a palpitating heart. There were small gardens in front, which, being wholly neglected in all other respects, served as little pens for the dust to collect in, until the wind came round the corner and blew it down the road. Opening the rickety gate which, dangling on its broken hinges before one of these, half admitted and half repulsed the visiter, Nicholas knocked at the street-door with a faltering hand.

It was, in truth, a shabby house outside, with very dim parlour-windows, and very small show of blinds, and very dirty muslin curtains dangling across the lower panes on very loose and limp strings. Neither, when the door was opened, did the inside appear to belie the outward promise, as there was faded carpeting on the stairs, and faded oil-cloth in the passage; in addition to which discomforts, a gentleman Ruler was smoking hard in the front parlour, (though it was not yet noon,) while the lady of the house was busily engaged in turpentining the disjointed fragments of a tent-bedstead at the door of the back parlour, as if in preparation for the reception of some new lodger who had been fortunate enough to engage it.

Nicholas had ample time to make these observations while the little boy, who went on errands for the lodgers, clattered down the kitchen-stairs, and was heard to scream, as in some remote cellar, for Miss Bray's servant, who, presently appearing, and requesting him to follow her, caused him to evince greater symptoms of nervousness and disorder than so natural a consequence of his having inquired for that young lady would seem calculated to occasion.

Up stairs he went, however, and into a front room he was shown, and there, seated at a little table by the window, on which were drawing-materials with which she was occupied, sat the beautiful girl who had so engrossed his thoughts, and who, surrounded by all the new and strong interest which Nicholas attached to her story, seemed now, in his eyes, a thousand times more beautiful than he had ever yet supposed her.

But how the graces and elegancies which she had dispersed about the poorly-furnished room, went to the heart of Nicholas! Flowers, plants, birds, the harp, the old piano, whose notes had sounded so much sweeter in by-gone times—how many struggles had it cost her to keep these two last links of that broken chain which bound her yet to home! With every slender ornament, the occupation of her leisure hours, replete with that graceful charm which lingers in every little tasteful work of woman's hands, how much patient endurance, and how many gentle affections were entwined! He felt as though the smile of Heaven were on the little chamber; as though the beautiful devotion of so young and weak a creature, had shed a ray of its own on the inanimate things around, and made them beautiful as itself; as though the halo with which old painters surround the bright angels of a sinless world played about a being akin in spirit to them, and its light were visibly before him.

And yet Nicholas was in the rules of the King's Bench Prison! If he had been in Italy indeed, and the time had been sunset, and the scene a stately terrace;—but, there is one broad sky over all the world, and whether it be blue or cloudy, the same heaven beyond it, so, perhaps, he had no need of compunction for thinking as he did.

It is not to be supposed that he took in everything at one glance, for he had as yet been unconscious of the presence of a sick

man propped up with pillows in an easy-chair, who moving restlessly and impatiently in his seat, attracted his attention.

He was scarce fifty, perhaps, but so emaciated as to appear much older. His features presented the remains of a handsome countenance, but one in which the embers of strong and impetuous passions were easier to be traced than any expression which would have rendered a far plainer face much more prepossessing. His looks were very haggard, and his limbs and body literally worn to the bone, but there was something of the old fire in the large sunken eye notwithstanding, and it seemed to kindle afresh as he struck a thick stick, with which he seemed to have supported himself in his seat, impatiently on the floor twice or thrice, and called his daughter by her name.

"Madeline, who is this—what does anybody want here—who told a stranger we could be seen? What is it?

"I believe—" the young lady began, as she inclined her head with an air of some confusion in reply to the salutation of Nicholas.

"You always believe," returned her father, petulantly. "What is it?"

By this time Nicholas had recovered sufficient presence of mind to speak for himself, so he said (as it had been agreed he should say,) that he called about a pair of hand-screens, and some painted velvet for an ottoman, both of which were required to be of the most elegant design possible, neither time nor expense being of the smallest consideration. He had also to pay for the two drawings, with many thanks, and, advancing to the little table, he laid upon it a bank note, folded in an envelope and sealed.

"See that the money is right, Madeline," said the father, "open the paper, my dear."

"It's quite right, papa, I am sure."

"Here!" said Mr. Bray, putting out his hand, and opening and shutting his bony fingers with irritable impatience. "Let me see. What are you talking about, Madeline—you're sure—how can you be sure of any such thing—five pounds—well, is *that* right?"

"Quite," said Madeline, bending over him. She was so busily employed in arranging the pillows that Nicholas could not see her face, but as she stooped he thought he saw a tear fall.

"Ring the bell, ring the bell," said the sick man, with the same nervous eagerness, and motioning towards it with such a quivering hand that the bank note rustled in the air. "Tell her to get it changed—to get me a newspaper—to buy me some grapes—another bottle of the wine that I had last week—and—and—I forget half I want just now, but she can go out again. Let her get those first—those first. Now, Madeline, my love, quick, quick! Good God, how slow you are!"

"He remembers nothing that *she* wants!" thought Nicholas. Perhaps something of what he thought was expressed in his countenance, for the sick man turning towards him with great asperity, demanded to know if he waited for a receipt.

"It is no matter at all," said Nicholas.

Nicholas bowed to the young lady, and retired.

HEADS OF THE PEOPLE.

[THIS popular work maintains the high character it has so deservedly earned by its faithful delineation of living characters. In the 8th number is concluded the chapter on 'Tavern Heads,' with two characteristic portraits: it gives also *the Old Housekeeper*, with her portrait, and *the Postman*—true to life:—]

Herald of joy—messenger of evil! Daily terror—hourly hope! Now, one deputed from the gods; and now, the envoy of pain, and poverty, and death. Each and all of these is the unconscious Postman. In the round of one morning he may stand at fifty thresholds, the welcome bringer of blessed news,—the long-hoped, long-prayed for carrier of good tidings,—and the dismal tale-bearer, the ambassador of woe. The Postman deals his short, imperative knock, and the sound shall, like a fairy spell, as quickly call a face of hopeful gladness to the door; he passes to the next house, and his summons makes the anxious soul within quail and quake with apprehension. He is, indeed, a stout, a happy man, whose heart has never shrunk at the knock of the Postman.

We meet the Postman in his early walk; he is a familiar object—a social commonplace, tramping through mud, and snow, and drenching rain, and withering cold, the drudge of all weathers; and we scarcely heed the value of his toil,—rarely consider the daily treasure of which he is the depository and the dealer forth. We speak of treasure in its highest meaning; eschewing all notice of bank notes, and bills, and cheques, wherewith the Postman is daily trusted; we confine ourselves to the more precious records of the heart; to the written communings of affection; the kind remembrances, the yearnings of the absent; the hopes of the happy; and the more sacred sorrows of the unfortunate. Look at that little bundle of letters grasped by the Postman. Who shall guess the histories that are there!—histories more deep, more touching, than many on the shelves of libraries; writing, albeit the authorship of the poor and ignorant, that in its homely truth shall shame the laboured periods of fashionable quill-cutters.

The letter-carrier himself may be said to be deficient of any very striking character-

istic, any peculiar recommendation as a national portrait; in himself he is, indeed, a common-place: he is only for the time being elevated by our hopes and fears; only for the nonce the creature of our associations. We suffer the fever of anxiety for a letter, and the approaching Postman comes upon us a very different person from him who passed our window a week ago. In the intensity of our expectation, we almost make him a party to our gladness or our suffering: he has nothing for us, and inwardly we almost chide him for the disappointment; he seems leagued against us, and in our thoughts we reproach him for his unkindness. "Are you sure you have nothing?" we ask, as if almost petitioning his will to delight us; for a time, we seem to ourselves dependent upon his courtesy alone for a satisfying answer.

We have said the Postman was with us a common-place; and yet, in the very regularity of his calls may we see the highest triumphs of civilization. How he keeps man knit to man; what interests he upholds; how he connects, and makes voluble, absent hearts; how, through him all the corners of the earth hold discourse with one another! The Postman with us is a daily fate: nought stops him; he walks, and walks, and for ever walks, knocking and dealing forth his many missives, in fair weather and in tempest, in scorching sun and nipping frost. In the remote habitations of man, the Postman is, indeed, invested with more romantic attributes; he is not a dweller among the people, but a fitful and uncertain visitor. The letter-carrier to the few denizens of a Canadian forest, is of far higher mark than the Postman in Cheapside.

Though his calling be, in truth, of the humblest sort, we do not look upon it as altogether menial. The cause of this is probably to be found in the various feelings of hope and fear which it is his function at times to awaken in us. Though, indeed, nothing more than a light porter, still, the precious things revealed to us by the little packets he is charged with for us, endow him with a consequence independent of his mere employment. He is, we know, with his masters a man of trust; but he is something more to us; he is so mingled with our happy and fearful expectations, that we wholly forget the money-letters every day entrusted to him, in our thoughts of the missives beyond all purchase which he sometimes brings us. If we may here say a word for the Twopenny Postman, we will denounce his livery: it is more a badge of mere servitude, than a uniform denoting office. We would have him thought a more gallantly appointed, or at once relieve him of the scurvy cuffs and collar with which, in either the bad taste or the worse economy of the Post Office, he is now branded. The suit of scarlet, we own, befits a Postman: there is an importance, a blazonry in it, in proper harmony with the bringer of news.

Postmen (we speak particularly of Twopenny) are happy in their vocation: it secures them against all the manifold ills of a sedentary life; and their minds, continually engaged in the light, though sometimes difficult, reading of superscriptions, must necessarily be at once enlarged and strengthened by the practice. Cobblers and tailors are said to be addicted to politics, and, consequently, treason: this disposition has, by some philosophers, been traced to the indoor habits of the craftsmen, to their sedentary and cross-legged positions, all favourable to inward brooding, and, thereby, to discontent. Far different is the Postman: he literally walks through life; absolutely knocks through a whole existence, transacting small government bargains, with no time to sit or stand and think of the iniquities, real or imaginary, of his political masters. We never heard of a Postman being concerned in a conspiracy; whilst what tongue has strength enough to count the cobblers? Again, if the Postman start in life with a dapper figure, shall he not be slim and elegant to the last? Is he not certain of carrying to the grave his original greyhound outline? Gout shuns him; corpulency visits him not; whilst exercise crowns him with all its gifts, and claims the Postman as its own.

The Postman rarely knocks at the doors of the very poor; and when, perchance, he stands at the threshold of the indigent, it is too often to demand a sacrifice. The letter that he proffers, must, perhaps, be purchased at the price of a dinner: at any cost, however, the letter must be possessed; for it comes from one who, it may be, has been silent for years; a far-off son, a married daughter. To thousands, a letter is a forbidden luxury; an enjoyment not to be bought by those who daily struggle with the dearest necessities, and who, once severed from a long distant home, are mute because they cannot fee the post, and will not, must not, lay the tax on others wretched as themselves. How much seeming neglect may have originated in the want of the post office shilling!

THE ASIATIC JOURNAL, NO. CXIV.

[CONTAINS information of the greatest importance to all persons interested in the political and domestic affairs of India; besides numerous highly entertaining papers, chiefly on Oriental subjects; and, among them, the following figurative moral "Tale from the Bostan," translated from the Arabic, entitled

The Found Treasure.]

A certain athlete had no provision for his daily wants, neither wherewithal to procure his evening or morning meal.

To appease the tyranny of hunger, he carried mortar on his back—for a subsistence is not to be earned by violence.

At the desolation of his fortunes, his heart was continually fraught with sighs, and his head aching with sorrow.

At one time he was waging war with the world, that oppresses the helpless; at another, knitting his brows at his desperate fortunes.

Now, bitter tears would choke him at the sight of others revelling in pleasure;

And, anon, he would weep at the frustration of his plans, and say, "Did ever wight endure life of greater hardship than mine?

"Others feast on honey—and fowl—and lamb; *I* have not even herbs to my bread!

"If you talk of justice, surely this is not right, that I should go unclad while the cat has its warm coat of fur.

"Ah! would heaven but deal more kindly with me, and throw a treasure in my way;

"Haply I might yet for a while gratify my desires, and shake off the dust of sorrow!"

I have heard that, on a time, he was digging in the field, and found—a decayed jaw-bone;

The clasps loosened in the earth—the pearls of the teeth scattered.

The mouth—albeit tongueless—imparted a counsel and a mystery, saying, "Resign thyself, O mortal, to disappointment!

"Reflect! is not this the plight of the mouth under the ground, whether it hath fed on sugar or the heart's blood?

"Murmur not at the vicissitudes of fortune, for her mutations are perpetual, and beyond our control!"

The moment that this truth dawned upon his mind, care ceased to be the tenant of his bosom;

And he said, "Oh, unreflecting, erring, senseless appetite, bear the fardel of thy sufferings, and destroy not thine own self!

"Whether man, the vassal of his Maker, hath his head bowed beneath the burden, or exalted to the cope of heaven;

"The instant that his condition is changed by death, both states fade alike from his remembrance.

"Grief and gladness *then* remain not; but the recompense of virtuous deeds, and the memorial of a good name—*they* remain!"

The Gatherer.

Palestine.—The following masterly view of the impression made on the mind of a Christian visiting the Holy Land is from the pen of Chateaubriand. Extraordinary appearances (says he,) everywhere proclaim a land teeming with miracles. The burning sun, the towering eagle, the barren fig-tree, all the poetry, all the pictures of Scripture are here. Every name commemorates a mystery—every grotto announces a prediction—every hill re-echoes the accents of a prophet. GOD himself has spoken in these regions, dried up rivers, rent the rocks, and opened the grave. The desert still appears mute with terror; and you would imagine that it had never presumed to interrupt the silence since it heard the awful voice of the ETERNAL.

In the Saxon times each borough sent but one Deputy; yet the number was considerable—for any town or village that chose to send one was at liberty; but the King's purpose was better served by having two Deputies only from places under his influence. The Barons also took care those dependent on them should send Deputies also; whilst the independent boroughs sent none, although their right to do so was not then disputed. Such was the origin of that partiality in the representation so much complained of.

Iron Ship.—The largest iron sailing ship in the world is now building in Messrs. J. Ronald and Co.'s yard, Footdee, Aberdeen. This stupendous vessel is of the following dimensions:—Length of keel, 130 feet; breadth of frame, 30 feet; depth of hold, 20 feet; length over all, 137 feet; tons register, 537. Judging from her appearance, she is a beautiful model, and will carry an immense cargo on a small draft of water. She is intended for a company in Liverpool.—*Aberdeen Herald.*

The Danish watchmen, as they go their rounds at bed-time, address a prayer to the Almighty to preserve the city from fire, and warn the inhabitants to be careful in extinguishing their candles and fires. H. M.

Love and Death, a Fragment from a French Writer.—Love and Death resemble each other in many points. Both of them are blind, both are armed with darts, and both are equally cruel. Death strikes the prince and the peasant, levels the sceptre with the spade; and Love exercises the same empire. Both despise honours and riches; they acknowledge no distinction among mortals. True Love, like Death, never dies. These two tyrants of human life leave us no consolation but sighs and tears; they are equally insensible to intreaties and to bribes. The principal difference between them is, that Death at last triumphs over everything, but Love cannot overcome virtue.

Sweden has, at present, 102 journals, and other periodical publications; of these, 20 are printed at Stockholm, 7 at Gottenburg, 5 at Upsal, and 4 at Lund: 17 were commenced in 1838, and 3 at the beginning of this year.

PART V., (of Vol. I. for 1839,) of the MIRROR, with Ten ENGRAVINGS, is now published, price 8d.

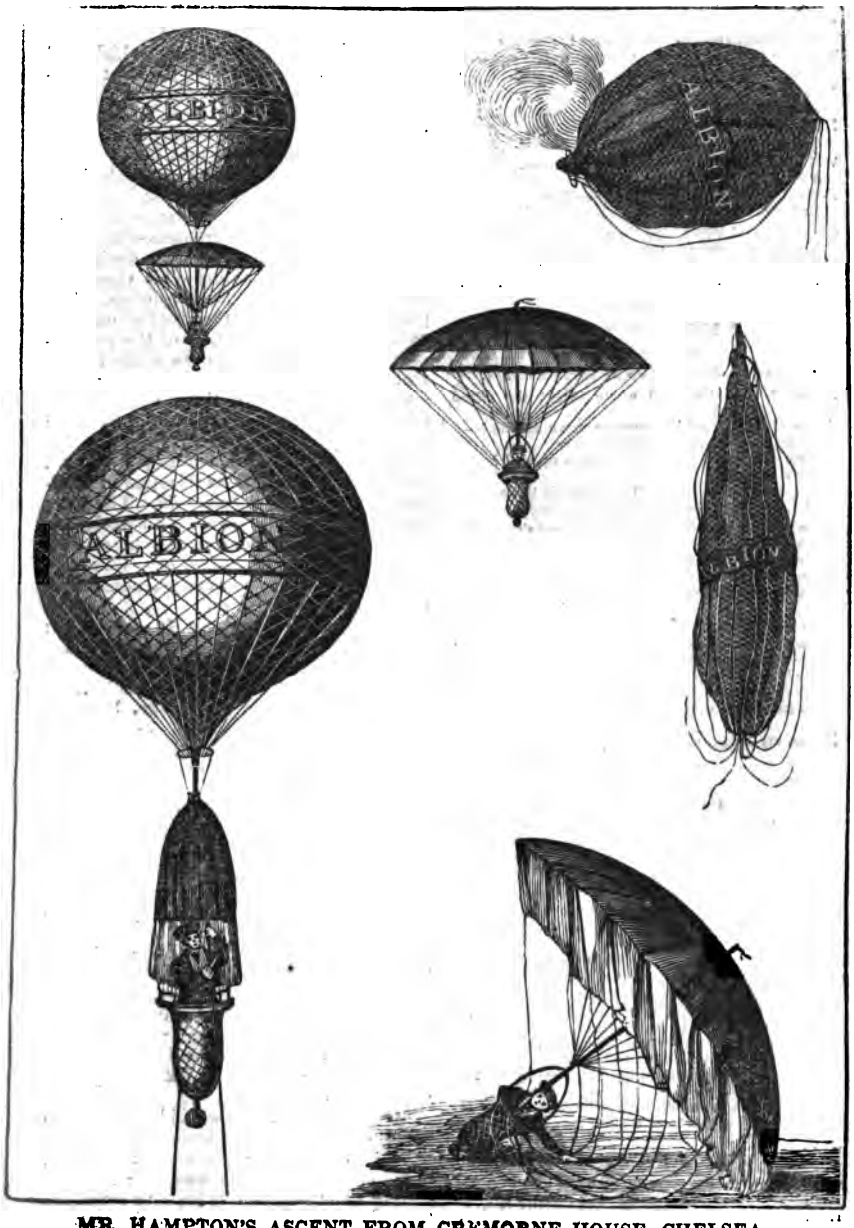
LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.—In PARIS, by all the Booksellers.—In FRANCFORT, CHARLES JUGEL.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 953.] SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1839. [PRICE 2*d*.



MR. HAMPTON'S ASCENT FROM CREMORNE HOUSE, CHELSEA.

THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 1839.

HOPE.

(For the Mirror.)

'Tis hope that cheers us through the ills of life,
And animates us when with cares opprest;
It soothes the mind, and sweetly softens strife,
And bids the weary from his sorrows rest.

And is the future dark, and fraught with cares,
Are deep forebodings pressing on the mind?
'Tis hope that smooths the path and calms our fears,
And by its presence can e'en comfort find.

How like a sunbeam on the soul it glows,
Sheds a soft balm and speaks a sweeter peace;
Dispels the gloom and dissipates our woes,
And joys arise, and sorrows quickly cease.

Wafted on wings of hope the soul doth rise,
Above the transitory joys of earth;
Beyond the present, far beyond she flies,
And seeks for pleasures of celestial birth.

Oh on my soul sweet hope then brightly shine,
Nor prove to me an evanescent ray;
Make happiness and peace for ever mine,
Light up my morn and gild my closing day. P.

MIGNON'S SONG.

FROM GOETHE.

"Kennst du das Land wo die citronen blühen."

Know'st thou the land where bright the citron blooms?
Where clustering gold the orange grove illumes?—
Beneath the genial azure of whose sky
The myrtle thrives—the laurel shoots up high?
Know'st thou that land?
'Tis there, 'tis there
That I, with thee, beloved, would repair.

Know'st thou the house?—on pillars rests its roof,
Gay sheen adorn its halls, and tapestry woof.
There marble faces fix on me their look
Serene; but here I chilling frowns must brook.
Know'st thou the place?
'Tis there, 'tis there
With thee, my guide, I gladly would repair.

Know'st thou the path that climbs amid the clouds?
While thickening mist the traveller's mule enshrouds;
There haunt of wolves the gaunt and famished brood;
There falls the crag: there roars the mountain flood.
Thou know'st it well!
Ah, thither, thither
Let us, my father, wend our steps together.

W. H. L.

PEACE OF MIND.

Tell me on what magic ground
May sweet peace of mind be found
Is it in the sunbeam bright?
Is it in the moon's pale light?
Is it where the violets grow?
Is it where the roses blow?
In sweet friendship or in love,
Natives of the world above?
Dwells it in the palace gay,
Or in the lowly cottage?—Say!

O, mortal! it is not in any of these,
For they all pass away like the leaf from the trees.
The sunbeam is lost in the frown of the storm,
And the moonlight retreats from the presence of morn.
The scent of the violet is wafted away
By the sephyr that loves in her fragrance to play.
The rose in her beauty which gladdens our eyes
Is plucked by the spoiler, then withers and dies:
While friendship and love, though they brighten our way,
Fail to yield us that peace even brighter than they.
In splendour's gay palace, or poverty's cot,
It dwells not alone; then there seek it not,
But seek it where Faith, Hope, and Charity fair,
Hold Religion's bright torch, for its dwelling is there.

L. S.

ESSAY ON MAGUILPS;
OR, MATERIALS FOR PAINTING.

BY MR. LATILLA.

READ AT THE LAST MEETING OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

(For the Mirror.)

Matter is the medium through which mind is expressed. The poet, by the most inconsiderable means, transmits his glowing ideas to thousands; conveying them, as on eagle's wings, into the regions of spirits, or to the perception of darkness visible.

In like manner, through materials insignificant in themselves, the artist is enabled to present the illusion of space—height—depth—cultivation—barrenness—beauty—deformity; but, beyond these, to depict man—his person—his virtues—his vices—his passions—in all their varied forms. The painter can also touch the chord of our sympathies, by the delineation of the relationships of social life. He can make the absent present, and retain to view the form and features of the worthy, the intellectual, and the beloved, when the bright originals have passed away.

To do all this with success, it is true, requires the three-fold combination of *intellect, manipulation,* and *material.* The latter forms the theme of this essay; namely, the simple medium by which painters lay on their colours; such as maguilps, oils, varnishes, and all those mixtures or compositions which are denominated vehicles.

These are indispensable to the artist; and, being adopted to produce beauty, are, consequently, of considerable importance, as, by knowledge in these peculiarites, and being master of their wide range, he is enabled to vary the mode of using them, according to his subject, compass, and taste, and to dare effects that exhibit originality and power.

By the frequent intercourse of artists with each other, or painting together in galleries where there is mutual observation and communication, much benefit is derivable; and matter is often imparted in this simple way, that men in their studies may for years strive in vain to acquire.

At *these* meetings, if artists would but contribute a little of their experience in art, I feel confident that the library of the Society would some day afford a fund of information, that would considerably smooth the rugged path, and obviate the difficulties that obstruct, not only artists individually, but the art generally.

Many a precept, that would be valuable to the profession at large, is often circumscribed to the narrow practice of one man; whereas, if *all* contributed, each would be likely to receive some addition to his own from the general store. I do not mean to say that, because an artist is in possession of a certain

valuable medium, or vehicle, he will necessarily become a Titian, or a Rubens; but I do say, that, trifling as these means may appear, they are, nevertheless, essential to the perfection of art. They have their proper place, and are neither to be overrated as the chief excellence, nor despised and overlooked, any more than the *words* by which the poet expresses his idea, or the historian his fact. The characteristics of each school are shown by their peculiar *mode* of painting, as well as by their invention, drawing, colour, and chiaro scuro.

In the management of *material*, the Venetian School was pre-eminent, though inferior to the Roman and Florentine in drawing and power of invention.

The Roman painters, estimating colour as a secondary object, never attained the highest excellence in it.

Michael Angelo, after visiting Titian, expressed to Vasari his unbounded admiration of that master's painting; at the same time regretting his neglect of drawing.

Titian and Correggio, through being masters of their material, infused a charm into their works which has baffled the efforts of succeeding ages.

The Spanish, Flemish, and English, are justly celebrated for brilliancy of colour, dexterity of pencilling, and use of the oleaginous mediums; but in neither of these schools do the maguilp in anywise approach to the perfection of the medium used by the Venetians, and which, though used by Bellini, Georgione, Moroni, Titian, Paul Veronese, Bonifacio, and Bassano, is unknown to us. This exquisite vehicle possessed the power of rendering the pigments remarkably brilliant, produced a fine impasto, and a depth of tone to the glazings, rivalling the beauties of precious stones, and to these qualities a hardness, rendering it exceedingly durable, and upon which the light and atmosphere of three centuries have made little impression.

If fine pictures of the Flemish School be placed in juxta-position with those of the Venetian, the superiority of the latter will be seen at once, where the tints are comparable to the lucid gleam immerging from the deep hues of the lapis-lazuli, ruby, emerald, and topaz: the striking lustre of Rubens, and the charming delicacy of Vandyke, fade before them, as the aqua-marine in the presence of the diamond.

The Flemish imitated these masters, who have rendered Venice so celebrated, and though they succeeded in improving their own system, they never attained the object of their fond pursuit.

The Venetian method has also occupied much of the attention of the English School; Reynolds even destroyed several valuable pictures in order to discover their principle of colour, and the vehicle used by them. There is no record of his discoveries in these analyzations; but it is certain he succeeded, beyond any other artist, in obtaining the depth and richness of tone, so remarkable in Georgione, Titian, and Correggio: it is to be regretted that, *with* this, he did not acquire their permanency and durability.

Many English artists successfully imitate the Venetian principle of colour and chiaro scuro; but the medium by which our pigments are used, tend rather to render our deep tones opaque and black. The same appearance is obvious in Roman, Florentine, and Spanish pictures. The Flemings avoided this blackness, by letting the ground or canvass appear through the dark glazings.

It was a principle with Rubens, never to introduce white into the shadows. With *his* vehicle he acted wisely; but the superior medium of the Venetians rendered their opaque bodies transparent; and thus, with the very opposite principle to Rubens, they shone forth with eclipsing splendour.

The medium of the Flemish School appears to possess the same properties as our maguilp; which is a gelatin; produced by the mixture of drying oil and mastic varnish.

Ibbetson, the cattle painter, discovered a medium, by dissolving gum-mastic in drying oil, and mixing it up with sugar of lead and water. This also forms a thick gelatin, and is well adapted for small pictures: it retains the brilliancy of the colours, and dries very hard without cracking. By *grinding* the gum-mastic, in lieu of dissolving it in drying oil with sugar of lead and water, it forms a stiff paste, which, in effect, resembles nearer the Venetian medium than any with which I am acquainted: it has their impasto, and retains the lustre of the colours without making them black. In referring to experiments I made some years ago, I find even colours, evanescent in their nature, fixed and perfect by this vehicle.

Let it not be thought, because this subject is brought forward, that I would place a *medium*, a *material*, as the all-important subject of a painter's study, like the specific of an empiric.

The palette of Titian, in other hands, would not produce similar effects, without an equal power of mind. With all advantages of material and models, the artist, without a profundity of philosophic research, can never rise to eminence in the higher walks of art. The student who aspires to the fame of the great men of antiquity, must adopt the same course, tread the same path, and encounter the same difficulties; at no lesser cost can the end be achieved.

Art is perfected by the manifold unity of the sciences; and in this Institution, where are associated the literati, dilletanti, and scientific, art generally will derive the benefits which foreign academies enjoy; and means, however simple, and apparently insignifi-

cant in themselves, as forming a portion of a perfect whole, merits consideration; especially when it is remembered, that the transmission to posterity of the artistic talent of an age depends on the *medium* used, or the *varnish*, which if it does not preserve, may eventually destroy.

The Novelist.

FILIBERTA MADRUZZO.

One evening, in the year 1650, towards the close of October, when the trees begin to lose their foliage, then "sere and yellow," in the lowly cell of a convent of the order of Saráfico, in the city of Trento, lay a young girl, upon whose countenance, by the dim light of a solitary lamp, were discovered the hues of death. A dense film was gathered over her large blue eyes; the coral had long since deserted those lips, once so smiling and so lovely; the cold whiteness of the pearl had usurped the dominion of the rose. Her shrunk and hollow cheeks, her pale brow, worn with grief and suffering, bore testimony to the anguish of an afflicted and sorrowing mind: her bosom heaved with a convulsive motion; and if occasionally a feverish movement roused the expiring sufferer, if her imagination wandered in the illusion of a grieving spirit, or strayed to the innocent pleasures of her childhood, it was only the last gaspings, the closing agonies, and after a short struggle she relapsed into the calm of death.

No indications of grandeur distinguished this bed of death; all was simple, humble, monastic; one would in vain have sought in so lowly a chamber the heiress of twenty castles, the Lady of Madruzzo, of Narro, of Pergina, the noble mistress of the four hamlets of the Val Lagarina, the Countess of Chalant, the niece of the prince-bishop of Trento. This fair young creature, abandoned by her family, spoiled of the splendour and pomp of her rank, was on the point of closing her eyes in their last long slumber, like a rose withering on the first opening of its beautiful petals;—her soul was about to take refuge in heaven from the vicissitudes of fortune, and the perfidy of man, and to taste, amid the angelic choirs, that happiness which on earth had been denied her.

By her bedside stood a Jesuit priest; dozing in a corner of the cell was a nun, who from time to time raised her eyes to see if life were yet extinct. The stillness of the room was disturbed by a distant sound of bustle in the convent, and, after a few moments, a venerable old man entered the cell; his white, open, and placid brow was shaded by silvery hair; his rich and elegant dress, his dignified and noble bearing, bespoke his high rank; he was the Austrian councillor, Carlo Filippo de Mohr.

As he advanced into the little room, he glanced around, and turned with a look of surprise and anger to the lady abbess who followed him; the meaning of his look was easily understood, and she hastily endeavoured to justify the meanness of the apartment, urging the rules of the convent. Shaking his head in disapprobation, the councillor approached the bed of the invalid, and, removing his glove, passed his wrinkled but snow-white hand over the pallid face of the maiden, parted the hair that was clustered about her forehead, and with tender care smoothed the disordered pillow. After a brief pause, he turned to the by-standers, saying—"Poor child, she seems very ill."

The friar, inclining his head, confirmed the observation, and continued his prayers.

"Be comforted, Filiberta," said the councillor; "I am sent by her most serene highness the Archduchess Claudia, your guardian; yes, unfortunate countess, I will be to you a father."

Roused by this address, Filiberta fixed her eyes upon the speaker; her lips moved convulsively, in a vain effort to articulate some few words.

"Gracious heaven!" exclaimed the compassionating councillor. she is, indeed, dreadfully feeble. Poor Filiberta, sacrificed to ambition and interest, robbed of all the innocent pleasures of thy youth, who shall tell all the sufferings of thy heart! who know all the anguish of thy spirit!"

The astonished friar looked first at the councillor, then at the abbess.

"Filiberta," he interrupted, "has ever been gentle, submissive, and devout; her wishes have been in everything obeyed."

"And yet," replied the councillor, "I have reason to believe that this maiden has been compelled to languish away the brightest years of her youth in the gloom of this cloister; the sweetest moments of her life have been turned to bitterness; her fondest hopes have been blighted—you have brought her to this—you have plunged her into this abyss of sorrow."

"She delighted only in solitude," added the nun: "she shunned our society, remaining constantly shut within her cell, nor could we ever suppose that her seclusion from the world occasioned her one single pang."

"It is," resumed the councillor, "because her spirit was already oppressed with sorrow, because in solitude alone she could indulge her grief, and pour forth the anguish of her heart, or dwell upon the idols of her imagination; this young creature has been violently torn from the object of her love."

The lady abbess reverently signed herself with the cross, and replied that, during the two years in which Filiberta had been an inmate of the convent, she had had communication with her own sex only.

"In the heart of a young girl," continued the Austrian, "first impressions are deep, and leave there characters effaced but by death. Filiberta loved that young Piedmontese; their attachment was disapproved, and she doomed to die here."

"The prince, her uncle," said the nun, "could never have assented to an alliance that disgraced his illustrious house, and one so ill suited to the last representative of the Madruzzi."

"Alfonzo was not an alliance to be so condemned," answered the councillor; "my lady, the Archduchess, would never have interested herself, had he not been of an honourable house."

A deep sigh from the invalid interrupted the kind old man; in a sepulchral voice, the hollow tone of the dying, she with difficulty articulated the name of Alfonzo.

"Great God, she hears us!" cried the councillor, and, softly stroking her cheek, he continued: "Alfonzo loves you, Filiberta; the Archduchess Claudia takes deep interest in your happiness, and your union will yet be accomplished."

A transient ray of animation crossed the death-like features of the maiden: her eyes beamed for an instant with a brighter light; her lips relapsed into a sweet smile; and, uttering more distinctly the name of Alfonzo, she breathed a gentle sigh, then turned in apparent ease upon her side, and closed her eyes for ever.

"She is gone!" exclaimed the abbess and the nun; the councillor threw himself into a chair, and grasped the already cold hand of Filiberta.

The following day, attended by a long train bearing tapers, the last descendant of the Madruzzi was consigned to the tomb.*

EARLY ENGLISH MUSIC-PRINTERS.

BY EDWARD F. RIMBAULT,
ORGANIST OF EGLISE SUISSE.

(*For the Mirror.*)

(*Concluded from page 360.*)

JOHN PLAYFORD was born in the year 1613, and brought up to the trade of a stationer and music-seller; and, as we learn from the title-pages of some of the books which he published, he lived "*in the Temple neare the Church door.*" A very interesting MS. in the Ashmolean Library, states that he held the situation of clerk of the Temple Church, which is very probable, and derives some support from the above fact of his residing within the Temple. The first book that I know of which was printed by him, bears the date of 1650; and his productions extend from the above date to about the year 1698, being nearly forty years, during which time his press was in active operation.

Playford was a man remarkable for his industry and constant application to business, insomuch that it gave him the familiar but honourable appellation of "*honest John Playford.*"

He was also fond of the study of music, which is proved from some works of his own composition, the first of which he published in 1665, under the title of "*An Introduction to the Skill of Music.*"* This book was written in a very clear and distinct style, so that it very soon became popular, and had such an extensive sale, that, in the short space of fourteen years, it ran through no less than ten editions,—at once a proof of its popularity. The preface to this work is valuable, as it gives a good idea of the state of music and musicians at that period. Indeed, if a well-digested collection was made of historical fragments and notices that are to be found in the prefaces of such works, it would throw much light on these interesting subjects.

Playford also published some other minor works, and of a miscellaneous character. He printed some songs, in parts, which were set to music by himself, in a work called the "*Musical Companion,*" and also some "*Psalms and Hymns in solemn Music.*"

Although his skill in music, as might be anticipated from the nature of his common employment, was not so great as to entitle him to the name of a master, for he knew but little of the more difficult parts of the theory; yet, notwithstanding this, he might be called a good judge, and was, undoubtedly, well acquainted with the practical part, and with a tolerable knowledge of the rudiments of composition.

He was a man of aspiring character, and contributed materially to the improvement of the art of printing music from moveable types, by the introduction of what he, in some of his publications, calls, the "*new-tied note.*" It may be observed, that the musical characters, or notes, first used by the English printers, were distinct from each other, and not, as in the present time, joined by lines, so that the quaver and semiquaver were signified only by single or double tails, without any connexion whatever; this improvement added much to the beauty and

* Extracted from No. 2 of the *Foreign Monthly Review*. We hail this new periodical with great pleasure, for it displays talent and research of no ordinary nature.

* The following curious lines by "Thomas Jordan, gent.," the Poet Laureate, and writer of the City Pageants, are to be found in the introduction to Playford's Musical Companion, viz.,—

"The Parish Clerks, who never knew before
Any Right Key, but that of the Church Dore,
Are now by thee instructed, so that they
Have Rules to Tune each Psalm in the proper key.
Thou hav'st of Art, Music so expresst,
That it was never made more manifest.
Thy Books have made each Reader a Disputor,
Thy Introduction, is both Guide and Tutor.

appearance of printed music, and gave it a more connected and uniform character than the separate notes could admit of. Matthew Lock, in his "*Melothéria*," which was printed by John Carr, in 1673, from copper-plates, joined the notes together; and from this specimen it is supposed that Playford took the idea, and transferred the same improvement to letter-press printing, as abovementioned. The practice of printing from copper-plates began in Rome, about the year 1636; this the Germans and French quickly adopted, and the English followed the same method, as appears from a collection of lessons by Dr. Bull, Byrd, and Orlando Gibbons, entitled "*Parthenia! or the Maydenhead of the first Music ever printed for the Virginals*, 1659."

Playford lived to the patriarchal age of fourscore, and died, as he had lived, beloved and honoured by all who knew him. It has generally been supposed that he died about the year 1693, but on examining some old newspapers a short time since, I saw the following advertisement in the "*London Gazette*, May 3, 1686:"—

"*An antient printing house in Little Britain, late in the possession of Mr. John Playford, deceased, well known, and ready fitted and accommodated with good presses and all manner of Letters for Choice Work of Music, Mathematics, Navigation, and all Greek and Latin Books, with fair and convenient dwelling house, and convenient rooms for warehouses, all which are to be sold as they are ready standing, or let by lease, or yearly rent. Enquire of Mrs. Ellen Playford, at the said house over against the Globe in Little Britain.*"

This advertisement, therefore, proves the period of his death to have been a few years prior to the date usually assigned; and it is curious also in another point of view, because it shows us, from the brief enumeration of his different type, that no kind of printing came amiss to him, he being amply provided with a sufficient variety (then a desideratum,) of letters to enable him to print any kind of works that might be required.

Playford was not only industrious himself in his trade, but also his wife, who appears to have been a shrewd sensible woman, and equally persevering with her husband, and evidently superior to her station in life, as we may conclude from the following advertisement, printed at the end of one of his publications:—"*At Islington, over against the church, Mrs. Playford now keeps a boarding school, where young gentlewomen may be instructed in all manner of curious work, and also reading, writing, music, dancing, and the French tongue.*"

Such an industrious couple could not fail of succeeding in business; and through life they possessed the friendship and esteem of all the eminent musicians of the period, for they fully appreciated the merits of "*honest John Playford.*"

He was succeeded in the business by his son Henry; but as there are no works that bear his name subsequent to the year 1710, it is conjectured that he did not long survive his respected parent.

The music published in the early part of the eighteenth century, began to make a different appearance, being principally collections of songs; and the music itself was printed from copper-plates instead of the old moveable-type system, which, after the death of Playford, rapidly declined, insomuch that it became quite obsolete; and it is only within these very few years, since the extensive improvements made in type-founding, that it has been revived.

Most of the musical works of this period are embellished with copper-plate engravings at the head of each subject, generally representing the burden or principal incidents of the songs. The music of them were chiefly engraved by one Thomas Cross, who lived in Catherine-Wheel-court, near Holborn, or as it was then more generally called, the Snow-hill Conduit: he appears to have been well known to the music printers of that time, and likewise to the wits about town, as appears from the following couplet, which originally appeared in the "*Orpheus Britannicus*," 1701.

"*While at the shops we daily dangling view*
False concord, by Tom Cross engraven true."

This is a short compliment to Tom, but not so to those writers of false concord.

The most extensive printer of music that may be said to have filled the place of Playford, was one Walsh, who lived in Catherine-street, Strand; his publications range through a long series of years, commencing from 1700, being nearly half a century; the books which he published are of course too numerous to be detailed here. There were other music printers of the period, one of whom was "*John Simpson at the base viol and flute, in Sweetings-alley, opposite the east door of the Royal Exchange;*" and a second was "*D. Wright, next the Sun Tavern, neare Holborn Bars;*" but as it is scarcely worth while, in a short dissertation like this, to mention the names of all the music-printers of the period that are known, we shall conclude with the two following, viz., "*J. Hare, at the Golden Viol,*" and "*John Young, at the Dolphin and Crown;*" both of whom lived in St. Paul's Churchyard.

I have already briefly adverted to the fact of the music being printed from engraved copper-plates; it also appears that the music of the popular operas of the time were also engraved on copper-plates, as is evident from

the following title, copied from the original work; viz., "*The Beggar's Opera, as it is acted at the Theatre Royal, Lincoln's Inn Fields, written by Mr. Gay: the third edition, with the overture in score, and the songs and the basses (the overture and basses composed by Dr. Pepusch,) curiously engraved on copper-plates*, 1729."

This tedious method of engraving the notes on copper-plates was gradually superceded by the method of stamping them on pewter-plates, but it did not, however, become commonly used until about the middle of the last century; and the first editions of the works of Correlli, and the immortal Handel, may be looked upon as some of the earliest specimens of this style, which in appearance, however, do not materially differ from the copper-plates.

The great improvements that were made in this art in England, is due to the exertions of a man of the name of Phillips, who produced some very fine specimens; so much so, indeed, that they challenge comparison with the best productions of any other artist of the day, whether English or foreign: although he certainly did make very great improvements, yet he has been accused of having derived his principles from one Fortier, a French watchmaker of some celebrity, and also a stamper of music plates.

About the year 1760, an attempt was made in England to revive the old and original method of printing music from moveable types, by one Fought, a native of Lapland, who settled in London about that time, and took a shop in St. Martin's Lane, and there commenced the business of printing music from type which he himself had made; but he did not succeed, for the Metropolitan music-sellers copied his productions, and by stamping them on pewter-plates, they were enabled to undersell him.

The method of printing music from stamped pewter-plates has continued in practice almost ever since the time just mentioned; within these few years the old method of printing from moveable type has been again revived, and which will most like soon supercede the common method. To those who are not exactly aware of the difference in the appearance of a stamped and a type-printed sheet, it may be necessary to refer them to some example which may be commonly seen, and as such we may mention the "*Harmonist*,"* a new work now publishing periodically, and which is a very good specimen of moveable-type printing:—this may be compared with some of the stamped works now printing, and the difference will be seen not to be very great in point of appearance, though quite sufficient to show the difference of the two systems, when the advantages of moveable-type printing will become manifest; besides, type-printing is far more expeditious than the mode of stamping.

Another and very obvious advantage is, that the music-type may be readily incorporated in any required way with the letter-press type itself, so that it is an easy matter in this system to give letter-press remarks or notes after any line of music, such as are essentially necessary, and always used in books of instruction, and elementary works on the theory of music; and as this is known to be a very difficult branch of the art, it is necessary that the remarks and explanations should follow the music itself in the same page, which the moveable-type enables us to effect without any difficulty; and it is therefore hoped by these means, that in the course of a very few years, cheap and abundant supplies of good elementary works on the theory and practice of music will be easily attainable, by being vended at such a price as will place them within the means of all classes: doubtless it will be acknowledged, that the principal reason why this delightful science is not so extensively cultivated as might be wished, is, that musical works are too highly priced, indeed so much so, that they cannot be compared with anything else in the whole range of typography.

* From the eminent press of Messrs. Clowes and Sons. These celebrated typographers have, most undeniably, in the above, and other publications, produced the finest and most correct specimens of music-printing, from moveable-type, that ever emanated from the English press.—*Ed. M.*

Manners and Customs.

ROYAL MASQUE.

THE following description of a royal masque, which was exhibited by the Inns of Court, before Charles I., his queen, and the court at Whitehall, in February 1633, is extracted from the Memoirs of Bulstrode Whitelocke, who was one of the principal managers of this magnificent entertainment:—The first that marched were twenty footmen in scarlet liveries with silver lace, each one having his sword by his side, a batoon in one hand, and a torch lighted in the other; these were the marshal's men, who cleared the streets, made way, and were all about the marshal, waiting his commands. After these, and sometimes in the midst of them, came the marshal, Mr. Darrell, who was afterwards knighted by the king. He was mounted upon one of the king's best horses, and richest saddles, and his own habit was exceeding rich and glorious; horsemanship very gallant. After him followed one hundred gentlemen of the Inns of Court, five and twenty chosen out of each house; every one of whom were in very rich clothes, scarce any thing but gold and silver lace to be seen of them; and each gentleman had a page and two lackeys, waiting on him in his livery by his horse's side: the lackeys carried

torches, and the page his master's cloak. The richness of their apparel and furniture, glittering by the light of a multitude of torches attending on them, with the motion and stirring of their mettled horses, and the many and various gay liveries of their servants, but especially the personal beauty and gallantry of the handsome young gentlemen, made the most glorious and splendid shew that ever was beheld in England. The torches and flaming huge flambeaus, borne by the sides of each chariot, made it seem lightsome as noon-day, but more glittering, and gave a full and clear light to all the streets and windows as they passed by. The queen did the honour to some of the masquers to dance with them, and to judge them as good dancers as ever she saw; and the great ladies were very free and civil in dancing with all the masquers as they were taken out by them. The persons employed in this mask were paid justly and liberally; some of the music had one hundred pounds a piece; so that the whole charge of the music came to about a thousand pounds: the clothes of the horsemen, and the liveries of their pages and lackeys, which were at their own particular charge, were reckoned, one with another, at a hundred pounds a suit, at least. The charges of all the rest of the masque, and matters belonging to it were reckoned to be full as much as the value of the clothes; and so the charge of the whole masque, which was borne by the societies, and by the particular members of it, was accounted to be above one and twenty thousand pounds. W. G. C.

ORIGIN OF LORD KINGSALE HAVING THE PRIVILEGE OF WEARING HIS HAT IN THE ROYAL PRESENCE.*

Sir John de Courcy, earl of Ulster, performed prodigies of valour in Ireland: but upon the accession of King John, his splendour and rank having excited the envy of Hugh de Lacie, appointed governor of Ireland by that monarch, the Earl of Ulster was treacherously seized while performing penance unarmed and barefooted in the churchyard of Down-Patrick, on Good Friday, anno 1203, and sent over to England, where the king condemned him to perpetual imprisonment in the Tower, and granted to Lacie all the earl's possessions in Ireland. After his lordship had been in confinement about a year, a dispute happening to arise between King John, and Philip-Augustus of France, concerning the Duchy of Normandy, the decision of which being referred to single combat, King John, more hasty than advised, appointed the day, against which, the King of France provided his champion; but the King of England, less fortunate, could find no one of his subjects willing to take up the gauntlet, until his captive in the Tower, the gallant Earl of Ulster, was prevailed upon to accept the challenge. But when every thing was prepared for the contest, and the champions had entered the lists, in presence of the monarchs of England, France, and Spain, the opponent of the earl, seized with a sudden panic, put spurs to his horse, and fled the arena; whereupon the victory was adjudged with acclamation to the champion of England. The French king being informed, however, of the earl's powerful strength, and wishing to witness some exhibition of it, his lordship, at the desire of King John, cleft a massive helmet in twain at a single blow. The king was so well satisfied with this signal performance, that he not only restored the earl to his estates and effects, but desired him to ask any thing within his gift, and it should be granted. To which Ulster replied, that having estates and titles enough, he desired that his successors might have the privilege (their first obeisance being paid) to remain covered in the presence of his majesty, and all future kings of England, which request was immediately conceded.

* From *Burke's Peerage*. (1839. Churton.)

MR. HAMPTON'S DESCENT IN A PARACHUTE,

AT CREMORNE HOUSE, KING'S ROAD, CHELSEA.

Mr. Hampton commenced his career as an aeronaut at the Eyre Arms Tavern, St. John's Wood, on the 7th of June last, where he met with great difficulties, but his judgment and intrepidity soon overcame them. It was on his ascent afterwards at Rochester, that he particularly displayed great presence of mind, and determined spirit, for, on that occasion, shortly after he had left the earth, the wind shifting, drove his balloon sea-ward, and it descended on the ocean, some miles from the coast; while in this perilous situation, he clung to his balloon, until rescued by a trading vessel, which landed the aeronaut, with his Albion balloon, at Whitstable. He ascended next at Canterbury, when the balloon, not being sufficiently buoyant, from a want of gas, the intrepid Hampton cut away the car to lighten the balloon, and he ascended standing on the hoop to which the ropes that passed over the balloon were attached, and descended safely. In the course of last summer, Mr. Hampton ascended from Cremorne House, and also at other places, with the greatest facility, and descended without accident. At length, he determined to outstrip all competition, by descending from his balloon, by means of a newly constructed Parachute: the Montpelier Gardens, at Cheltenham, was the place chosen for this

daring exploit; but the sad fate of Mr. Cocking,* and the censure which the proprietors of Vauxhall Gardens incurred, by permitting the descent from the Nassau balloon, induced the owner of Montpelier Gardens to withhold his consent to Mr. Hampton's experiment; but in order to gratify the curiosity of the immense concourse of spectators that were assembled upon that occasion, he consented that the balloon and parachute should be exhibited, but to ascend no higher than sixty feet from the earth, for fear of accident; when Mr. Hampton had reached this altitude, he could not resist the desire he had of putting his parachute to the test, and accordingly severed the rope which passed over his balloon, the two ends being held by men, stationed in the gardens for that purpose. The astonishment of the spectators may be imagined, when they beheld the intrepid aeronaut majestically soaring towards the clouds. When about two miles from the earth, he determined upon descending; but, unlike Garnerin, who depended upon the atmospheric pressure, Mr. Hampton opened his parachute before he separated it from the balloon. The wind was very high. It appeared, when viewed from below, to be driven along at a great rate; and was, perhaps, the most boisterous Mr. H. ever experienced, the wind carrying him over the Leckhampton hills with great violence. He was not up more than twenty minutes, and descended at Cobberley. This ascent was in May, 1839.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PARACHUTE.

The above engraving shows the admirable construction of the parachute: the upper part is in the form of an umbrella, and about fifteen feet in diameter, with an ornamented border. The ribs are eight feet long, and expand from the top of the parachute to its extremities; they are formed of very thick whale-bone, strongly fastened by brass clamps: the ribs are connected to the copper-tube by stretchers, made of bamboo. At the ends of the ribs, curtains are suspended, 2½ feet deep; and by an admirable contrivance, Mr. Hampton, when in his seat in the parachute, can by a rope which runs from the car to the curtains, either contract or enlarge them, in the same manner as the sailor furls his sails. In order to guard against every possible accident, the car of the parachute is strongly guarded by iron hoops, to prevent the possibility of its receiving injury on its reaching the earth. Mr. Hampton, while in the car, can, by a pulley which runs through the copper tube, (connecting the balloon to the parachute,) open a small valve in the balloon, by which means he can let as much gas escape as he may think necessary immediately previous to his descending. When Mr. H. imagines enough gas is let off, he severs the rope which holds the parachute to the balloon; (this rope also is conveyed to the balloon through the tube, which is 11 feet high, the altitude of the parachute); and he descends.

The engraving on our first page represents the manner of Mr. Hampton's ascending, with the top of the parachute closed, and also as it appears when expanded; with the mode the gas escapes from the balloon; and his mode of descending, as also that of his balloon; and his reaching the earth at Cobberley.

The ascent at Cremorne House on Thursday last, was a pleasing sight, not so repulsive to the feelings as that of the ascent of Mons. Garnerin, some years since.

Shortly before the ascent, the rain impeded the progress of making the necessary preparation: indeed, for some time, it was imagined no ascent would take place: at length, between eight and nine o'clock in the evening, the car was affixed to the balloon, and everything being ready, the undaunted aeronaut gently ascended, amidst the cheers of the assembled company. When he had been up a short time, he severed the rope which connected the parachute with the balloon, and descended in fine style, alighting on the Fulham-road, in perfect safety.

He was conducted back to the Gardens, accompanied by an immense concourse of people, who were not sparing of their approbation of his daring exploit.

The gardens, unfortunately, were very thinly attended, the admittance money being considered too high, which was, doubtless, the cause.

It is now certain, that Mr. Hampton has proved to the public, he can descend with perfect safety in his parachute.

He will shortly make another experiment.

* See *Mirror*, p. 66, vol. xxx.

Arts and Sciences.

EXHIBITION OF ARTS AND MANUFACTURES IN PARIS: MAY MDCCCXXXIX.

(*Concluded from page* 363.)

QUITE in the corner of the right-hand gallery are the beautiful products of Messrs. Virbente, brothers, of Toulouse, under No. 2,098, consisting of all kinds of architectural ornaments, capitals of Corinthian columns, fretted mouldings, rich cornices, statuettes, &c., all in baked clay, in fact, in brick-work. The lightness, the durability, and the very low prices of these articles are remarkable. Above them is a large group of figures, "An Entombment of Christ," in the same material. Next to this is a curious model of the gymnastic apparatus of Colonel Amoros, well known for his establishment in the Champs Elysées; the swimming round-about is amusing enough, but, we apprehend, perfectly useless. Of the carriages and vehicles in this court we may observe a steam-carriage for common roads;—a fine locomotive engine, No. 1,736, by Stehelin and Huber, of Bitschwiller, in the Haut-Rhin, which, being entirely of French manufacture, should be carefully examined by all persons acquainted with similar products of British industry:—a travelling-barouch, with an ingenious system of double horizontal springs;—and No. 3,019, a gig, with air springs, light as a zephyr! There is a curious piece of marine artillery, No. 1,203, in this gallery, with a horizontally-revolving circular breech, perforated with a dozen charging-holes or more; into one of which a ball, with the requisite cartridge, is introduced; the breech is worked round by a screw, till the aperture comes into a line with the bore of the piece, and the shot is then fired. If the gun would stand the heat thereby occasioned, 12 or 15 shots of any calibre might be fired in a minute by this contrivance. Close by it is a large anchor, which, we understand, is a very remarkable instance of improvement in French ironwork! and in the same gallery there are some curious specimens of fine grained tough iron, made at the foundry of Grenelle, a suburb of this capital, entirely from old nails, old rusty iron, &c.

In the court itself will be observed two of the cast-iron statues that are to adorn one of the fountains on the place de la Concorde; their effect can hardly be judged of, because they are colossal, and are not intended to be seen quite so close. Behind them is a pen, with some real Merino sheep in it—the only living things except a few gold fish, of which more by and bye—that are classed among the things exhibited. In the middle of the court stand two military figures with a capote and cloak, that serve either for coverings to the body or else as tents. We suspect that the exhibitor has been trying to invent a Mackintosh! Still further on will be found a clever circular pump, a large number of ploughs, and various other agricultural implements.

We must beg pardon of our readers for having kept them so long among the machines, but we must repeat, that though not outwardly attractive, yet they form the bone and sinew of national progress in all manufactures—that but for them France could not produce her splendid silks and cachemires, her feathers, her jewellery, her sculptured steel work, nor any of her other best products; and that, unless her progress in mechanical ingenuity continues to be great, her advance in manufactured products cannot be considerable. The riches of all the other galleries of the exhibition are entirely dependent upon the excellence of this, the first and the ground-work of the whole.

On entering the gallery No. 2, and proceeding down the left-hand, or eastern side, we are struck with some uncommonly ingenious automaton figures, No. 1,023, one of which in particular, a conjuror, is really a first-rate thing of the kind. Two singing figures, standing on small organ works, that imitate the human voice, are also exhibited under the same number. No. 1,504 comprises some clever anatomical models, &c., in wax; and a little further on will be observed, various collections of othopedic apparatus, surgical corsets and instruments, all of which possess their several claims to merit. At Nos. 666 and 1,564 will be found some urns, coffee pots, &c., in brown metal, the classic forms of which, with their beautifully-executed ornaments, will enable them to stand a comparison with any of the products of Birmingham. In the mere mechanical part of the fabrication of articles of this kind, the progress of France has of late years been immense; and, however the question may be decided as to the excellence of the material, there is no doubt that, in form and design, English manufacturers are behind their French competitors. Nearly opposite to these standings, against one of the pillars on the left-hand, will be observed the caoutchouc tubes for bell-ropes, check-strings of carriages, &c., by means of which, you may "waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole"—if you can get a tube long enough. They are really very ingenious useful things.

Whoever wishes to make a dash with a magnificent,—we beg the ladies' pardon, but really we cannot mention the word,—piece of linen investiture, should stop at No. 2,862, where Longueville, of the rue Vivienne, boasts, and not unjustly, that he is the first *artiste* in this way in the "universal world."—A series of articles is exhibited in this particular part of the gallery, highly held in estimation by gentlemen of 60, who have not given over their dancing days, and tender

maidens of a certain age, whose hopes of connubial felicity are not yet extinct;—we mean, kind reader, the perruques, formerly called wigs. After seeing what is displayed here, and in a proper spirit of encouragement to that worthy body of industrials called *garçons perruquiers*, we would propose—had we a seat in the legislative chamber—that all persons showing a bald pate or gray hairs, should in future be clapped up in the prefecture of police, and forthwith condemned as disaffected to the capital interest of the country. And, indeed, after looking at the phalanx of corset-manufacturers, or, as we vulgarly call them in England, stay-makers, who have taken up a formidable position in this gallery, we would also be particularly severe, if we could ever be so to the fair sex, against all ladies presuming henceforth to exceed from eight to twelve inches in diameter at the waist. No husband should take his wife down this part of the gallery, for, if he does, to a dead certainty he will have an extra stay-maker's bill in his pocket-book before the year is out.

All Englishmen, and especially lovers of field sports, will have a high treat in examining the gunsmiths' stalls that stand at the bottom of this division of the gallery. The gun-manufacture is that in which, more perhaps than in any other of her hardware produces, England is supposed to exceed the rest of the world; and, therefore, the articles here exhibited deserve the more carefully to be inspected. We may at once remark, that the persons in charge of the guns are very intelligent and civil, and seem to take a pleasure in explaining, with the greatest patience, all the merits of their several inventions. The point at which French gunsmiths seem all to be aiming is, that of effecting the charging at the breach with safety and convenience: most of the new models relate to this desideratum, and, as far as we are capable of forming an opinion, highly ingenious as are the rest, the new fowling-piece of Messrs. Lepage, which works on the hinge principle, has no nipples for caps, and both fastens the breech back again to the stock after loading, and cocks the hammer at the same time, is by far the best. Another exhibitor, Michel, No. 2,155, has a very ingenious horizontal piston applied to his locks, well worthy of examination, and, we think, of trial. At No. 616 the well-known gunsmith Lefaucheux, of the rue de la Bourse, has a large display of his fowling-pieces. Just beyond this is No. 3,260, Cessier, of St. Etienne, the great gun-manufactory of France. Here the carved work of the stocks is particularly worthy of remark, as well as the lowness of the prices, 100f. seeming to be the average price of a very tolerable article; one is marked at only 12f, but we had rather be excused the honour of discharging any "murderous tube" of such a suspiciously low cipher.—At Nos. 617 and 614 will be found some *armes de luxe*, the sculptured work of which is really beautiful; and one case in particular, a fowling-piece mounted in rhinoceros-horn, must make any sportsman long to possess so fine an object of art. At Lepage's, No. 618, may be seen, as we have before-mentioned, the newly-invented fowling-piece. In the glass cases will be observed a curious carbine, of two barrels, with only one trigger and four locks, together with a long rapier, of beautifully-chased steel and gold work; a damasceened poniard, and various other exquisite products of his workshops. The chief object of this sub-division of the exhibition is a case of arms, made by Lepage for the Duke of Orleans, and, without any exception, it is the most splendid thing of the kind we ever saw. It contains a fowling-piece, a pair of pistols, a sword, a *couteau de chasse*, powder-boxes, shot-cases, bullet-moulds, &c. The whole of the steel-work is sculptured or damasceened in the most rich and masterly style; the wood-work is all sculptured, and inlaid with steel and ivory, all chased and engraved; the case itself is oak, of the finest quality, sculptured in high relief, the edges inlaid with chased steel, and the whole lined with the richest velvet. Such an exquisite piece of steel work we never saw before.

The other objects worthy of notice in this left-hand division of the gallery are the parasols, umbrellas, and ornamental canes of all kinds, the newest patterns of which are to be found here: we find nothing very remarkable among them, except a large gold-headed cane, fit for a dandy of the Tuileries or the Bois de Boulogne, the top of which opens, and displays a small parasol, which, when pulled out, the beau may have the pleasure of offering to the belle that graces his arm. There is an interesting stall here of the works of the Blind Institution, some of the knitted articles being beautifully executed. Some wax-work figures, especially a Parisian Venus, in a gauze temple, will attract notice. Among other miscellaneous articles which we ought to have pointed out before to all brothers of the angle, is a monstrous fishing-rod, about 30 feet long; and a complete dress for lion-hunting! think of that, ye Nimrods! An iron helmet and a leathern suit, all bristling with sharp spikes, like the back of a porcupine. Dressed in this, a man might walk in safety through the thickest jungle in India, or might go across Africa, from Sennaar to Timbuctoo, without a single bone being broken—always barring the heat of the leathern cuticle, and the imminent danger of suffocation.

New Books.

THE GIFT FOR ALL SEASONS.

(*Continued from page 349.*)

THE CHARACTER AND POETRY OF SHELLEY.

The enigma in the character of Shelley is this, that his sense of virtue was high and delicate, while his principle was erratic; that the tone of his mind was evidently religious, while his creed was infidelity. What might have been the early treatment which his temper met with, we cannot say, so much depends upon such little things, and so difficult is it for man to manage the disposition of another, especially of untutored youth, so as to train up the early and generous aspirations after virtue, which rise in youthful minds, without disgusting them by the revolting idea that you are weaning the unsuspecting impulses of their unpractised hearts to the selfish purposes of age, and that you are, as it were, revelling in the delights of virtues, of which you leave to those on whom you enjoin them, only the self-denial and the restraint. Some such process as this, however, it would seem, or the susceptibility of it, occurred to the poet, whose character is at present passing under review.

Like a high-mettled steed, in the first buoyancy of untrammelled youth, when he would range apart, and choose his pasture as suited best the bent of his genius, he brooked not imaginary restraint, but bounded with the vigour of an eagle's wing over the paling that encircled the fellows of his herd, backward rolling his indignant eye, and swallowing the earth and air before him with elastic bound, his dishevelled main streaming in the wind:

"Like the bright hair uplifted from the head
Of some fierce mœnad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon, to the zenith's height,
The locks of the approaching storm."

He dashed into the wild recesses of the forest, where he might compass, without limit or curtailment, regions of space forbid to others, and heights to which access had been denied; and there surely he cropped some of the sweetest morsels which fancy can ever picture, or energy possibly attain.

It is most interesting to observe, with what care he cherished the highest aspirations of virtuous and noble sentiment, and what refinement of mind he carried into the solitude of nature, apart from the rules of society, which experience has established as essential to its coherence and consistency. Unhinged from connexion with the church, he could not throw off his own nature, or disembody the spirit which was in him; and with all the glory of man about him, and more than falls to the lot of most men, he renounced communion with the body whence that glory was derived! and his wandering spirit gleamed in the dark precincts of illumination, like a lost comet on the borders of some collateral hemisphere.

It was impossible for him to divest himself of the high chivalric sentiments, which the revelation of Christ has stamped upon the human mind; or to abandon the romance of nature, with which the God of nature has clothed the prolific energies of creation. And so, having quitted the Temple of Revelation, he would fain build himself another temple in the uncultured wilderness, and worship apart the object of his adoration, as he caught glimpses of the shifting light on the mountain side and in the retired glen.

Any one conversant with his writings cannot but observe that his poetic faith gave birth to a wild theology of his own, which, fugitive and unsettled as it was, was forming itself into a system, we should say, of dogmatic doctrine, were it not that his ideas, as they came from his mind, were ever emanating from the higher faculties, and refined by the transforming passage through a tuneful and a noble spirit. He differed from other men who place themselves in the position of unbelievers, inasmuch as his was the poetry of philosophy, (I use the word as admitted by conventional license;) theirs, philosophy to the exclusion of imagination. Shelley aimed at Faith in Infidelity; other men have been too cold to do so. Lucretius was the poetical historian of self-taught notions, and a sceptic rather than an unbeliever; Shelley was more than either. Lucretius is indefinite; Shelley was ever figuring to himself an airy reality, and longing to believe something: he is an extraordinary anomaly in the variety of mind; his creed was the Pantheism of notion and of nature.

This it is which forms the danger of his writings, because in this consists their fascination to the unwary.

A more striking attestation, however, has perhaps never been given, the more powerful because unwitting, to the reality of the Christian religion, than the result of his experiment; for it has shown, side by side with the exhibition of divine truth, that if man has not revelation as his guide, he must have its image and reflection; if his eye dazzles at the rainbow's brightness, it must repose on its refracted and attenuated likeness in adjacent air.

We may say, therefore, with truth and reason, that this is the very essence of infidelity: I will be my own slave, rather than submit, that I may revel in fancied freedom.

But our present object is not to convict, but to observe.

The Poetry of Shelley, speaking of its clothing, and the nature of the materials whence it is fabricated—I might, perhaps, say his diction, but that this would be an inadequate expression for something so spiritual and imaginative—was a wild inspira-

tion, caught from the genius of the Greek language and the tints of an Italian sky; the graphic sculpture of the one and the ethereal expression of the other.

His Gods are spirits, and his spirits are flames of fire.

The admirers of his genius must reflect with painful anxiety upon his tragic and awful end; more particularly because melancholy, indeed, as is the non-humanity of his system, he has more the merit of consistency in acting up to it, than many who profess to receive the established doctrine.

It is, therefore, that having closely watched the travail of his mind in disenthralling itself from the influence of the commonly-received and traditionary dogmas of infidelity—for in later years he evidently thought himself out of the errors of such of his earlier works, as are most repugnant to the sentiments of a Christian—we turn with eager anxiety to the last of his poetical productions, finished only ten days before the lamented catastrophe which hurried on his fate, to behold there, as in a glass, the state of his mind at the close of his career. Consistently with his natural character, nothing can be more interesting than the sympathies which it exhibits.

The name itself, Epipsychidion, is one which indicates a sublimed and etherealized state of mind, in him who could choose it as the title of a poem, in behalf of such a subject as formed the burden of "Verses addressed to the noble and unfortunate Lady Emelia V——, now imprisoned in the convent of ——." At such a shrine Shelley seems unaffectedly to kneel for forgiveness, at any rate, for whatever pain and misery he had caused to the first object of his early passion.

"I pray thee that thou blot from this sad song,
All of its much mortality and wrong,
With those clear drops which start like sacred dew
From the twin lights thy sweet soul darkens through,
Weeping, 'till sorrow becomes ecstacy:
Then smile on it, so that it may not die."

There may be some who can see nothing but consummate vanity and conceit in this; I confess that I am not of the number.

In unison with what better sentiments could a man, situated as Shelley, die, than those so feelingly expressed towards the saintly object of his sympathy:

"Our breath shall intermix, our bosoms bound,
And our veins beat together; and our lips,
With other eloquence than words, eclipse
The soul that burns between them; and the wells
Which boil under our being's inmost cells,
The fountains of our deepest life, shall be
Confused in passion's golden purity.
As mountain-springs under the morning sun.
We shall become the same, we shall be one
Spirit within two frames. Oh! wherefore two?
One passion in twin hearts which grows and grew,
Till, like two meteors of expanding flame,
Those spheres instinct with it become the same,
Touch, mingle, are transfigured; ever still
Burning, yet ever inconsumable;
In one another's substance finding food,
Like flames too pure, and light, and unimbued,
To nourish their bright lives with baser prey.
Which point to Heaven and cannot pass away.
One Hope within two wills, one will beneath
Two over-shadowing minds, one life, one death,
One Heaven, one Hell, one Immortality,
And one Annihilation."—

Seem to admit of but one commentary, that, so far as theory was concerned, Shelley had thought or poetized himself, at last, into disbelief in his own infidel system; and it seems as if, when it was a question whether, in default of something to fill and occupy his mind, he should not stumble upon pure Christianity, as it were, in the dark, Providence threw in his way, and exactly in the light in which he might be prepared to appreciate it, the crucificial altar.

"Woe is me!
The winged words on which my soul would pierce
Into the height of love's rare universe,
Are chains of lead around its flight of fire;—
I pant, I sink, I tremble, I expire!"

Within a fortnight after, by the visitation of the Most High, amid the lone waters of the deep, "he sank and he expired!"

The Public Journals.

TAIT'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL, NO. LXVI.

[MR. HOWITT has some highly-interesting papers in the above popular periodical, entitled "Visits to Remarkable Places," the second portion treating of Bolton Priory and its immediate vicinity, most romantically, pleasingly, and graphically told. While dilating on the scenery of "The White Doe of Rylston," the author treats his readers with the following notice of the Barden Tower,* blending its history with interesting memoirs of the heroic and once celebrated family of the Cliffords.]

It is a singular circumstance, says the talented author, out of what peaceful, profound, old-fashioned nooks, have gone forth some of the stormiest, sternest, and most ambitious characters in history. Whittaker says—"The shattered remains of Barden Tower stand shrouded in ancient woods, and backed by the purple distances of the highest fells. An antiquarian eye rests with pleasure on a scene of thatched houses and barns, which, in the last two centuries, have undergone as little change as the simple and pastoral manners of the inhabitants." The place, in fact, seems to belong to a past age of English history; to make no part of bustling, swarming, steam-engine, and railroad England; but of England in the days of solemn forests, far-off towns, and the most peaceful and rustic existence. The tower stands a mere shell; but the cottages about it are those which stood there in the days of its glory, and are peopled with a race as

* Vide page 82 of the present volume.

primitive and quiet as they were then. We inquired for a public-house to get a lunch; there was no such thing; but we procured bread and butter, and milk, at one of the cottages; and, as we sate looking out of its door, the profound tranquillity of the scena was most impressive. It was a sultry and basking noon; around were lofty, ancient woods; on the opposite slope, a few cottages half-buried in old orchards and gardens, with their rows of bee-hives; and an old man at work in one of them, as slowly and gravely as an object in a dream, or a hermit in his unpartaken seclusion. Yet, from this place, and such as this, issued

"The stout Lord Cliffords that did fight in France"—

ay, and in Scotland and England too—conspicuous in all the wars, from the time of the Conqueror to that of Cromwell; the "Old Clifford," and the "Bloody Clifford," who slew the young Duke of Rutland, and afterwards the Duke of York, his father—of Shakspeare's "Henry VI." Thence, too, went out the great seafaring Lord Clifford, George, third Earl of Cumberland, of Elizabeth's time, who made eleven expeditions, chiefly against the Spaniards and Dutch, and chiefly, too, at his own expense, to the West Indies, Spanish America, and Sierra Leone. But the most remarkable characters connected with this place are,—the Shepherd Lord Clifford; the heroic Countess of Derby, daughter of Henry, second Earl of Cumberland, and grand-daughter of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and the Dowager Queen of France, sister of Henry the Seventh, whose romantic history is known to all readers of English history; and especially Anne Clifford, Dowager Countess of Pembroke and Montgomery, of famous memory; for the others made only occasional visits hither, from their more frequent residence of Skipton Castle, to enjoy field sports at their lodge here; but Anne Clifford has placed her memorial on the very front of the house, as its restorer; and the Shepherd Lord constituted it his principal abode.

Anne Clifford has justly been termed one of the most extraordinary women which this country has produced. She was a woman of a high spirit, a determined will, of many good and magnificent qualities, and of a very commensurate consciousness of them. She did great works, and took good care to commemorate them. Two such builders of houses and of families, perhaps no nobleman of the present day can reckon amongst his female ancestry, as the Duke of Devonshire—Anne Clifford, and Bess of Hardwicke. The first thing which strikes your attention in front of Barden Tower, is this singular inscription:—

THIS BARDEN TOWER WAS REPAYRED BY THE LADIE ANNE CLIFFORD COUNTESSE DOWAGER OF PEMBROKEE DORSETT AND MONTGOMERY BARONESS CLIFFORD WESTMERLAND AND VERCIE LADY OF THE HONOR OF SKIPTON IN CRAVEN AND HIGH SHERIFESSE BY INHERITANCE OF THE COUNTIE OF WESTMERLAND IN THE YEARES 1658 AND 1659 AFTER IT HAD LAYNE RUINOUS EVER SINCE ABOUT 1589 WHEN HER MOTHER THEN LAY IN IT AND WAS GREAT WITH CHILD WITH HER TILL NOWE THAT IT WAS REPAYRED BY THE SAID LADY. IS. CHAPT. 58. V. 12.*

GOD'S NAME BE PRAISED!

When she came to her ancestral estates, she found six castles in ruins, and the church of Skipton in a similar condition, from the ravages of the Civil War. She restored them all; and upon all set this emblazonment of the fact. One of the first things which she built was a work of filial piety—a pillar in the highway, at the place where she and her unhappy mother last parted, and took their final farewell. She erected monuments to her tutor, Daniell, the poetic historian, and to Spenser—the latter in Westminster Abbey. She wrote her own life—of which the title-page is indeed a title-page, being a whole page of the most vain-glorious enumeration of the titles and honours derived from her ancestors. Spite of her vain-glory, she was, nevertheless, a fine old creature. She had been an independent courtier in the court of Queen Elizabeth, possessing a spirit as lofty and daring as old Bess herself. She personally resisted a most iniquitous award of her family property by King James, and suffered grievously on that account. She rebuilt her dismantled castles in defiance of Cromwell, and repelled with disdain the assumption of the minister of Charles II. "She patronised," says her historian, "the poets of her youth, and the distressed loyalists of her maturer age; she enabled her aged servants to end their days in ease and independence; and, above all, she educated and portioned the illegitimate children of her first husband, the Earl of Dorset. Removing from castle to castle, she diffused plenty and happiness around her, by consuming on the spot the produce of her vast domains in hospitality and charity. Equally remote from the undistinguishing profusion of ancient times, and the parsimonious elegance of modern habits, her house was a school for the young and a retreat for the aged; an asylum for the persecuted; a college for the learned; and a pattern for all." To this it should be added, that, during that age when such firmness was most meritorious, she withstood all the arts, persuasions, and all but actual compulsion, of her two husbands, to oblige her to change the course, and injure the pro-

* "Thou shalt build up the foundations of many generations, and thou shalt be called the repairer of the breach, and the restorer of paths to dwell in."

perty of her descendants; and, therefore, it must be confessed, that she was a brave woman, and one whose like does not often appear. It is, however, her celebrated letter to Sir Joseph Williamson, the secretary of Charles II., who had written to name a candidate for her borough of Appleby, that has given her name a Spartan immortality:—

"I have been bullied by an usurper; I have been neglected by a court; but I will not be dictated to by a subject—your man shan't stand. "ANNE, DORSET, PEMBROKE, AND MONTGOMERY."

The history of the Shepherd Lord is one of the most singular in the peerage. When his father, Lord John Clifford—the bloody or black-faced Clifford—fell at the battle of Towton, which overthrew the house of Lancaster, and placed Edward IV. on the throne, his mother was obliged to fly with him for safety into the wildest recesses of Yorkshire and Cumberland. She afterwards married Sir Launcelot Threlkeld, of the latter county, who assisted to keep him concealed from the knowledge of the York family—to whom the Clifford blood was, for notorious reasons, most especially odious; but, to effect this, he was obliged to be brought up as a shepherd; and so lived for twenty-four years. On the ascension of Henry VII. to the throne, the attainder against his father was reversed, and he succeeded to his ancestral honours and estates. At this period, it appears that he was as uneducated as his fellow shepherds; but he was a man of strong natural understanding, and had, it would seem, learned much true wisdom in his lowly habit, up amongst the hills.

Some of his verses allude to the studies for which he became remarkable; for he resorted to this Barden Tower, and put himself under the tuition of some of the monks of Bolton. With these he appears to have contracted a strong friendship, and to have passed a life of what must have been a very delightful prosecution of the popular studies of the time. They applied themselves to astronomy; and, it seems equally certain, to *astrology*. In the archives of the Cliffords have been found manuscripts of this period, and supposed to belong to the Shepherd, which make it more than probable that *alchemy* was another of the fascinating pursuits of Lord Henry and his monkish companions. Some of these verses conclude with the usual declaration, that the writer could not disclose the grand secret.

There is matter for a fine romance in the life of this Lord; the stirring nature of the times when he was born; the flight of his family; his concealment; his life on the mountains; his restoration; his secluded mode of existence, and mysterious labours; and then, his emerging as he did, after he had so spent the whole of the reign of Henry the Seventh, and the first years of Henry the Eighth, at the age of nearly sixty, as a principal commander of the victorious army of Flodden; showing, that the military genius of the Cliffords merely slumbered beneath the philosophic gown. There is something very picturesque in the description of his followers, in the old metrical history of Flodden Field.

Before leaving Barden Tower, we must just notice the singular old chapel which bounds one corner of the court-yard. You enter at a door from the court, and find yourself in a dwelling-house; another door is opened; and you find yourself in the loft of a very old chapel, which remains in the state in which it was centuries ago, except for the effects of time, and where service is still performed by the clergyman of Bolton.

The Gatherer.

"I was much delighted," says Pratt, in his Gleanings, 1794, "on walking over these grounds with the generous master of them, (Howard the philanthropist,) to see twenty or thirty worn-out horses enjoying themselves, in perfect freedom from labour, and in full supply of all that old age requires. Each of the fields has a comfortable shed, where the inhabitants can resort to in hard weather, and are sure of finding the rigours of the season softened by a well-furnished crib of the best hay, and a manger either of bran or corn ground, or some other nourishing food. Chelsea Hospital is not better accommodated; the day on which I made the circuit of the pastures was one of the finest of August; some of the pensioners were renovating in the sun, others reposing in the shade; but on the approach of their benefactor, all of them, actuated by a feeling of gratitude worthy of admiration, that could move with ease, came towards him, invited his attention, and seemed very sensible of their situation. Some, whose limbs almost refused their offices, put themselves to no small difficulties to limp towards him, and even those, who being confined to their hovels, might be fairly said to be bed-ridden, turned their languid eyes to him and appeared sensible of his pity and caressings." H. M.

Liquid Leather.—A Dr. Bernland, of Larria, in Germany, is said to have discovered a method of making leather out of certain refuse and waste animal substances. A manufactory of this nature has been established near Vienna. No part of the process is explained, only it is said that the substance is at one time in a complete state of fluidity, and may then be cast into shoes, boots, &c.—*Bristol Mirror.*

Count Potoeki, in his travels in Lower Saxony, had a manuscript of the Lord's Prayer, such as it was used in the early times

of Christianity in that country, presented to him; the following is a correct copy of it:

Nesse | wader, | tu | toy | Jisu, | wa | nebiss | hay, sinagta | Woarda | Tigi | Cheyma | tuje | Kick | Kommo.
Tia | willia | szymweh | Rok | wa | nebiss | hay | kak | no | zymie.
Un | wi | by | doy | nam | nesse | chrech | kak | moy | Wy | by | dayna | pesqen | Chresmarim |
Ny | beingwa | nass | na | Wasskonie | day | liaway | pess | wit | Wyskak | chiandak. Amen.

H. M.

In excavating for the line of the Great Western Railway a few days since, a remarkably fine tusk of the mammoth was discovered lying in a bed of new red sand-stone, about seven feet below the surface.

Happiness.—Such is our pride and weakness, that we consider happiness as our right, and misfortune as an injustice. A wise man, on the contrary, will consider a happy condition as a prize drawn in the lottery, which he had no right to expect, but which his good fortune secured for him.—*Lady Blessington.*

French Harbours.—It appears from a statement drawn up by the administration of Bridges and Roads, that there are in France no less than 400 harbours and landing-places.

Photography.—The *Literary Gazette* mentions, that M. Bonafons, of Turin, has found in a catalogue of old Italian works:—"Descrizione di un nuovo Modo di Transportare, qual si sia Figura Disegnata in Carta Medianti i Raggi Salari; di Antonio Cellio. Roma, 1686. In 4to. fig.—Thus truly verifying the old adage, "that there is nothing new under the sun."

A New Method of preserving Iron-work from Rust, communicated by M. Paymen to the French Institute, consists in plunging the pieces to be preserved in a mixture of one part concentrated solution of impure soda (soda of commerce) and three parts water. Pieces of iron left for three months in this liquid had lost neither weight nor polish; whilst similar pieces immersed for five days in simple water, were covered with rust.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

The chief objects of interest in the ancient town of Antiphellus, are the tombs; the cliff, overhanging the town, is full of them, many being highly ornamented with architectural designs, and have some resemblance to the windows of the Elizabethan age, with their stone mullions, and are in imitation of buildings of wood, the joints representing wedged ties or dovetails, and the overhanging cornices being formed like the ends of beams of round trees, producing a picturesque architectural ornament.—*Fellowes's Journal.*

There is no greater satire upon man than man himself. Inconsistency and absurdity seem in many the leading features of their composition; they run heedlessly on, confident in the supposed safety of their purblind course, until some overwhelming storm, which a very small portion of common sense might have averted, comes on them unawares, and crushes them, probably for ever.

Oh, Time! time! how rapid are thine approaches to eternity! Of the past, there is nothing left but remembrance. A few brief years will render us insensible to every thing earthly: care, trouble, and anxiety, will then have ceased to agitate our bosoms, and God grant that the memory of the pleasures of this life may be lost in the enjoyment of that happiness which is the attribute of a blessed immortality.

How happy is he who can look upon the past with pleasureable regret, and forward with the hope that his days may be days of peace, and his exit the passage of the blest!

C. S.

The pulsation of the heart takes places 100,000 times a day; so that the pulse beats about 70 times in a minute.—*Curtis on Health.*

Constancy.—The constant man looks up to heaven in full hope, even when it is darkened; as flowers, that open with the sun, close not, though they be hidden by clouds.

Cheerfulness.—David Hume declared he would rather possess a cheerful disposition, inclined always to look on the bright side, than, with a gloomy mind, be master of an estate of ten thousand a-year.

The Lords of the Admiralty have sent a ship of war to the south-western corner of Asia Minor, for the purpose of transporting from thence to this country, a large collection of most valuable ancient sculptures and bas-reliefs, which have been described by Mr. Fellowes, in his account of Asia Minor, where many towns and cities, and a remarkable and nearly perfect ancient theatre, hitherto quite unknown, have likewise been found.

An edition of the Classics, published about sixty years since, on the Continent, has this curious frontispiece. It represents on one side, Christ upon the cross, and on the other, a figure of the author, from whose mouth issues a label with these words: "Lord Jesus! lovest thou me?" His question is answered by another label, affixed to the mouth of the figure, addressed: "Highly famed, excellent and most learned rector of Seger, imperial poet, and well-deserving master of the school at Wirtemberg, yes, thou knowest I love thee!"

H. M.

LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.—In PARIS, by all the Booksellers.—In FRANCFORT, CHARLES JUGEL.

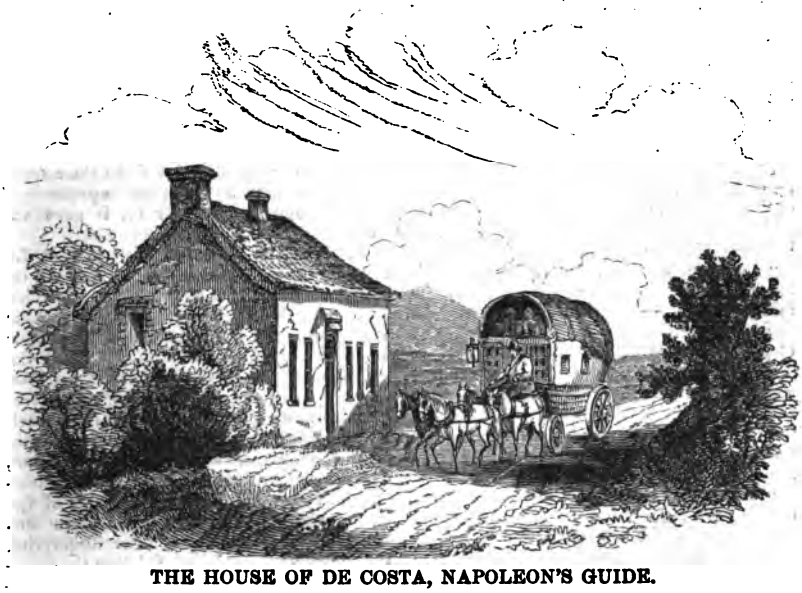
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 954.] SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1839. [Price 2*d*.

Wellingtoniana.—N° II.



THE HOUSE OF DE COSTA, NAPOLEON'S GUIDE.

It stood behind the centre of the Enemy, on the high road.

THE INN AT MONT ST. JEAN.

The English Centre was in front of the Farm of Mont St. Jean, in the rear of which the above Inn stood.

WELLINGTONIANA.—N°. II.

[WE cannot do better, on our first publication after another ANNIVERSARY OF WATERLOO, than continue the subject taken up in a recent Number of the *Mirror*, (see No. 948,) and present our readers with further illustrations of that remarkable and decisive battle commemorated last Tuesday. It is a subject of congratulation that the honoured instrument who was the hero of that day is yet amongst us, to give that event still a domestic and contemporary character; although, in respect of the carnage of the field, and its consequences on nations and dynasties, WATERLOO is a matter of history; one of the most emphatic pages in the chronicles of England; aye, of Europe and the world.

General Muffling has published some remarks on this battle, which combine many elements of deep interest connected with the strategy and fate of the day, interesting not merely to the military, but to the general reader.]

"The position of the British army was good, but would have been much stronger, had the farm-house of Hugomont been situated in front of the centre, that is, on the high road of Genappe, instead of fronting the right wing. The buildings of the farm of La Haye Sainte were too small, and even had there been time sufficient to break loop-holes into the walls, the farm could contain only from two to three hundred men, and consequently could not have been made a point of moment.

"Buonaparte commenced the battle by advancing with the 1st corps from La Belle-Alliance upon the left wing of the British army—as it is generally believed by the French, in order to attack it; but this is highly improbable, because otherwise he could not at the same time have directed the 2nd corps upon the farm of Hugomont. It is much more probable that Buonaparte had originally intended to attack the centre, and that he directed the 1st corps upon Papelotte, in order that, by a movement with it to the left, he might deploy his force.

"When, about five o'clock, P. M., the battle appeared to be lost, by the inconceivable negligence of not detaching upon Lasne, to protect the right wing, which would have required no more than two battalions, Buonaparte grew silent and pensive. From the height on which he stood, the ridge is visible which runs along the Dyle of Wavre: one of his suit discovered the smoke of Marshal Grouchy's artillery. This cheered Buonaparte: calling for an experienced general near him, he asked what, in his opinion, was the distance of Grouchy's fire? The general replied, he could not precisely tell, but he believed it a league and a half.

"Buonaparte then exclaimed, 'La bataille est gagnée, il faut forcer l'aile droite, et jeter es Anglais dans les défilées de Wavre: Allons, la garde en avant!'

"This was another wild idea, and it was the last. From every quarter aides-de-camp brought orders to advance, and Marshal Ney relates, in his letter to the Duke d'Otrante, how General Labedoyère rode through the line, to spread the intelligence of Marshal Grouchy's arrival in the rear of the British and Prussian armies. By this time Count Bulow had attacked the village of Planchenoit, and part of it was taken; when reinforcements arrived, with orders from Buonaparte to attack. The French troops retook that part of the village which was lost, and advanced even beyond it.

"Had Count Bulow then been able to have maintained the village of Planchenoit, the French army had not got off with the loss of its artillery only, but part of the troops would have been compelled to lay down their arms. Both parties were aware of the importance of the post, and the struggle for it grew extremely violent.

"During the battle of Waterloo, or La Belle-Alliance, Marshal Blucher received intelligence of Marshal Grouchy's attack in his rear; notwithstanding which, he did not for a moment waver in his resolution to continue his attack upon Buonaparte. Perhaps the greatness of this determination has not been duly appreciated; what a common general would have done is not the question; but such a report might have induced the most distinguished commander to measures of precaution, nay, to convert a powerful attack into a demonstration; and in both cases the fate of the battle would have been extremely precarious.

"May not Buonaparte, after discovering Grouchy's fire, have calculated, that the movement of that general, by paralizing the Prussians, would enable him, unmolested, to fall upon the British?

"On the supposition that the Duke of Wellington had been beaten, and that during the battle (which was certainly not impossible) Marshal Grouchy had arrived by Limale, at Chapelle St. Lambert, the situation of the Prussian army, it will not be denied, could not easily have been more hazardous. In that case, defiles separated the 1st corps from the 2nd, the latter from the 4th, and this again from the first, and the enemy stood between all the three, and the 3rd. By the incessant rains during two days, the by-roads through the forest of Soignie were almost impracticable for artillery, and would, perhaps, have been in the enemy's hands. From all this, an experienced general would infer, that the safest operation was, to collect the strength of the three corps on the platform of La Belle-Alliance, and to attack Buonaparte.

"The Duke of Wellington's perseverance and unshaken heroism on this great day merit the admiration of his cotemporaries and of posterity. It had been concerted, that the Prussian army should attack about two o'clock, but it was not till half-past four that the first cannon shot was fired."

[*General Muffling* enters into a consideration of certain charges brought against the allied

field marshals, which he analyzes under eight heads. One of the most serious, involving a consideration of the skill and forethought of the Duke of Wellington in the choice of the field, and the disposition of the allied troops [illegible] is thus disposed of :—]

"It is imputed to the Duke of Wellington as a great fault, that on the 18th he allowed Prince Frederick of Holland to remain at Halle; thus depriving himself of 18,000 men, who might have been so great a use to him in the battle.*

"The Duke of Wellington having resolved, on the 17th, to retire to the position of Mont St. Jean, was yet uncertain whether he should be able to accept a battle against Buonaparte, or to be compelled to retreat still further.

"This arrangement included the following considerations :—

1. The covering of Brussels.
2. The basis of a farther retreat
3. Such dispositions as afforded a field of battle, not indispensably requiring that the whole army should be assembled in the position, but its simply retaining possession of the field, because it yet remained to be decided whether a battle would take place or not.

"From the maps of that part of the Netherlands, it appears that three principal roads lead from Quatre-Bras to Brussels; that of Genappe and Waterloo; that of Nivelles, Braine-la-Leud, and Alsemberg; that of Nivelles and Halle.

"The necessity of occupying the great high road by Halle, on the retreat of the 17th, cannot be questioned; and thus, if it should become necessary, a farther retreat was provided for, in three columns, upon Brussels. Here the question is, what road could the enemy take with his left, to advance by Halle upon Brussels?

"At all events, he must go by Nivelles: thence three roads lead to Halle; the first, by Braine-le-Compte and Tubize, four German miles; the second, by Tubize, two miles and a-half; the third, by Braine-le-Chateau, two miles.

"Now Tubize lies at an hour's distance from Braine-le-Chateau. A corps of 18,000 men, with its right upon the heights along the Vale of the Senne, so as to be able to cannonade Tubize, and with its left upon the heights behind Braine-le-Chateau, will fill up this position. In front runs the brook, taking its origin near the farm of Hugemont, in a deep valley. Here, it would appear, that Prince Frederick of Holland might have stood better, because he was only two hours' march from Braine-la-Leud, and by Wautier-braine had a road as good as any by-road to be met with in this country.

"The high road of Braine-le-Compte, by Tubize and Halle, crosses the Senne at Tubize. Preparations, therefore, were necessary for blowing up the bridge, and every measure was to be taken to detain the enemy, should he attempt here to flank the right wing.

"The motive for placing Prince Frederick at Halle, perhaps was, it being already known to be a good position, and because three high roads united at Halle; it was thus meant to secure the enemy's inability of undertaking anything against Brussels. In regard to Halle, the following calculations may be made :—

"Halle is at four hours' distance from Braine-la-Leud; of course the Prince must have arrived at the latter place seven hours after the Duke's despatching orders from the position at Waterloo.

"It being decided on the evening of the 17th, in the *first place*, that the Duke would accept the battle; *in the second*, that the enemy was not advancing upon our extreme right, because he had not at all pursued us on the high road of Nivelles; why did not the Duke of Wellington in the night transmit orders to Prince Frederick, who in that case could easily arrive in the position on the 18th at noon?

"Granting all this, nay, even more, granting that this measure was dictated by every military principle, let us not forget the following considerations :—

"In *the first place*, as has been already observed in the narrative of the preparations for the battle of the 18th, that the Duke of Wellington had pledged himself to Marshal Blucher to accept the battle, if the Prince would approach with two corps to support him.

"Whether the Duke of Wellington, in computing the force necessary to oppose the enemy, had reckoned on the possibility of calling Prince Frederick to the battle, is not known; but this much is certain, that, conformably to Prince Blucher's answer, more troops must have appeared at the battle than the Duke originally expected; and this possibly may have decided him to let Prince Frederick remain at Halle, as his presence was less necessary at Mont St. Jean, from the hopes there were of great aid from the Prussian army.

"In *the second place*, how important it was for the King of Holland to preserve Brussels, it is unnecessary here to discuss. The political importance of that possession may be collected from the confidence with which, while he advanced, Buonaparte relied on his friends in the Low Countries. The King of Holland having 30,000 men with the army, it may easily be imagined, that the Duke of Wellington would make every effort to cover Brussels, in order to avoid the reproach of having neglected anything contributing to the protection of the capital."

* The Duke's foresight, it is said, was fully justified by the event; for on the morning of the 18th, one British brigade, and the Hanoverian brigade of Colville's division, were ordered to occupy the road from Braine-la-Compte to Halle, the enemy having actually moved a force in that direction.

Return of the Killed, Wounded, and Missing, of the British and Hanoverian Army under the Command of Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington, K. G., in the Battle fought at Quatre Bras on the 16th June, 1815.

[*From Col. Gurwood's "Dispatches of the Duke of Wellington."*]

	Officers.	Serjeants.	Rank and File.	Total loss of Officers, Non-commissioned Officers, and Rank and File.	British.	Hanoverians.	Horses.
Killed . .	29	19	302	350	316	34	19
Wounded .	126	111	2143	2380	2156	224	14
Missing . .	4	6	171	181	32	149	1

On the Retreat from Quatre Bras to Waterloo, on the 17th June, 1815.

	Officers.	Serjeants.	Rank and File.	Total loss of Officers, Non-commissioned Officers, and Rank and File.	British.	Hanoverians.	Horses.
Killed . .	1	1	33	35	26	9	45
Wounded .	7	13	112	132	52	80	20
Missing . .	4	3	64	71	30	32	33

In the Battle fought at Waterloo on the 18th June, 1815.

	Officers.	Serjeants.	Rank and File.	Total loss of Officer, Non-commissioned Officers, and Rank and File.	British.	Hanoverians.	Horses.
Killed . .	116	109	1822	2047	1759	288	1495
Wounded .	504	364	6148	7016	5892	1124	891
Missing . .	20	29	1574	1623	807	816	773

	Killed.	*Wounded.*	*Missing.*
Total . .	2452	9528	1875

The greater number of the men returned missing had gone to the rear with wounded officers and soldiers, and joined afterwards. The officers are supposed killed.

CHARACTER OF THE ENGLISH.

THE following remarks on the English character, are extracted from *A Constitutional English Catechism*, published in 1766:—What kind of people are the English? A nation generous, brave, free, and restless.—Are they happy? Excessively: and most so when they think they are on the brink of ruin.—How do you class them? The most general and natural division is into rich and poor, wise men and fools.—Is England fertile in statesmen? No country is more so—Where do they inhabit? In the day-time behind a counter; in the evening, at a coffee-house, tavern, or ale-house.—Are there many patriots in England? Many pretended ones.—How many real ones? One in a century.—What is fashion? An agreeable tyrant.—What is its progress? It begins with the vain, is improved by the silly, and stops with the wise.—What does it regulate? The dresses of the ladies; the philosophical and political tenets of the men; the hour of meals; and the value of toys. Besides which, it regulates and fixes the taste of the town.—Are there many laws in this country? So many that they serve to perplex one another.—What is the duty and business of an officer in the army? In time of peace to saunter from tavern to tavern, and from coffee-house to coffee-house; from the court to the play, from the play to Vauxhall, from Vauxhall to Ranelagh, and from Ranelagh to Hyde Park.—What is their duty in time of war? To be ready to go to the freezing regions of Newfoundland or Hudson's Bay, or to the burning climes of Senegal or Granada; and, when there, for a certain daily stipend, to stand patiently as a mark to be shot at, until he is bid to move, and then to kill as many people, whose faces he never saw before, as he possibly can.—What is good nature? Squandering one's fortune on gamblers, and intimate friends of half a day's standing; and finally reducing one's self from a state of ease and affluence, to one of indigence and beggary.—What is good fellowship? Being drunk every night, and shortening one's small portion of life, at least a dozen years, by various excesses.—What profit does it bring to a man? He is called a jolly dog, an honest fellow, and has not the trouble of thinking.—What is politeness? Swearing with a good grace; never giving the lie; forgetting one's old acquaintance: and spending twice one's income.—What are the chief curiosities in England? An author with a second suit of clothes, an economical theatrical hero, an honest lawyer, and a man of parts, wit, and learning, with a thousand a-year.

W. G. C.

CURIOUS BEQUESTS.

From the Reports of the Charity Commissioners.

BUCK'S CHARITY.

ROBERT BUCK, by his will, bearing date 17th November, 1620, gave to Martin Lumley, and 16 others, members of the Draper's Company, his messuage called Caring, in the parish of Leeds, or Langley, in Kent, and eight acres of land there in trust, to permit the company of Drapers to receive the rents, and apply the same as follows, viz.—that the renter-warden should yearly, within 40 days after Michaelmas, pay to the two younger master-wardens, 20*l.* at the least, who should therewith purchase 13 yards of broad Kentish cloth, of decent mingled colour, at 10*s.* a yard, or thereabouts; 16 yards of Devonshire kersey, of mingled colour, of 6*s.* 8*d.* a yard, or thereabouts; 15 yards of broad baize, black, of 2*s.* 6*d.* a yard; 15 yards of black cotton, of 8*d.* a yard; 9 leather sheepskins, dressed in oil, of the price of 12*d.* a piece; 6 yards of slae cloth, of the price of 16*d.* a yard; 4½ ells of brown holland, of 3*s.* 4*d.* per yard; 2½ ells of roan canvass of 10*d.* an ell; 3 Monmouth caps, of 2*s.* 6*d.* each, and 3 felt hats for women, of 6*s.* 8*d.* each, or thereabouts; all which cloth, &c. with 3*l.* in money, he directed the two younger master-wardens should bestow as follows; namely, that they should send the said cloth, &c. and money from London, to Bollington Hall, in the parish of Ugley, in Essex, where he was born, there to be delivered to such of the surname of Buck as should be owners of, and inhabit the said Hall; and that he or they, with the churchwardens of Ugley, should divide the same in six parts, and bestow the same the first year to the three poor men, and three poor women, of the parish of Ugley, who should have dwelt there for four years preceding; namely, to each of the said three men 1¼ yard of broad cloth, and one for lining for coats, 2½ yards of Devonshire kersey, to make long slops or breeches, and 4 yards of black cotton, and 3 sheepskins, to line the same, 1½ ell of brown holland, to make them doublets, and 3 yards of Jean fustian, and ¾ of an ell of roan canvass, to line the same; one Monmouth cap, and 10*s.* a piece to make up their apparel, and to buy them hose and shoes; and to each of the said three poor women the residue of the said clothing, in the manner therein particularly specified, together with 10*s.* each in money; and he directed that the same should be given the second year by persons of the surname of Buck, with the assistance of the churchwardens and overseers of the parish of Manendine, in Essex, to three poor men and three poor women who should have dwelt there for four years preceding, in the same manner as directed to the parish of Ugley; the third year to the three poor men and 3 poor women of Stanstead Mountfitchett, in Essex, and so in suc-

cession yearly for ever. And it was provided, that in case there should be no person of the name of Buck at Bollington Hall, the persons of that name dwelling in a [illegible] called Wardes, in the parish of Ugley, with the churchwardens of the parish whose turn it should be to receive the same, should choose the men and women, and divide the gifts amongst them; and that when the name of Buck should cease there also, then that the churchwardens of the respective parishes, together with the four of the most ancient freeholders or copyholders in each, should nominate the poor men and women, and distribute the cloth amongst them; and he further directed, that out of the rents of the said lands, the master of the said company should, monthly, on the 1st, 2nd, or 3rd of every month, pay to eight poor widows inhabiting in the company's almshouse in Beech Lane, 2*s.* 6*d.* each; and further, that the said trustees should, out of the rents, pay yearly to the two younger master-wardens for their pains, 10*s.* a piece, to the clerk of the company, 6*s.* 8*d.*, to himself, 6*s.* 8*d.*, to the beadles, 3*s.* 4*d.*; and that the remainder, whatever it should happen to be, should be yearly paid over to the four master-wardens, to be locked up in the company's chest, for the repairs of the said estate, when necessary, or to such other charitable uses as to the said master-wardens and assistants should seem expedient. And it was provided, that when the trustees should be reduced to four or five, the survivors should convey the lands to 20 other free drapers, to be nominated by the master-wardens and assistants on the trusts aforesaid, with course, should be holden until the master-wardens and assistants should be pleased to procure the same to be amortized to the said Corporation of Drapers by their proper style of corporation.

A copy of a Deed of Feoffment is entered in the minutes of the Court of Assistants, bearing date 24th December, 1644, whereby Sir Henry Garway, one of the trustees named in the donor's will, conveyed the devised premises to Thomas Adams and 19 others, their heirs and assigns, on the trusts of the said will. It does not appear that there has been any subsequent conveyance, but the company have acted as trustees.

The farm at Caring consists of a large old Mansion-house, in a very dilapidated state, and 98 acres of land, let to George Catt, as yearly tenant, at the rent of 140*l.*, at which rent he has held it from 1827.

Out of the rent, cloth and other articles are provided annually, under the direction of the wardens for the three parishes of Ugley, Mandendine, and Stansted Mountfitchett, in rotation, and precise articles prescribed by the testator being provided as nearly as possible.

On the 5th of November annually the articles are packed up at a meeting of the wardens, with 3*l.* in money, and sent for distribution to the churchwardens of the parish which may be entitled to the charity in that year.

The following payments are also made on account of the almspeople in Beech Lane; viz. towards the stipends of the almspeople 12*l.* a year, which is carried to the account of the charities general, the expense of the repairs of the almshouses, the yearly sum of 2*l.* 8*s.* for water rate, and the cost of the four chaldron of coals.

There is also paid 2*l.* a year, in the proportions directed by the donor, to the several accounts of the wardens, clerk, beadle, and porter. The residue of the rents, if any, after these several payments, is carried to the account of "The Company's Income;" and if the balance is against the charity, it is carried on to the charity account for the year ensuing.

In the six years ending 31st December, 1835, the average cost of the clothing provided for the three parishes in Essex, was 31*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* per annum; of the repairs of the almshouses and the farm, including insurance (but exclusive of about 480*l.* lately expended in building an oasthouse on the farm), 22*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*; and the average of coals for the almshouses, 7*l.* 8*s.* 5*d.* In the 10 years from 1820 to 1829, the amount carried to the company's income was 972*l.* 9*s.* 9*d.*; and from 1830 to 1835 (six years,) 282*l.* 6*s.* 5*d.* P. Q.

POPULAR VIEW OF NATURAL HISTORY.

BY JAMES H. FENNELL.

(*Continued from page* 357.)

To persons engaged in the FISHERIES, a knowledge of not only the habits of fish, but of other creatures, is necessary to ensure better success.

The fulmar petrels (*Procellaria glacialis,*) are watched in their flight by the whalers, for those birds indicate the spot where the whales are most numerous, by their crowding to the spot where they first rise on the surface of the water.

"In the Isle of Man," says the Rev. W. B. Clarke, "the gull is looked upon as sacred; and there used to be, so late as 1820, when I remember an instance of the kind, a fine of ten shillings levied on all persons who killed one. This protection of the bird arose from self-interest; for herrings are the staple commodity of the island; and the sea-gulls, who are the pilots of the herring fleet, invariably hover over a shoal of herrings, and so direct the fishermen where to cast their nets."—(*Magazine of Natural History*, vi., 148.)

"The FINE ARTS owe their choicest beauties to a taste for the contemplation of nature. Painting and sculpture are express imitations of visible objects; and where would be the charms of poetry if divested of the imagery

and embellishments which she borrows from rural scenes? *Painters, statuaries, and poets*, therefore, are always ambitious to acknowledge themselves the pupils of nature; and as their skill increases they grow more and more delighted with every view of the animal and vegetal world."—(*Dr. Perceval's Moral and Literary Dissertations.*)

To *painters of landscapes, animals, or of plants*, a knowledge of *Natural History* and a habit of observation, would be highly useful. "There is no defect so common," observes Mr. Loudon, "in painted or engraved landscapes, as the want of distinctive characters in the representation of trees. With the exception of Constable, Nasmyth, Robson, Strutt, and a few others, most artists appear to content themselves with producing variations of a few general and vague forms of masses of foliage, trunks, branches, and spray; it seems to be enough for them to produce a tree, without attempting to represent any particular species, or considering that to give a true idea of nature, the spectator ought to be able to distinguish the sort of tree in the picture with the same facility with which he distinguishes it in reality. Why trees should not be represented with the same truth and fidelity as animals, buildings, or other objects, there can be no good reason assigned; and the only way of accounting for it is, by the general residence of the landscape-painter in cities, and the very little attention paid by most of them to *Natural History* as a science. Were this study to enter into the education of the landscape-painter, as much as that of general history enters into that of the historical-painter, we should not so frequently have to regret, in the works of our first artists, not only violations of truth and nature in the kind of trees, but in their situations in regard to soil, surface, water, and other trees or plants. A little knowledge of botany would prevent artists putting spring and autumnal plants in flower or fruit in the same picture, placing the plants of woods and shady places in open sunshine, and committing a number of similar violations of nature. The combined knowledge of indigenous zoology, geology, and botany, ought to be considered as essential to the landscape-painter as it is to the cultivator."—(*Magazine of Natural History.* i., 37.) Another excellent writer, when speaking of the importance of botany to artists who give pictorial representations of trees, well observes, that, "As every genus, and even every species of tree, has its peculiar *port* or general aspect, it is highly desirable that artists, and young persons who have a taste for sketching from nature, should make themselves acquainted with the especial characters by which trees are distinguished from each other, so as to be enabled to recognise them at a distance. This is best attained by making an individual tree of each genus, most likely to be met with in the scenery in which the artist is placed, the subject of a particular study, not only when in full leaf, but when entirely deprived of foliage. Let us, for instance, contrast the *port* of the elegant birch, 'the Lady of the Woods,' with that of the horse-chesnut; what a difference do we observe between the slender and graceful twigs of the former, and the stout, but beautifully-arranged branches of the latter! Paintings which in other respects may be considered as excellent productions, are often deprived of much of their beauty and perfection from the artist not having been able to convey, with accuracy, the different characters of the trees which he has introduced."—(*Mirbel's General Observations on Vegetation*, p. 91, note.)

When the elephant walks, it does not simultaneously move its right fore-leg and left hind-leg, or its left fore-leg and right hind-leg, as the horse and most other quadrupeds do when they walk; but it advances the left fore and hind legs, or the right fore and hind-legs together at each step. Thus, in short, it moves both legs on the same side at once. This is one among many facts in natural history which should be remembered by the sculptor and the painter From an ignorance of this fact the artists employed to illustrate Daniell's *Oriental Annual*, and Jardine's *Naturalist's Library*, (plate 3,) have represented the elephant in the attitude of trotting like a horse.

Artists unacquainted with the forms and habits of living creatures may, in spite of these arguments, continue to draw paradoxical beings existing only in their crude imaginations; but such productions, they may be assured, will ever be unpleasing and disgusting to those who admire things that exist in nature. It is only by a careful examination of animated beings in their native haunts, and the entertainment of a laudable desire to pourtray them with strict fidelity, that artists can ever expect to gain such high praise, such warm encouragement, as is bestowed on an Audubon, and on other artists who, after attentively and closely observing Nature, represent her with the utmost adherence to truth.* It is so common to see paintings of small birds and insects nowhere to be found in nature, though bearing some slight resemblance to existing species, disgracing public exhibitions and private collections, that one would almost believe that the designers of them ignorantly supposed that

* A flippant writer in the *Library of the Fine Arts* thus speaks of those who would have fidelity in zoological drawings:—"To paint to please the multitude,—namely, 'the senseless little and the ignorant great,' it is encumbent on the painter to represent nature so ably, that if the picture pourtray a cat, a dog will snarl at it; or if it represent a dish of fish, a cat will pounce upon it."

the colours and forms of real humming-birds, real butterflies, &c., are accidental rather than alike and hereditary in the offspring of every species. Drawings of ideal beings, possessing no attractions whatever, save their gaudy colours, dishonour the designer, who can thus abuse his noble art by painting imaginary monstrosities, while Nature is everywhere displaying pleasing and beautiful realities. These remarks, which I trust will not be deemed offensive, for though they censure they convey advice, are equally applicable to the productions of the sculptor and others, who would evince more taste were they to endeavour to transmit to posterity, accurate models of beings co-existent with themselves, than of brain-born things, likely to elicit in future ages, much idle and profitless discussion on the probability of their having once existed.*

Poets who would attempt descriptive sketches of nature, or to decorate their pieces with similes derived from, or allusions to, natural objects and occurrences, should most certainly possess a knowledge of natural history, or a habit of correctly observing for themselves the objects on which it treats.

It is strange that the grand and beautiful objects of nature everywhere surrounding them, and the most obvious to their senses, have been so neglected by the poets. I say it is strange, because things which Nature herself has made poetical, are surely those which are the most appropriate for the pen of the poet, certainly more so than the art of gardening, which Darwin and Mason have treated of in poetry, or agriculture, and agricultural implements, which are the subjects of Virgil's *Georgics*. The mere sight of the beauties of Nature and of natural scenery, while it creates a feeling of wonder and delight, imparts to us a desire of giving utterance to our enraptured feelings; and if they be happily expressed, we have poetry, though perhaps not verse. If such things are to be described in poetry, they must be seen, they must be enjoyed; for though scenery, and the sensations it might create, may be imagined, and described from the imagination, yet how poor and insignificant they are when compared to the real scenes of Nature, and the real enjoyment of them!

Some of those poets, whose minds have not been attuned to the enjoyment of nature, and have, therefore, been more successful in compositions relating to very different subjects, have asserted that natural descriptions are not best adapted to poetry. But one of the best and most original poems in our language,—Thomson's *Seasons*,—proves that a good poet, who is also an original observer, can treat such subjects with the utmost felicity. But there can be little doubt that Thomson, when we consider his almost unexceptionable accuracy, had actually observed and studied the works of nature in her own woods and fields.

Dr. Aikin observes, that "The animal race, who, in common with man, have almost universally somewhat of moral and intellectual character; whose motions, habitations, and pursuits, are so infinitely and curiously varied; and whose connection with man arises to a sort of companionship and mutual attachment, seem on these accounts peculiarly adapted to the purposes of poetry. Separately considered, they afford matter for pleasing and even sublime speculation; in the rural landscape they give animation to the objects around them; and viewed in comparison with human kind, they suggest amusing and instructive lessons." (*Essay on the Application of Natural History to Poetry*, 1777, p 33.) Many animals and plants are hardly ever noticed in poetry, while the nightingale, the lark, the rose, and the lily, and some few others, are frequently the subjects of poetry, and afford it many similes,—so frequently, indeed, as to sicken the reader. This sameness of subject, and this monotony of simile, can only be ascribed to the circumstance of the poets not being original observers of nature, but servile copyists of the descriptions of their predecessors.

"If poets have been inattentive to the real state of nature in their own country, it cannot be expected that their pictures of foreign regions should be accurate and characteristic. Yet were they sufficiently qualified by their own observation, or the authentic accounts of others, for the attempt, it is obvious that no source could be so productive of novelty, as the description of countries where almost every object is new. Such to the inhabitant of a temperate climate, are the polar and tropical parts of the globe. It is highly to the credit of Virgil's genius, that he first among the ancient poets ventured to transport his reader into a new world, and place the soft Italian amid the rigours of a Scythian winter.* His description of this dreary scene has been thought so just and lively, as to be very closely imitated by the natural Thomson; who has, however, according to his usual manner, greatly improved upon it, by the addition of new circumstances. * * * * * * * Every scene of nature, foreign or domestic, affords objects from whence an accurate survey may derive new ideas of grandeur or beauty. Where a careless eye only beholds an ordinary and indistinct landscape, one accustomed to examine, compare, and discriminate, will discern figures and groups, which,

* I learn that at the congress of the German naturalists, at Bonn, in Sept. 1835, Dr. Froriep read a memoir on Natural History as applicable to the fine arts.—J. H. F.

* Georgic. iii. v. 349. et seq.

judiciously brought forward, may be wrought into the most striking pictures." (*Aikin's Essay*, p. 139.—154.)

If it be true that several poets have done much to increase our love of nature, it is equally so that they have been instrumental to the propagation of superstition and error, not always easy to eradicate, particularly when contained in celebrated poems. The productions of some of the best poets, ancient and modern, want much of the force and beauty which it was intended they should possess, owing to a want of truth in their zoological and botanical allusions and similes. The poems of Shakspeare, Spencer, Milton, Pope, Byron, and other bards now at rest in their tombs, though beautifully and minutely true to nature in most instances, do often fail from this cause to make that impression upon the mind of the naturalist, which they make upon the mind of the ordinary reader, unacquainted with natural history, and not in the habit of observing, and who, therefore, is incapable of detecting such errors. Some of our present poets, as Wordsworth, Howitt, and others, appear to be shrewd observers of nature, and their productions consequently obtain the admiration and praise of not only the worldly many, but the philosophic few—the lovers and students of nature.

"As it is the business of every figure of comparison either to illustrate or to enforce the simple idea, it is certainly requisite that it should be founded upon circumstances to which the mind of the reader can assent; otherwise it can produce little effect. The writer of the *Scribleriad* [Mr. Cambridge] gives a ludicrous example of a simile built upon fiction:—

> Thus have I seen in Araby the blest
> A phœnix couch'd upon her funeral nest;

a sight which neither the author, nor any one else, ever did see. Obvious as the absurdity here is, the following passage in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, though written quite in the spirit of that divine poet, stands upon the very same ground of censure:—

> 'As when a gryffon thro' the wilderness
> With winged course, o'er hill or moory dale
> Pursues the Arimaspian, who by stealth
> Has from his wakeful custody purloined
> The guarded gold.'"
>
> *Aikin's Essay*, p. 29.

Poets who commit these violations of truth and nature, endeavour to defend themselves from censure by referring to what is termed poetic license; "but if we reflect," as Dr. Aikin observes, "on the danger of suffering falsehood and error habitually to intrude even in matters of the slightest importance, we shall scarcely give our assent to a license, as unnecessary as it is hazardous." (*Essay*, p. 25.) But in these days, when natural history is being so much disseminated, particularly through the medium of perdioicals, from the *Magazine of Natural History*, the *Magazine of Zoology and Botany*, the *Analyst*, and the *Naturalist*, down to the cheaper works, as the *Mirror*, the *Penny Magazine*, the *Weekly Visiter*, and numerous others, there can be no excuse for the poet who repeats the various errors which are so great a blemish in the poetry of the ancients. The repetition of such errors must either arise from an incapacity for original observation, or the existence of a bad taste,—a taste that delights in ignorance and therefore, despises truth.

"To a poet," says Dr. Johnson, "nothing can be useless. Whatever is beautiful, and whatever is dreadful, must be familiar to his imagination: he must be conversant with all that is awfully vast, or elegantly little. The plants of the garden, the animals of the wood, the minerals of the earth, and the meteors of the sky, must all concur to store his mind with inexhaustible variety; for every idea is useful for the enforcement or decoration of moral or religious truth; and he who knows most will have most power of diversifying his scenes, and gratifying his reader with remote allusions and unexpected instruction."

Pennant very justly observes, that the pursuit of natural history "would become no order of men better than our CLERGY, as they are (or ought to be) the best qualified, and the most stationary part of the community; and as this is a mixed species of study, (when considered as physico-theology,) it is therefore particularly pertinent to their profession." And Mr Loudon says, "it would be altogether superfluous to insist on the suitableness of the study of natural history for a *clergyman* residing in the country; or to draw a comparison between the effects which this taste, and that for sporting, which was formerly prevalent among this class, are likely to have on the happiness of the parishioners. Compared even with a taste for classical studies, for drawing, painting, or any other branch of the fine arts, a taste for natural history in a clergyman has great advantages, both as respects himself and others. It is superior in a social point of view, even to a taste for gardening. The sportsman often follows his amusements to the great annoyance of his parishioners; the horticulturist exercises his gentler pursuit within his garden; and the classical or in-door student of any kind, secludes himself in his closet or his laboratory; but the naturalist is abroad in the fields, investigating the habits of birds, insects, or plants, not only invigorating his health, but affording ample opportunity for frequent intercourse with his parishioners. In this way, their reciprocal acquaintance is cultivated, and the clergyman at last becomes an adviser and friend, as well as a spiritual teacher."—*Magazine of Natural History*, vol. viii.—Preface.

EXTRACTS OF LETTERS BY MADAME CAMPAN TO HER SON.

* * * * *

When first a beloved child, releasing itself from its nurse's arms, ventures its little tottering steps on the softest carpet, or the smoothest grassplot, the poor mother scarcely breathes; she imagines that these first efforts of nature are attended with every danger to the object most dear to her. Fond mother, calm your anxious fears! Your infant can, at the worst, receive only a slight hurt, which, under your tender care, will speedily be healed. Reserve your alarms, your heart-beatings, your prayers to Providence, for the moment when your son enters upon the scene of the world to select a character, which, if sustained with dignity, judgment, and feeling, will render him universally esteemed and approved; or to degrade himself by filling one of these low and contemptible parts fit for the vilest actors in the drama of life. Tremble at the moment when your child has to choose between the rugged road of industry and integrity, leading straight to honour and happiness, and the smooth and flowery path which descends, through indolence and pleasure, to the gulph of vice and misery. It is then that the voice of a parent, or of some faithful friend, must direct him to the right course. But good counsel, reiterated constantly in the same tone, may prove wearisome to his ear; while a thousand varied voices, melodious as those of the syrens, are tempting him to launch into the career which must prove fatal to his happiness.

* * * * *

Learn to know the value of money. This is a most essential point. The want of economy leads to the decay of powerful empires, as well as of private families. Louis XVI. perished on the scaffold, for a deficit of fifty millions. There would have been no debt, no assemblies of the people, no revolution, no loss of the sovereign authority, no tragical death, but for this fatal deficit. States are ruined through the mismanagement of millions, and private persons become bankrupts, and end their lives in misery, through the mismanagement of crowns worth six livres. * * * Render me an account of the expenditure of your money, not viewing me in the light of a rigid preceptress, but as a friend who wishes to accustom you to the useful habit of accounting to yourself. * * * * * *

Happy the woman, who in old age can say: "I am the mother of a worthy man, a useful member of society; and he, in his turn, will be the parent of a line of offspring who will never disgrace the honourable name they inherit." * * *

A man should seek to gain information by travelling; he must encounter and endure misfortune; contend against danger and temptation, and finally temper his mind so as to give it the strength and solidity of the hardest metal. All this cannot be effected in a sedentary life. It is a man's business to direct, to form, and to defend his fortune; it is a woman's task to obey, and to attend to her family and domestic affairs. The qualities suited to the female sex are so unfitted to men, that their utter condemnation is pronounced by the term effeminate.

* * * * * *

Praise God, my dear, instead of uttering complaints: for without any feeling of bigotry, this habit of addresing our prayers and thanksgivings to a Power superior to any on earth, tends to elevate and enlarge the mind, to support us under affliction, and to render us humble and unassuming in prosperity.

Let me impress upon you the importance of attentive application to business; for that affords certain consolation, and is a security against lassitude, and the vices which idleness creates. * * *

It is my intention to send you to England, where new manners, a new country, and a language which you cannot fail to admire, will afford inexhaustible sources of pleasure to you. * * * *

Be cautious how you form connexions; and hesitate not to break them off on the first proposition to adopt any course which your affectionate mother warns you to avoid, as fatal to your real happiness, and to the attainment of that respect and esteem which it should be your ambition to enjoy.

My dear son, be a man, and steadily pursue the straight and certain course which leads to honour and happiness. It is not a smiling path; but at the journey's end every reward and indemnity will await you. On the other hand, the career of vice is full of seductive charms. It is strewed with flowers, and smoothed by the fatal illusions of indolence and luxury; while the smiles of beauty, and the deceitful favours of fortune, combine to intoxicate the unwary victim, and to impel him onward to the brink of the precipice whence he is hurled headlong, never to rise again. * * * *

Great fortunes are amassed by little savings; and poverty, as well as ignorance, are occasioned by the extravagant waste of money and time. * * * *

My affection for you, my dear Henry, is still as actively alive as when, in your infancy, I patiently removed every little stone from a certain space in my garden, lest, when you first ran alone, you might fall and hurt your face on the pebbles. But the snares now spread beneath your steps are far more dangerous. * * * *

Probably, my dear Henry, I am the first governess who ever ventured to say to a young girl of fifteen, "Miss, you are handsome, very handsome. I choose to be the first to

address this complement to you, because I shall add to it the assurance your beauty will soon decay. In the duration of human life, beauty lasts no longer than the bloom of the rose, which we see fading in the evening, while we regret that we did not pluck it in the morning. You are handsome, I say again, but I add, with equal truth, that you are silly, vain, giddy, ignorant, and somewhat unfeeling. Remember that all these faults, instead of vanishing in a few years, like your beauty, will increase with age, and be a torment to yourself, and to all connected with you, when your face will not retain a single handsome feature."

* * * * * *

"You are clever, my dear Henry, very clever. But let not this flatter you. Talent is almost always a fatal gift, when unguided by prudence and industry. When it escapes from the controul of reason and virtue, it is a flame which, destroying every thing within its reach, and the thick smoke which it emits, distorts every object, and prevents us from seeing the road to happiness, if the flame be not employed to kindle the torch of reason, which can alone guide and direct us. Libertines, spendthrifts and gamesters, are almost all clever. My father used to say, that in France, talent was to be found every where; but that, like a bill of exchange, it was of no value unless indorsed by reason."

* * * * * *

Conscience is one of the most extraordinary circumstances of our moral existence; and the attentive consideration of it, is alone sufficient to check impiety. It is a divine sentiment, which always acts in a way distinct and separate from our passions: it cannot subdue them, unaided by reason; but it never fails to appeal to man, even at the moment when he is influenced by the delirium of passion. * * * *

The pious moralist contents himself with exhorting us to listen to the voice of conscience: thus we say, conscience speaks, and the expression is perfectly correct. What must be the power of that inward voice, when it is heard by the murderer, about to imbrue his hands in the blood of his fellow-creature; or, when it appeals to the profligate, who, with the help of a few pieces of ivory, would sacrifice his own and his wife's fortune, and deprive himself of the means of educating and maintaining his young family. Conscience never leaves the guilty at rest, though their crimes be unknown to all, save themselves. It banishes sleep from the down pillow of the tyrant; and not even the stillness of his curtained couch and carpeted chamber, can lull him to repose. Tranquillity of conscience eases the anguish of the man unjustly accused, and gives him fortitude to bear unmerited punishment.

* * * * * *

New Books.

The Translations of Goëthe's Faust.—With twenty-nine Engravings on Steel, by Moritz Retzch. Black and Armstrong.

A new translation of this literary miracle has just appeared, which will, we think, throw into partial or complete oblivion most of the attempts to depicture the mind of Goëthe.

The author of the recent version is Mr. J. Birch, well known as a profound German scholar. So far, the author has no mean advantage, we opine, over those who, in order to *translate*, have begun by *studying* the language! Such school-boy exercises can at no time lay claim to any sustained reputation. But, then, German is so little known in this country, that he who is best entitled to encomium is by no means sure of his reward. It is fitting, then, that those who can appreciate, should speak out boldly, and with an entire absence of prejudiced reserve, when a new attempt at developing the mind of the mighty magician is undertaken by one whom a "foregone conclusion" would shadow forth as *competent* to his task.

Mr. Birch, we are informed from good authority, spent the earlier part of his life in Germany; so that, in translating, he *feels* like a native of that country, while he *speaks* like an Englishman. He is, moreover, an elegant classic, and, what is of greater value, (because, in the present instance, more essential than all the rest,)—a *Poet*.

We are not among the number of those who, willing to conceal an incompetency to the task of criticism, pick out *level* passages in a work rife of sublimity and pathos, in order to obtrude with a sneer some rhythmical deformity; no, we despise the soul which can lend itself to such malignant evasion. How easy would it be to degrade Shakspeare, (were he an aspirant,) by holding up as *ample characteristics* of his style, the common-life passages of the Tempest, Romeo and Juliet, Troilus, Anthony, &c.!

We can assert that, wherever such passages occur in Goëthe, Mr. Birch has rendered them word for word and measure for measure: a remark which will apply equally to the lyrical portions, and those of sustained and magnificent soliloquy. He is, in truth, most deeply imbued with Goëthe's mode of thought; and therefore it is that, in this translation, is excited all that varied and intense interest which so charms in the original.

We do not intend entering into a critical analysis of a poem *second to none*, for this labour has fallen into more accomplished hands; but we may, without presumption, assert, that those who would behold "Faust" made *intelligibly English*, will do well to consult the translation under review. We

can further observe, that the work is superbly printed and "got up," and is embellished with a set of designs by the celebrated Retzsch, charming in character, and engraven with wonderful delicacy and spirit by Mr. John Brain.

In confirmation generally of what we have said, we quote, first, a few lines from the beautiful soliloquy of Faust, after the meeting with Margaret in the summer-house:—

A WOOD AND CAVERN.

FAUST. (*Alone.*)

"GREAT SPIRIT! thou gav'st me,—gav'st me all
That I did ask of thee.—'Twas not without result
That thou in flame did'st manifest thy presence.
Thou gav'st me, splendid Nature, for a kingdom,
With power to feel and to enjoy her beauties.
No cold astounding view did'st thou vouchsafe;
But kind indulgence, to dive deeply
Into the recesses of her treasury,
As into
The bosom of a friend, to gaze and all behold!"

How exquisitely tender, how prodigal of the true poetry of the heart, is the last line of the above passage!—The simplicity of Margaret's character is most felicitously preserved.—That moment of passion in the garden after she has plucked off the petals of a flower to discover whether he loves her,

"*He loves me,—loves me not.*"

is purely Goëthe; and, need we say, most subduingly sweet.

FAUST.

Dost understand the meaning of,—He loves thee?—
(*He takes both her hands in his.*)

MARGARET. (*With tremour.*)

I fear to understand!

FAUST.

Oh tremble not! but let this look, this pressure
Of my hands more truly and eloquently say,
What is that passion which is beyond the power
Of words to convey!—
That languishing sensibility!—that holy rapture!
* * * * *
Whose end would be madd'ning dismay.
No,—*no end!—no end!*"—

We now conclude with one brief remark, which we make only after very mature consideration:—Mr. Birch has done for Goëthe, in English, what Schlegel, in German, has done for William Shakspeare—he has given us the *honest translation of a brother* POET.

Arts and Sciences.

MR. N. DUNN'S MUSEUM OF CHINESE CURIOSITIES, AT PHILADELPHIA.

[WE gave in the two last numbers, a description of the Museum of French Arts and Manufactures at Paris; and we have now the pleasure of presenting our readers with interesting particulars of the Museum of Arts and Manufactures of the Chinese, at Philadelphia, which we trust will be acceptable to them, developing, as they do, much hidden knowledge of those extraordinary people.]

Europeans have never succeeded in transporting a perfect or even a very respectable collection of Chinese curiosities. Those impressions which would be received by a resident who had enjoyed the rare privilege of unrestrained intercourse with the better classes of Chinamen, have been denied to foreigners. It has been too much the custom of the natives and their visitors, mutually to despise each other, and for both to seek for little further communication than that which the nature of their commercial transactions demands. The consequence has been, that the articles exported have continued to be principally those only which European and American every-day life have required; while strangers have limited their purchases to the common articles made to suit a foreign demand and taste, and their intercourse to the classes of natives who are appointed by government to serve or to watch over them. A few streets of the "outside" city of Canton are generally visited, and the stores in the vicinity of "Hog-lane," a place frequented by foreign sailors, are ransacked for the well-known manufactures of gew-gaws, successively carried off by every new comer, but possessing little novelty in any sea-port. The interior of the City of Canton even is a sealed book; how much more then the interior of China itself. This being the case, it became an interesting problem, as the Chinamen refuse to admit us *in*, how it would be possible to bring *out* what it was so difficult to get a sight of; in other words, as foreigners were not permitted to inspect the workshops, the houses, private apartments, and manufactories of the empire, what was the next best thing that could be done to enable those outside the walls, and at home, to become acquainted with the domestic affairs and tastes of these recluses. Certainly little could be expected from the natives, unless other methods than those heretofore practiced could be adopted.

Nathan Dunn, Esq., of Philadelphia, who had reflected much upon this subject, and who, in the course of the very successful prosecution of his business at Canton, had learned to respect the ingenuity, and when called forth, the intelligence of the numerous Chinese with whom he was daily in contact, happily conceived the idea of transporting to his native shores, *every thing* that was characteristic or rare, whether in the natural history, or the natural and artificial curiosities and manufactures, no matter how costly they might be. And now came efficiently to his aid, those requisites that had been but too frequently wanting in the officers of the East India Company, or their agents, who had made the attempt to procure such a collection, but had failed. Mr. Dunn, who, it will be admitted by every one on the spot, had conducted himself toward all classes in

a manner to win their esteem and confidence, and to whose house and table were introduced so many of the most distinguished officers of government, either temporarily or permanently at Canton, soon discovered that it was in his power to obtain favours not usually granted to strangers. One after another he procured, either by purchase or as presents, those rare and costly articles constituting his collection: how many of these are *perfect novelties* even to thousands who have visited China, let those decide who have an opportunity of doing so. For one, Mr. Dunn is free to say, that but for the insight thus obtained, he should have remained as ignorant of the subject as other travellers. It is with a view of imparting a portion of this satisfaction, that we venture to extract the following interesting particulars, as given in *Dr. Silliman's American Journal of Science and Arts*, No. 72.

Without further preface, we shall proceed to notice very briefly some of the peculiar features of this novel exhibition, enumerating a very small portion of the contents of the three hundred cases from which it has been now for the first time unpacked. The following are the principal groups.

The Entrance Saloon, of China work, forms a vestibule, through the centre of which you enter the great saloon, one hundred and sixty feet in length, by sixty-three in width, and twenty-four feet in height, with a double colonnade; to the right and left of which are the numerous cases containing specimens of all that is rare, curious, or common, to be procured in the celestial empire. This screen is such as is common among the wealthy Chinese, in partitioning off a very large saloon from the remainder of the great ground floor of their houses. It is richly gilt, and ornamented with Chinese paintings on silk, inserted in the panels; and is mounted above with small square gilt apertures; in these latter are inserted paintings of boats and gorgeous flowers. The screen forms a beautiful termination to this end of the room; the full effect bursts upon the eye of the visitor after passing the folding door. Hours, nay, days and weeks, may be profitably employed in examining the details within this magnificent saloon, which brings the most populous nation of Asia at once before the view of the spectator.

Accurate Likenesses in Clay.—The visiter is first attracted by the accurate and characteristic whole size Chinese figures of various rank, from the mandarins to the cooleys, from women of distinction, to those sculling their boats on the rivers. These are in number seventy or eighty, and were made by a very experienced artist in this line, from living subjects. The material of the faces and hands is a prepared substance, so well adapted to the operation of moulding, as to take the impression perfectly and retain it permanently; the faces are coloured to nature, mounted with hair, &c, and each presents a speaking countenance in a style of art perfectly novel in this country or Europe. These figures are neatly arranged in groups, arrayed in their appropriate costumes, some of them extremely rich, while others exhibit the working and every-day dress of the lower orders.

The effect of this department is to exhibit to the spectator the inhabitants of China as they really exist. Great care was taken in procuring the likenesses, and about three years of the time of the proprietor were occupied in bringing them to perfection; his head carpenter, and other workmen about the factories, were pointed out to Mr. D., and many conspicuous characters of China street, &c., will be recognized at once by those who have been to Canton. Bearers of a sedan chair, itself a perfect specimen in all its parts of ornament and utility, are in the act of carrying a native gentleman, accompanied by his pipe-bearer and footman.

Porcelain and Earthenware Manufacture.—In this department, endeavours have been successfully made to procure the best specimens of all the most expensive manufactures of the country, embracing several very ancient and highly esteemed articles. There are also those articles in common use for domestic purposes, to ornament grounds, fish-ponds, or used as flower stands, seats, &c. A very interesting fact will be developed by this section, showing that the art of porcelain manufacture has been on the retrograde for the last century or two; it will also serve to show, that many of the most ornamental and beautiful specimens are rarely, if ever, exported. Formerly, the emperors patronized the porcelain manufacture by very high premiums and extensive orders; the art has now dwindled to supplying commercial and domestic wants. There are here many hundred jars, vases, pipe-stands, and various services used by the Chinese, differing materially from those exported. The specimens of ware cracked on the surface by age, are interesting and costly. There must be several thousand pieces of fine China, including the thin egg-shell cup with its lettered inscriptions, octagon pipe-stands, three or four feet in height, inscribed landmarks, tile work, screens, &c. &c., in very numerous patterns; affording us "barbarians" new ideas on the subject of their manufactures, and probably new patterns for our artists.

Agricultural and other Instruments.—We notice among the agricultural instruments the very crude plough, that is drawn by the buffalo with his simple yoke and rope traces; the harrow, differing very materially from that of our country, is one of the accompani-

mouts. There are fishing tackle, hoes, axes, shovels, spades of wood faced with iron for the sake of economy, &c.; a complete set of carpenter's and joiner's, or cabinet-maker's tools; of the superiority of these over our own, we cannot say much. There is a native shoe-maker's shop complete; a blacksmith's anvil, his curious bellows, &c., comprising the complete accoutrements of the travelling smith: the entire shop of the ambulatory barbar, his clumsy, short razor, cases, &c. &c. The musical instruments of the Chinese, also figure in full among the curiosities. Castings of iron of very great beauty, consisting of pots, kettles, and other cooking utensils of universal use, and which, unlike our own of the same metal, may be mended at pleasure as easily as our own tin vessels.

Here is a study of Chinese manufactures perfectly novel to an American, who will be surprised to find that the most simple operation which he has been taught to believe can be performed only by an instrument of a certain form, is equally well executed by another of a totally different figure; the flat-iron, for instance, is more like our chafing-dish than what we employ for smoothing linen. We are amused to see the New England *patent* mouse-trap, that has been used in China for ages. There are gongs, bells, metallic mirrors, and articles under this head which nothing short of a most copious descriptive catalogue would embrace.

Models of Boats.—The models of boats form a striking feature of the scene; first, we have the gorgeous flower boat with its numerous decorations, various furnished apartments of comfort and luxury, and painted and adorned in the peculiar style of the Asiatics.

Of the canal boat there are three models of different sizes, of such as are used in conveying the articles of their produce, tea, salt, grain, and manufactured articles, to and from the distant points of the extensive empire, and in loading and unloading foreign ships. They are remarkable for strength and durability.

The man-of-war boat.—These tidewaiters' boats, or cutters, are always cruising about with the police-officers, to keep order among the numerous residents on the water, and to enforce the revenue laws.

The san-pans, or family boats, in which it is computed about 200,000 persons constantly reside on the waters before the city of Canton and its suburbs; they are kept as clean as a milk-pail, and contain entire families, who are born and live to the end of their days on the river. This great city of boats presents a remarkable aspect; through them it would be difficult to navigate, were it not that the fleet is arranged in streets, and at night lighted up. There are also other boats; each has been made by reducing the dimensions to the proper scale; in every particular, even to the employment of the same descriptions of wood, the oars, sculls, rudders, setting-poles, cordage, &c., are fac-similes of those in actual use. We are not sure that a Chinese canal boat, of a thousand years ago, might not be advantageously transferred to our own recently introduced water-ways.

[To be concluded in our next.]

BRITISH INSTITUTION

FOR PROMOTING THE FINE ARTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

The British Institution was first opened to the public on the 18th of January, 1806; and the liberal patronage bestowed upon the exhibition of painting and sculpture, encouraged the founders to persevere in their laudable efforts to establish an annual display of the works of living artists.

In 1807 the number of exhibitors amounted to one hundred and seventeen, and included most of the best artists of the time: among them appeared the names of Sir William Beechy, Northcote, Nollekens, Opie, Flaxman, Benjamin West, P. R. A., Shee, Westall, Stothard, Lawrence, Reinagle, &c. Three hundred and ten works were exhibited, and ninety-three were sold. The sum total received from purchasers was 3,924*l.* 14*s.* Among the names of the purchasers were those of the Marquis of Stafford, the Earl of Dartmouth, Lord Kinnaird, the Earl of Carlisle, the Right Hon. Charles Long, the Duke of Beaufort, Thomas Hope, Esq., &c. The Marquis of Stafford alone bought fifteen works of art.

From 1806 up to the present time the Institution has met with almost unvaried success, and may be considered to have advanced, in an eminent degree, the interests of the fine arts in the United Kingdom. During the last thirty years, public taste has improved, and a love for refinement, emanating from the contemplation of pictorial excellence, has become widely diffused throughout the country.

The directors have, for some years past, formed annual exhibitions of the works of the *old* masters, judiciously selected from most of the private collections in England. These grand displays of continental art commence after the close of the modern exhibitions, and generally afford the highest gratification to connoisseurs and men of taste. Some interesting collections have been offered to public inspection, consisting entirely of the productions of distinguished *English masters*.

In 1813 an exhibition was formed, from the collections of the nobility, of the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The number amounted to one hundred and forty-one, and comprised most of the finest productions of that great artist. The directors, however, regretted that

there were some other very fine specimens of the master which, from distance or other circumstances, they had not been able to obtain. They were exhibited in honour of the memory of Sir Joshua, and for the improvement of British art.

In the following year a fine collection of the works of Hogarth, Richard Wilson, Gainsborough, and Zoffani, was exhibited at the Institution. *The Rake's Progress* in eight pictures, *Marriage-à-la-mode* in six, and several others by Hogarth. There were seventy-three portraits and landscapes by Gainsborough, and eighty-seven pictures by Wilson.

An exhibition, formed exclusively from the works of Sir Thomas Lawrence, was opened in 1830, soon after his lamented decease.

G. W. N.

EASTERN PENITENTIARY, PHILADELPHIA.

The Eastern Penitentiary, which is situated about two miles from the city of Philadelphia, stands upon an elevated site, and occupies an area of ten acres, which are enclosed by a quadrangular wall, thirty feet in height, at each angle of which there is a tower, erected originally to overlook the establishment; but, although they are not at present used, they add greatly to the beauty of the structure. The front is six hundred and seventy feet in length, and rests on an elevated basement, or terrace; the principal building in which is two hundred feet in length, with two projecting towers, fifty feet in height, that are connected by a curtain, surmounted by parapets, which is supported by pointed arches, and finished with embrasures. The entrance is an enormous gateway, at the top of which is a portcullis of massive grated bars of iron. The door is twenty-seven feet high, fifteen feet wide, and studded with large rivets: the entrance is surmounted by an octagonal tower eighty feet in height. On each side of the principal building are wing walls, which appear to be portions of the main edifice, being pierced with blank windows, narrow, and pointed at the top; the top of the walls are likewise finished in a castellated manner.—On entering through the gate there is a paved way for carriages, three hundred feet wide, with a trottoir on each side that leads to the centre building, forty feet in diameter, which is situated in the middle of the area, and is the converging point for each radius of cells: from the centre point of this building may be seen the whole range of the building appropriated for the prisoners.—Under the centre building is a place that was formerly used as a reservoir for supplying the establishment with water; but the ground-floor being of nearly an equal height with Fair Mount, from whence the water was derived, it was abandoned, and is at present applied to the purpose of warming the prison.—The cells of the three radii on the eastern side, containing a hundred each, are one story high, eleven feet nine inches long, and seven feet six inches wide; and have a yard attached, eighteen feet long and eight feet wide, surrounded by a wall twelve feet high: the other four radii are of an improved construction, being two stories in height, and about three feet larger. The partition-walls between the cells are eighteen inches thick. The walls next to the corridor, or passage, are of the same thickness, and the external walls are two feet three inches. The entrance to the cells, in the three ranges first erected, is through the yard; but this being found inconvenient, the entrance to the four blocks last built is through a double door, one of which is of grated iron and the other of wood, and are of the thickness of the wall from each other, and open into the corridor. The establishment is warmed by means of hot water circulating through small pipes, which extend to the different parts of the building.

W. G. C.

THE BAROMETER.

We cannot reach the higher regions of the atmosphere, but the barometer, in some respects, tells us what goes on to the very top; for it is like having in a balance a column of air the whole height of the atmosphere. As to *currents* in the atmosphere, we can judge of their direction only as high as the clouds reach. A low state of the barometer portends a storm or an earthquake. Before the great earthquake at Lisbon, the barometer sunk nearly an inch below the mean height. When the barometer is very low, the tides are unusually high. If the barometer fall during a frost, a thaw generally comes on; and if during a great heat in summer, we may expect a thunder-storm. In every well-regulated ship, there is a thermometer; and it has saved many a vessel. In the tropics, at a distance from land, a fall of one-eighth of an inch indicates a change of weather. Dr. Arnott relates an interesting case on this subject. The barometer on board a ship fell at a time when there was no other sign of a storm; and had it not been for the little tube of mercury, not one person on board the vessel would have survived to tell the tale.

A rise of the barometer generally announces fair weather. If the latter take place immediately, it is probable it will not continue long. The theory of the barometer is very far from being well understood. Some say its hourly changes are owing to the influence of the sun on the atmosphere; but these changes take place during the whole twenty-four hours. It has been observed that, in many countries,

great quantities of carbonic acid are given out from chasms in the earth. At one place, more than six hundred thousand gallons are given out in the course of the day. These variable quantities of carbonic acid (which is a very heavy gas) must cause the weight of the atmosphere to vary at different times. In order to get the mean height of the barometer for a day, take the height at nine o'clock in the morning, and at three in the afternoon; add the heights together; and divide by two. If not particular, you need take it only once a day,—at noon. N. R.

The Gatherer.

When the body of Major André was taken up, a few years since, from its place of interment near the Hudson, for the purpose of being removed to England, it was found that the skull was closely encircled by a net-work, formed by the roots of a small tree, which had been planted near his head. H. M.

The *Times* journal says,—There is a great deal of poetry in the butter trade, as we learn from a Providence grocer, who advertises a lot "of a prepossessing colour, and sweet as morning roses newly washed with dew."

Best Age for Mutton.—The sheep is in its best condition, as food, when about five years old; an age which it is almost never allowed to attain unless when intended for the private use of the owner, and not for market. It is then sapid, full-flavoured, and firm, without being tough; and the fat has become hard. At three years old, as commonly procured from the butcher, it is well tasted, but is by no means comparable to that of five years. If younger than three years, it is deficient in flavour, and its flesh is pale. Meat which is half mutton and half lamb is very unpalatable food. M. Ude says, "Always choose mutton of a dark colour and marble-like appearance."

Women.—Women, with their bright imaginations, tender hearts, and pure minds, create for themselves idols, on whom they lavish their worship, making their hearts temples, in which the false god is adored. But, alas! the object of their best and fondest feelings generally too soon prove to be of base clay, instead of pure gold; and though pity would fain intervene, to vail its defects, or even to cherish it in despite of them, virtue, reason, and justice, combine finally to destroy it; but in the dead, too often injure the fame in which it was enshrined.—*Lady Blessington.*

Judge's Salary.—In 1466, the salary of Thos. Littleton, judge of the King's Bench, amounted to 138*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* modern money, besides about 17*l.* 7*s.* for his fur gown, robes, &c.

Fraternal Liberality.—An orator at a recent political meeting, is said to have thundered forth this "noble sentiment:"—"Mr. Chairman, if I was a Siamese twin, and my brother was 'tother side, I'd cut the rascal off."—Overwhelming applause.

Happiness.—Our life, it is true, has its bright and its dark hours, yet none are wholly obscured, for when the sun of happiness is set, the reflected moonlight of hope and memory are still around us.

Zoological Gardens.—The gardens of the Zoological Society in the Regent's Park have sustained another loss, in the fine female ouran, which has been in their possession upwards of eighteen months, and died on Wednesday morning, June 8, 1839.

Magnanimity.—Of all virtues, magnanimity is the rarest. There are a hundred persons for one who willingly acknowledges it in another. When a man misses anything, his first idea is that somebody has stolen it; though he ascertains, ninety-nine times in a hundred, that the loss is from his own carelessness.

Money is so scarce in New Orleans that when two dollars meet, their owners are obliged to introduce them to each other, they are such strangers.—*New York Paper.*

Chudleigh.—A curious discovery of a range of caverns was made last week, in Chudleigh Rock, in consequence of a terrier dog getting into a fissure in pursuit of a rabbit. The dog was heard at various times to bark for more than a week, and as it was almost impossible to extricate him, it was attempted to destroy him by burning brimstone. On the 15th day after the dog's entombment, his moans were plainly heard by many persons, when a further endeavour was made in vain to extricate him. A lad, on the following day had the courage, with a rope affixed to him, and two lanterns, to enter the chasms, and, after two hours' working a passage of 20 feet, he descended into a dry chamber about 30 feet square, and 63 feet below the opening, where he found the dog dead, but still warm. From an aperture in this cavern gushed a stream of air leading into another cavern, which is supposed to be still deeper, as the boy had not rope enough to descend. This range of caverns is beneath those where Professor Buckland many years since discovered some extraordinary antediluvian remains.—*Exeter Gazette.*

SOUND *versus* SENSE.

(For the Mirror.)

(Written beneath a portrait of Pope Pius VI.)

All popes should *pious* be—this pope is said
To have been *pius* both alive and dead:
But, had he *pious* been, we could not hope,
Though *pius* living, he'd die pious *pope!*

B. C.

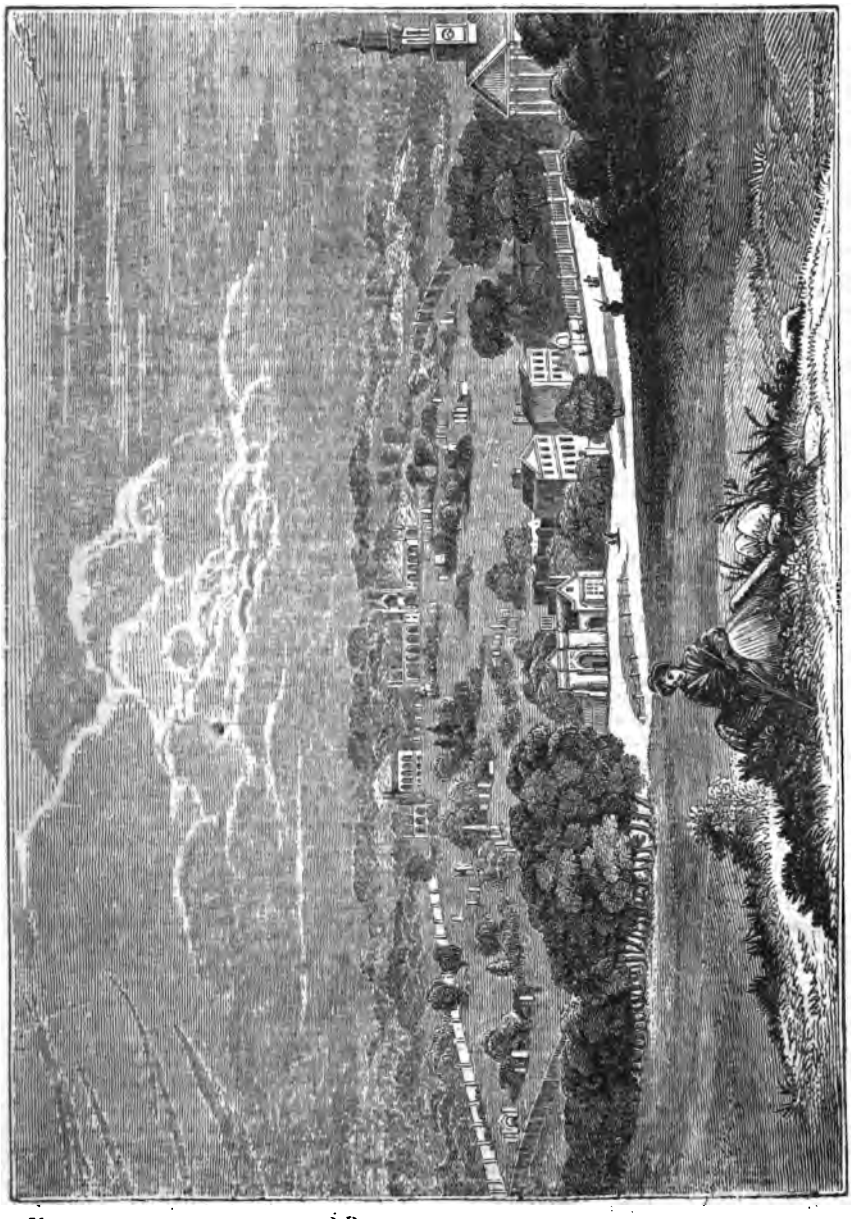
LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.—In PARIS, by all the Booksellers.—In FRANCFORT, CHARLES JUGEL.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 955.] SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1839. [Price 2d.



SOUTH METROPOLITAN CEMETERY, NORWOOD, SURREY.

SOUTH METROPOLITAN CEMETERY, NORWOOD, SURREY.

THE circumstance of the public attention having of late years been painfully excited by the disclosures which have been made in reference to the disgraceful state of the burial-grounds of the metropolis and its vicinity, gave rise to the establishment of the above cemetery by the projectors, whose objects were to correct the evil.

In carrying out these designs, their principal aim has been to put within the reach of the entire metropolitan and suburban population, the power of availing themselves of the proposed benefit; and to the accomplishment of this, they have felt that two important objects were to be obtained, viz., to afford the public space within an easy distance of town, yet removed from a crowded population, sufficient to meet their wants; and, secondly, a reasonable rate of charge—both these objects the projectors may confidently say they have effected.

As regards the space, the cemetery occupies an area of 40 acres, and the act of Incorporation authorizes the proprietors to extend it to 40 additional acres, if occasion should require. In selecting the present site the company have been singularly fortunate; and it may be safely stated, that no spot within so short a distance from the metropolis could be fixed upon in every way so well adapted for the purpose.

In reference to the scale of charges, it will be found on comparison with the generality of the charges for interment in existing burial-grounds, to be upon a reduced scale, and particularly it should be observed, that the exorbitant charges usually termed non-parochial dues will be altogether avoided.

While, however, utility, and the necessary requisites of an undertaking of this description, have chiefly occupied the attention of the proprietors, they have not exclusively done so; from the commencement of the works to their completion, no expense has been spared in rendering this cemetery attractive as a work of art; and it is gratifying to the projectors to learn, that the attention of the public has already been arrested by the skill and taste displayed by the artist in the general arrangement of the grounds, and the chaste and beautiful character of the architecture of the chapels and buildings.

The easy distance of this cemetery from the metropolis and its suburbs, renders it acceptable to all their inhabitants. The nature of the soil is such, that graves have been dug to the depth of twenty-five feet without the appearance of moisture.

A portion of the ground has been consecrated by the Bishop of the Diocese for the use of the members of the Established Church, and an Episcopalian chaplain appointed;—another part has been allotted for persons dissenting from the Establishment, and a dissenting minister has been appointed to officiate on their behalf—parties may, however, have their own clergyman or minister.

We cannot close these remarks without making the gratifying observation, that the boundary-line, which distinguishes the consecrated from the unconsecrated portions of the cemetery, is merely a pathway; thus, every invidious distinction has been avoided, while the religious feelings of all have been consulted.

THE SUN.

POETRY WRITTEN AND MELODY COMPOSED BY ANDREW PARK.

(*For the Mirror.*)

A GLORIOUS orb is the sun!
Who shall describe his flame?
Bright as when first from chaos sprung,—
When all the new-born planets sung,
And gloom hid his head in shame!
His throne the empyrean sky;—
His robes the red clouds furl'd,
The quenchless light of his eye
Is the soul of each mystic world.
A glorious orb is the sun!—A glorious orb is the sun!
Lo! in the crimson west
A molten sea lies there,
Purpling deep the vapoury breast
Of the travell'd clouds that calmly rest
On the wings of the dreaming air!
Far in the East away—
Worlds their lamps may trim;
What were their gloom if they
Received not their light from?
A glorious orb is the sun!—A glorious orb is the sun!
O with his rays to rise!
One dazzling day for me,
In his chariot through the star-deck skies,
Where world after world flies,
In endless regions free!
Away to lands unknown,
Where mortal ne'er hath been,
And sin hath never sown
These seeds which grow so green!
A glorious orb is the sun!—A glorious orb is the sun!

LOVE'S VISIONS.

(*For the Mirror.*)

How often do I, weary of the din and noise
Of this great city and its empty joys,
Sigh for some sequestered quiet vale,
Where peace abounds, and pleasures never fail.
But not *alone* would I retired dwell,
Like some stern anchorite, in gloomy cell,
But *thou* should be my temple—vision'd shrine!
For, without thee, no happiness is mine.
Oft times, when musing, do I seem to hear
The melody of birds, as if 'twere near;
And while they tuneful sing, methinks I rove,
With thee, through shelter'd wood, or fairy grove:
And the bright sun glitters through many a bough
With soften'd beams, and gentle zephyrs blow,
To waft the precious perfume of the flower
That blooms in many a hedge and cottage-bower.
Or, perhaps, I fancy, o'er the verdant mead,
With hearts elate, with joy our way we speed,
Sweeping the dew from thence, and only pause
New wonders to admire, and praise the Cause,
The great Creator, who hath blessed the earth
With all those beauties that attest its birth.
And when 'tis eve,—we wander forth again,
But not to tread the gay enamell'd plain:
Ah, no!—but in our fairy bark, to glide
O'er some smooth river, wafted by the tide,

While silver moonbeams on the waters play,
And through the bending willows pierce their way.
Then, to complete the charm, upon the wind
Sweet music steals, which seems of heav'nly kind.

But, lo! the dream is o'er, the spell is broke,
And London's noisy cries, and London's smoke,
Dispel the illusion, roughly does destroy
My ideal happiness, my fancied joy;
And all my pleasant visions take to flight,
No more imagination can delight.
And I, perchance, must join some giddy throng,
And, with the multitude, impelled along,
May seem to those who know me not, to love
Those heartless follies which I feel above.
But e'en in scenes like these I'd always be
Than forced to part or separate from thee;
And grove, and bower, lake, and rural shade,
For thee adjure, if by thy love repaid.

Westminster. M. S.

ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.

Saussure, the celebrated philosopher, reached the top of this mountain; and others went up soon afterwards. They tied themselves together with ropes; so that if any should happen to fall into a chasm, they might be saved. Some of these chasms were so deep, that when ice was thrown into them, the sound produced by its reaching the bottom was not heard. One chasm was found so wide, that the ladder which they laid across it, reached only one inch over each side; and that only in one place. They learned that this chasm had opened only a few days; so that if they passed over, there was a danger of their not being able to get back, from its opening wider before their return. They ventured over, however, and got safely back. Their thirst was very great. When near the top, they became very weak, felt dispirited, and were troubled with vomiting, &c.; owing to the air being very thin (the rarity of the atmosphere, as it is called). At last they reached the summit. In 1827, Mr. Ferrars, an English gentleman, ascended to the top. He also experienced great effects from the rarity of the air. His guides had bleeding from the nose, great difficulty of breathing, and intense thirst. Their eyes were bloodshot, and their faces blistered. Some had vomiting of blood. Mr. Auldjo likewise reached the top; and gives an interesting account of his journey. One of his guides sunk up to his arm-pits in a chasm; but saved himself by stretching out his arms, and by his pole falling across the chasm like a bridge. As they got towards the highest point, they were obliged to rest every three or four steps, and to turn their faces towards the north-wind; which assisted respiration. Mr. Auldjo was partly dragged, and partly carried to the summit. The sun was shining brightly on the snow-topped peaks around; but it was very cold; and he soon fell asleep. He had with him a bottle of champagne; of which the cork flew out to a great distance, but with little noise. We have mentioned elsewhere* that, owing to the rarity of the atmosphere, a pistol fired there makes no more noise than a cracker in a room;—noise being occasioned by percussions of the air. The champagne frothed to the last drop; and our traveller partook of it; but the fixed air (carbonic acid) being given out very abundantly after being drunk, gave him much uneasiness. There have been about fifteen successful ascents of this mountain; and about twenty persons (of whom about twelve were English), besides guides, have reached the top. Among the successful travellers was a female. One of the latest to ascend, was Dr. Martin Barry, a highly intelligent and accomplished member of the Society of Friends; whom we had the pleasure of knowing in Edinburgh. He gave a very interesting account of his journey, in two lectures, illustrated by drawings; and also in a little work on the subject. Napoleon caused the guides to fix a cross on the top; but it was blown down in a day or two. N. R.

* See No. 947 of the *Mirror*; May 4, 1839; page 275 of the present volume.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

Poor Joanna La Loca, Crazy Jane, the heiress of Isabella, was born to vast dominions and slender intellect. Her cloying fondness for her handsome husband defeated itself; Philip had married for her kingdoms, not her personal charms, and (like her niece, our Mary) she was by nature melancholy and ungracious. He became wearied, neglectful, and, by insensible degrees, unfeeling: his undisguised infidelities alienated her affections, without destroying the abstract remembrance of her former love. She shed no tear at his untimely death; but sank into a moody imbecility. Soothed by music alone, all her occupations were merged in watching the remains of her husband. She had formed a vague idea, from some monkish tale, that he would be restored to life—and fed on a hope which, if realized, would have converted passive sorrow into active misery. She travelled by night, in order that no female eye might behold the coffin. On one occasion, having entered a monastery, as she supposed, upon finding it to be a nunnery, she hurried out into the open country, encamped, and during a storm, when the torches were extinguished, opened the coffin to verify the existence of the mouldering corpse—jealous as when, full of beauty, it was her life and joy—

'A sad remembrance fondly kept.'

She obstinately declined all state affairs, which were carried on in her name. She pined sullenly, and, never telling her grief, for forty-seven long years immured herself in a convent, dead to the world, watching from her window the coffin of her husband, which was purposely so placed in a chapel.*

* From a Review of Prescott's History of Ferdinand and Isabella, in the *Quarterly Review*, No. cxxvii., June, 1839.

A BORE.

(*For the Mirror.*)

'Twas on a Wednesday evening, as I lay listlessly reclining on the sofa, a universal cry of "tell me a story," resounded in my ears; "do tell me a story, oh, do tell us one of your amusing stories," escaped from every pair of fair lips around me. The supper had just been removed; it lay heavy on my chest, and very unfit was I to undertake the relation of a story, especially considering that I had to invent one altogether. But I summoned my energies, and affectionately, and with an affected parental look, gazing on the group around me, I turned on my side, and put my finger on my forehead in intent meditation. My senses, however, were confused; there was one, too, by my side, who had fixed a pair of the fondest eyes imaginable on me for a long time. I felt undecided, my limbs yearned for a comfortable stretch in bed, and my eyes grew dim with the profusion of dust the inexorable Morpheus did not desist from throwing into them. 'Twas of no avail! my efforts were useless; the candles burnt fitfully; the tokens of impatience manifested by my fair expectants died on my dull ears, they sounded as so many strange voices at an immeasurable distance. One, however, suddenly appeared to me more distinct; it breathed in my ears; "Come, Harry," it whispered in soft tones; and mechanically letting my head fall back, I opened my mouth.

"Rosalie was with us; we had every thing in preparation; the dark lantern, the ropes, the bag to put our findings in, the sticks to sweep down the cobwebs, and our hearts steeled with courage and resolution to carry us through our undertaking. The castle* was for the present untenanted; the whole had gone on a long, long excursion, and no one but I, Adolphus, and his sister, remained. The clock had but just struck nine, the whole day was before us. The key of the high tower was in our possession, and our antiquarian enthusiasm having now reached its highest pitch, regardless of consequences and obstacles, the massive oaken door was unlocked. It creaked on its rusty hinges with an ominous sound, and as it admitted us, a gust of wind burst forth from the space it had enclosed, it smelt damp and mildewy; it appeared to us as if it had lain there without means of egress, for whole centuries; we trembled with fear, the very tainted air had filled our minds with the most incoherent and improbable apprehensions; but our zeal gained the ascendancy, and mustering our courage, we determined to prosecute our hardly yet begun researches. The door was accordingly closed, and locked on the inside; we descended a few steps, our hearts quaked, they beat with awe and consciousness of guilt; repeated had been the injunctions given to us; various and fearful had been the punishments denounced against transgressors; but we were alone, no one knew anything about it, no one would know anything about it, no one could know anything about it.

'Twas now dark, but anon darker, and as we reached the last step 'twas indeed fearfully dark. Our lantern cast a strong, vigorous light; but it was only in one direction; all around, and even in the immediate vicinity of the enlightened object, remained dark and impenetrable to our visual organs. We had then reached the last step, but lower, much lower, had we yet to descend ere we reached our final destination. Here I had several times before been, 'twas as it were familiar to me, but in the nether regions of these subterranean dungeons my foot had never yet trod. Our youthful fancies pictured dreadful instruments of torture, skeletons, old rotten coffins, perhaps hidden treasures! Till our curiosity was satisfied we could enjoy no peace, and Rosalie, whose soul had become fixed with our glowing surmises, was unable to resist the temptation; her wish tremblingly expressed to be one of our party was eagerly acceded to, perhaps more eagerly than she internally desired.

A large oaken door, lying flat on the stones, covered a square aperture—'twas this was the entrance to the gloomy dungeons under our feet. With our united strength, we succeeded in moving it aside; the light was directed to its interior, but all there was dark, fearfully dark! on one of the sides, however, we discovered a ladder. I placed my foot on it, and it seemed strong and sound. Congratulating myself on this lucky occurrence, I invited Adolphus to descend first, but he had no sooner placed the whole weight of his body on the treacherous wood, than it gave way, it snapped, and in his endeavours to save himself, the ladder was precipitated with a loud and terrifying crash to the floor of the dungeon beneath.

'Twas, however, but the destruction of a resource we had not expected to find; we were provided, and as we thought, fully so, against all contingencies. The rope we had with us was now then brought into use. Several hooks, we discovered, were fastened in the walls around; to one of these the rope was secured, and Adolphus was the first to descend. As he effected his descent, I held and guided the rope; at the same time, as far as lay in my power, preventing too great a trial on the old rusty hook in the wall opposite. Having safely reached his destination, Adolphus bade me assist his sister; poor Rosalie recoiled, her heart began to misgive her; but on our remonstrances and promises of protection, she rallied, and consented at last to be let down. The rope was of great length, and admitted of being passed several

* See *Mirror*, Vol 30, p. 168.

times round her body—after much difficulty her descent was safely effected, and she stood clinging by the side of her brother, in a dungeon which our minds filled with a greater share of horrors, than is even generally attached to such places. And now came my turn. Having first carefully let down the lantern, I seized the rope, but oh! treacherous hook! no one was there to lighten the weight, and the latter half of my descent was as swift as the first had been slow and cautious! and as I fell, the rope, with the hook at its end, followed me. We gazed at each other in blank amazement and terror—the height was more than ten feet—how were we to find our way out again! Rosalie's courage at once forsook her, and bitter tears did the poor girl shed at her rashness, and foolish zeal for curious researches. "Oh, Adolphus, Adolphus!" she cried, "what will become of us down here, in this fearful place; 'tis all dark around me, but there where the lantern shines —and oh, oh look!" She shrieked, and covering her eyes with her hands, as if to hide some hideous, loathsome object from them, she sobbed aloud, and uttered screams of horror and disgust. We turned our eyes in the direction, and our blood ran cold in our veins, as we beheld a tall, gaunt skeleton! Its arms were outstretched, as though it would fain embrace us, and a band of iron passing round the waist and under the arm-pits, seemed the only support to this frightful mass of bones. Not a foot durst we move—we dared not even look on the ground. Adolphus stood rivetted to the spot whereon he stood, holding the lantern still fixed on the ghastly object—had he moved the light in another direction, other objects, perhaps more fearfully revolting, might have fallen under our eyes—this he felt, and it seemed as though he would never move from that spot.

Rosalie still wept: her handkerchief was before her eyes—she shrieked no more, but her limbs trembled violently. Many minutes elapsed in this fearful manner—all was profoundly silent, awfully still. At length I mustered courage, and suddenly recollecting the ladder, I uttered but that word. It acted as a spell. We unanimously looked on the ground; and on the light being turned on it, —what a sight then met our eyes! skulls, arm-bones, thigh-bones, and ribs, strewed the floor; all lay in the most horrifying confusion. Gradually, however, we got accustomed to this sight—we heard no noise save that caused by our own feet crushing these mouldering remnants of mortality; and increasing in boldness and indifference, we cheerily turned our efforts to the raising of the ladder. Many of the steps were broken, more still were decayed—but, said we, could one of us but climb up its sides, all would end well—this resource completely rekindled our energy, and we set all fears aside.

Rosalie's eyes once again brightened with enthusiasm, and, with a comparatively light heart, gathering our implements, we set about exploring the place. Skeleton upon skeleton met our searching eyes; nothing but skeletons on all sides. Many a time did we put a foot on some damp decayed skull, and crush it in with an ominous crunching—bones snapped under our steps as so many twigs. An object now attracted our particular attention. Two upright planks stood against the wall; we drew near, and looking between them, we beheld a skeleton jammed in the narrow space they afforded. Could this miserable object have died thus! we shuddered, and holding each other by the hand in mute compassion and fear, stood for some time transfixed. A slight shriek, however, accompanied by a loud noise, as of some one violently disturbing the bones on the floor, recalled us to our senses, or rather, perhaps, deprived us of what little we had left. The blood rushed to our cheeks, and anon left them—shudders then ran through our frames; we shivered with the excess of our terror. Once more were we as 'twere spell-bound—'twas the first noise or sound of any kind, except what we had ourselves caused, that had yet greeted our ears. What could it be? and a shriek, too! 'Twas heard again—several shrill notes followed; we stood there utterly amazed! Rosalie once more caught alarm, and whispering in a tremulous voice, begged us to assist her out of the horrible place. The shrill notes were again heard—they proceeded from as it were close to our feet; we felt the bones disturbed, and almost involuntarily directing the light to the spot, we saw before us a number of large, disgusting looking rats.

Rosalie held me with a convulsive grasp. "Heavens!" she cried, "protect me. Oh, I am giddy! where am I going? hold me, hold me!" but 'twas too late—she fell—she fell against the boards! A loud crash succeeded; the skeleton had crumbled to pieces over her as she lay on the ground! What was our confusion, our horror! oh, let me not think of that moment. There lay the fair Rosalie, insensible; not a drop of water was at hand—all was damp here, nothing could we touch but 'twas loathsome remains of what had once been actuated by the principle of life. She lay there, too, covered with the scattered bones of a dusty skeleton! The rats uttered their shrill notes, and dazzled by the light, ran heedlessly over her body. Oh, 'twas horrible! With difficulty Adolphus managed to raise his senseless sister in his arms—but where now were we to lay her, where to place her beyond the reach of the detestable vermin that infested this dungeon? But a minute and I had raised one of the planks and laid it across a couple of ledges that we discovered in the walls—here, then, we deposited the unfortunate and too-zealous

Rosalie. All was silent as death—we gazed on each other in blank astonishment and terror, utterly at a loss how to proceed. Adolphus, we at length concluded, must first climb the ladder, and bring some assistance, but we had no sooner turned our backs, than a loud laugh rang through the dungeon, and made its dreary echoes reverberate again with the hideous sounds. Such was the suddenness of this unexpected disturbance in these gloomy, miserable regions, that we started with terror, and throwing ourselves on the ground in despair, called loudly for assistance. "Oh, come, come!" we cried, "we are lost, we are dying, have mercy! have mercy!" But none answered, none heard. We raised our heads again, and looked around us—alas! all was darkness! our lantern was extinguished!

The demoniacal laugh sounded again in our ears, with painful noise. Oh, how wild were its peals, how they jarred our feelings! moans followed; then it seemed as though the place were haunted with frenzied devils, so hideously did they hiss.

We stood at length on our feet; oh, how horrible and frightful was every thing! Our hands were fast clasped in each other's grasp—we durst not separate them, nor could we prevail upon ourselves to move an inch. Moans were still heard, which we recognised as proceeding from poor Rosalie—Her brother's heart was rent with anguish; he approached the board whereon she lay, and muttered her name: "Ah, ha!" she cried, in frantic tones, "do you want me too? No, no,—that skeleton said he would have me, and so he shall; no, no, no!" and she laughed again—'twas more and more hideous; then she moaned, and called for Adolphus,—'twas more and more heart-rending! I was desperate, and it seemed to me as though my strength could overcome any thing. I rushed headlong towards the spot where I judged the ladder to be, but in my heedless course, came full upon the skeleton that had first met our eyes—that with the outstretched arms; 'twas shattered to pieces, and I felt myself covered with the clammy dust. At length I reached the ladder; with the grasp of a madman, I seized it, and giving myself a violent jerk, I began to climb it. But my haste was my ruin—my vigorous efforts proved my destruction—it snapped, and I fell back into the dungeon! Oh, what was my horror! my fright, my indescribable vexation! A loud laugh at that moment rang through the vault—a hand, with a deadly grasp, seized me by the head, and the cries of: "Why, Harry, what are you doing?" recalled me to my senses, and proved the whole to be a dream!

H. M.

HAWKESWORTH'S ADVENTURER.

The secret history of any popular work, periodicals more especially, as to who were the contributors, and in reference to the appropriation of the papers to their respective authors, has always been matter of interest and moment with the public. The Rambler, by Dr. Johnson, revigorated the taste for that species of reading, which had been dormant since the period of the Spectator, the Tatler, and the Guardian; but the Adventurer, as started by Dr. Hawkesworth, from its pleasing variety, became at once more popular than the Rambler; the sale in numbers was considerable, and four large editions were published in less than nine years. The elegance, indeed, of the composition, the charms of the narrative part, and its evident tendency to promote piety and virtue, are recommendations which, it is hoped, can never lose their effect.

To the Adventurer, Dr. Hawkesworth is chiefly indebted for his high literary character and fame; among his early associates in this paper, the first number of which appeared on Tuesday, November 7, 1752, continued on Saturdays and Tuesdays, to the one hundred and fortieth number, was *Bonnell Thornton*, whose contributions are marked with the signature A; but his accustomed indolence occasioned irregularity in his communications; and we find but eight papers, Nos. 3, 6, 9, 19, 23, 25, 35, and 43, bearing that signature; the last being dated April 3, 1753, refutes the assertion of Mr. Alexander Chalmers, that Thornton quitted the Adventurer to become a joint-partner with Colman, in the Connoisseur, which did not appear till February, 1754. Hawkesworth has himself stated, the contributions from this channel "soon failed," and its causes have here been given on good grounds.

The stipulated price which all the authors received from Payne, the publisher, was two guineas for each paper;—this was advanced by the bookseller, who risked all expenses, and was soon amply remunerated by a more rapid and extensive sale than the Rambler ever obtained. Another of Hawkesworth's associates, was Dr. Richard Bathurst, a physician of considerable skill, but without much practice; and a member of the Johnsonian Ivy-lane Club of Literati. He was the son of Colonel Bathurst, a West India planter, from whom Johnson received Francis Barber, his black servant. The colonel left his affairs on his death in absolute ruin; and the doctor's emolument arising from his contributions to these papers, were of considerable service to him, it is believed, in a pecuniary view—his papers have no distinctive marks, those with the signature A are, in the late editions of the British Essayists, improperly appropriated to him—these were, indisputably, from style and subject, Thornton's; nor is there any memo-

randum extant by which those of Bathurst's can be separated from those given to Dr. Hawkesworth. Employment abroad in his profession being proffered him, Dr. Bathurst readily accepted it, and he fell a sacrifice to the climate, in the expedition against the Havannah. Dr. Johnson, by whom he was, by reason of his amiable manners, highly esteemed, thus tenderly lamented his demise in a letter to Bennet Langton—"The Havannah is taken, a conquest too dearly obtained, for Bathurst died before it—

Vix Priamus tanti totaque Troja fuit."

Chalmers, quoting Boswell, says—"It cannot be known how much Dr. Bathurst actually contributed;"—we have, however, the express authority of Sir John Hawkins, that Dr. Bathurst wrote the papers signed A; and without depending implicitly on this authority, which is certainly wrong, we may safely assert, that if Dr. Bathurst did not write these papers, he did not write any part of the work, for all the other papers are appropriated, upon undoubted authority, to Drs. Hawkesworth, Johnson, and Warton, with the exception of two or three, the authors of which were unknown to the Editor, are pointed out in this edition.*

That Boswell blundered egregiously cannot be questioned, both in this matter, and the part Dr. Johnson took in the Adventurer, when, by the loss of Bathurst, and the uncertainty of Thornton, Johnson and Joseph Warton became Hawkesworth's coadjutors. Boswell, says Johnson, began to write in the Adventurer, on April 10, 1753; but the thirty-fourth paper, printed on Saturday, March 3, was certainly the production of his pen; and an unpublished letter of Payne, the publisher's, to Dr. Warton, furnishes data and facts connected with the progress of the Adventurer, which show that no certainty of appropriation of the papers to Hawkesworth previous to that junction can be established—at least as regards those which have no distinctive signature. Dr. Johnson asserted that the Hon. Hamilton Boyle wrote in the Adventurer; probably No. 33, that with the ***, in Chalmer's edition, given to Hawkesworth, or one of the earlier papers which remain without assignment. Payne's letter is as follows:—

Rev. Sir,—As your paper [on what arts the moderns excel the ancients,] will not be printed till Tuesday se'nnight, I was willing to gratify your curiosity by sending *The Connoisseur* to-night.† It is full of dull commonplace stuff, and is, I think, not worthy of Thornton. It is disgusting, I own, to give such imperfect translations of passages selected for the peculiar purposes of our papers; but the Spectator, &c. began it, the unlettered expect the continuance of it, and we must gratify that expectation. The translation of the passage from Dr. M[usgrave?] which I sent you, is radically bad, and cannot be mended by alteration. We must take our chance for a translation from Mr. Johnson, which you must help me to procure, and which I will print after the contents of the volume in which it occurs. Last Saturday Mr. Hawkesworth got T. [Johnson] to supply his place; he has begged the same favour of him for Tuesday, on account of a violent pain in his face; but he does not mean that T. should lose his own turn; the state of our affairs, therefore, from last Tuesday se'nnight, stands thus:

These are published	127	Z.
	128	T. for H.
	129	Z.
	130	H. Saturday, Feb. 2
	131	T.
	132	H.
	133	Z. The paper I received
	134	H. [yesterday
	135	T.
	136	H.
	137	Z.
	138	H.
	139	T.
	140	H.

By this disposition, which H. has given me, you will not have room for your criticism on Othello, unless you can include it in one paper, which is hardly possible. It may, therefore, be useful to wind up your papers of that kind by some general subject; for Johnson says each must wind up his bottom, and not leave the world in ignorance of our design till the last paper.

Of ninety-two numbers, since you began [amending the whole] supposing the whole to be finished—

Hawkesworth will have written		39	
The three signed Y were substituted for his		3	43
And one signed &c.		1	
T. will have written for his own share		23	25
And for Hawkesworth		2	
Which is two above his number.			
Z. will have written		24	
Which is one above his number, for		92	
Hawkesworth should have written	46	Himself	39
		Y.	3
		&c.	1
		T.	2
		Z.	1
T. [Johnson]		23	
And Z. [Warton]		23	
		92	

I have had no contents, since No. 105.

I am, your's sincerely,

Feb. 2, [1754]. J. Payne.

The words enclosed within a bracket [amending the whole], scored over by a pen in the letter, induces a supposition that Hawkesworth was faltering, and that to Warton was confided the strict revision of the whole; certain it is, that to him, in the con-

* British Essayists, 1817. duod. Vol. xxiii. p. 84.

† The first paper of the Connoisseur, written by Bonnell Thornton, was published on Saturday, February 2, 1754.

duct of the Adventurer, the province of criticism and literature was consigned; and most ably has Warton taught us how the brow of criticism may be smoothed, and how she may be directed, notwithstanding her severity, to attract and to delight.

Johnson's letter to Warton, dated March 8, 1753, apprising him of the part in *The Adventurer* that would be assigned to him, if he would accept of it, states, "I have no part in the paper beyond now and then a motto,"—ques. what was meaned by part? The thirty-fourth paper, with his signature, T., had been printed on the third of that month; and a conjecture arises that that paper, the thirty-ninth and forty-first, were really Johnson's, but contributed by Dr. Bathurst, as Boswell, in explanation, asserts, 'Mrs. Williams told me that as he had given those essays to Dr. Bathurst, who sold them at two guineas each, he never would own them, nay, he used to say he did not *write* them; but the fact was, he *dictated* them, while Bathurst wrote.' I read to him Mrs. Williams's account; he smiled and said nothing." Payne's letter speaks but of the twenty-three Johnson had written under the signature T. for his own share; but there are twenty-eight papers with that distinctive mark, two having been written to assist Hawkesworth; Boswell was, therefore, possibly correct when he stated Johnson commenced with the forty-fifth number, on April 10th, for his own share; the three previous papers being sold to Payne for Dr. Bathurst's personal advantage, and, perhaps, all the share he had in any way in the Adventurer.

Chalmers's assertion,—"Dr. Hawkesworth's share of the Adventurer amounts exactly to a half, or seventy papers,"—is, by this letter, proved to be a flourish upon fancy; it is not sufficiently clear what portion of the first thirty-eight were really from his pen; as by Payne's letter it appears of the remaining one hundred and two papers Hawkesworth wrote only thirty-nine. Nos. 77, 78, and 79, subscribed FIDELIA, and bearing the mark Y, were written by Miss Mulso, who, in 1760, became Mrs. Chapone. No. 90, printed Saturday, Sept. 15, 1753, with the signature &, was contributed by Colman, afterwards the conductor of *the Connoisseur*; it displays an erudite knowledge of literary history and criticism: and was, in fact, no mean merit to have produced such a paper at the early age of twenty.

The arrangements spoken of by Payne, as to the completion, were ultimately otherwise, as Hawkesworth contributed Nos. 135 and 136; Johnson, Nos. 137 and 138; and Warton, in No. 139, undertook to explain the design of the critical papers in the Adventurer; Hawkesworth, in the last, giving an account of the general plan and conclusion of the work—in this he pathetically concludes—"Time, who is impatient to date my last paper, will shortly moulder the hand that is now writing it in the dust, and still the breast that now throbs at the reflection: but let not this be read as something that relates only to another; for a few years only can divide the eye that is now reading, from the hand that has written. This awful truth, however obvious, and however reiterated, is yet frequently forgotten; for, surely, if we did not lose our remembrance, or at least our sensibility, that view would always predominate in our lives, which alone can comfort us when we die." B.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF COLOURS;

OR,

A SKETCH OF THEIR ELEMENTARY PRINCIPLES;

Being the Substance of a Paper read by Mr. Stephens, of Stamford Street, before the Society of British Artists, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, May 18, 1839.

COLOURS are derived from three principal sources—the animal, the vegetable, and the mineral kingdom. A brief consideration of the elementary sources from which colours are derived, and the elementary principles upon which they depend, will lead to a proper estimate of their permanence and character.

Colours derived from the animal and vegetable kingdom depend upon principles perfectly distinct and apart from those of mineral colours. The colours of animal or vegetable bodies do not belong to the elements, or any combination of the elements, of which those bodies are composed—it is a property which becomes developed in the animal or vegetable during its growth; it may be dissolved, diffused, applied to surfaces or substances combined with other substances; heightened or weakened by chemicals, but it is a principal which *can* be destroyed by art, and which has a natural tendency to decay, and to become extinct; but the colour produced by mineral substances is an essential property of their elements, inherent in them, always to be developed by chemical combinations, a property never becoming extinct, but capable of being continually reproduced upon the revival of the chemical affinity. To illustrate this, I have here some pieces of pigment, the one a vegetable, the other of a mineral colour; if I examine the elementary composition of this substance, which is indigo, I shall find that it is composed of hydrogen, oxygen, carbon, and nitrogen: but there is no human means by which hydrogen, oxygen, carbon, and nitrogen, can be put together, so as to manufacture indigo. If I examine the elementary nature of this mineral substance, I find that it contains iron, united to a peculiar acid, the elements of which are carbon, nitrogen, and hydrogen; I find that I can chemically combine hydrogen,

carbon, and nitrogen, so as to form this peculiar substance, and that I can unite this acid so formed, with iron, so as to make ferro-cyanate of iron, or Prussian blue. I find also that I can separate this peculiar substance from the iron so as to destroy the colour, and that I can re-unite them, and revive it interminably. I will now, with your permission, show this effect by a little experiment. Here are two bottles of liquid colour, the one a solution of indigo, well known, the other a solution of Prussian blue. I may be permitted to mention that Prussian blue was for a long time known only as a pigment, it being considered insoluble. About two years since I obtained a patent for a method of dissolving it, so as to render it available to many purposes, to which, as a pigment, it could not well be applied.

If I pour into this solution of indigo some of the contents of this bottle, which is a liquid chlorine, the colour will fade, and in a short time become extinct. There is no method by which I can revive or reproduce indigo in this liquid, because its colour was rather a quality, and not an inherent property of its elements; but if I take this solution of Prussian blue, I may decompose the colour, and apparently extinguish it; but as the property which produced the colour is still inherent in the materials, I can revive the colour by reviving the chemical affinities. By pouring a little solution of caustic soda into this blue solution, I form a prussiate of soda, which has only a slight yellow tinge, the iron being left free. If I now pour into this apparently colourless solution some acid, which has a stronger affinity to the soda than the ferro-prussiate, I set the latter free, when it instantly unites by attraction to the iron, and the blue colour is revived. From this experiment it is easy to deduce the fact that the fading of the colour of indigo or vegetable colours, is an approach to a gradual extinction, but the fading of pure mineral colours is a change in their chemical affinities, but no dissipation or extinction of the property of their elements.

To give you a further idea of the elementary nature of bodies and their inherent properties, I shall beg to exhibit one other experiment. These two bottles contain, as you see, two colourless liquids, yet one of them contains a black elementary matter, known as carbon; if I mix these two together, a decomposition will take place, and the black elementary matter will appear, proving that a colour, being an inherent property of matter, or combinations of matter, can never become extinct. I do not here intend to enter into the connexion and relation of colours to light, and I am aware that in calling black a colour, I may be considered to be in error, black being considered to be an absence of colour. I beg to be understood to be speaking of the *relative* appearance of bodies.

From what I have now briefly stated, an inference may be readily drawn, that it is not to the vegetable or animal kingdom, although affording some of the most beautiful colours, that the painter must look for materials with which to perpetuate or reflect to posterity the genius and the works of art. It is to the mineral kingdom chiefly that he must turn for his most permanent colours.

Without detaining you long, I will endeavour to lay before you as brief a sketch or outline as possible, of the nature of mineral colours, and the causes which influence their permanence.

All mineral colours have metals for their base; and it is the union of this metal with some other element or elements which produces a colour. Oxygen, one of the components of the atmosphere, is the primary agent which combines with metals to produce mineral colours:—hence they are called metallic oxides; but as oxygen combines with metals in different proportions, different colours are produced. I have in these bottles various metals in different states of oxigenation, producing, as you see, different colours. That state of oxigenation which a metal is disposed under ordinary states of exposure to acquire, and which it is disposed permanently to retain, unless artificial means are used to reduce it, is its most permanent colour. Metals are influenced in their states of oxigenation by many external circumstances; some of them readily part with oxygen by light, heat, and moisture; and in proportion as they are more or less readily affected by these agents, are they more or less permanent as colours. The combination of a metallic acid with a metallic oxide gives a fixed compound, which is a permanent colour. If I pour into this tube, which contains acetate of lead, a little of this bichromate of potass, the acetic acid in the acetate of lead combines with the potass, and the metal chrome, which is in an acid state, unites with the lead, and you have thrown down the chromate of lead, or chrome yellow of the painters. If I put some of this, which is a solution of copper, I form the chromate of copper, which is a fine brown colour. Metals, in combination with sulphur, afford permanent colours, as vermillion, which is a sulphuret of mercury, and orpiment, which is a fine yellow colour — a sulphuret of arsenic. Metals also combine with carbon in two states, with carbonic acid it forms a carbonate; this is an example—the carbonate of iron. The direct combination of carbon with metals form carburets; this is a carburet of iron, commonly called black lead. These two bottles contain different preparations of manganese, the one a carbonate, the other

an oxide, in which the different colours are well observed,—this is a carbonate of copper. Carbonate of lead, is the common white lead.

An abundant source of permanent colours is to be found in the combination of metallic oxides, with earthy bases,—as alumine or clay, and silex. Iron, which is the most abundant and generally diffused of all the metals, is the most universal colouring material in the world. You can scarcely pick up a piece of dirt from the road, or sand or clay from a bank, but you will find with it, an admixture of iron. In travelling through the different districts of a country, you will observe the different colour of the earths composing the soil. In some you will find a red sand, as at Red Hill, in Surrey; in others a red clay,—oxide of iron is the colouring material. In another district you will find a yellow clay, it is iron in a different state of oxigenation, and less abundant.

Red and yellow ochre owe their colour to iron in combination with aluminous earths. The colouring matter of the Umbers is iron, of the Sienna, and the Terra Sienna. The red bricks and tiles of houses owe their colour to oxide of iron. Buildings which have been erected centuries since with red brick, and which are crumbling into dust with age, will be found to exhibit, comparatively unchanged, the per-oxide of iron. Iron is the colouring material of many of the gems and precious stones. Metallic oxides have the property of combining with vegetable and animal colours, and of prolonging their durability, and in this combination they are called the base. Thus, the beautiful colour extracted from the cochineal insect, has its colour heightened and preserved by being combined with the oxide of tin, which combination is the beautiful scarlet of the dyers, and forms the carmine of the shops, better known to some under the name of rouge. Iron, in combination with vegetable matter, is the source of most of the black colours of the dyers; most vegetable matters are darkened by contact with iron. If you were to stir your tea with an iron spoon, you would convert it into an inky fluid. If you saw a piece of green oak-wood with a rusty iron saw, you will leave a dark stain upon it. In combination with the vegetable acid of galls, it forms the black dye of the dyers; and is the basis of black ink. Iron is, in fact, so abundant, that it prevails where it is little suspected, and where the commercial name of the article would lead to a different supposition of its nature. Those who are not acquainted with the fact, would scarcely suppose from the name, that the article known as black lead, does not contain a particle of lead, but is, as I have before stated, a carburet of iron. The copperas of commerce contains no copper, but is a sulphate of iron. The black oxide of manganese also, is a mixed ore of iron and manganese. The crude oxide of manganese, if dissolved and mixed with galls or vegetable astringents, will make a black colour, which might induce a belief, that an ink could be made from manganese; but if the iron is separated from the manganese, the latter will give no colour at all with galls, or only a dirty yellow.

Arts and Sciences.

MR. N. DUNN'S MUSEUM OF CHINESE CURIOSITIES, AT PHILADELPHIA.

(*Concluded from page* 398.)

Bridges.—There are four accurate models of granite bridges, from one to four arches; the workmanship of the originals is of great beauty and durability, and really in them we discover the perfect arch, the most approved piers of the present day, and yet their bridges are so ancient, that the date of their erection is almost, if not entirely, lost. Having no carriages, they are merely used for foot passengers, loaded cooleys, and an occasional horse or buffalo.

Summer-houses.—Four models of summer-houses exhibit the peculiar taste of the Chinese; some are plain, and others very ornamental, with their scalloped roof, bells, gilding, painting, &c., and furnished with miniature chairs, tables, &c., models of real things, every part being complete for the luxuries of tea and the pipe. Tea is the universal beverage; this is sold from eight cents the pound up to many dollars, and is an article on which some of their citizens expend a very large income. The working man carries it in his rude tea-pot to the fields, and drinks it cold to quench his thirst, while the more wealthy sip it on every occasion of ceremony, business, or familiar intercourse.

Paintings.—The pictures and paintings are very numerous, and probably occupy the greatest surface in the collection.—Many of them were presented by distinguished men of China, and many were painted by the most celebrated artists of the principal inland cities, including the capital. They represent in the first place, all those scenes which are characteristic of Chinese life in its detail, including a series showing every process of the tea manufacture, from the planting to the packing up. There are large and handsome views of Macao, Bocca Tigris, Whampoa, Canton, and Honan, with its remarkable temples, &c. The portraits will astonish those who have seen only the paltry daubs usually brought as specimens of the art in China. There is one of the high priest of the Honan temple, and others of distinguished men well known in Canton, worked with the minuteness of miniature painting. This department comprises also a variety of paintings on glass, an art much practiced by the natives; pictures of

all the boats peculiar to the country; of rooms, their domestic arrangements; of all the costumes of people of rank; the furniture, lanterns, and, in short, of every variety of Chinese life, from the most degraded class to the emperor. The flowers embroidered on satin, &c., will attract the eye of female visitors.

A Chinese Room.—At the east end, faced by a very superb alcove brought from China, is a Chinese room. The alcove itself consists of wood deeply carved out of solid blocks; the carving represents figures of men, animals, birds, flowers, &c. The cutting penetrates through the whole of each piece, and forms a net work, the front being painted and gilt in the Asiatic taste, with the rich colours for which the nation is so celebrated. The screen is a fac-simile of those put up in the houses of the wealthy, to form an ante-room in their large establishments. This vestibule will be decorated with furniture, such as chairs, tables, stands, stools, vases, maxims, scrolls, &c., and in every respect will represent a room as actually occupied by the rich. This screen-work extends over the tops of the cases the entire length of the north side of the room, and its effect, as seen by the writer, is extremely gorgeous, reminding him of the representations made in old illuminated manuscripts, before the invention of printing in Europe. The colours, violet, blue, crimson, scarlet, &c., are those employed by the illuminators, and lead one to believe that *they* imitated the Chinese.

Furniture, Books, &c.—In addition to the furniture contained in this beautiful pavilion, there will be also distributed in the saloon, a variety of Chinese domestic articles and utensils. Two dark coloured and extremely rich book-cases, which might serve to ornament any library, will display copious specimens of the books of the Chinese, in their peculiar and safe binding, so rarely seen in this country. Specimens of their blocks or stereotyped wood, are also in the collection. The book-cases are made in excellent taste, of a dark wood susceptible of a beautiful polish, and in some respects they may be considered an improvement on our own. The chairs of different forms, large and capacious, made of wood resembling mahogany, with their appropriate cushions and footstools, are in a taste of refinement and comfort, which would have been creditable to some of our forefathers of New England, into whose parlours they might have been introduced without differing much from the fashion of fifty years since. The stools without backs exhibit their adaptation to a southern climate, in being partly composed of China ware, marble, and wood.

There are also tables, such as ornament the rooms of the wealthy, gilt, and richly carved and painted; stands, inlaid with marble or precious wood, such as are placed between every two chairs to hold the tea apparatus, or those various little ornaments or flower pots, of which the Chinese it will be seen, are so remarkably fond. There is also a common table, such as is in universal use, and has been for centuries, which will be recognized by our present generation as a fac-simile of the favourite eight-legged table of our great grandfathers, now thrust by modern fashion into the kitchen or garret. It folds up as those do, and the legs are turned in rings; this, like a thousand things in the saloon, proves that our common usages have been derived from China, where we are accustomed to believe they are centuries behind us. The vases and seats of porcelain are particularly rich and unique.

Natural History.—The brevity we have been obliged to use in the foregoing enumeration, has prevented the mention of much that would have interested the readers of this Journal, and we have to regret that the department of natural history must be also merely touched upon. It evinces the comprehensiveness of Mr. Dunn's plan to find, that even in this particular, nothing has been omitted which time, trouble, and expense could accomplish, and as one evidence among many, of the laborious nature of the occupation of bringing these things together, we may mention the care bestowed upon the numerous objects of science here concentrated.

A young gentleman of Philadelphia, well known there as an enthusiastic naturalist, Mr. William W. Wood, son of Mr. William Wood, made his way to Canton in search of objects of interest, in the reasonable expectation of bettering his condition. Mr. Dunn at once sought his aid to perfect his collection, and employed his valuable time for a very considerable period. He had a *carte blanche* to procure objects in natural history, yet some art and no little subterfuge were necessary, to persuade the Chinamen to collect articles of a kind in which they take no interest; prejudice and national feelings were to be overcome before they could be induced to make the necessary excursions by land and water, to spots where no foreigner could penetrate. By industry, money, flattery, and kindness, he succeeded, however, in amassing a great variety of birds, fishes, reptiles, shells, &c., and a few animals. Of these, all have arrived in good condition, with the exception of the insects; the butterflies, moths, &c., which when last seen in Canton were particularly rich and curious, have suffered most by the delay in unpacking, and by natural causes.

Mr. Wood was indefatigable for many months in completing the herpetology of China; the conchology is fully represented in many rich and rare specimens; and one of the rarest birds, the mandarin duck, with its very peculiar plumage, will be new to many: the China partridge, and many beau-

tiful song birds, add variety and interest to the whole.

The fishes were procured principally at the famous fishing stations at Macao, where Mr. Wood resided for several months for this express purpose; the specimens are very numerous and rare. There has also been procured a great number of very fine drawings of fish from life, in the accurate style of the Chinese, and in fine colours. The stuffed specimens will be neatly and appropriately arranged, to afford a study for the naturalist.

In the department of botany, attention has been paid to procuring accurate drawings of many plants and flowers. These will be exhibited in frames.

The *Minerals* in this collection are few in number, and together with the primitive rocks of China, embrace some remarkably fine carbonates of copper, both nodular and radiated.

The *Shells* include the well-known species of the China sea and the Canton river; the former, however, are of remarkable size and beauty, while a multiplicity of specimens illustrates all their varieties.

The writer regrets his want of acquaintance with the science of mineralogy, which prevents his more than alluding to the specimens, said to be highly interesting.

Miscellanies.—The joss-houses, pagodas, articles of *virtu*, of ornament, of stone, of jade, of ivory, bamboo, wood, metal, rice, &c., are so numerous that we can only allude to them. A case of shoes, in all their clumsy or ornamental variety, exhibit the form of the compressed female feet, and the clumsy shape of those of the male; another of caps fresh from their makers, with the button of office, and the cheaper kinds of the poor; theatrical dresses, known to be those of the very ancient Chinese, spectacles, opium and other pipes, fans, the compass in great variety, models of fruits, coins, exquisite specimens of carving in ivory, metal, stone, and bamboo, very numerous and grotesque carvings from roots of trees, in which they exhibit a peculiar taste, singular brushes, combs, beautiful vessels of oderiferous wood for their altars and temples, of which latter there are models; very numerous ornamental stands carved with good taste; huge cameos in stone of great cost; fine specimens of their lacquered ware, as well as their common ware; a silk embroidered saddle; a water-wheel worked like our *modern* tread-mill;* a fan for cleaning rice, resembling our own; lanterns of every possible shape, size, and ornament, will be suspended from various points, with their rich and tasteful paintings; there is a model of their very singular coffin, which few would even guess was designed to contain the last relics of humanity.

Space is wanting to perfect this notice of a collection highly creditable to the taste and liberality of the proprietor, and valuable to our country. No where else can be seen so complete an exhibition of this interesting nation.

* See *Mirror*, vol. i. p. 45.

New Books.

History of the American Navy. By J. Fenimore Cooper. (Bentley.)

[The author of the above history is already well known as a pleasing writer in romance; and, in this work, he equally maintains his character as a faithful delineator of facts, displaying, in the most vivid colours, heart-stirring accounts of the various sea-fights in which the infant navy of America have been concerned. The details are faithfully given, devoid of prejudice, and with the greatest liberality. Among the many narratives, none is more powerfully and romantically written, than—

The Battle between the Serapis and the Bon Homme Richard:—]

It was now getting dark, and Commodore Jones was compelled to follow the movements of the enemy by the aid of a night-glass. The Richard, however, stood steadily on, and about half-past seven came up with the Serapis. The American ship was to windward, and as she drew slowly near, Captain Pearson hailed. The answer was equivocal, and both ships delivered their entire broadsides simultaneously. The water being so smooth, Commodore Jones had relied materially on the eighteens that were in the gun-room, but at the first discharge two of the six that were fired burst, blowing up the deck above, and killing or wounding a large proportion of the people who were stationed below. This disaster caused all the heavy guns to be instantly deserted, for the men had no longer sufficient confidence in their goodness to use them. It at once reduced the broadside of the Richard to about a third less than that of her opponent, not to include the disadvantage of the manner in which the metal that remained was distributed among light guns. In short, the contest was now between a 12-pounder and an 18-pounder frigate, a species of contest in which it has been said, we know not with what truth, the former has never been known to prevail.

Commodore Jones informs us himself that all his hopes after this accident, rested on the 12-pounders that were under the command of the first lieutenant.

The Richard, having backed her topsails, exchanged several broadsides, when she filled again and went ahead of the Serapis, which ship luffed across her stern, and came up on the weather quarter of her antagonist, taking the wind out of her sails, and in her turn passing ahead. All this time, which consumed half an hour, the cannonading was close and furious. As the Serapis kept her

luff sailing and working better than the Richard, it was the intention of Captain Pearson to pay broad off across the latter's forefoot as soon as he had got far enough ahead; but making the attempt, and finding that he had no room, he put his helm hard down to keep clear of his adversary, when the double movement brought the two ships nearly in a line, the Serapis leading. By these uncertain evolutions the English ship lost some of her way, while the American, having kept her sails trimmed, not only closed, but actually ran aboard of her antagonist bows on, a little on her weather quarter. The wind being light, much time was consumed by these manœuvres, and near an hour had elapsed between the firing of the first gun and the moment when the vessels got foul of each other in the manner described.

The English now thought that it was the intention of the Americans to board them, and a few moments passed in the uncertainty which such an expectation would create; but the position of the vessels was not favourable for either party to pass into the opposing ship. There being at the moment a perfect cessation of the firing, Captain Pearson demanded "Have you struck your colours?" "I have not begun to fight" was the answer. The yards of the Richard were braced back, and the sails of the Serapis being full, the ships separated. As soon as far enough asunder, the Serapis put her helm hard down, laid all aback far forward, shivered her after sails, and wore short round on her heel, or was boxhauled, with a view, most probably, of luffing up athwart the bow of her enemy, in order again to rake her. In this position the Richard would have been fighting her starboard, and the Serapis her larboard guns, but Commodore Jones, by this time, was conscious of the hopelessness of success against so much heavier metal, and after backing astern some distance, he filled on the other tack, luffing up, with the intention of meeting the enemy as she came to the wind, and of laying her athwart-hawse.

In the smoke, one party or the other miscalculated the distance, for the two vessels came foul again, the bowsprit of the English ship passing over the poop of the American. As neither had much way, the collision did but little injury; and Commodore Jones with his own hands immediately lashed the enemy's head gear to his mizenmast.

The pressure on the after sails of the Serapis, which vessel was nearly before the wind at the time, brought her hull round, and the two ships gradually fell close alongside of each other, head and stern, the jib-boom of the Serapis giving way with the strain. A spare anchor of the English ship now hooked in the quarter of the American, and additional lashings were got on board the latter to secure her in this position.

Captain Pearson, who was as much aware of his advantage in a regular combat as his opponent could be of his own disadvantage, no sooner perceived the vessels foul, than he dropped an anchor, in the hope that the Richard would drift clear of him. But such an expectation was perfectly futile, as the yards were interlocked; the hulls were pressed close against each other; there were lashings fore and aft, and even the ornamental work aided in holding the ships together. When the cable of the Serapis took the strain, the vessels slowly tended, with the bows of the Richard and the stern of the Serapis to the tide. At this instant the English made an attempt to board, but were repulsed without loss.

All this time the battle raged. The lower ports of the Serapis having been closed, as the vessel swung to prevent boarding, they were now blown off in order to allow the guns to run out, and cases actually occurred in which the rammers had to be thrust into the ports of the opposite ship, in order to be entered into the muzzles of their proper guns. It is evident that such a conflict must be of short duration. In effect the heavy metal of the Serapis, in one or two discharges, cleared all before it, and the main deck guns of the Richard were in great measure abandoned. Most of the people went to the upper deck, and a great number collected on the forecastle, where they were safe from the fire of the enemy, continuing to fight by throwing grenades and using muskets.

In this stage of the combat, the Serapis was tearing her enemy to pieces below, almost without resistance from her antagonist's batteries—only two guns on the quarter deck, and three or four of the twelves being worked at all. To the former, by shifting a gun from the larboard side, Commodore Jones succeeded in adding a third, all of which were used with effect, under his immediate inspection, to the close of the action. He could not muster force enough to get over another gun. But the combat would soon have been terminated had it not been for the courage and activity of the people aloft. Strong parties had been placed in the tops, and at the end of a short contest the Americans had driven every man belonging to the enemy below. After which they kept up so animated a fire on the quarter-deck of the Serapis, in particular, as to drive every man off of it, who was not shot down.

Thus, while the English had the battle nearly all to themselves below, the Americans had the controul of the upper-deck. Having cleared the tops of the Serapis, some American seamen lay out on the Richard's main-yard, and began to throw hand-grenades on the two upper-decks of the English ship, the men on the forecastle of their own ship seconding those efforts, by casting the same

combustibles through the ports of the Serapis. At length one man, in particular, became so hardy as to take his post at the extreme end of the yard, when, provided with a bucket filled with combustibles, and a match, he dropped the grenades with so much precision that one dropped through the main hatchway.

The powder boys of the Serapis had got more cartridges up than were wanted, and in their hurry they had carelessly laid a row of them on the main deck in a line with the guns. The grenade just mentioned set fire to some loose powder that was lying near, and the flash passed from cartridge to cartridge, beginning abreast of the main-mast and running quite aft.

The effect of this explosion was awful. More than 20 men were instantly killed, many of them being left with nothing on them but the collars and wristbands of their shirts, and the waist-bands of their duck trousers, whilst the official returns of the ship a week after the action, show that there were no less than 38 wounded on board still alive, who had been injured in this manner, and of whom 30 were then said to be in great danger. Captain Pearson described the explosion as having destroyed nearly all the men at the five aftermost guns. On the whole, nearly 60 of the Serapis's people must have been instantly disabled by this sudden blow.

The advantage thus obtained by the coolness and intrepidity of the top-men, in a great measure restored the chances of the combat, and by lessening the fire of the enemy, enabled Commodore Jones to increase his. In the same degree that it encouraged the crew of the Richard, it diminished the hopes of the people of the Serapis. One of the guns, under the immediate inspection of Commodore Jones, had been pointed some time against the mainmast of his enemy, while the two others had seconded the fire of the tops with grape and canister. Kept below deck by this double attack, where a scene of frightful horror was presented in the agonies of the wounded and the effects of the explosion, the spirits of the English began to droop, and there was a moment when a trifle would have induced them to submit. From this despondency they were temporarily raised by one of those unlooked-for events that accompany the vicissitudes of battle.

Let the injuries be from what quarter they might, soon after the Alliance had run to leeward, an alarm was spread in the Richard that the ship was sinking. Both vessels had been on fire several times, and some difficulty had been experienced in extinguishing the flames, but here was a new enemy to contend with, and as the information came from the carpenter, whose duty in was to sound the pump-wells, it produced a great deal of consternation. The Richard had more than 100 English prisoners on board, and the master-at-arms, in the hurry of the moment, let them up from below in order to save their lives. In the confusion of such a scene, at night, the master of a letter-of-marque that had been taken off the north of Scotland, passed through a port of the Richard into one of the Serapis, when he reported to Captain Pearson, that a few minutes would probably decide the battle in his favour, or carry his enemy down, he himself having been liberated in order to save his life.

Just at this instant, the gunner, who had little to occupy him at his quarters, came on deck, and not perceiving Commodore Jones or Mr. Dale, both of whom were occupied with the liberated prisoners, and believing the mate, the only superior officer he had in the ship, to be dead, he ran up the poop to haul down the colours. Fortunately, the flag-staff had been shot away, and the ensign already hanging in the water, he had no other means of letting his intentions be known, than by calling out for quarter. Captain Pearson now hailed to know if the Richard demanded quarter, and was answered by Commodore Jones himself in the negative. It is possible that the reply was not heard, or if heard, supposed to come from an authorised source, for encouraged by what he heard from the liberated prisoner, and by the confusion that prevailed in the Richard, the English captain directed his boarders to be called away, and as soon as mustered, they were ordered to take possession of the prize. Some of the men actually got on the gunwale of the latter ship; but finding boarders ready to repel boarders, they made a precipitate retreat. All this time the top-men were not idle, and the enemy were soon again driven below with loss.

In the meanwhile, Mr. Dale, who no longer held a gun that could be fought, mustered the prisoners at the pumps, turning their consternation to account, and probably keeping the Richard afloat by the very blunder that had been so near losing her. The ships were now on fire again, and both parties, with the exception of a few guns at each side, ceased firing in order to subdue this dangerous enemy. In the course of the combat, the Serapis is said to have been set on fire no less than twelve times, while towards its close, as will be seen in the sequel, the Richard was burning all the time.

As soon as order was restored in the Richard, after the call for quarter, her chance of success began to increase, while the English, driven under cover almost to a man, appear to have lost, in a great degree, the hope of victory. Their fire materially slackened, while the Richard again brought a few more guns to bear. The mainmast of the Serapis began to totter, and her resistance in general to lessen. About an hour after the explosion, or

between three and three hours and a-half after the first gun was fired, and between two hours and two hours and a-half after the ships were lashed together, Captain Pearson hauled down the colours of the Serapis with his own hand, the men refusing to expose themselves to the fire of the Richard's tops.

As soon as it was known that the colours of the English had been lowered, Mr. Dale got upon the gunwale of the Richard, and, laying hold of the main-brace pendant, he swung himself on board of the Serapis. On the quarter-deck of the latter, he found Captain Pearson almost alone, that gallant officer having maintained his post throughout the whole of this dire and murderous conflict. Just as Mr. Dale addressed the British captain, the first lieutenant of the Serapis came up from below, to inquire if the Richard had struck—the fire having entirely ceased. Mr. Dale gave the English officer to understand that he was mistaken in the position of things, the Serapis having struck to the Richard, and not the Richard to the Serapis. Captain Pearson confirming this account, his subordinate acquiesced, offering to go below and silence the guns that were still playing on the American ship. To this Mr. Dale would not consent; both the officers were immediately passed on board the Richard, and the firing was then stopped below. Mr. Dale had been closely followed to the quarter-deck of the Serapis by Mr. Myrant, a midshipman, and a party of boarders, and as the former reached the quarter-deck of the prize, he was run through the thigh by a boarding-pike in the hands of a man in the waist, who was ignorant of the surrender. Thus did the close of this remarkable combat resemble its other features in singularity, blood being shed and shot fired while the boarding-officer was in amicable discourse with his prisoner.

Although the protracted and bloody combat had now ended, the danger nor the labour of the victor were not over. The Richard was both sinking and on fire.

The Public Journals.

SKETCHES IN PORTUGAL,

BY AN OFFICER OF THE BENGAL ENGINEERS.*

The Castle of Oporto,

WHICH is in a very dilapidated condition, is a high building, completely commanding the town, being situated on the top of a high hill on the inner side or farthest from the landing-place. The statue in bronze, of Don Juan or John ? which greets you on the top of the steps, or rather, in the middle of the grand square, is a beautiful and picturesque piece of architecture. The designs right and left of, and attached to, the equestrian figure, are well carved, but I forget their description, excepting that I think they were allegorical. The houses are lofty, large, and cool, some with ice-rooms, which are still cooler, billiard-rooms, cafés, and shops of all descriptions. Few of the shop-keepers speak French, English, Spanish, Italian, or any other language than their own beautiful nasal twang. They are the ugliest set of people I have ever seen. There was, however, one exception, those at the opera being not only pretty, or at least they appeared so, and passable, but possessed of very good understandings, both of the body and mind.

* From No. XXXI. Indian Review. Calcutta.

The Church of San Roque,

Is a beautiful church, not exteriorly, but interiorly, having some of the most beautiful Mosaic stone paintings I ever saw: one of the altar-pieces, and some candelabras, are of the most elaborate workmanship, and are stated to be of immense value, by reason of the quantity of precious metal contained in their composition. Leaving this, we next proceeded a considerable distance, by boat, to visit the old Monastery, of which I forget the name: near the entrance of the river, on entering it, one is much struck with the great extent and amazing height of the roof, when contrasted with the extraordinary small pillars which support it; their tenuity is remarkable: they seem hardly capable of supporting the great weight of the roof at so great a height above ground: they present, however, a beautiful effect, especially as they are partly carved in an elegant and chaste style. The pulpit is costly in appearance, and not unlike those seen in the cloisters of Belgium, France, or Spain, in fact, in all Roman Catholic countries. We were here favoured with a sight of the remains of Don Alphonso, a skeleton which is kept in a coypt, behind the organ, and I cannot say it was the most agreeeable I had seen. He was celebrated for having a beautiful wife, who so inflamed the passions of his younger brother, that that brother was induced to raise the standard of rebellion against him, and to dethrone and imprison him, and afterwards marry his wife; this was pretty well for a brother; but this is not all; he kept him in close confinement for 18 years, until his death—a fine lesson for posterity. The organ, which is a double one, is particularly grand; its tones are as fine as any I have ever heard, the shape of the building no doubt added to its euphonious chords.

The Squares of Lisbon,

Are capacious, the streets generally long and wide, excepting the "Goldsmith's Street," (which has a row of thick square posts on either side of the way, put up, possibly, to *assist in covering* assassinating parties), and one or two others; they are generally narrow, and all exceedingly filthy and stinking, (I ad-

here to this term, because it is not at all an exaggeration). The "gardez l'eau" of Edinburgh, (see Humphry Clinker,) I think was nothing to it. The people appear clean, but I only saw one woman with whom I would with pleasure have gone to the antipodes, but not have married. The palace of the Ajudea is only the half part of a very large building which was to have been finished, but funds were not forthcoming for the purpose; nor does there seem to be any likelihood of the completion of this grand and extensive structure. The paintings inside are executed, however, in a most disgraceful manner, more fit for the ornaments to a barn theatre, than for a palace belonging to the Royal Family of Portugal. The rooms are large, lofty, and well arranged, with some furniture in them, and with exception to the paintings, are fairly adapted, as receiving or waiting-rooms for foreign ambassadors, or others requiring to be presented to the Queen. Tapestries are numerous on the walls, and three thrones to be met with in one of the rooms, viz. one for the Queen, one for the King consort, on *her* left, and the third for the Queen Dowager, on *his* left. Of course we sat down on each of them in succession! The statues in the courts below are not badly chiselled, representing mercy, justice, and all the attributes of the being they profess to worship.

The Royal Sepulchre,

Leads out of one of the exits from a monastery, appropriated solely to noblemen's sons in former days, but now tenantless; our guide lighted a taper or two, and ushered us in—we were startled with the stillness that reigned around, as well as with a certain impression of the confined state of the atmosphere, which was by no means agreeable or healthy to breathe for any length of time. We saw a splendid array, indeed, but for what purpose is it employed? The most interesting sight was a coffin, covered with a black velvet cloth, embossed with gold thread-work and lace, with a description of the rank and title of the late young husband of the present Queen, who died of quinsy in the throat, at the early age of 22, I think. A gilt crown and sceptre were lying on the top of the structure, but these were only placed there as a compliment to the Queen, because none but such as the deceased that had formerly been kings in their own right, were allowed this last mark of their former exalted rank. Some of the inscriptions were of considerable age, and mostly in the Portuguese language, but a few were of Latin.

The Gatherer.

White Race of Africans.—M. Guyon, chief surgeon of the African army, writes to M. Dureau de la Malle, that at Bougia there is now living a woman, originally from the interior, supposed to be descended from the white tribe of Mount Aureps. She is at most twenty-six or twenty-eight years of age, of very agreeable physiognomy, blue eyes, fair hair, beautiful teeth, and has a very delicate white skin. She is married to the Imaun of the mosques, Sidi Hamed, by whom she has had three children, bearing a strong resemblance to herself. M. Arago observes, that these white people are not rare in that part of the world, as might be supposed; for, when he was going from Bougia to Algiers, in 1808, by land, he saw woman of all ages in the different villages, who were quite white, had blue eyes and fair hair, but that the nature of his journey did not permit him to stop and ask if they came from any peculiar tribe.

Estimate of the average value of the mineral product of Cornwall and Devon annually raised and exported.—If we estimate the value of the metals annually raised in Great Britain and Ireland at about 10,597,000*l.*, and consider that of this sum the iron amounts to 8,000,000*l.*, the value of the remaining metals would be, 2,597,000*l.*, of which Cornwall and Devon would furnish about 1,340,000*l.*, or more than one-half, leaving 1,257,000*l.* for the value of all the metals, with the exception of iron, raised in other parts of the United Kingdom. The two great metallic products of the district are copper and tin: of the former it yields one-third, and of the latter nine-tenths, of the whole supply of copper and tin furnished by the British Islands and all the countries of the continent of Europe.—*Geological Report*, 1839.

Mr. De la Beche, who, with Mr. Barry, and the eminent geologist Mr. W. Smith, were entrusted to select the material of which the new Houses of Parliament are to be constructed, have made choice of the magnesian limestone of Yorkshire.

The Nelson Testimonial.—Mr. Railton is the successful artist. His design was No. 65 in the list. It is to be a fluted Corinthian column, 162 feet to the top of capital. The cost will be 30,000*l.*

VOL. XXXIII. OF THE MIRROR,
With a Steel-plate Portrait and Memoir of
Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer,
and upwards of 400 closely-printed pages, price 5s. bds., will be published on the 29th inst.

Part 290, price 1s., completing the Volume, will also be ready on the same day.

The SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER, containing the Portrait and Memoir, with Title-page, Preface, and Index to the Volume, will be published, with No. I. of a new Volume, on Saturday next, July 6.

LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.—In PARIS, by all the Booksellers.—In FRANCFORT, CHARLES JUGEL.

GENERAL INDEX.

Abolition of the Gladiators at Rome, 143
Abingdon, view and description of the Grammar-school at, 162
A Bore, 404
Account of the magnificent Triumphal Arch at Djimmilah, 136
Account of the Lapacho-tree, 47
Actors' names, when first affixed to the charaters they represented, 48
Account of a Famine in Guzerat, in 1811, 190
the Longicorn-beetles, 202
the Asparagus-beetle, 203
Accidental discovery of Prussian-blue, 347
Advertising, original mode of, 32
Adventurer, names of contributors to Dr. Hawksworth's, 406
Adventures with Peter Schlemihl, 218
Advice to Ladies, 284
Adaptation of the Bude Light, 280
Advantages of Geometry, 163
Aellopodes, the, description and view of, 178
A French school, 100
African money, account of, 127
Africans, white race of, 416
A glimpse of Elizabethan manners, 89
Albert Durer's residence at Nuremberg, account of, 65
America, descending the Rapids of, 44
American in England, 130—195
Andrew's, St., Hall, Norwich, 97
Animals, Lord Brougham's remarks on the intelligence of, 142
Antiquity of the bagpipes, 109
Ancient attitude at table, 119
Animals, worship of, 147
A soldier's farewell, 66
Anecdote of Delpini, 58
Annesley's charity, account of, 62
Ancients, wit of the, 38—78
Anecdotes of the insane, 69—114
the Duke of Luxemburg. 75
celebrated persons, 141, 157
Rembrandt, 158
Louis XVIII., 159
Antiquarian discoveries, 238
Anecdote Gallery, 229
of Ireton and the Earl of Derby, 160
Ancient powder-flask, description and view of, 280
Antipathies, singular, 309
Ancient legend of St. George, 280
Antonio Lionelli, 200
Apophthegms, 95
Persian, 148
Art and mystery of quack doctoring, 111
Arsenic, mode of detecting, 253
Artichoke, the, notice of, 253
Arabic numerals, view and description of, 134
Artists, knowledge of botany requisite to all, 391
Arts and manufactures in Paris, exhibition of, 360
Architecture, domestic, 335
A Secret, 64
Ascent of Mont Blanc, 403
Ascot Heath, the grand stand at, 350
Atmosphere, remarks on the, 273—275
Atlantic, cruise in the, 340
Austria, titles of the Emperor of, 128
Autographs, sale of Mr. Stewart's, 335
of Oliver Cromwell, 314
Avalanches, remarks on, 245
Azamoglans in Turkey, account of, 148
Bagpipes, on the antiquity of, 109
Barksdale, Clement, mention of, 162
Baltic, decrease of the, 178
Balloons in 1648, mention of, 174
Mr. Hampton's, 376
Bancks, Thomas, his charity, 355
Barometer, history of the, 399
Bardon Tower, account of, 82
Banister, John, memoir of, 94—122
Battle between the Serapis, and the Bon Homme Richard, 412
Bear, dreadful conflict with, 48
Beechey, Sir W., memoir of, 106
Bees, calling of the Queen, 204

Bejucas-plant, description of, 46
Bells, inscription on, 130
Benlomond, view and description of, 73
Berne, the bear and the fox at, 246
Biblical criticism, 239
Bird, Dr. Golding, his paper on the application of the photogenic art, 243
Blessington's, Lady, description of Vaucluse, the retreat of Petrarch, 183
Blagrave's charity, account of, 61
Books, on the worth of, 171
of the Romans, 29
Botanical Society, proceedings of the, 214
description of Lichens, 46
Börne's opinion of Goëthe, 44
Botany, remarks on, 343
Bolton Priory, history of, 381
Brougham, Lord, his sketch of Benjamin Franklin, 217
British Museum, expenditure, &c., of, in 1837, 176
British Institution, account of, 398
Burford's Panoramas of Rome, &c., account of, 144
Bunyan's Birth-place, 165
Burnsall, description of, 83
Buffalo, theatricals at, 77
Bude-light, adaptation of the, 280
Byron, Lord, characteristic anecdotes of, 175
Cadiz, effigy of Hercules at, 284
Calling of the Queen Bees, 204
Cape Coast Castle, account and view of, 49
Camillo, the first poet laureate, 93
Canary Bird, account of the talking, 108
Campan, Mad., her letters to her son, 394
Cannibalism, terrible effects of, 16
Canada, in 1838, want and influence of Education in, 110
state of Literature, 111
religion in, 111
mistrust between the Canadians and the English, 111
competition of the English and French Farmers, 124
the labouring population, 124
effects of the introduction of English people, 125
character of the French settlers, 125
Cartoons, Raffaell's, preservation of, 313
Cattle, cure of wounds in, 13
Cat and the two Sparrows, Fable of, 25
Caubul, history of, 318—320—363
Celebrated Oaks, 240
Ceres, poem to, 364
Chatham, experimental explosions at, 255
Chapels, subterraneous, 238
Character of the first century, 85
Charles II., 93
Chance, there is no such thing as, 18
Characteristic anecdotes of Byron and Shelley, 175
Charles I., narrative of his detention at Newcastle, 34
Character of Dr. Johnson, 77
Chart of Health, 176
Characters of Oliver Cromwell, 311
Charity never faileth, 339
Character of the English, 389
Chelsea, recollections of, 301
Chelsea Bun-house; sale of, 272
demolition of, 286
description and views of, 209—210
Chinese Curiosities at Philadelphia, 396
China, estimate of the compass in, 255
Chinese tea-plants in India, 213
Chinese Mandarin and Christian Missionaries, 8
Clergy, knowledge of Botany essential to the, 393
Cheveley, novel of, 284
Clifford, Lady Anne, memoirs of, 382
Climate and Seasons of England, 284
Clothing, accidents and errors in, 331
Clock Spheres of the Ancients, remarks on, 133
Coal Mines, remarks on, 6—23—55
Cochin China, remarks on, 287
Colours, the philosophy of, 408
Comparative state of the weather, 325
Conflict with a bear, 48
Construction and use of iron, 59
Coroner, the office of, 66
Country, love of, 196
Cranmer's bible, sale of, 304
Cremorne House, ascent of Mr. Hampton from, 376
Criticism, Biblical, 239
Cromwell, Oliver, his autographs, 314
parentage of, 349
Cross-buns, on the origin of, 211
Cruise in the Atlantic, 340
Curious Bequests, 61—355—389
Culture, intellectual and moral, 170
Cypress-tree, a magnificent, 228
Death, motion after, 5
Death of the Fox, 159
Decrease of the Baltic, 178
Definition of the word 'Mind,' 186
several words, falsely styled Cockneyisms, 188
Delpini, anecdote of, 58
Descending the Rapids of America, 44
Description of the grand Stand at Ascot Heath, 354
Bejucas plant, 46
and Views of Linton Church, 81—83
Destruction of the early English Libraries, 92
Description and view of the experimental pavement in Oxford-street, 41
of the Eastern Institution, Commercial Road, 129
of the newly-invented machine, the Accelerator, 194
of Grey-street, Newcastle 34
Dew, remarks on, 245
Directions for making Photographic paper, and to take drawings, 282

Directions for taking Photographic MSS., 283
Discovery of the tea-plant in India, 250—278
important chemical, 254
Discoveries, antiquarian, 238
Discovery of a new Aboriginal race of natives in New South Wales, 191
of some Irish Canoes, 64
Dissection, new process of preserving subjects for, 79
Divines, plays written by, 342
Dog, worship of the, 325
Domestic manners of the Romans, 28
Domestic architecture, 335
Drawings and models for the intended Nelson memorial: account of, 153
Dreams, remarkable, 259
Drury-lane Theatre, first play-bill at, 48
Dunn's Museum, 410
Durer, Albert, his residence, 65
Early English Music Printers, account of, 349—359—373
Earth's substance, theories of the, 227
Earl Durham's account of Canada, 110
Eastern Penitentiary, Philadelphia, 399
Eastern Institution, Commercial Road, view and description of, 129
Eccaleobion, the, exhibition of, 249
Eccentricities of Henri Jules, 314
1829, lines on the year, 46
Electricity, singular effects of, 104
Elizabethan manners, a glimpse of, 89
Elizabeth, Queen, statue of, 306
Embroidery, gilding of thread for, 283
Emigration, remarks on, 189—234
Emperor of China, and the Merchant, story of, 143
Empress Catherine, anecdote of, 157
English, Aaron Burr's opinion of the, 224
equipage, 131
names, on the origin of, 157
character of the, 389
Libraries, destruction of the early, 92
Bijou Almanac, 56
England, an American in, 130
climate and seasons of, 284
felonry in, 293
Erpingham, Sir T., notice of, 97
Essay on Maguilps, 370
Eugene Aram, where schoolmaster, 83
Evesham, description and view of the grammar-school at, 162
Execution in France, account of one, 88
Exhibition of Arts and Manufactures in Paris, 360—378
of the living talking Canary-bird, 108
Experimental explosions at Chatham, 254
Fable of the Cat and the two Sparrows, 25
Fact, a curious, 240
Fall of a meteoric Stone, 253
Famine, account of the, in Guzerat, 190
the, a tale from the Arabian, 223
Felonry of England, ancient and modern, 293
Feltham's remarks on secrecy, 354
Field of Waterloo, 290
Filiberta Madruzzo, the tale of, 370
First view of England, 130
First century, character of the, 85
Fine Arts, the necessity of union among the professors of, 109
Suffolk Street Gallery, 207—237
Drawings of the Musée Royal, 207
Mr. Parris's picture of the coronation of Queen Victoria, 224
Burford's panoramas of Rome, &c. 144
Nelson memorial, 153
Water-colour Paintings, 263
Society of British artists, 298
Fish-ponds in Gardens, management of, 267
Fog, remarks on, 245
Formation, working and ventilation of coal-mines, 6
Fortitude under pain, 336
Fox, bishop of Winchester, mention of, 162
Flint glass where first made in London, 96
Flying in the air, remarks on, 174
Freebooter, interview with an Highland, 47
Freedom, Highland, 70
Free-school at Linton, view and description of, 81—84
Funeral of the pretender, 32
the rich man's, 299
the poor man's, 300
Fungi, Dr. Glendining's remarks on, 196
Galvanic Battery, an improved, 254
Gallus; or, Domestic Manners of the Romans, 28
Gardens, fish-ponds in, 267
Garrick's Baptism, 304
Grey-street, Newcastle, view of, 34
George, (St.), and the Dragon, at Toronto, 326
George III. and Family visit Chelsea Bun-House, 219
Geometry, on the advantages of, 163
George II., Letter of, to his son, 35
Gibraltar, public gardens at, 272
Gilding of Thread for Embroidery, 282
Gladiators at Rome, on the abolition of, 143
Goëthe as a Patriot, 43
Grantham, history and view of the free Grammar-School at, 162
Great Western Steam-ship, voyage of, 176
Grecian Monuments, remarks on, 159
Gresham Lectures, origin of the, 230—246
Grocow, murderous battle of, 12
Guildhall, London, east end of, 306
Hampton's Ascent from Cremorne House, 375
Hardham, venerable yew-tree at, 233
Hatton-garden, when built, 48
Hawkins, Samuel, his Charity, 356
Haydn, F. J., memoir of, 320
Heads of the People, 299
Health, chart of, 176
Henrietta-Maria, remarks on her non-coronation, 306

Hermit, an interview with, 187
Highlands, May mysteries of the, 293
Highland Freedom, 70
History of Caubul, 318
History of the British Institution, 398
Horologia Historia, 133—149
Hopwood, (Mrs.), and the Hare's Foot, 127
Hour-glasses, remarks on, 134
How a Gallant should behave himself, 89
Human Life, revolutions of, 80
Sacrifices, account of, 147
Hunger and Gold, 133
Huntley, Captain, his model of a slave-ship, 337
Hyde-Park, new plantation in, 236
Hymn to Love, 66
Ichoglans, account of the, 303
Important Chemical Discovery, 254
Improved Galvanic Battery, 254
India, discovery of the tea-plant in, 250
Chinese tea-plants in, 213
Institutions, literary and scientific, 53
Interview between Lord Reay and an Highland freebooter, 47
Irish Canoes, discovery of antique, 64
Iron Work, new mode of preserving from rust, 384
on the construction and use of, 59
Insane, anecdotes of the, 69—182
Insects injurious to Vegetables, 202
Instances of Tenacity of Life in the inferior Creation, 179
Ingratitude punished, 140
Instinct and Intelligence of Animals, Lord Brougham's remarks on, 142
Interior of Santa Croce, Florence, lines on, 355
Invisible Girl, exhibition of, 248
Inventor of the Art of Mezzotinto Scraping, 109
Johnson, Dr., character of, 77
Judge, salary of a, 400
Jules, Henri, anecdotes of, 314
Kava Tree, description of, 56
Kaye, John, the first English laureate, 93
Kean, Bannister's opinion of, 122
Kemble, John, account of his marriage, 95
Kilcolman, view and description of, 9
Kilkenny Peasantry, remarks on, 191
King Charles's Royal Masque, 375
King's Bench, scene in the rules of, 365
Kinsale, Lord, anecdote relative to, 376
Kyanised Wood, remarks on, 253—255—286
Ladies in Hats, 130
Advice to, 284
Lapacho-tree, account of, 47
Language of Untutored Men, 69
Land of my Birth, lines on, 18
Laurel hill Cemetery, Philadelphia, 278
Legend, a most extraordinary, 32
L. E. L., death of, 9
remarks on, 26
life of, 27
the castle in which she died, 49
her autograph, 49
L. E. L., lines on the grave of, 178
Letter of George II. to Frederick Prince of Wales, 35
Letters on Steam Navigation, 294
transit of, 351
Libraries of the Romans. 28
Lichens, botanical description of, 47
Life of William of Wykeham, 67
on the only means of enjoying, 87
and Adventures of Michael Armstrong, 154
Linnæus, death of his daughter Louisa, 272
Linton, parish church of, views and description of, 81—83
Free-School, 81—84
Lionelli, Antonio, 200
Lisbon, the squares of, 415
Literary and Scientific Institutions, 53
Literature, specimen of Welsh, 188
Liquid Leather, newly invented, 383
Liverpool, a visit to, 292
picture of, 131
Living Talking Canary Bird, account of, 108
Lobishomens, The, 329
London and Croydon Railway, view of, 145
Lodge, Edmund, sale of his books, 208
London, Boz's tableau of, 31
Bannister's opinion of, 95
Society contrasted with the Canadians, 76
number of houses for resort of thieves in, 288
Longevity, remarkable, 240
Longicorn-beetles, account of, 202
Lord Brougham's Remarks on the Instinct of Animals, 142
Auckland's Visit to Maharajah Runjeet Singh, 132
Love, hymn to, 66
of Country, 196
the diseases of, 181
Luther, character of, 45
Luxemburgh, anecdote of the Duke of, 75
Mab's Cross; a Legend of Lancashire, 4
Maclean, (Mrs.) death of, 9
memoirs of, 27
Madame Campan's Letters to her Son, 394
Madruzzo Filiberta; a pathetic Tale, 372
Magnificent Triumphal Arch at Djimmilah, 136
Maguilps, essay on, 370
Man's Mortality, lines on, 163
Manager and the Frenchman, 178
Maps, modes of engraving, 329
Mariner's Compass in China, 255
Mary Queen of Scot's, song of, 24
Masked-ball in Paris, account of, 167
Mathews, Mr. Charles, Memoirs of, 10
in infancy, 9
first visit to the theatre, 9
first mariage, 10
interview with Tate Wilkinson, 42
second marriage, 43

Mathews, Mr., Charles, remarkable dream, 43
May Marriages, superstitions against, 309
Medallion-imitative engraving, discovery of a new invention of, 214
Memoir of Sir W. Beechey, 106
John Macpherson, 106
Mrs. Trollope, 152
Charles Rossi, R. A., 173
Sir Herbert Taylor, 232
Edmund Lodge, Esq., 232
Runjeet Singh, 273
Robert Millhouse, 283
John Galt, 298
Thomas Haynes Bayley, 298
the Younger Servin, 330
Memory, on the loss of, 164
Mendicity in England, 195
Merit of a forgiving Temper, 332
Meteoric Stone, account of the fall of a, 214—253
Metropolis, traffic of the, 320
Mezzotinto Scraping, the discovery of the art of, 109
Mind, definition of the word, 186
Moated House, The, 211
Mode of detecting Arsenic, 253
Modern Geography, interesting facts connected with, 204
Mode of employing Servants throughout the World, 148, 279
Modes of Manufacturing Tea, 264
Moel y Golfa, Rodney's pillar at, 121
Monk-fish, description of, 136
Money, account of African, 127
Moscow, views of, 192
Morgue at Paris, account of, 118
Mother, lamentations of a, 64
Motion after Death, 5
Mount Hecla, account and view of, 322
Mrs. Hopwood and the Hare's Foot, 127
My Mother, poem on, 348
Murderous Battle of Gracow, 12
Museum of Chinese Curiosities, 396
Music-printing, account of the early, 349—359—373
Musk, powers of, 285
Mutton, best age of, 400
Napolean's generals, origin of, 166
Natural eloquence and true magnanimity, 160
Nature, the kingdoms of, 51—99
phenomena of, 227
Natural history, popular view of, 106—168—185—315—357—390
Necessity of union among the professors of the Fine Arts, 109
Nelson memorial, 153—176
Newly-erected east end of the Guildhall, London, 306
Newcastle, eminent natives of, 34
New publications, account of, 126
New South Wales, salubrity of the air in, 234
discovery of a new aboriginal race of natives in, 192
New Year, song for the, 35
New Zealand flax, mode of preparing, 40
the advantages of, 235
chief, treachery of a, 63
New Synagogue, description and view of interior, 2
exterior, 17
New process of embalming subjects for dissection, 79
New class of Thugs, 303
New discovery of medallion imitative engraving, 214
New plantation in Hyde Park, 236
New Books, noticed and quoted :
Adventures of Michael Armstrong, 154
Births, deaths, and marriages, 214
Cheveley, by Lady Bulwer, 284
Cooper's History of the American Navy, 412
Deerbrook, by Miss Martineau, 269
Every Mother's Book, 331
Emigration Fields, by P. Matthew, 188—234
The Gift for all Seasons, 348—380
Goëthe's Faust, 395
Historical Sketches of Statesmen, by Lord Brougham, 217
Hand-Book of Paris, 299
Mr. Jameson's Winter Studies in Canada, 76
Lindsay's Coinage of Ireland, 251
Loudon's Suburban Gardener, 267
Lover's Songs and Ballads, 270
Mathew's Life, 10, 42
Memoirs of Bannister, 95
Richelieu, or the Conspiracy, 172
Songs and Ballads, by Samuel Lover, 216
Self Culture, 170
Nickleby (Mrs.) and the roast pig, 220
Oaks, celebrated, 240
Obey, on the use of the word, 94
Obstinacy of a New Zealand chief, 16
Olave, (St.) grammar-school, 257
Old English Wassail song, 4
Old Nick, on the origin of, 206
Oliver Cromwell, characters of, 311
Omnibuses in Paris, description of, 52
Oporto, castle of, 415
Original mode of advertising, 32
Origin of finger napkins, 6
St. Andrew's university, 84
English names, 157—246
Napoleon's generals, 166
the Gresham Lectures, 230
Owen Macarthy, tale of, 271
Oxford street, experimental pavement in, 41—336
Pain, fortitude under, 336
Palmer's Village, wonders of, 302
Parachute, Mr. Hampton's, 376
Paris, a fête in, 36
the omnibuses of, 52
the quartier Latin, 71
an execution in, 88

Paris, the Morgue, 118
a French school, 100
Garden of the Tuileries, 151
a masked ball, 167
a stroll in the Champs Elysées, 197
the theatres in, 260
Musard's, 308
Museum of Manufactures in, 360—378.
Passions, on the variety of the, 162
Patronage of Cromwell, 349
Peasantry, history of the Kilkenny, 191
Penitence, on the utility of, 231
Persia, sepulchral monuments in, 233
Petrarch and Laura, lines on, 130
Phenomena of the will with a wisp, 346
Law of Storms, 347
Philadelphia, remarks on the Laurel Hill Cemetery at, 278
Eastern Penitentiary at, 399
Philip the Good, anecdote of, 141
Photogenic drawing, fac-simile of, 241
treatise on, 243—262—281—317—331
Photographic paper, modes of preparing, 282
Pictures at the Suffolk-street Gallery, 207
sale of Mr. Stewart's, 272
of Liverpool, 131
Pictorial Exhibition of the wreck of the Forfarshire steamer, 80
Pierre Marcel, the Seducer, tale of, 102
Plants, leaves of, 343
Plays and Pastimes, Sunday, 252
written by divines, 342
Players in 1580, 352
Pneumatic telegraph, 297
Poets, knowledge of botany necessary for all, 393
Poet Laureat, the first, 93
Poor man's funeral, 300
Popular view of Natural History, 106—168—185—315—357—390
Portcullis, view and description of, 57
Portugal, sketches in, 415
Postman, the, description of, 366
Poverty, what it is, 269
Pretender, funeral of the, 32
Process of the kyanised timber, 255
Proverbs, remarks on several popular, 165
Provincialisms, remarks on, 188
Prussian-blue, accidental discovery of, 347
Public Exhibitions—Wreck of the Forfarshire steamer, 80
Living talking Canary-bird, 108
Invisible girl, 248
the Eccaleobion, 249
Water-colour paintings, 263
Mammoth Ox, 298
Model of a slave-ship, 337
Balloon and Parachute, 376
Punch, sonnet to, 275
Quack doctoring, the art and mystery of, 111
Qualities of wood as a material of construction, 347
Quartier Latin in Paris, account of, 71
Queen-regnant, and Queen consort, distinctions of, 396
Raffaell's Cartoons, preservation of, 313
Railway, London and Croydon; view of, from New Cross, 146
Rainbow, remarks on the, 245
Runjeet Singh, Lord Aukland's visit to, 132
memoirs of, 273
Recollections of Chelsea, 301
Remarks on the Barometer, 399
Cruelty and Superstition 147
Grecian monuments, 159
the Atmosphere, 163.
Coal Mines, 23
Truth, 310
Arabic numerals, 134.
Remarkable effects of Electricity, 104
Wager, 48
Longevity, 240
Dreams, 259—324
Resurrection, the, lines on, 275
Reynolds, Sir Joshua, thoughts on the decay of the paintings by, 137
Richelieu, or the Conspiracy, review of the play of, 172
Relic, a venerable, 25
Rochester Castle, the Portcullis in, 57
Rochester, view of the north-eastern angle of the city walls at, 137
Rodney's Pillar, in Montgomeryshire, 121
Romance of Jack Sheppard, 13
Rome, two nights in, 74—90
Roman Booksellers, account of, 29
Rona, the Maid of, 116
Rose, Sir George and Bannister, 124
Royal Modesty, 85
Royal cock-crower, account of, 80
Royal Masque at Whitehall, 375
Russia, tea-drinking in, 119
Ruins of Kilcolman, 9
Sale of Mr. Stewart's autographs, 335
pictures, 272
Salubrity of the air in New South Wales, 234
San Roque, the church of, 415
Say not that love grows cold, lines on, 323
Scene in the rules of the King's Bench, 365
Schlemihl, adventures with Peter, 218
Science, progress of, 213
Secrecy, Owen Feltham's remarks on, 354
Seducer, the, 102
Sepulchral monuments in Persia, 233
Sepulchre, the Royal, at Lisbon, 416
Servants, modes of employing, 303
Shakspeare, epitaph on, 291
Shelley, anecdotes of, 175
Sheppard (Jack) romance of, 13
Siddons, Mrs. and the pot-boy, 42
Singular antipathies, 309
instance of the loss of memory, 164
discovery of a diamond, 48
Sketches of Paris, 22—36—52—71—88—100—118—151—197—260—308
Slave trade, atrocities of the, 339
ship, model of a, 338
Sleet, remarks on, 245

Songs and Ballads, by Lover, 216—236
Southey, character of, 46
Southwark tradesmen's tokens, account of, 258
South Metropolitan Cemetery, Norwood, 402
Spencer's residence, history of, 9
Steam navigation, letters on, 294
Stephens, Mr. his lecture on the philosophy of colours, 408
Stone coffin, extraordinary Egyptian, 144
St. James's cemetery, Liverpool, account of, 113
St. Andrew's University, origin of, 84
St. George, the ancient legend of, 280
Subterraneous chapels, 238
Suffolk street gallery, pictures at, 207—237
Sunday plays and pastimes, 252
Superstition and cruelty, remarks on, 147
against May Marriages, 309
Surrey Zoological Gardens, account of Mount Hecla at, 321
Synagogues, remarks on, 2
Tea-plant in British India, discovery of, 250—278
modes of manufacturing, 264
Tea-drinking in Russia, 119
Telegraph, the pneumatic, 297
Temper, merits of a forgiving, 332
Tenacity of life in the inferior Creation, instances of, 179
The Philanthropist, a Russian story, 38
The only means of enjoying life, 87
Theatricals at Buffalo, 77
The Beauteous Fair, lines on, 17
The Tiger Hunt, 265—276
The Moated-house, a tale, 211
The Betrayed, lines on, 98
The Maid of Rona, 116
Theories of the Earth's substance, 227
The first Poet Laureat, 93
Thoughts on the decay of Sir J. Reynolds's paintings, 137
Thugs, new class of, 303
Toronto, St. George and the Dragon at, 326
Town of Niagara, low state of morals in, 67
Tradesmen's Tokens, account of, 258
Traffic of the Metropolis, 320
Transit of Letters, 351
Translation of Mary Queen of Scot's Song, 24
Travels to discover the beginning of the World, 138
Treasure, the found, 367
Treachery of a New Zealand Chief, 63
Trial of Warren Hastings, remarks on, 31
Trickster, character of a, 172
Troller's Gill, description of, 83
Truth, thoughts on, 310
Two nights in Rome, 74—90
Untutored men, on the language of, 69
Use of the word Obey, 94
Utility of Penitence, 231
Valuable statistical tables, 199
Vaucluse, the retreat of Petrarch, description of, 183
Vauxhall in the time of Addison, 301
Vegetable tallow-tree, account of, 213
Vegetables, insects injurious to, 202
View of the residence of the late J. Wood, Esq., the wealthy banker of Gloucester, 225
View of St. James's Cemetery, Liverpool, 113
and history of Bunyan's birth-place, 106
and description of an ancient powder-flask, 281
of Moscow, 192
Victoria, Queen, Mr. Parris's painting of her coronation, 224
Visit to Liverpool, 292
Wager, a remarkable, 48
Waits, the poem of, 21
War, unforeseen causes of, 48
deeds of, 172
Waterloo, the field of, 290
killed and wounded in the battle of, 388
Weather, comparative state of the, 325
Wellingtoniana, 290—386
Wellington, a Frenchman's opinion of the Duke of, 352
Welsh literature, specimen of, 188
Westminster Hall during the trial of Warren Hastings, 31
Wharfdale, account of, 82
What poverty is, and what it is not, 269
What is the use of Natural History? 106
William of Wykeham, life of, 67—86
Wilkie's picture of the Pinch of Snuff, sale of, 272
Winter, lines on, 72
Wisdom, the perfection of, 80
Wits of the ancients, 38—78
Wood, James, Esq., memoir of, 225
Woman's love, purity of, 403
Wonders of Palmer's Village, 302
Worship of animals, 147
Worship of the dog, 325
Wreck of the Forfarshire-steamer, Pictorial Exhibition of, 80
Wynken de Worde, his shop, 359
Yew-tree, venerable one, at Hardham, 233

ENGRAVINGS.

STEEL-PLATE PORTRAIT OF SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, BART. M. P.

Albert Durer's residence at Nuremberg, 65
Benlomond, 73
Bunyan's Birth-place, 105
Captain Huntley's Model of a Slave-ship, 337
Cape Coast Castle, 49
Entrance to St. Olave and St. John's grammar-school, 257
Exterior of Chelsea Bun-House, 209
Interior of ditto, 209
East End of the Guildhall, City, 305
Exterior of Linton Church, 81
Interior of ditto, 81
Eastern Institution, Commercial Road, 129
Exterior of the New Synagogue, Great St. Helen's, 17
Fac-simile of a Photogenic Drawing, 241
Grammar-school at Grantham, 161
Abingdon, 161
Evesham, 161
Grey Street, Newcastle, 33
Interior of the New Synagogue, Great St. Helen's, 1
Linton Free-School, 81
London and Croydon Railway, from New-Cross, Deptford, 145
Lord Rodney's Pillar, 120
Modes of manufacturing Tea, 264-5
Mr. Hampton's ascent from Cremorne House, Chelsea, 369
North-Eastern angle of the City-walls at Rochester, 137
Panoramic View of Mount-Hecla, 321
Portrait of Maha Rajah Runjeet Singh, 273
Pneumatic Telegraph, 297
Ruins of Kilcolman, 9
Southwark Tradesmen's Tokens, 257
Sketch of Mr. Hampton's Parachute, 377
St. Andrew's Hall, Norwich, 98
Specimens of the experimental Pavement in Oxford-street, 41
South view of St. James's Cemetery, Liverpool, 113
South Metropolitan Cemetery, Norwood, Surrey, 401
The residence of the late James Wood, Esq. at Gloucester, 225
Two engravings of beetles, 203
Three engravings of the machinery of the Invisible Girl, 248
Two views of an ancient Powder-Flask, 281
The Tree of Picton, on the Field of Waterloo, 289
The Farm-House of La Haye Sainte, 289
Two autographs of Oliver Cromwell, 314
The Inn at Mont St. Jean, Waterloo. 385
The house of De Costa, Waterloo, 385
The Accelerator, 193
The newly-invented travelling machine, called the Aellopodes, 177
The Cat and the two Sparrows, 25
The Portcullis in Rochester Castle, 57
Venerable Yew-tree at Hardham, Sussex, 233
View of the New Grand Stand on Ascot Heath, 353

J. LIMBIRD, PRINTER, 143, STRAND.